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BALLYMOTE

8th Annual

HERITAGE

WEEKEND

(ORGANISED BY BALLYMOTE HERITAGE GROUP)

Patrons: Mr. Eamon Barnes D.P.P. · Most Rev. Dr. T. Flynn, Bishop of Achonry

FRIDAY 1st AUGUST
— MONDAY 4th AUGUST 1997

IN TEAGASC CENTRE, BALLYMOTE, CO. SLIGO

FRIDAY 1st AUGUST

8.30 p.m. *Official Opening* by Malcolm Billings,
 B.B.C. Broadcaster and Writer.

*Lecture: Farming For The Crusades:
 Templar & Hospitaller Estates
 Rediscovered.* Malcolm Billings.

SATURDAY 2nd AUGUST

10.30 a.m. *Lecture: The Geology & Landscapes
 of the Ballymote Area.* Conor MacDermot,
 Archaeological Survey of Ireland.

2.00 p.m. *Outing: The Bricklieves and Curlew
 Mountains.* Guide: Conor MacDermot.

8.30 p.m. *Lecture: Early Monastic Sites of Co.
 Sligo.* Martin A. Timoney
 and Mary B. Timoney, Archaeologists.

WEEKEND TICKET: £10.00
 INDIVIDUAL LECTURES: £3.00

TRANSPORT AVAILABLE FOR OUTINGS

Sponsored by:
PATRICK ROGERS LTD. BALLYMOTE

SUNDAY 3rd AUGUST

2.00 p.m. *Lecture: The Story of the Franciscans
 in Ballymote* followed by a walking tour of
 the historic sites of Ballymote Town.
 Tom McGettrick, Historian.

8.30 p.m. *Lecture: Megalithics and Metals
 in Ireland and Western Europe.*
 Lord Dayton, Baron of Corran.

MONDAY 4th AUGUST

10.30 a.m. *Lecture: Carrowmore Excavations.*
 Professor Goran Burenhult, Stockholm
 University.

2.00 p.m. *Outing: Carolan Country – Kilronan,
 Woodbrook and Ardcarne Church* famous
 great stained glass windows and organ.
 Guide: Frank Tivnan, M.A. H.D.E.,
 Historian, St. Mary's College, Boyle.

8.30 p.m. *Lecture: Simony, Sacrilege
 and Perjury: Archbishop Marsh and his
 Library.* Dr. Muriel McCarthy, Keeper
 Marsh's Library.

Where are they now, the Knockmore Early Christian Slabs

By Martin A. Timoney

"WHERE are they now?" is the usual nostalgic opener for someone talking of a has-been pop group of the 1960s, of classmates of an earlier generation or when looking at a long abandoned house sadly overgrown with briar.

In the case of Knockmore there should be no nostalgia, just downright rage, for part of the heritage of Ireland, more specifically that of south Sligo and particularly that of the parish of Kilfree, has gone missing. In fact it has not been seen by the public for over a decade. Let us go back almost two decades and even further.

Knockmore, alias Mount Irvine, is a townland in the parish of Kilfree some short distance west of Gurteen in south Co. Sligo. Access to the lonesome graveyard there is by a lane off a side road off the Gurteen to Tobercurry road.

The graveyard is rectangular and within it are the remains of the Carmelite Priory of Knockmore alias Grand Mont alias Cnoch More. This was founded about 1320 by the O'Garas. An inquisition of 1594 found that when dissolved it was seized of a quarter of land valued at 6s. However, Knockmore is listed among the convents existing c.1737. I suspect that many out of the way rural monasteries still had clergy and mass being said long after the Dissolution.

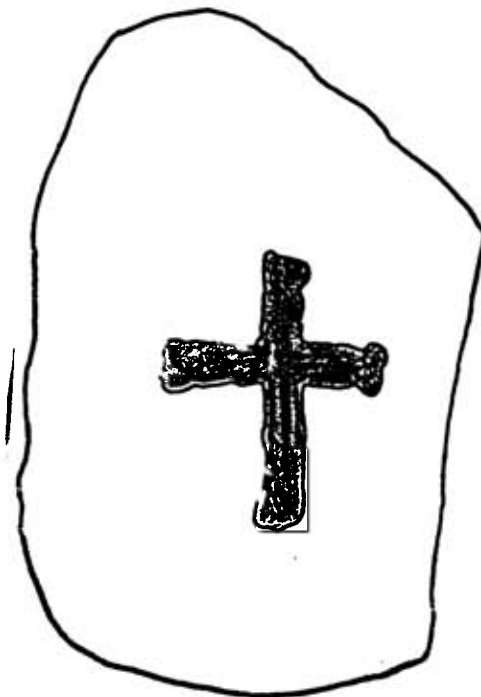
The only surviving building is the church and even it is quite incomplete. The church measures 25.90m by 8.70m. The north side of the east gable still stands as does the lower courses of the east and south walls. A short section of the north wall ends with stones that suggest that there was a doorway here. Up to fifteen years ago the line of this wall could be traced between grave plots as far as the east end. There is a round-headed piscina to the right of the

as the west wall. There is a recent build up of stones on the line of the west wall. There was a fine east window as is to be seen from the fragments of it used as gravemarkers. In the south wall there was a doorway towards the west end and the base of a two-light window is positioned upsidedown towards the east end. There is a round-

altar position. The graveyard wall includes many pieces of dressed and cut stone in its make-up and other dressed pieces are scattered throughout the graveyard being used as grave markers.

However, Knockmore was important at an earlier date. The evidence for this was the presence of four Early Christian slabs lying on or about the north side of the church. These have not been seen in public for some years which is most regrettable.

Three of the slabs were first noted about 1978 by Joe Sweeney of Gurteen who taught in Cloontia National School, not far south of Knockmore. When I went to see them about 1981 I found another slab.



We are now sure when or how the slabs went missing, some of them were certainly gone by March, 1984, before the Carrowntemple slabs were removed, an event which happened in early Autumn of that year.

At this point it is appropriate to describe in simple form the four slabs.

Each slab is a deep purple sandstone. The shape of the slabs was not regularised at all. Only the face bearing the cross was prepared, if at all, in any way. The shape and the rough and irregular backs of the slabs argues against them being used other than in a recumbent position.

Each slab has a single Greek cross and all four are of the same design though they vary in detail. They have expanded terminals, some of which are in the form of two lobes. The grooves are 3cm wide by 1cm deep.

No. 1 is a roughly rectangular slab 78cm by 33cm and is 5cm to 7cm thick. The cross is 20cm by 16cm.

No. 1 is a roughly rectangular slab with a triangular top. It measures 77cm by 71 cm and is 7cm to 14cm thick. The cross in the centre of the triangular head is 22cm by 16.5cm.

No. 3 is a sub-triangular slab with the apex at the middle of the righthand side. It measures 80cm by 57cm and is 7cm to 9cm thick. The cross is 20cm by 16.5cm.

No. 4 is a sub-rectangular slab 103cm by 47cm and is 6cm to 8cm thick. The cross in the centre of the head is 17.5cm by 14 cm.

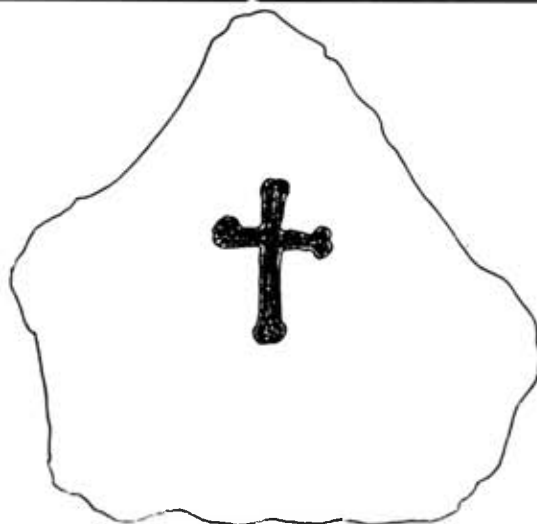
It is very hard to date a cross of this simplicity but they date to the Early Christian period, that is the period between the introduction of Christianity and the Medieval period, most likely to the middle of that span and probably to before the 10th century.

None of the four Knockmore slabs is to be seen on site today; No. 2 was there after the others

went missing. They are large and awkward and could hardly have been carried easily by one man. Slabs of this period have been taken from Clonmacnoise, Inishbofin on Lough Ree, Inish Cealtra on Lough Derg, Carrowntemple and elsewhere so it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the Knockmore slabs have gone a similar route. There is a major worldwide trade in antiquities which has reached deep into Irish heritage. The possessive nature of people coupled with the fact that more people have surplus wealth to purchase the unique artifact means that the art-antique market is running out of quality supplies which in turn has fuelled trade in heritage objects. Such objects and even parts of buildings are being taken by various routes across Europe to the richer world.

Having said that the missing slabs could still be in Co. Sligo, even in the parish of Knockmore, even in the graveyard, but one feels less hopeful in regard to the latter after several searches over a number of years.

These slabs are part of the heritage of Ireland and were in safe-keeping in Knockmore graveyard for several centuries. While I have descriptions, photos and drawings of the slabs, and so detailed information on them exists here and elsewhere, it is important that their present whereabouts be established. Anyone knowing of the present whereabouts of these slabs should inform the Duty Officer at The National Museum, 01-67744, the Gardai, or the writer, 071-83293.



*This photograph from the Sligo Field Club archives shows Alfie Gallagher, Veterinary Surgeon, of Ballymote and Dr. A.T. Lucas, Director of the National Museum of Ireland, at the archaeological site at Kilturra, three miles south of Bunninadden. This photo was taken in the 1960's. They are looking at a 19th century slab (not in photo) with an inscription to the Cooke family of Kilturra. To the right of the photo are two other slabs at the site. They are an Early Christian slab with a cross in a circle and a 19th century slab with a cross. Since then a large stone with a hole through it has been moved from the stream to this spot at the suggestion of Tim Kelly of Carricknagat, Ballintogher. All these stones are at St. Attracta's Well beside the prehistoric barrow at a bend in the river. It was Alfie Gallagher that first brought the Lough Gara crannogs to national attention when he reported them and several lake shore finds to the National Museum. His report, along with a drawing of a later Bronze Age sword, was published in the *Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland* in 1952. Vol. 82, pages 182 – 183.*

—Mary B. Timoney



Love under seige

By Sonia Kelly

AS the strongest fortress in Connacht, Ballymote Castle in Co. Sligo is more often associated with war than love, but it was there that love blossomed between Hugh O'Donnell and the Lady Joane of Desmond.

This castle was built in 1300 A.D. by Richard de Burgo, the Red Earl of Ulster, one of the Anglo-Normans who first appeared in the region in 1187. But in spite of its defences, with 10ft. walls and six towers, the de Burgos were not able to hang onto it for very long, the Earl of Ulster being defeated at the battle of Connor by Edward Bruce the Scot in 1315, when the town of Ballymote was destroyed.

Rory O'Connor, who had allied himself with Bruce, was the next to acquire Ballymote and its castle, but he was defeated by the MacDonoughs in 1381, whose chieftain was responsible for the compilation of the great Book of Ballymote.

For two hundred years the castle remained in their possession until in 1598 they sold it to Hugh O'Donnell for four hundred pounds and three hundred cows. It became his headquarters and was used as a place of assembly prior to the march of his armies to Kinsale in 1599 and his subsequent disastrous defeat.

Meantime, the Earl of Desmond's son had had his father's living restored to him and was staying with his sisters, Joane and Ellen, in Limerick, while his mother, Elinor, Countess of Desmond (now married to O'Connor Sligo) lay sick at Ballymote. Shortly before O'Donnell's departure for Kinsale, Sir George Carew, who was in command at Limerick, was notified that one Mary McShee, the Countess' serving woman, had arrived in the city.

Sir George assumed that she had come to see the young Earl and made no move for three days, during which time he expected to be informed about whatever messages had arrived. When no information was forthcoming, he

sent for Desmond and asked to be told what the woman's errand was. The Earl told him that he had received no messages, his sister, Lady Joane, being the recipient.

This news made Sir George suspicious, so he ordered Mary McShee to appear before himself and the Privy Council. Under examination the woman confessed that she had brought a letter to Joane, but that the special point of her errand was to convey the Lady to her mother for the purpose of marriage to O'Donnell. Needless to say, the Lady Joane was the next to be grilled and confessed her knowledge of the plan, but submitted that she had never intended to go ahead with it without the consent of her brother. But the Earl not only professed complete ignorance of the matter, but took grave offence with his mother for thus endangering his newly restored status. The Council believed his protestations of innocence, but took a grave view of the affair, regarding it as being intended to kindle new fire in the province.

Mary McShee was clapped into gaol and Joan was imprisoned in

an alderman's house in the city, pending further investigation. She continued to insist that she would only marry with her brother's consent and said that she had also received a proposal from the Earl of Kildare, which she was considering.

But the serving woman subsequently confessed that she had seen O'Donnell several times with the Countess at Ballymote and that she herself had urged Joane to come to her mother and O'Donnell as he was a great lord and very rich. The plan was for her to go from Thomond to Clanrickarde, from there to Tibbot ne Longe and thence to Sligo, eventually ending up with Red Hugh in Ulster. In the event, of course, none of the plans materialised, as the army was defeated and O'Donnell fled to Spain, where he died of poisoning.

O'Connor Sligo was allowed to take over Ballymote Castle in 1603 by promising Her Majesty to repair it without charge to the Crown. He remained there until Limerick fell to Cromwellian forces and then surrendered. Soon afterwards the fortifications were dismantled, the moat was filled up and the castle fell into ruin.

Heritage Group A.G.M.

THE twelfth Annual General Meeting of Ballymote Heritage Group was held in September 1996. A successful year was reported. The August Heritage Weekend had gone very well, all lectures and outings being well received and appreciated. The Corran Herald is its new enlarged format had rapidly sold out.

Following the AGM the membership of the Group, and its officers, were as follows: Vincent Jordan (President), Matilda Casey (Vice-President), Eileen Tighe (Chairperson), Yvonne Perceval (Vice-Chairperson), Betty Conlon (Secretary), Nellie Tansey and Mary Martin (Joint Treasurers), James Flanagan (Corran Herald editor and PRO), Gerry and Esther Cassidy, Maureen Egan, Anne Harrison, Carmel Rogers, Jack Martin, Anne Flanagan, Mary O'Donnell, Stan Casey, Cassie Finn, Paddy Horan, Nuala Rogers, John Conlon, Nellie Jordan, Noreen Friel, Brenda Friel, Molly Howard.

The Corran Herald subcommittee consisted of James Flanagan, Jack Martin, Eileen Tighe, Betty Conlon, Nellie Tansey. Corran Herald treasurers were Betty Conlon and James Flanagan. Heritage Weekend co-ordinators were Eileen Tighe and Betty Conlon.

Since the 1996 AGM the sad death of Nellie Tansey has taken place. See appreciation elsewhere in this issue.

Madame's daughter

By Jim McGarry

IT was the last day of the Exhibition. The viewers were few and all were elderly. Suddenly the quiet atmosphere was shattered by a messenger boy calling in a loud Dublin accent "Miss de Markievicz".

The tall woman in blue, standing alone, answered in an equally loud aristocratic voice: "I am Maeve de Markievicz".

At that, an old lady who had been keeping one eye on the paintings and the other on the tall woman, walked up to her and said: "I knew your mother. Madame was a beautiful woman, but you are not".

With that she hurried out of the salon to return in a few minutes, thrust a large bouquet of flowers into the artist's hands saying: "For Madame's daughter".

The incident took place in August, 1960, at the first Irish Exhibition of the paintings of an unusual woman, herself the daughter of that legendary Irishwoman, Constance Gore Booth, Countess Dunin-Markievicz.

Had the old lady paused a minute, she would have seen an extraordinary likeness not superficial, it's true, but there is the same fine bone-structure of mother and daughter.

On further observation, she would have realised that the artist was very much her mother's daughter, not only in looks but in that indefinable air of breeding which allowed her mother to walk with kings, yet not lose the common touch.

Yesterday it enshrined her who had been the toast of Viceregal Dublin, London and Paris in the hearts of Dublin's poor. Today her daughter is equally at ease in the famous salons of London and the farmhouses around Lissadell.

The family that produced two sisters of the divergent calibre of Eva and Constance Gore-Booth, when joined with that of the royally descended Pole, Count Casimir Dunin-Markievicz, was bound to produce no ordinary offspring. And so it was.

The only issue of that marriage

was a daughter, Maeve, who may not have inherited her mother's great beauty but did inherit her great humanity as well as her father's artistic talent.

So it was at Lissadell one day in 1901 that Madame gave birth to a daughter, called Maeve, after the legendary Queen of Connacht. The confinement took place in a room, one of whose windows looks across the cairn on Knocknarea where Queen Maeve is alleged to be buried.

When Madame was ready to rejoin the social round, she left her infant daughter with her grandmother, Lady Georgine Gore-Booth, at Lissadell.

In time the relationship between the grandmother and grand-daughter developed into one more like mother and daughter. Lady Georgine was to become the one solid link in the life of her grand-daughter.

For very soon Madame became immersed in the political and philanthropic activities which were to absorb her for the rest of her life, while the Count ceased to reside in Ireland.

When Sir Jocelyn Gore Booth married in 1907, his mother Lady Georgina, moved first to Ballytivnan, Sligo and finally to Ardeevin, between Sligo and Rosses Point.

This was to be Maeve's home until the death of her grandmother. Here, from time to time, Madame came from Dublin to visit her daughter and her mother.

At the age of 14 Maeve was sent to an exclusive English school, but not before she had exhausted the patience of ten governesses who had tried, one after another, to tame her mettlesome spirit.

She was at this school during the Rebellion of 1916, and as was to be expected in such a setting, achieved a doubtful notoriety as "That Woman's Daughter".

Secretly she had the greatest admiration for her mother's emancipation and hoped one day to follow in her footsteps, not in the field of politics, but the stage.

At school Maeve studied the violin seriously with a view to becoming a professional soloist. One recital, at the Wigmore Hall, London, was enough to prove to her that she would never be a soloist, and not seeing herself as the second fiddle of a string quartet, she abandoned music as a career.

Maeve was now a strikingly handsome if not classically beautiful young woman. She was extremely intelligent and a brilliant conversationalist. Her grandmother still hoped for a conventional future.

So, taking time by the forelock, Lady Georgina arranged to launch Maeve on a London Season.

The English cousins who shared Maeve's coming out were all formally presented at Court. But in view of Madame's activities at that time, it was thought prudent not to seek presentation at Court for "That Woman's Daughter".

The trivial round of the social whirl appealed even less to Maeve than it had to her mother and lasted even shorter. Bowing to the inevitable, Lady Georgina reluctantly sent her grand-daughter to Swanley Agricultural College for Women, from which Maeve eventually graduated with a B.Sc. (Hort.) degree.

To supplement her theoretical knowledge, she spent four years at practical farming. She then took up an appointment as Instructress in science and gardening in a Training School for Teachers.

During this period, Lady Georgina and Madame died within a very short time of one another.

Fortune seemed to smile on Maeve for a while. She was notified that she had been left everything her mother and grandmother had to leave.

As it turned out, both legacies were small. Lady Georgina had been living on a substantial Jointure but it ended with her death, whereas Madame had spent nearly all her private means on her philanthropic projects for the poor of Dublin.

There was, however, enough to buy a small fruit farm in Kent,

which Maeve managed until the outbreak of the Second World War.

At this time her hobbies were filming in small parts at Elstree, music, poetry and writing a detective novel.

Taking up war work, she was first assigned as a Labour Officer over Land Girls in Somerset, later moved to Kent and during the final phase of the war was back teaching at Swanlea College.

After the war she took up reclaiming and planning gardens around Hampstead that had been allowed to run wild during the war years. This is still one of her occupations.

In 1956, she suddenly decided she wanted to paint. With the same energy that had characterised Madame in her projects, Maeve made such progress at her new hobby that within two years she

had achieved her first exhibition.

That in Hampstead, where artists are two a penny.

Two years later she held her first Irish Exhibition in Dublin. This was in no small measure due to the help and encouragement of one of the last of Madame's original band of Fianna Eireann — Eamon Martin.

It was almost 50 years to the day from the founding of the Fianna Eireann in Dublin by Madame, to that first Irish Exhibition in Dublin by Maeve.

That it was made possible through assistance of the former Chief of Staff of the Fianna Eireann is a tribute to the enduring spirit of a great Irishwoman, just as the bouquet was a tribute to the memory of a beautiful woman.

But painting Irish scenes from

memory in London had its drawbacks, and more and more Maeve realised that she must return for inspiration for her next Irish Exhibition to the landscape that had inspired Eva Gore Booth and both W.B. and Jack Yeats.

Filled with that sudden longing for home that had inspired W.B. Yeats to write 'Inisfree', she put down her brush one spring day to write:

*There is colour on Benbulbin
Indigo on Knocknarea
Gold and grey and primroses
In Lissadell today.
There is fire on Ben Weskin
Ice blue on Sligo Bay.
God give us peace and hope
in Lisadell today.*

And so she came back for a lengthy stay at Lissadell, where the gentle spirit of Eva and the turbulent spirit of Constance still linger.



GROUP TAKEN AT THE START OF THE 1996 HERITAGE WEEKEND

Front row, left to right: Nuala Rogers, Betty Conlon (Secretary Ballymote Heritage Group), May O'Donnell, Mary Martin (Joint Treasurer), Tilly Casey (Vice-President), Stan Casey, Clr. Paul Conmy (Chairman, Sligo Co. Council), Eileen Tighe (Chairperson BHG), Yvonne Perceval (Vice-Chairperson), Jack Gilligan (Dublin City Arts Officer). Middle row: Cassie Finn, Nellie Tansey (Joint Treasurer), Michael Ryan (Director and Librarian, Chester Beatty Library), Anne Flanagan, Anne Harrison, Maureen Egan, Carmel Rogers. Back row: Vincent Jordan (President), James Flanagan (Editor Corran Herald, PRO), Gerry Cassidy, Jack Martin, Martin Timoney (Archaeologist, Hon. Sec. Sligo Field Club), Mary Timoney (Archaeologist).

Drama in Ballymote and other places

By Tom McGettrick

ON March 16th 1919 the A.O.H. Dramatic Society, Ballymote staged 'The Croppy Boy' in the Hibernian Hall. The cast is not recorded. The prices of admission were 2/4, 1/3 and 8d. An old seanchai who shared many a story with me would say "that was when porter was tuppence a pint". A dance followed with the prices 2/- for males and 1/- for females. Music was by the A.O.H. Band. Later that year the Society rehearsed 'The Memory of the Dead' by Countess Markievicz. They were prevented from staging it, why is not stated. The titles suggest a trend in the politics of the time. As far back as 1897 Percy French came to the same hall with a mixture of concert items and sketches. Jimmy Reynolds (Mr.) was the organiser, a man of outstanding talent in music and drama. The older generation in the town will remember him.

In the 1920's Batt Henry in his small school in Emlaghmaghten was producing Dion Boucicault's plays with casts from the school area. Some of those are worth mentioning, they were well trained. Bridie Scanlon took part later in most of the productions with the Ballymote Dramatic Society. She gave years of dedication and skill. She received the highest praise from adjudicators on the Drama Festival Circuit at Tubbercurry, Ballyshannon and Athlone in the All-Ireland Finals where she played on two occasions. Peggy McGettrick was another of that school. When she went to work in Carrick-on-Shannon she played for many years with the Breffni

Players. Still hale and hearty, she has "best supporting actress" at Loughrea Festival and group honours at Athlone to her credit.

Paddy Curley, another from that school, joined the Ballymote Society and many audiences enjoyed his portrayals.

This writer from the

"Emlaghmaghten School of Acting" too had many happy years with Ballymote. He has the Owen B. Hunt medal for Actor of the Week in Tubbercurry in 1956 to his credit and was on the All-Ireland winning team at Athlone with the play 'Dark Brown' in 1957. The cast on that occasion was Dolores Corr, Molly Martin, Bridie Scanlon, Josie McHugh, Carmel Collins, Paddy Coen and Tom McGettrick. The producer was Fr. Paddy Higgins who, during his years as curate at Ballymote, produced 'The Whip Hand', 'The Righteous Are Bold', 'Professor Tim', 'The Rugged Path', etc. with the Society. His trophy for production at the All-Ireland Festival at Athlone was a well-deserved tribute.

Of the above cast, Molly Martin won the award of Actress of the Week as the Reverend Mother in the 'Righteous Are Bold' in Tubbercurry in 1958. Paddy Coen wrote a three-act play, 'The Darkest Hour' which the group took to Tubbercurry in 1962 and Dolores Corr will be specially remembered for her production of pantomimes in the local cinema. It was nice to meet Larry and herself recently.

The writer will be pardoned for recording that when Godfrey Quigley took him in hand following a meeting at Tubbercurry, he became the proud winner of the Joe Burns Cup for senior character sketch in English and the Padraig Pearse Cup for character sketch in Irish at Feis Shligigh in 1958. These and other days with drama in Ballymote it is a pleasure to recall.

Michael Reynolds came to Ballymote as a pension officer. In the Dramatic Society he produced work of the highest standard. He prepared 'The Singer' by Padraig Pearse in 1946 for the Tubbercurry Festival and 'The Bishop's Candlesticks' for Feis Shligigh, both winners. When he did the part of McDara in 'The Singer', Rita Mooney, the

adjudicator, described his voice as "the loveliest voice she had ever heard from a male actor."

There were so many others who gave service, many gone off life's stage and some still playing parts in the drama that each day brings. I recall Paddy Mullen, Phil Sheeran, Doreen McDonagh, Jack Meehan, Lynda Begley, Frank Flannery — who could forget Lynda and Frank in that little one-act gem by Lady Gregory, 'The Workhouse Ward'. Yes, I know many are left out, I'm sorry. I conclude with a tribute to the Ballymote Dramatic Society. They were pioneers, in a way. When they took the play 'Aftermath' by T.C. Murray to the festival in Tubbercurry in 1944 they were among the groups taking part in that first drama festival that led to the founding of the Amateur Drama Council of Ireland with M.J. Devine of Tubbercurry its first president.

In the years that followed Ballymote took plays to various festivals. Nights of much travelling and late homecoming, but I am sure the verdict would be it was all great fun.

ALL-IRELAND GOLD WINNERS FOR BALLYMOTE



"HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED SINCE OUR PARENTS WERE YOUNG"
U-13 Project which took place in All-Ireland Community Games Finals in Mosney in May 1997. From left to right, Gerald McGettrick, Orla Mongey and Niamh Martin, 5th Class pupils of Scoil Mhuire Gan Smal, Ballymote.

To be awarded 1st place in Mosney for our project was a great joy and a great achievement as the standard was extremely high and there were 33 entries in our U-13 category.

This achievement was a result of many hours of hard work and research, mainly on Saturdays and after school hours. Our theme was "Have times changed since our parents were young". It took us from the swinging 60's to the technology of the 90's. We interviewed people and found they were most helpful. Some enjoyed their trip down "memory lane".

In developing our plan, we considered the changes in attitudes, entertainment, education, discipline, crime, transport, liturgy, banking, sport, family life, health services, salaries/wages and now of course the changes that computers, fax machines, mobile phones, etc. have brought into life.

Finally, we considered that "mod cons" of all kinds have taken the drudgery out of life, but the "meitheal idea" and the "neighbourliness" is gone or going. Can we get the balance right?

SLIGO NEWSPAPERS

THERE have been local newspapers in Sligo for over 200 years. *The Sligo Morning Herald* or *Connaught Advertiser*, and the *Sligo Journal* or *General Advertiser* were the first papers started, and the first named would appear to have been the earliest in the field. Three early numbers of the *Sligo Journal*—116, 157 and 281—and one number of the *Sligo Morning Herald*—184—have fallen under the writer's notice; and as the number of the *Journal* issued on the 20th December, 1793, is 116, while the number of the *Herald* issued on the same day is 184, it would follow, taking both to have been weekly papers all through, that the first number of the *Morning Herald* preceded the first issue of the *Sligo Journal* by more than a year. Both, however, were bi-weekly occasionally.

The name, motto, and price of *Morning Herald* are thus given in Number 184:

"No. 184
THE SLIGO
OR CONNAUGHT
VOX POPULI.
(A Print of Fame here.)

Price 2d.
MORNING HERALD
ADVERTISER

SLIGO MORNING HERALD

Friday Morning December 29th 1793

Sligo: Printed and Published by O'Connor, Market Street, where Advertisements and Articles of Intelligence are received".

In his History of Irish Periodical Literature, Dr. Madden mentions a paper called *The Sligo Morning Herald*, "printed by J. O'Connor, Limerick"; but it is pretty certain that "J. O'Connor, Limerick", is a mistake of the Doctor for O'Connor, Market Street.

—Supplied by Claire Walsh



KNOCKMINA N.S. FIRST HOLY COMMUNION 1997

Front row, left to right: John Anderson, Aidan Caffrey, Ella Trautmann, Elizabeth Clarke, Patrick Clarke, Jason Dwyer. Altarboys: Rymond Scanlon, Garry Lavin, Michael Scanlon, Dermot Caffrey. Also included are teachers Mrs. Patti O'Connor (Principal) and Mrs. Maura Horan and Fr. J. Caulfield, C.C., Ballymote.



SCOIL MHUIRE GAN SMÁL, BALLYMOTE, FIRST HOLY COMMUNION 1997.

Back row: Karl Brennan, Máire McLoughlin, Odhran Harrison, Fr. J. Caulfield, Marion Mullen, Archdeacon R. Flynn (P.P. Ballymote), Aiden Healy, Denise Lavin, David Anderson. 3rd row: Sr. Regina Lydon (Principal), Richard Watson, Niamh Mahon, Kevin Hooey, Veronia Kyle, Barry Tighe, Eileen Hurley, Luke McFadden, Lisa Scanlon, Joseph Golden, Miss D. Taheny (Vice-Principal). 2nd row: Brian Martin, Sinead Healy, Shaun McEvilly, Maeve Golden, Mark Irwin, Joanne Cremin, Karl Scanlon, Lorraine Quinn, John Cawley. Front row: Deirdre Barrett, Melissa Underwood, Laura Creegan, Lynda Scanlon.

The Horn War

THE enactment by the Irish Parliament in April, 1793, of the Catholic Relief Bill secured a considerable measure of social and political emancipation for the conservative gentry and the affluent merchants professing the Catholic religion. It provided no relief for poverty, however, nor did it free the peasantry from the exactions of the tithe-proctor, the middleman and the other little tyrants of their fields. Moreover, it became widely rumoured that the Militia Bill, providing for the compulsory conscription of men for the war against France, which became law about the same time, had been agreed to by the representatives of the Catholic aristocracy in consideration of the privileges secured by them by the Relief Act. At the same time French agents or sympathisers stressed the egalitarian aims of the Revolution and pointed out that the common people were being conscripted to fight against the very protagonists of their own economic emancipation.

Serious disturbances developed in many counties. Bands of oath-bound "Defenders" assembled in force and the houses of the gentry were raided for arms. Priests alleged to have assisted in the enrolment of the militia were denied admission to their chapels. In County Sligo the Defenders included the houses of two members of the Catholic Convention and of some of the Catholic clergy in their attacks. A magistrate reported that "the decent Catholics in Sligo have joined the Protestants".

In May, 1793, the people met "in great bodies" on the mountains of Céis Chorrainn in South Sligo, at the summons of a horn blown by Martin McDonough of Tuamour. They proceeded to attack Hollybrook House, the mansion of the Folliott family then tenanted by their relation, William Phibbs. They also raided Joshua Cooper's house at Markrea "and all the neighbouring seats". Those of the gentry whom they managed to

apprehend they forced to march before them in order to secure themselves from frontal attack by these gentlemen's friends. They then advanced to Ballyfarnon on the borders of Sligo and Rocommon and thence marched to attack Castle Tennison, subsequently renamed Kilronan Castle, from which they carried off "a double-barrelled gun, a considerable quantity of silver plate, wine, ammunition and other articles". They are also stated to have broken and demolished the windows and furniture of the residence.

This party was led by a man named John MacDermot, whose family and lineage were seemingly well-known at the time but have since become enveloped in obscurity, or, still worse, falsified or rendered unintelligible by misleading and fragmentary descriptions.

At MacDermot's trial in Dublin, in February, 1794, an attempt was made by his counsel to prove that he had been coerced, like the rest of the local gentry, into the van of the Defenders, but it was deposed for the prosecution that he had been seen tendering an oath to eight or ten of the mob at the bridge of Carragagappal about two miles from Castle Tennison, "binding them to be loyal and faithful to him in burning and destroying the house of Mr. Tennison". Such an oath would seem to have been as unnecessary in the circumstances as it was tautological in its terms. The chief object of the men whom MacDermot led from Céis was stated by a reporter while they were en route to be liberation of their comrades from Carrick (on Shannon) gaol and Mr. Tennison's own evidence at the trial was that he was absent from home when his house was attacked, having left with a number of other gentlemen in the execution of his duty as a magistrate to escort some prisoners to Carrick gaol. Another witness, William Little, swore that MacDermot had asked him whether the prisoners whom

witness had helped Mr. Tennison to escort, had been discharged. Little replied that they were. "He saw MacDermot next morning lying at a cabin near Cootehall, with his nose, one of his eyes and near half his face shot away".

A military officer stated that he met the prisoner on the morning in question "at the head of a most numerous mob; that the prisoner saluted him, asked if the prisoners had been released whom he was escorting or if any mischief had been done in an engagement which had taken place between the army and another mob who had attacked the party and forced them to release the prisoners; adding a threat that if any mischief had been done Mr. Tennison might expect that there would not be a stick or stone of his house left standing" (*Walker's Hibernian Magazine*, 1794).

An officer who was in the district at the time tells in his autobiography that the Defenders "were headed by John MacDermot, a most profligate character, he was son to a Roman Catholic gentleman and had enlisted and deserted frequently and was at this time proscribed. Under such a leader the acts of violence committed by them could not surprise. The insurgents were at Crusna Chapple (sic.) about five miles (from Boyle) waiting for evening". This account says that an attack on Boyle was intended but that the mob of about 1500 were taken in the rear, the gentleman prisoners taken from them and themselves put to flight.

"Those who could ran away, leaving their arms and shoes on the field". 143 prisoners were captured, "miserable, ignorant wretches". These were promptly disposed of without waiting legal authority of any kind by the Earl of Corhampton, then Commander-in-Chief "who came, examined and sent every man fit for service on board a Tender at Sligo, from thence to the Fleet". The account goes on to describe how information then came that the rebels were coming to attack the

The Horn War

Earl of Kingston's residence at Rockingham. This was obviously the relief party headed by MacDermot which had been at Castle Tennison as described above but the narrator's memory seems to be at fault in suggesting that the two parties were dealt with in immediate succession as MacDermot at Castle Tennison was already aware of the outcome of the battle of Crossna. Thus, at least a day, or perhaps more, must have elapsed between the two encounters. On the second occasion, "we planned a Sortie a little before day which was effected with success beyond our expectations for we beat up the Quarters of MacDermot and took him prisoner; he was severely wounded in the face, one of his eyes knocked out and otherwise injured. This man was tried at Roscommon Assizes, but the jury, not agreeing were carted—and he was transmitted to Dublin, where he was hanged, dying the hardened villian he had ever lived". (*Annals of the late Major Oliver Fry, R.A., 1773–1868*).

MacDermot was brought to trial at the Roscommon Assizes on Monday, 22nd June, 1793, before Chief Baron Yelverton and Mr. Justice Downes, afterwards Lord Kilwarden. The legality of the constitution of the Grand Jury was challenged on a plea which was a somewhat peculiar one to emanate from what we would conceive to be a nationalist, and presumably Catholic, party, namely that the High Sheriff, William Crofton, had declined to take the oath which affirmed that the Church of Rome was idolatrous and damnable. The assizes were postponed until the 12th October when the objections were disallowed and this constituted a precedent for liberal sheriffs thenceforth refusing to take the offensive oaths throughout the country generally. Meanwhile, poor MacDermot continued to live as he might with half a face.

At the October trial, MacDermot pleaded not guilty of having on the 21st May broken open the house of Thomas

Tennison, Esq., and thereon stolen several articles of plate, wine, etc. The jury failed to agree and according to Burke (*Anecdotes of the Connaught Circuit*), their processes of mutual persuasion were supplemented by the use of tongs and fire-irons until at length the combatants were parted by the halberdman, assisted by the military, and "carted" to the bounds of the country "all battered and bleeding".

The *Anthologia Hibernica* for February 1794, reported the trial of MacDermot at bar in the Court of King's Bench by a Co. Roscommon jury. He was found guilty. "His wretched appearance (for half his face is shot off) interested the feelings of every person present". On the 30th May, 1794, John MacDermot was brought up to receive sentence. Messrs. Simon Butler, McNally, Geoghegan, McDermott and Costello severally offered points in arrest of judgement which were overruled by the Court. (It will be noted that MacDermot had the assistance of at least two lawyers who were members of the United Irishmen). Sentence of death was then passed on the prisoner. On the 7th June, 1794, MacDermot was executed at the commons of Kilmainham and *Walker's Hibernian Magazine* reported that "The unhappy man was so overcome by the horrors of his situation that he was nearly dead before the executioner performed his office". This does not accord with old Fry's statement that he died "the hardened villian he had ever lived".

The Ballad of *Bold McDermott Roe* will be found in Colm O'Lochlainn's *Irish Street Ballads*, pps. 56–57. It contains the following lines:

*I headed the Defenders as their captian
'tis the truth
In the County of Roscommon I was
called the undaunted youth
I fought as brave as any 'till half my
face was shot away
My father was a gentleman and my
mother a lady gay
One thousand was her fortune upon
her wedding day*

*There were estated gentlemen that do
belong to me
And did I lead a sober life it's hanged
I ne'er would be
To back the poor against the rich
with them did not agree
And so McDermott Roe must die in
shame and misery.*

The *Anthologia Hibernica* for June, 1793, reported that a prisoner taken at Boyle included "a gentleman of family, who having run through his fortune, had joined and headed these misguided people". As MacDermot lay in agony at Coote Hall he was asked what he had done with the valuables taken from Castle Tennison and he replied that he had personally obtained nothing there but a shotgun.

All this suggests that John MacDermot actively and voluntarily participated in the riots which were called the "Horn War" from the fact that the blowing of horns was the preconcerted signal for the assemblies; that he was the son of a Catholic gentleman who was probably in reduced circumstances; that he was wounded and subsequently captured in the course of his efforts to secure the freedom of members of another contingent of Defenders who had been made prisoners by the military; but that when brought to trial he was not accused of rebellion but of heading the mob which destroyed and plundered Mr. Tennison's house on the 21st May, 1793.

The Ballad introduces a complication by calling him "MacDermot Roe" but obviously it refers to the same man, half of whose face was shot away. It also refers to the abortive trial at Roscommon and the execution in Dublin.

● Mr. Garvin is a native of Keash, Co. Sligo, and despite being Secretary to the Department of Local Government (as it was then), found time to pursue his interests in the historical and literary fields. In January 1954 he gave a lecture in Boyle, Co. Roscommon, on aspects of local history in which he referred to "The Horn Rebellion".



DRUMNAGRANSHY N.S. 1948

Front row: Eileen Hannon, Pauline Carty, Josie Healy, Kathleen Healy, Pakie Egan, Sean Carty. Middle row: Kathleen Hannon, Francie Dyer, Rod Egan, Francie Healy, Imelda Healy, Padraic Healy. Back row: Ita Lavin, Mary Dyer, Tommy Dyer.

Photo courtesy Tommy Dyer

Farewell to the boreen

IN many parts of Ireland, one now gasps at the sight of what was once the main coach road to Dublin or Cork. By modern standards, they are tiny, twisty, overgrown lanes and yet they once knew a network of inns, hotels, halts and "unyokes", where the horses were changed after completing another stage.

Everyone knows that the words "bothar" and "boreen" are derived from the word "bo", a cow. The length of the cow or the width of the thoroughfare, in relation to the cow's length, gave the thoroughfare its name and definition.

The boreen is, of course, the smallest thoroughfare, and it is these which have been the greatest casualties in the second half of this century. They are being slaughtered and levelled with ferocious rapidity, and more will follow as the present trend in bigger and more efficient machines continues. The boreen is now inadequate and shortly will only be a mark on a map.

However, some boreens still carry impudent rights-of-way, enough to defy any bulldozer. This right-of-way will still be found most frequently where access is required by one man to a field or fields, through another farmer's land. Again, one frequently finds a right-of-way to the whole community for a Mass path to a long-ruined medieval church.

All these boreens and old coach roads performed a vital function for people in your area. It would, of course, be impossible to preserve them all; it may not be possible or desirable to preserve any of them now, with the price of land so high. However, there is one marvellous memento of them.

In 1840 a superb survey map was made of Ireland. It was near the end of the dominant stage coach days, but every boreen and lane, road and observable right-of-way was carefully and methodically put down on that 1840 survey map. (Fields and houses too).

Almost 200 years earlier, in 1650, another marvellous map had been made, the first survey map of Ireland, called the Down Survey. It was made on Cromwell's orders. He also ordered a report on the soils in each area. He needed the maps and the reports so that he could fairly (!) distribute Irish land to his officers and soldiers. This map names the townland of each farm, the acreage of each farm, the name of the owner and his religion (seemingly only two, Protestant and Irish Papist).

Now for a 20th Century wonder: By means of photocopying, the National Library of Ireland has superimposed the 1650 map on the 1840 map.

The result is a fascinating treasure with a clear record of your place in 1650 and 1840, boreens, roads, lanes and all.

—From "Look Around" by Nicky Furlong, *Irish Farmers Journal*, January 20, 1979.

The Examination

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE

A bright, balmy summer morning, with the rare sunshine dancing in every nook and corner of the artizan district, intensifying the air of pleasant bustle which envelopes it.

Yestere'en the fiery cross was sent round "that for sure and certain the new Inspector would be in school tomorrow". So, although the long-looked-for surprise visit has kept everyone on the strain for months, still, this last declaration is so impressive, that doubters are vanquished and quick preparation is well in hand. The old school, decidedly not one of Ireland's model white elephants, has done yeoman service in its time, and now wears a distinctly shabby appearance, contrasted sharply as it is with a showily painted publichouse in its immediate vicinity. The interior is even worse. Of decoration there is not a sign, save and except two ancient map pictures, "The Races of Man" and "The Animals, Birds, and Fish of the World". These, in the long past, had charmed many generations of wondering youngsters, but now they are faded to a blurred drabness, the Patagonian is undistinguishable from the Esquimaux, and the Elephant and the Whale have vanished completely. So a summary riddance of these relics of happy youth is decided upon, and their places are taken by bright prints from illustrated papers.

Orders are given for a thorough cleaning of the floors, desks, and windows, but here an obstacle is met in the easy-going official charwoman, who deeply resents such undue haste in her own particular domain of work, declaring that: "A week, let alone one evening and morning, is needed to do the thing right". However, an extra tip mollifies her just wrath, and she consents to do her best.

A final injunction anent the wearing of our best clothes, and we separate. To-day sees us all alert. Of late trade has not been very good, but proud parents have boldly risen to the occasion of "The Examination" and snowy collars, gay hair ribbons, and spotless "pinnies", are the order of the day. The elders are all anxiety, on the principle of "you know the D—I you have, but you don't know the one you haven't", and there are grave rumours afloat that this new man wants all sorts of things, from writing on sand to "graphs".

The morning wears on, its usual routine only broken by the noisy entrance of an important-looking servant maid, who leads a stodgy, overfed, overdressed little girl of about eight years of age. Stupidity and good nature are spelt largely over the child's chubby face, encircled as it is by stiff corkscrew curls. The maid, evidently impressed by the grandeur of her charge, whispers loudly to the teacher "that her mistress, Mrs. McSwiggin, wishes that her Imelda not be allowed near Bridgie Kelly", said Bridgie being the poverty-stricken, intelligent child of a foolish father, who spends most of his time and earnings in the gaudy publichouse of the McSwiggin.

This fact is public property of the neighbourhood, so the teacher coldly replies "that every child is treated alike, no distinction is made, but that Mrs. McSwiggin might rest satisfied that the children were never near each other, as Bridgie was always at the head of the class and Imelda at the foot". Considerably abashed, the maid retires, and soon after the nervous tension is relieved by the advent of the Inspector, who proves himself a kind, humane man, giving credit where it was due, and delighting all. Helpfully he pointed out ways of

improvement and, in doing so, takes a junior class for an explanatory lesson on "The Farm". It is hinted to him that these children have never seen the country but he smilingly deprecated such an utter absurdity, and proceeded to delight his rapt listeners with a vivid word picture of the charms of country life—the fields, the flowers, chicks, lambs, etc., winding up with the word "pump". "Who can tell me about a pump?" "Who has seen one?" Blankness settled on the class. After a long pause a hand shot up. It was that of bright little Bridgie Kelly. Triumphant the great man looked around, as much as to say: "There, now! I knew that by judicious questioning I could gain information". Gently he drew the little one within the circle of his fatherly arm and bade her tell him where she had seen the pump. Bridgie gazed confidently at him, her dark eyes sparkling, and her delicate cheeks flushing with the pride of superior knowledge, and answered in response to his "Now my child, speak up; let us all hear",

"In the publichouse, sir!" The lesson ended abruptly, but throughout the day many were the pitying glances cast by the good man on the unconscious little scholar, whose childhood innocent horizon was bounded by the publichouse.

(The Irish School Weekly, June 10, 1911)

Dillon House in Ballaghaderreen

By Máire McDonnell Garvey

THE Dillon House is much older than we ever thought it was in my school going days. It is a large three storey impressive building in the centre of Ballaghaderreen or Bealach a' Doirín and overlooks the Square. No matter what side you come in from this large house is the first item to be seen. I gather from various sources that the house could have been built in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The Dillons were not living in the town at that time. But the landlord of Costello Gallen who resided at Loughglynn, just eight miles outside what was then known as the village of Bealach a' Doirín (the Way of the Little Oak Wood) was Viscount Lord Dillon. He was the owner of one of the largest tracts of land in Connacht 93,321 acres.

From the house of Loughglynn several others have descended. As is well known Dillons of Loughglynn sold their property to the Congested Districts Board at the beginning of this century and it was divided among the tenants. The most respected of these Dillons were those of Belgard Castle in Co. Dublin just off the Naas Road. Roadstone bought over that property some years ago and run a thriving business from there. The Dillons of Lung on the Dublin Road outside Bealach a' Doirín were of the same family. The Dillons of Clonbrock, Mount Dillon, Cappa, Johnstown, Cooluck and the descendants of those of Kilkenny West in Meath were created Earls of Roscommon in 1622. The Dillons of Lisheen, Dillon's Grove, Hollywell, Farmhill and Mullin are descended from junior branches but are none the less Dillons in their own right.

To go back to the origins of the Dillon House, it was the home of a magistrate in Bealach a' Doirín called James Hughes who appears to have an enormous influence in the area. His father had eloped with and married one of the Miss Dillons of Lung when he was only a struggling shopkeeper from Leitrim. It took quite a few years before her family forgave her.



Dillon House, Ballaghadeereen, Co. Roscommon

Hughes was a magistrate in Bealach a' Doirín who got this appointment on the proposal of Viscount Dillon of Loughglynn. He and another magistrate were accused under the Whiteboy Act and they both protested their innocence. Having connections in 'high places' it was no surprise to find them two years later in charge of a military enquiry in Bealach a' Doirín. It was of course a well known fact that magistrates throughout the country often kept on the side of the Ribbonmen and Whiteboys in order that their own personal land and families would go unharmed.

Catherine O'Connor Don's husband Dominic O'Connor Don died in 1795. Women were very badly treated in those times irrespective of their standing in the community. James Hughes was her maternal kinsman through the alliance of his father with the Dillons of Lung. Catherine was forced out of her own house by Hughes to go on a visit to his family mansion in the village of Bealach 'a Doirín in Co. Mayo. She went on this visit intending to stay only a few days. To her misfortune she stayed too long. She lent money which she never got back and thought she would never get out of their clutches. She blamed Viscount Dillon as he was

left her guardian and protector. This, he neglected and Catherine left Hughes penniless and went to her own estate at Strokestown.

It appears that James Hughes was no angel and never lost an opportunity to add to his wealth. The McDermotts of Coolavin have recorded more of his 'goings on'. In a letter written by Dr. Hugh McDermott of Coolavin to his wife Bess who was on a visit to Ballinagare, the home of the O'Connor Don, he said he saw a crowd of people gathered at Creggane chapel on his way home from the Float Bridge. He probably took his wife that far and she was met by some of the O'Connor Don there. He saw Tom Dillon (probably an agent for the Viscount) giving James Hughes possession of Charles Costello's farm at Cross and Cooleena. There was a question of dual ownership between Dillon and Costello from the time of the Survey and Distribution.

James Hughes had a daughter married to a brother of General James Joseph McDonnell of Carnacon House outside Westport. James Joseph was active in securing some legislative independence for the Irish Parliament of 1792 and helping to organise the United Irishmen in Connacht. A niece of James

Joseph kept a diary in which James Joseph's escape from Ballinamuck is recorded. He joined General Humbert and accompanied him to Bellaghy where they had a difference of opinion. James Joseph insisted the proper route to take was the one to Bealach a' Doirín and attack General Lake who had taken over James Hughes's house on the Square and the town was crowded with military. At this time Hughes's niece was on a visit with her mother in Hughes's house. She claimed that Hughes built the town but the County libraries of Mayo and Roscommon have no information of this.

The Dillons of Lisheen as mentioned earlier were descended from junior branches of Loughglynn. Luke Dillon was a full grown man at the time of the 1798 rising. Family tradition has it that he was a member of the United Irishmen. He is said to have taken part in the 'Castlebar Races'. Unable to pay his rent Luke was evicted and moved into Bealach a' Doirín. He died in 1825 and one of his sons Thomas started a small family business. There is no definite record as to when Dillons acquired the house on the Square from J. Hughes. When it became a going concern Thomas handed it over to his widowed sister Monica Duff. She in turn gave the business to her daughter, Anne Deane who was also a widow who had great business ability.

Another son of Luke Dillon, John Blake met Thomas Davis and Charles Gavin Duffy in Trinity College where they started a newspaper called 'The Nation' in 1842. The insurrection they organised and lost in 1848 did not succeed as the people of Ireland found the 'bread and butter' issue more important. John Blake was elected M.P. for Tipperary but died in 1866.

John Dillon, son of John Blake was born in Dublin and spent his most impressionable years in that city. James Stephens, one of the Fenian leaders, was tutor to John. When he was about thirteen years old he and his brother William went to Dr. Quinn's school in No. 6 Harcourt St. (now the headquarters of Connradh na



James Dillon

Gaeilge). After the death of his mother in 1862, it was the O'Harts, the O'Hara family and Anne Deane who looked after the family. No. 2 North Great Georges St. became John's permanent home but he spent many happy days in Bealach a' Doirín and his cousin Anne Deane was like a mother to him. John became a doctor in 1877. He married Elizabeth Mathew who was a niece of the famous priest who started the Pioneer Association. When Anne Deane died in 1905 she left the business and land to John.

John became an active worker in the Land League and a great supporter of Parnell. He championed the cause of the tenants early on during the Land War. At this time the big house was open for all the politicians of the day. Anna and Fanny Parnell were part of the "Ladies Land League" with Anne Deane and were frequent visitors to the house as were Parnell, William O'Brien, Michael Davitt and Bishops Duggan and McCormack. Even the British M.P. William Blunt was welcome. He was a friend of John Dillon and came to Ireland to see for himself what the situation was. Before this time the Dillons had acquired the Post Office. Anthony Trollope (the writer) was overseeing the Post Offices throughout the country. It has been said that he wrote some of his famous Barchester Novels while staying in the house.

John Dillon championed the cause of the tenants in the Land War during which time he was imprisoned twice and he continued to take their side in supporting the 'Plan of Campaign' and was sent to prison again in 1888. In

December 1918 at the East Mayo election John, leader of the Nationalist Party, was defeated by Eamon De Valera. He retired from politics and spent much of the remainder of his life running the business called Monica Duff in Bealach a' Doirín. He died in 1927.

John Dillon's son James lived forty years of politics and was a legend in his own lifetime. He first supported De Valera but after a year he joined the Fine Gael party which was a merger of the Centre Party and Cumann na Gael in 1933. He was an outstanding Minister for Agriculture and is remembered for the land drainage and reclamation. One of the finest orators of his day he was appointed to the Council of State in 1960. Even those politicians in opposition had to admit that he was an outstanding man. He died in 1986 and was mourned by all. James' son John Blake Dillon was born in 1945. He qualified as an accountant and is living in Dublin.

The Dillon House went up for sale after the business closed down. It had prospered from 1812 down to the 1940's and 1950's. With the arrival of supermarkets and foreign owned chain stores in Ireland, family owned stores began to close down. Monica Duff and Company closed down the different departments one by one.

The ironmongery went first, then the mineral water plant, next the yard, and finally the drapery, household, grocery and bakery closed in 1985. The land was sold to the Roscommon County Council.

Many young boys and girls from Bealach a' Doirín itself and surrounding towns had been employed in Monica Duff's. There, under the watchful eye of Michael Cawley and before him Bob Partridge, they received the initial training that would make them efficient business people for the future. Those days are now gone forever.

For years the conversation in the town was the restoration of the Dillon House. The Taoiseach John Bruton came to look at it in 1985. He promised to do his best. Ballaghaderreen and District Development Ltd. held many meetings and so the work has begun. The house is being brought

back to its old glory and the Western Development Administrative Headquarters has been established and will be part of the restored house in the future.

In all these two hundred years no one seemed to bother about the history of the house itself. When I asked John Blake he said he knew very little except that it was a two storey house when it was acquired by the Dillons and that the outer walls were cavity walls and had been filled with turf mould to keep the heat in. Dillons added the third storey and it stands there in all its glory today.

We hope that in the twentieth century this house will be the centre of activity for community developments and we wish the people of Bealach a' Doirín every good luck for the future.

REFERENCES: 1. *Recollections of Skeffington Gibbon 1796 – 1829*. Printed by Joseph Blundell, 187 Great Britain Street, Dublin; 2, *James Dillon—A Biography* by F.S.L. Lyons; 3, *Mid-Connacht* by Máire McDonnell Garvey; 4, *Co. Roscommon Historial and Archaeological Society Journal* 1994 and 1996.

Teeling Street, Ballymote, in 1930

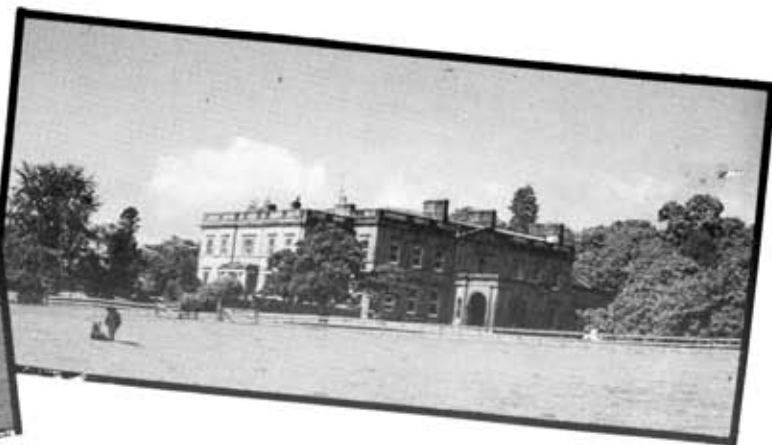


This photo was taken looking out onto Teeling Street just before the Blessed Sacrament procession in 1930. Can anyone identify any of the people shown?

—Photo courtesy Liam McDonagh



Ballymote Norman Castle





DRUMNAGRANSHY N.S.

Back row: Miss Hinds N.T., Eileen Hannon, Imelda Lavin, Josie Healy, Ita Lavin. Front row: Pakie Egan, Tommy Dyer, Pauline Carty, Mary Dyer, Padraic Healy. Year unknown.

Photo courtesy Tommy Dyer.

The nature game

By Molly Howard

WHEN we label things, we put them into slots, we tell ourselves that we know what they are. So how does one decide whether something is junk or an archaeological artefact? If it is a question of time, how much time should elapse before the changeover occurs from being something thrown away because it is junk to something found and treasured because it is a relic of the past?

The reason I ask these questions is because I am slowly acquiring a collection of small bottles discovered during one of my gardening activities, i.e. digging the ground over before I put plants or seeds in.

I live in a house built just prior to the War, which to my way of thinking is within the present day. However, it is built on land where a previous house stood. To me, the earlier house is history. I do not know how long people have lived on this spot but the bottles I have recovered, a total of thirty-one so far, seem to have been thrown away by the occupants of one or other of the two houses.

The largest of the bottles stands

about seven inches tall and the smallest about two inches. Some are of clear glass, some are of brown glass and there is one which I think of as a pot, being made of opaque white glass. I have divided them into two groups, those with screw tops and those without. I would guess that those requiring corks as stoppers are the older ones.

The modern group have some recognisable shapes. There is an ink bottle, some sauce bottles, an eau de cologne bottle, a spice bottle, a baby lotion bottle and the white glass pot which I'm convinced contained cold cream.

For me, the cork top bottles are the more interesting, probably because the first lot described are barely out of the 'junk' category, at least as far as I'm concerned, though I've no doubt there are many nowadays who've never bought a bottle of ink. Within the older group, I can really only guess, because some of them are new to me. I lived in Canada until I was twenty-one so I am not familiar with what was common here during the twenties and thirties.

In the older group, there are what looked like more ink bottles

and sauce bottles. Another guess concerns some of the very thin ones which are four and a half inches tall and have an outside diameter of just under one inch. I think they are medicine bottles. A smaller one, which could be one of the oldest ones, is three inches high and seven eighths by half an inch at the base. This, I think, is also a medicine bottle.

When I see the glint of glass as I dig in the garden, I only save those bits which turn out to be complete bottles. Sharp shards I dump in an old bucket. They will eventually reach the town dump though what I am going to do when it closes I don't know.

Only once did I save a broken piece of glass. That was because it was much thicker than the normal shard. Also, although it is clear glass, it has a greenish tinge. My small knowledge of glass making tells me that this indicates age.

Which brings me back to my original question. When does a piece of broken glass stop being something to throw away and become something to keep? Is there a precise definition? Or is it merely anything outside one's own lifetime? I would dearly love to know.



T. Casey M.P.S.I., Pharmacy, Teeling St.



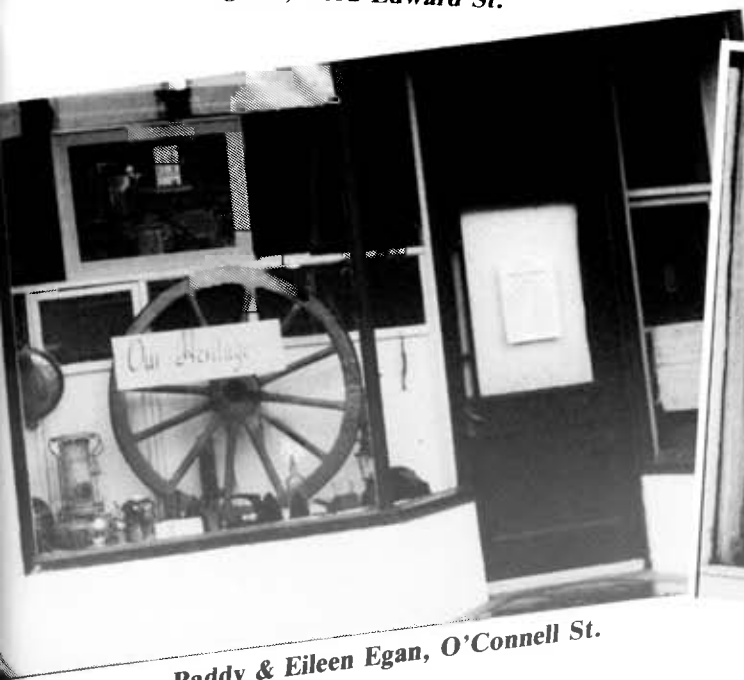
Camera Craft (Andy Robus), Lord Edward St.



Cassidy's Newsagents, Lord Edward St.



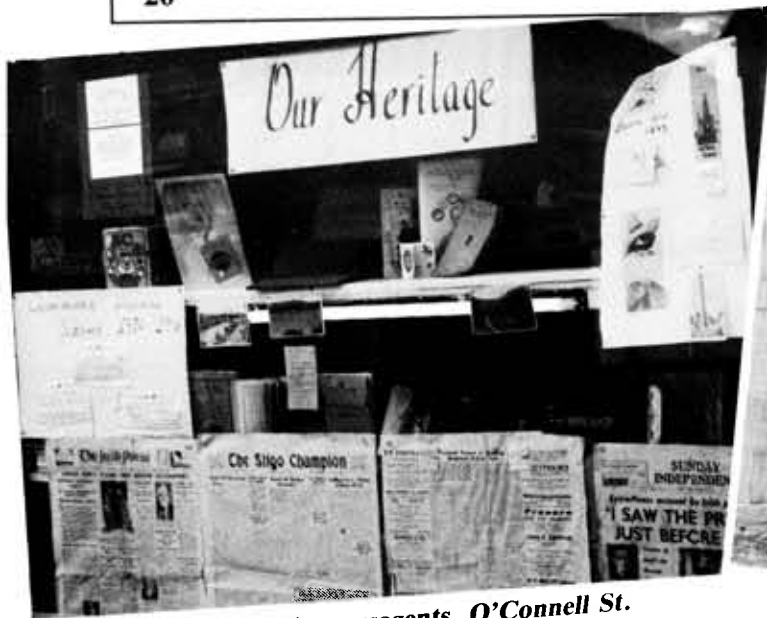
McGettricks Drapers, O'Connell St.



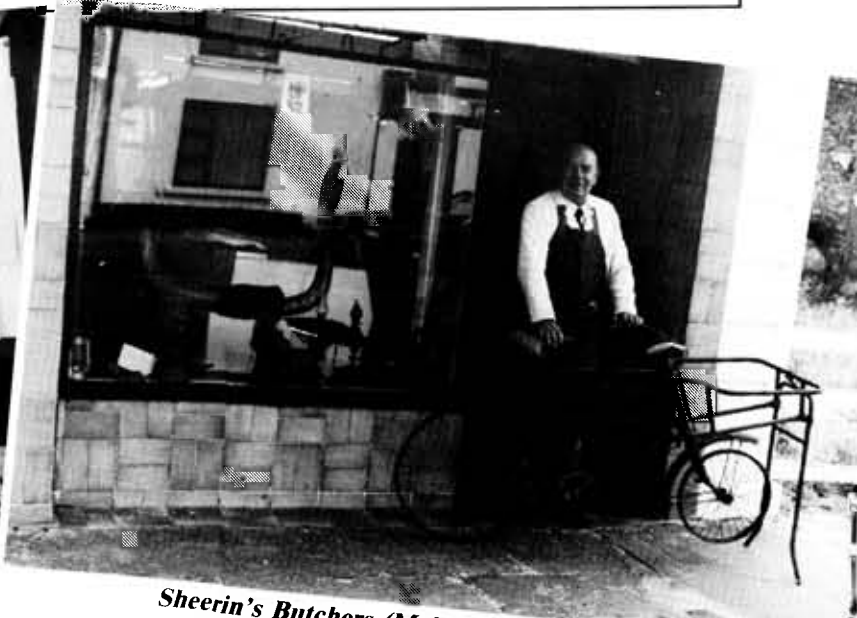
Paddy & Eileen Egan, O'Connell St.



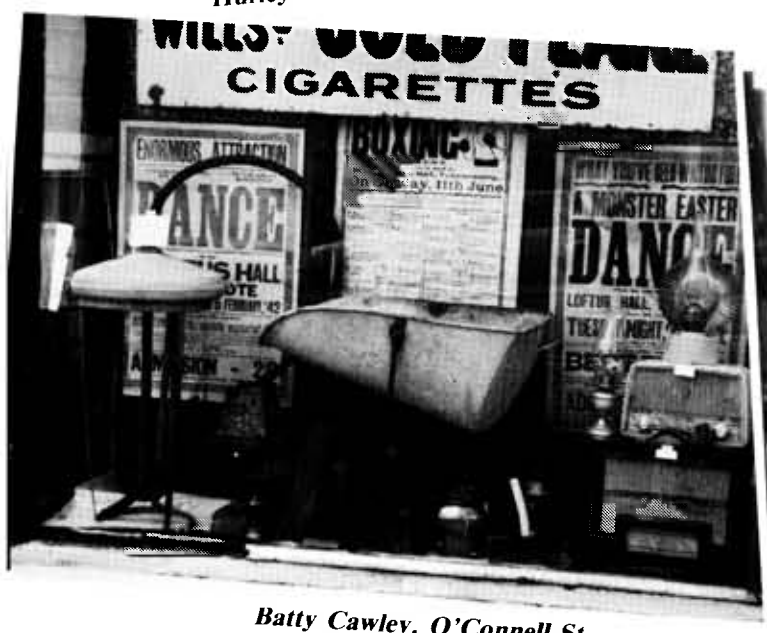
Patrick Rogers Ltd. Hardware, O'Connell St.



Hurley's newsagents, O'Connell St.



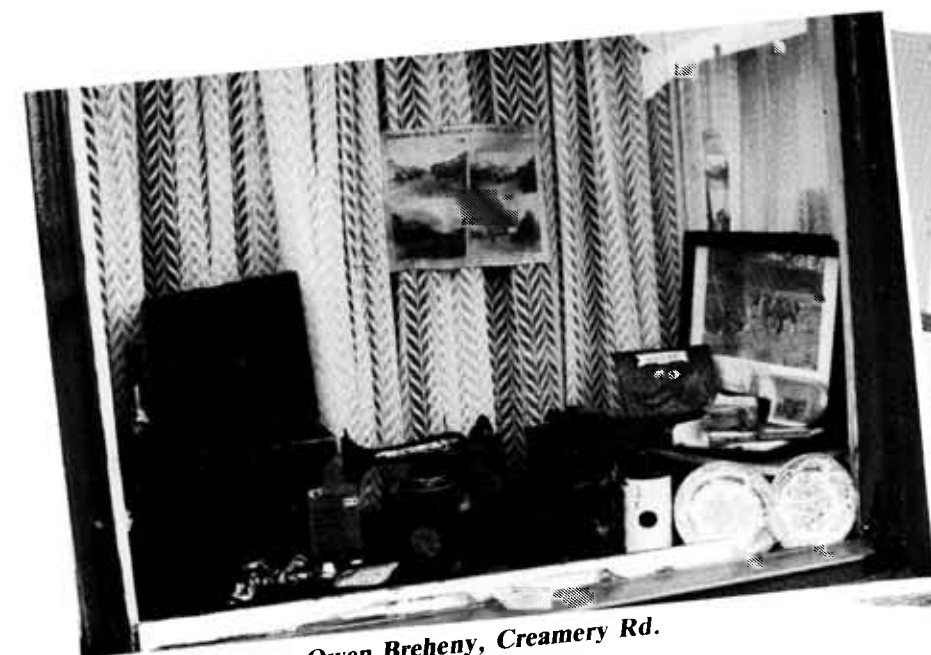
Sheerin's Butchers (Myles Sheerin), Teeling St.



Batty Cawley, O'Connell St.



Vincent McDonagh & Son, Electrical, Teeling St.

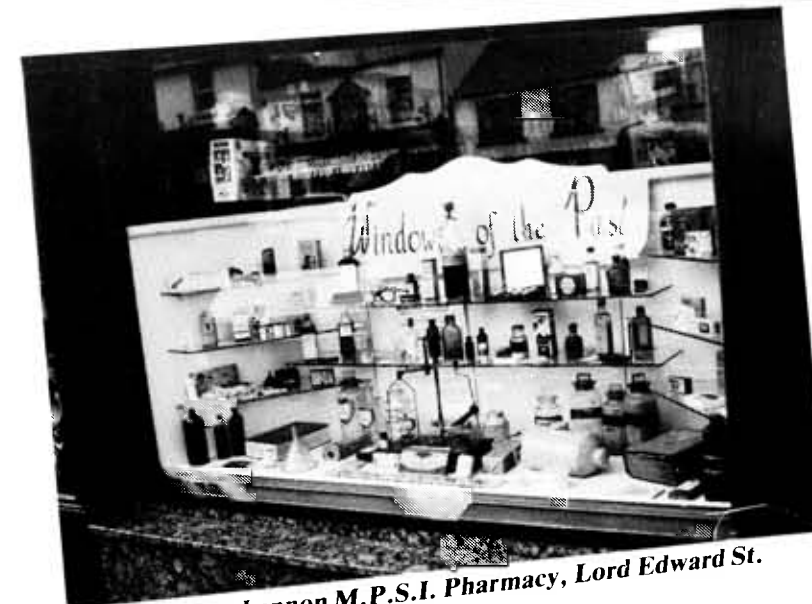


Owen Breheny, Creamery Rd.



Perry's Supermarket, Main St.

Heritage Windows Exhibition '96



Christine Lennon M.P.S.I. Pharmacy, Lord Edward St.



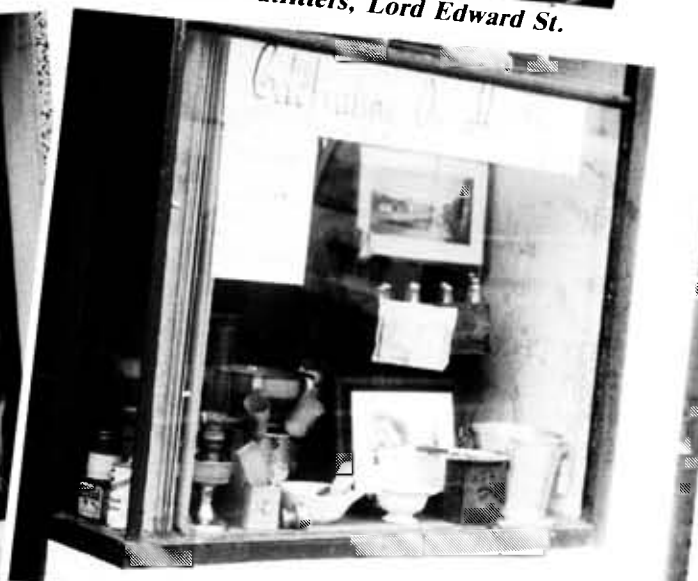
*Michael Perry T/A L. Hayden, Licensed Premises,
Lord Edward St.*



Lavin's Outfitters, Lord Edward St.



Cryan & Co. M.I.A.V.I., Auction Rooms, Main St.



*Grattan Cleaners (Richard & Attracta Molloy),
Grattan St.*

Ballymote Golf Club 1930-1997

by Rosaleen and Pat Mullen

THERE is a long tradition of golf in the Ballymote area. The club was first affiliated to the Golfing Union of Ireland in 1947, but golf has been played locally since 1930. The club has had different 'homes' down through the years, starting off in Deroon in 1930. The founders back then included Dr. Pat O'Hart, J.V. Kerr, Joe Healy and Batty Cryan. Golf was played here for a number of years until the land was divided by the Irish Land Commission.

The second golf course was located in Carrigans on Pattersons land in 1942. An elderly lady, Mrs. Ellen Flannery was employed by Sam Patterson as a herder, but she was also responsible for cutting the fairways which she did with a dockey and a single berth mower. This course closed in the early '50's due to compulsory tillage.

Templehouse was home to the third golf course in Ballymote in 1954. A contract was drawn up with Alexander Perceval to lease the land for a sum of £35 per year which was paid in two instalments. The club members to sign the contract were Harry Horan, Tom Johnson, Dr. Taheny and Andy Rogers.

It was back to Carrigans again for the fourth golf course in 1966. This course was located within a mile of the town on a sharefarm in Upper Carrigans and was founded by such people as Paddy Mullen, Harry Horan, John O'Mahony and Alfie Banks.

A newspaper cutting dated 29/11/66 expressed the hope that the associates' section (the ladies) would have no problem reorganising itself and noted that the reappearance of Ballymote brought the number of golf clubs in Connaught to the new record level of 29.

The new course was informally opened on Sunday 8th February 1968. *"To mark the occasion, they ran an open competition over nine holes and the first winner was Tommy Wynne, with a net return of 37. There were also special*

sections for beginners and for ladies. The best beginner was former handball star Michael Cunnane, while Mrs. Constance Rogers was the best lady." — Newspaper report.

My own earliest memories of golf are firmly rooted in Carrigans Golf Course. The course itself was relatively short in distance but nevertheless par was always a good score. Many of the holes appear to have been designed by God himself, with each hold being set on its own level. The three par 3's were particularly good short holes with hole number nine, the shortest of them all at 120 yards, producing a remarkable number of double and triple bogeys for what appeared to be a straightforward hole.

The best hole on the course however, was the 430 yard par 4 eight. Here a drive from on high onto a generous fairway in the valley below left a very difficult uphill second shot with out of bounds to the left and a severe slope to the right leading to the waiting water below. The beauty of the hole was the fact that there was no way to play safe except to aim directly at the flag and hope and pray that the ball went straight.

Because of the shortness of the course and the lack of bunkers or trees on the course, they only defence which Carrigans could present was the difficulty of the carpet-like greens (similar to Augusta National, home of the Masters), which during World War 2 served as grazing land for cattle.

It was during our years in Carrigans that Ballymote represented Connaught on two occasions in the Carrols Pro-Am competition in Portmarnock. The team in 1985 was represented by Paddy Mullen, Pat Ridge and Charlie Scanlon, and they were drawn with Christy O'Connor Jr. The team in 1986 was represented by Tommy Joe Hunt, Brian Kennedy and Stephen Cannon and they were drawn with Severiano Ballesteros.

In 1993 Ballymote Golf Club moved to its current location at Ballinascarrow. The new course was up and running within a short time. Soon after, new greens were built at holes 2, 3 and 6, a new fifth hole was constructed and several hundred trees have been planted. The clubhouse, changing rooms, car park, equipment storage facilities and manicured rough are all major new features of this present course.

Many new members now play golf in Ballymote. The new course has the potential to continue to improve over many years as the trees come more into play, and the addition of bunkers, reconstruction of greens and the building of new tees are all developments which would further enhance the course if and when funds become available.

This further development however is already being pursued with the introduction of a five year development plan. A fundraising draw with generous prizes is currently in place and the proceeds from this will go a long way to financing the plan.

Golf has been a great success in Ballymote for over sixty years now due to the commitment and hard work of the club committees and its members. The main advantage of having a golf course in Ballymote is that we have:

- A golfing facility literally on our doorstep with little travel time
- Affordable golf where all are welcome at any time, without time sheet worries
- Our own identity and opportunities to play in golf competitions, such as inter-club matches, which as members of larger clubs we may never have had.

(With grateful appreciation to Kathleen Cryan and Harry Horan for information supplied).



1986: Presentation to Severiano Ballesteros of Innisfree Crystal. Left to right: Brian Kennedy, Tommy Joe Hunt, Severiano Ballesteros, Joe Stagg (Captain), Paddy Mullen (Hon. Sec.), Stephen Cannon.

The Mercy sisters and Education in Ballymote

EARLSFORD House, as it was once called, was built around 1775 by the Fitzmaurices. Many of the stones for the building were taken from Ballymote Castle. In 1833, Sir Robert Gore-Booth bought the houses from the Fitzmaurices. Captain Gethins became a land agent for the Gore-Booths. The Gethins family continued to live there until 1906. The estate was then put up for sale and was purchased by the parish priest as a parochial residence. Later he decided it was unsuitable for the purpose and he offered it to the Mercy Sisters for a convent.

What the Sisters were really looking for at that time was a site for a convent near the parish church. After consultation with Bishop Lyster it was agreed that the Sisters would take over the residence at the purchase of £2,000, and they gave their residence "Castle Lodge" to the parish priest.

On the death of Dean Staunton, P.P., Swinford, Canon Connington was transferred to Swinford as Dean of Achonry,

while Canon B. Quinn succeeded him as parish priest of Ballymote.

Canon Quinn worked assiduously to improve conditions among all classes, and was responsible for the erection of a very fine primary school which combined accommodation and equipment for senior and junior classes. This school was opened on Pearse Road in 1915. The school continued the tradition of two separate schools—an Infant School and a Senior School. Each school had its own separate roll number and a principal teacher for each school. It was not until 1918 that the Sisters of Mercy took charge of the senior school.

In 1951, this school was extended and reconstructed. Mons. P. Roughneen was then the parish priest of Ballymote; Sr. M. Agnes O'Grady was the principal of the senior school and Sr. M. Gabriel Kelly was the principal of the Infant School. In 1982 the infant school and the senior school were amalgamated. For the first time since primary education started in Ballymote it was now just one roll

number and one principal teacher. The principal at that time was Sr. M. Gertrude Gallagher. Shortly after that many efforts were made to get a new school for the girls of Ballymote, and another for the boys. Sr. Frances McNicholas succeeded Sr. Gertrude as principal.

After many meetings and negotiations with the Department of Education it was decided that an extension would be built to the existing girls school on Pearse Road. Money was collected locally to finance the local contribution which was added to the grant from the Department of Education. Finally, in 1991, the boys and girls school were amalgamated and became known as Scoil Mhuire gan Smál. Sr. Regina Lydon became principal of the newly amalgamated school.

On the 21st September, 1992, the new school opened. This was a great day for the young girls and boys of Ballymote, and indeed for the Sisters of Mercy too, who had given ninety years of unbroken service to the pupils of Ballymote.

The Potato Blight

By Claire Walsh

The potato was introduced into Ireland at the end of the sixteenth century. It was first used as a supplementary food and as a standby against famine when there was a poor corn crop due to bad weather. The potato was then known as a plant which was "peculiarly exempt from blights and mildew."

It gradually became the staple food of the poorer people but with improved varieties it was used by all classes in the 18th and 19th centuries.

With increased cultivation various diseases crept in — curl, taint, scab which often caused partial failure of the crop and a threat of famine.

The census of 1841 estimated that the population of Ireland was 8 million at this time, but Mrs. Woodham Smith considered that the numbers were too low. As quoted in her book "The Great Hunger": "Though the numerators were largely members of the Irish Constabulary much time, local knowledge and courage was needed to track down the communities of evicted and unemployed who existed in caves, sod huts and under tree trunks". An intelligent relief officer wrote that the census of 1841 was "pronounced universally to be no fair criterion of the present population."

The land for cultivation was got from the landlord through middle men and agents who added to the rent for their own advantage. Thus the labourer, cottier and small farmer had to pay a high price for conacre and maybe give labour as well.

The more nourishing type of potato gave a small yield so the poor people had to plant a newer variety the "Lumper". This potato gave prolific yield and grew well in poor soil but was of poor quality, watery and tasteless — "no better than a turnip."

It was also least resistant to the blight when it came.

The potato blight was first noticed on the East Coast of the U.S.A. in 1843 and arrived in Europe in 1845. It appeared in

Belgium and France, then the South of England. It first appeared in Ireland in Dublin and Waterford in September 1845.

At the time it was not understood that the disease was caused by a fungus and that the weather was a contributing factor to its spread. At the time an east wind prevailed.

The Cloghogue area had sandy soil and produces very good potatoes. At the outbreak of the blight in 1845 the crop was not badly effected. The people said "Lough Arrow saved them" as the East wind did not carry the disease across the water.

A man from Barroe, Highwood, came to my father's house to collect the "Station Box" for the Harvest Station which was held in each townland. It was on a Friday and there was "Cally" for the dinner — mashed potatoes with scallions — there was some left in the pot and he asked if he could have it. He was given a plateful with a noggin of milk.

As he was eating his abdomen began to swell and he rolled in pain. The poor man had not eaten anything for days. This would indicate that there was a crop of potatoes in Cloghogue in 1845.

The blight spread all over the country in 1846 and there was complete failure of the potatoes. With the hunger came disease — dysentery, typhoid and typhus, whole families died and there was no one to bury them. The

landlord's agent set fire to the houses — which in itself was a way of prevention of disease, but some times the people were still inside.

The Poor Law Relief was slow in coming. The first Indian Meal to come to Boyle came on barges to the Bailey Bridge from Drumsna. The railway line to Boyle was not finished yet.

Michael Walsh from Cloghogue went for two horse carts of the meal. On his way home he was ambushed at the old Deerpark School by hungry people from Sheegora and the Rock of Doon. He said the people in his area were hungry too but he would give them one cartload provided it was divided fairly, the man with the biggest family was to get the most. They returned to Butlers at the foot of the hill, they had a shop and a weighbridge. A spokesman was appointed and the meal divided fairly.

There was always a friendship between the people of the Rock of Doon and the people of Cloghogue afterwards.

The bad times lasted up to 1890 when the spray for the potato crop was introduced. The spray was mixed at home, bluestone (Coppersulphate) and washing soda dissolved in water and well mixed. At first it was sprinkled on the foliage with a beesum made from heather or whin, later the spraying machine became available.

How to Know You're Getting Old

Everything hurts; what doesn't hurt, doesn't work.

—Anon.

The gleam in your eye is the sun shining on your bi-focals.

You feel like the morning after, but you haven't been anywhere.

You get winded playing cards.

Your children begin to look middle aged.

You join a health club, but don't go.

You have all the answers, but no one asks the questions.

You look forward to a dull evening.

You need glasses to look for your glasses.

You turn out the light for economy instead of romance.

Your knees buckle, but not your belt.

Your back goes out more often than you do.

You sink your teeth into a steak and they stay there.

Your birthday cake collapses under the weight of the candles.

The pip

By M.B. Ní Chanáin

"An egg and an egg and an egg every day and me barefooted".

So sang the hen when she cackled after laying an egg. The cock answered, "I searched Ireland, England and Scotland and couldn't get a shoe to fit you. What a-a-a-ils you?"

As children, we believed they really said this and we were quite adept at imitating them. This and many other memories came to mind on reading an account in *The Sligo Champion* of a project done by some students titled "Counting Their Chicks". It involved incubators and methods we would not have known anything about fifty or sixty years ago. This was long before Acot or Teagasc was ever heard of, and every country woman would have as many chickens as possible. It was part of their livelihood, providing meat and eggs. Generally, one would have a chicken for Sunday dinner as a change from the home cured bacon used during the week. In those days, country people rarely had beef or lamb, one reason being that travelling was not easy and the little country shops, which provided the needs of the local community, did not run to providing fresh meat. Chickens were also needed for the feast at meitheal times, gathering the crops and bringing home the turf.

The eggs paid the shopkeeper during the summer months. It was a kind of barter system, the basket of eggs was handed over the counter and the price of the goods required was balanced against the price. Very seldom did money change hands. It might be a few shillings short one week, but the following week it would most likely balance.

So rearing chickens was very important in those days and the number a person would have depended on the number of "clockers" available. A clocker was a broody hen, which refused to leave the nest. A setting of eggs was put under her, thirteen was a

nice setting. They might be from one's own hens or might be exchanged with a neighbour for a different strain or a better breed of fowl. The hen sat on the nest for three weeks except for a short spell each day to take a bit of food. At the end of that time, the excitement mounted waiting for the first chirp of a chicken. The children always waited eagerly for that day and though it was something we witnessed year after year, the experience of new life was always wonderful.

Unfortunately, very often, in a few days or even weeks, a horrible disease could strike, and they could just die away. I am sure this disease had a technical name but to the country people it was known as "the pip", because of the noise the chickens made. Tiny worms would collect in the gullet. The chick would just smother and at the time, there was no cure available.

Well my mother devised a method to cure them. She saved her own chickens and then by degrees the neighbours'. Soon her fame spread and people came from far and near. During the months of May and June there was a stream of vehicles at our house. People came on bicycles with baskets of chickens, ass and cart (they were not called donkeys

then!). Side cars, even ass and creels down from the mountain, any mode of conveyance to bring the chicks.

She might be about her household chores or doing some work out in the garden, but she cheerfully came and sat patiently, sometimes for hours on end, curing chickens. Very often for people she had never met before, but who became her firm friends.

Payment was never expected or given, just a kindly turn for a neighbour or stranger. Another time it might be her turn to be helped in one way or another. Such was life in those days.

It was the bane of our father's life for those couple of months and ours as well because chickens seemed to take precedence over everything else.

Ah well! Things change. The "hen woman" came, or so we called the first Poultry instructress. New cures were given and eventually accepted. Gradually people drifted away and another old way of life slipped from us.

In the post-war years, people became more prosperous. They became less dependent on hens and eggs. Travel became easier. The little country shop disappeared. Food became more varied. Strange to say what was simple country living sixty years ago is a news item now.



Our Sponsors

BALLYMOTE Heritage Group gratefully acknowledges its indebtedness to the following who have generously sponsored the 1997 and previous Heritage Weekends. Their continuing help and encouragement are much appreciated:

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Patrick Rogers Ltd.
Roger McCarrick, Auctioneer
Sligo Dairies
Stan Casey
Tente Ltd.
Ulster Bank

A cloud burst of the early 'thirties

(By P.J. Gilmartin)

A roar of thunder long and loud was heard for miles around,
And turkey cocks and cocks of hay were swept from off the ground.
Dan Healy's pigs danced reels and jigs, as Annie grasped the tool,
The flood came in the back door and swept the yankee off the stool.

2.

Gallagher Pete got on his feet like King William at the Boyne
And let the tide go far and wide, John Battle's hay to join.
And Battle's laps were swept through gaps as old John did loudly call
And Healy Mike let go the dyke right through John Lawson's wall.

3.

Joe Coleman's hen went like the wind, to the foot of Carnaree,
Where Johnnie Tighe came with his whiskey keg meeting Fahey B.
Poor Mullins turkey lost her life in the waters cool and deep
It went down her pipe and filled her gripe and Catherine weep weep.

4.

Harken Tom and Joe Molloy were there until next day
The bird they ate on Mullins street and laughed at Battle's hay.



DRUMCORMACK SCHOOL 1969

Back row: Dolores Candon, Stephen Hannon, Eamon McLoughlin, John Candon R.I.P., Bernadette Gallagher, Padraic Brennan, Goretti Irwin, Matt Connell, Ethna Gallagher. Centre row: Carmel McLoughlin, Michael Candon, Eamon Brennan, ——— McLoughlin, Betty Coen, John Joe Brennan, Margaret Coen, Ciaran Walsh, Eugene Connell, Sean Tansey, Noelle Conlon, Anne Walsh, Caramel Tansey. Front row: Kieran Tansey, Anne Tansey, IKieran Conlon, Gary Conboy, Christopher Donaghy, Enda Connell, Marie Brennan, Michael Healy, Martina McLoughlin, Tony Coen.

Photo courtesy Nellie Tansey

A local T.D. again



PATRICK J. ROGERS



JOHN PERRY

IN the past there have been South Sligo T.D.s who lived either in Ballymote itself or within a stone's throw of the town. These would include Alec McCabe, Patrick J. Rogers and Eugene Gilhawley.

With the retirement from Dail Eireann of Eugene Gilhawley in 1981, Ballymote ceased to have a resident T.D. Until now, that is, because on June 7th, 1997, John Perry of Main Street, was elected T.D. for South Sligo.

In June, 1951, close on 50 years ago, Pat James Rogers won (in his case, regained) a seat "for Ballymote". To provide a flavour of history repeating itself, we give below a contemporary account of P.J. Rogers's victory celebrations and a similar account in relation to John Perry.

THE news of the election of Mr. P.J. Rogers as a T.D. was received by the people of Ballymote and the surrounding districts with great excitement and enthusiasm. A popular local farmer and member of Sligo Co. Council, Mr. Rogers, better known to his many friends as Pat James, enjoyed a prolonged term of office in Dail Eireann prior to 1948, but in the election of that year when the constituencies of Sligo and Leitrim were combined and the number of seats reduced, he lost his by a very narrow margin. In fact, South Sligo lost all representation, which its people deeply regretted.

On Friday last excitement ran high as telephone wires hummed and radios blared out the latest position in the prolonged count and when the news of his election as the last Deputy to the 14th Dail reached his home town enthusiasm knew no bounds. Bonfires were prepared and approaching midnight a procession of cars left the town to escort him home. On his arrival a short while later he was greeted with wild and prolonged outbursts of cheering from several hundreds of people gathered in the soft glow of a huge bonfire of tar barrells, blazing on the town's familiar Rock. With difficulty did he move through the crowd, and when he addressed them every sentence was greeted with a fresh outburst of cheering which rent the stillness of the warm Summer night. Thanking the people for electing him, Mr. Rogers assured them that he would do all in his power to justify the confidence they had placed in him.

His election as a T.D. was in no way a personal victory but a victory of South Sligo whom he represented.

SATURDAY, June 7th, 1997 was indeed a tension filled day, as the prolonged election count took place in the Gillooly Hall in Sligo.

Many supporters waited outside all day, anxiously awaiting reports from those lucky enough to be present at the count.

As evening approached, excitement grew as the certainty dawned that John Perry was indeed going to be elected to the 28th Dail, at his first attempt.

This fact was finally confirmed by the Returning Officer at 11.15 p.m. and the cheering and applause from supporters, as John and his wife, Marie were lifted on high, was a sustained outburst of joy and satisfaction that after a lapse of almost twenty years, Ballymote had once again a resident.

Eventually the new Deputy and his numerous supporters left for his home town.

A huge cavalcade of cars snaked its way, growing in size as it passed in increasing numbers of bonfires, to South Sligo.

On reaching Ballymote, though the hour was late on a pleasant summer night, the town was fully alive as hundreds of well wishers sought to congratulate the Deputy and welcome him home.

Thanking the people for electing him, as he addressed them in the open air in the early hours of Sunday morning, John committed himself to fully justifying the confidence they had placed in him. He thanked all the people who had worked for his success and who had voted for him.

His every sentence was greeted with enthusiastic and sustained applause, and there was no doubt in anybody's mind that things were now as they should be, the T.D. was back in Ballymote. History had, once again, repeated itself!

by **DON CONLON**

Andrew J. Walsh

BALLYMOTE-BORN WORLD CLASS ATHLETE OF 1890s

ANDREW J. Walsh was born in the house which is now Kane's Supermarket in Market Street (Lord Edward Street), Ballymote.

Andrew (Andy) Walsh emigrated to New York, where he secured employment in the renowned R.H. Macy's Department Store. Between 1890 and 1898 he distinguished himself in North America as a top class runner, displaying an amazing versatility and establishing two world records. During his athletic career Andy Walsh competed successfully in the following events: one mile, one and a half miles, two miles, three miles, two miles steeplechase, 1,000 yards, five miles cross-country, one mile cross-country, the 220 yards sprint and the 75 yards dash. He was an amateur member of the New York Xaviers Athletic Club and his club officers have compiled a record of eighty of his races spanning a period of nine years (1890-1898) which were run in venues in New York, New Jersey, Newark, Princeton, Boston, Chicago and Montreal.

The introductory paragraph in the Xavier's club record is as follows: "We give below the record of our representative, Andrew J. Walsh, the well known champion, who was on so many occasions, carried the Cherry X to victory. It will be seen that all the champion distance runners have at one time or another been defeated by "Our Andy". Beside winning the Metropolitan Championship in '92 he also has the distinction of placing more than one world's record to his credit".

Here following is a selection of his most significant achievements:

August 24th, 1890: Andy won his first race, at the Harness Makers' games in 4 min., 56 sec.

September 1st, 1891: He won the two miles race from scratch at the AOH games in 10.03 minutes.

November, 1891: Winner of the one mile race at the Manhattan AC games at Madison Square

Gardens in 4.38 min.

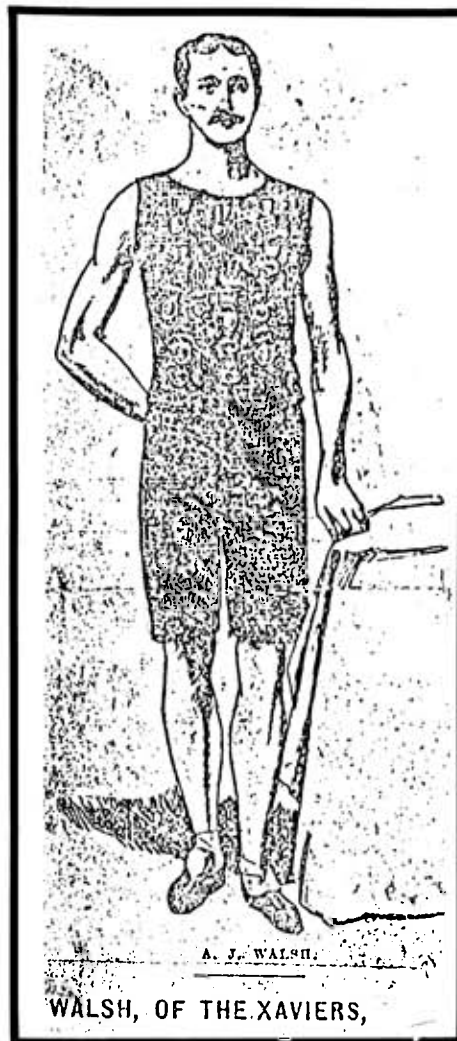
February, 1892: First in the one mile Metropolitan Championship from T.P. Conneff, Hyertberg and Hollander in 4.32 minutes.

September 22nd, 1892: Second in the two miles steeplechase championship of America, beaten by two inches. Time 13 minutes.

July 14th, 1893: First in the mile race at R.H. Macy's games in 4.35 min.

September, 1893: Second in the one mile U.S. National Championships in 4.25 mins.

September, 1893: Winner of the 1,000 yards race at the New York A.C. games beating Kilpatrick in 2.14 mins. The world record for the event stood at 2.13 mins. Kilpatrick was the world champion



for the three-quarter mile race.

February 11th, 1893: Winner of the mile race at the Boston A.C. indoor games in 4.36 mins.

July 4th, 1893: First in the mile race at Boston, defeating White, McLoughlan, Allison and Clarke in 4.35 mins.

September 16th, 1893: Second in the mile race at Chicago's World Fair Championship beating Conneff.

June 13th, 1894: Andy won the half-mile race at Newark Institute in 1.57 minutes.

August 10th, 1894: He ran a dead heat with Hollander in the mile race at St. George's Games in 4.21 mins.

November, 1894: Andrew J. Walsh won the one mile race at the 13th Regiment's Indoor Games in 4 minutes, 26 seconds, which was a world indoor record.

A newspaper cutting, which is not dated, is included in the Xavier's Club dossier of Walsh's successes and it declares: "Walsh makes a new world record at Montreal — He covers 220 yards in 21.1 seconds".

July 31st, 1898: A.J. Walsh, Xavier AC won the 75 yard dash at the C.J. Harvey Games defeating Bloss, who held the world 50 yard record.

The following statement has been proudly recorded by his club: "A.J. Walsh has been asked nearly every week whether he has ever beaten Conneff or any other of the good runners. He has defeated the following men on even terms: T.P. Conneff, Geo. Orton, Chas. Kilpatrick, G.O. Jarvis, G. Hallander, E.

Andrew J. Walsh continued

Hartsberg, Walter Allison (Boston), McLoughlan (Mass.), C. Bean (Suffolk) and A.C. Morgan of Yale. All the above men have won championships”.

This news item from a New York Newspaper gives an indication of the standing of A.J. Walsh among the city's sporting public.

Andy Walsh's Watch: Andy Walsh, the Xavier's distance runner, came near to losing his watch after a mile run last night. Walsh was quite content with second prize which was a silver watch, and when he received it he rushed gleefully to the dressing-room. A line of overcoats was hung on the wall and Andy, judging about where his ought to be, dropped the watch in a pocket. When he was ready to don his coat, Walsh felt for the watch. It wasn't there. Walsh became pale and staggered. Every pocket was subjected to search and even his running costume was looked into. But no watch could be found. About a half an hour after, Walsh was bemoaning the loss of his timepiece to his friends when a young man approached and said, "I found a watch in my overcoat pocket and it does not belong to me". "It is mine", answered Walsh before he looked at it, and luckily it was. Andy's face became wreathed in smiles and he went home happily”.

Towards the end of his running career charges of professionalism were made against Andy Walsh. In his defence, his athletic club, the Xaviers, issued the following public statement:

“Andy Walsh sincerely hopes that the much delayed settlement of his case will be consummated in the near future, and thereby relieve him of much needless worry. If all the crack athletes were as pure amateurs as Andy, it would be well for the interest of amateur sport, and comparatively speaking, the Amateur Athletic Union Board would have a bed of roses”.

This article was compiled by Neal Farry from the New York Xavier's A.C. record of Andy Walsh's athletics career. The dossier was provided by Mr.

Bartly Cryan, Pearse Road, Ballymote, who is a grand-nephew of Andy Walsh.

Many of the reports and

photographs in the career record of Andy Walsh have been taken from 'Harper's Weekly'.



A new creation?

AN artist, who, having undertaken the work of restoring the mural decorations in a church, sent in his bill for £33-3s-6d. He was requested by the Parochial Church Council to render an itemised account which he did.

	£	s	d
1 Corrected the 10 Commandments.....	5	10	0
2 Embellished Pontious Pilate and put new ribbon in his bonnet	1	0	0
3 Put new tail on rooster of St. Peter and mended his comb	1	5	0
4 Replumed and gilded the wing of the Guardian Angel ...	7	15	0
5 Washed the servant of the High Priest and put carmine on his cheeks	10	0	
6 Renewed heaven, adjusted the stars, cleansed the moon .	3	5	0
7 Re-animated flames of Purgatory and restored souls.....	1	7	6
8 Renewed the flames of hell, put new tail on Devil, mended his left hoof, did odd jobs on the damned souls	4	16	6
9 Cleansed the ears of Balaam's ass and shod him	14	0	
10 Put earrings on Sarah's ear	1	0	0
11 Put new stone in David's sling, enlarged Goliath's head, and extended his legs	2	5	0
12 Decorated Noah's Ark	3	0	0
13 Mended the shirt of the Prodigal Son, and cleaned his nose	15	6	
Total	33	3	6

From Parish Magazine, St. Mary the Virgin, South Elmstall, Yorks.

Doo Church

From a project by Joanne Gilligan, Tony Burns and Oliver Gethins.

KILMORGAN or Killurrough — thinly populated, without town or even village worthy of the name, gives its name to the half parish of Emlaghfad and is according to the Martyrology of Donegal, a foundation of or dedicated to St. Morgan, who was a descendant of Niall of the nine hostages.

The Parishes of Emlaghfad and Kilmorgan were united at the beginning of the 18th Century, probably in 1704 AD. After the closing of Kilmorgan in the penal times, Mass was said at the Mass Rock in Doo.

This rock which stands about 7 ft. tall is unusually large. The priest had to get up on a horse and cart

before getting on to it. The rock is situated around 300 yards from the existing Church. The first Church built at Doo stood around 200 yards from where the Mass Rock is situated. This was a primitive thatched Chapel which was built at the end of the 18th Century around 1790.

When the present Doo Church was eventually built in 1880 by Monsignor Loftus, the old Chapel was the last thatched Chapel in the Diocese of Achonry.

The Church, which is dedicated to St. Joseph, is a very beautiful and substantial country Church built in the Gothic style. The bell which now stands separately at the front of the Church was once on the gable of the Church. In 1914

the sacristy and a toilet were built. Before the sacristy was built the Priest vested behind the altar.

The first lighting was put into the Chapel by Monsignor Roughneen in the 1940s. This was gas lighting. There was no heating whatsoever for many years. The first heating system was a furnace with a chimney in the middle of the Church. The Church was usually full of smoke.

In 1955 Monsignor O'Hara got new slates, laths and felt put on the roof. Much of this work had to be redone subsequently.

However, the main pitchpine structure of the roof is still very good. There was an old stone wall in front of the Church until around five years ago when a new one was built. A lot of the trees around the Church were cut down which made the site bleaker.

There was a gallery in the Chapel until around twelve months ago, but it was removed because it was deemed unsafe.

In 1930 a harmonium was brought from Roscommon by horse and cart and it took several men to get it up the awkward stairs to the gallery.

Stained glass windows were installed in 1926 under Canon Quinn in memory of his brother, by Early & Co. The worker was paid £2 per day. Handmade nails were used to put in the windows. These nails were made with hammer and anvil. Their heads were bevelled.

A new altar was put in about ten years ago. The old marble altar was removed as were the altar rails. The latter was by far the nicer of the two. There were no Confessional boxes for many years until they were taken out from the Church in Ballymote.

There is also a Baptismal font in the Church. A wall was built in front of it concealing it. This is a great pity as it was beautifully decorated. It is rarely used, since most Baptisms take place in Ballymote. During the early 20th Century the Church was packed to capacity for Sunday Mass and many people had to stand outside.



A MATTER OF LINES . . .

Seamus Heaney, the Nobel Prize-winning poet from Derry, who has charmed the Western Isles with his books of poetry is seen here with Dan Healy on the occasion of the launch of the book of poems on the DART, called 'Between the Lines'. Dan is a DART driver and has was presented with a copy of this book signed by the poet. Between the Lines contains 200 poems from various writers. A short poem by Seamus Heaney is a fitting tribute to Dan and all train drivers in this country.

*Lit carriages ran through our fields at night
Like promises being speedily withdrawn
Awakened by train-noise, well-placed suburban,
I ask myself is this where they were going*

—Seamus Heaney

Extract from The Sligo Champion of 27/11/1880:

The new Chapel at Doo, built at a cost of £600, will be solemnly dedicated to God on Sunday, the 5th December. The sermon will be preached by Most Rev. Dr. MacCormack, Lord Bishop of Achonry. The building was commenced last May and many thanks are due to Mr. Patrick Harrington, the Contractor, for the manner he hastened and executed the work. It is somewhat difficult, at any time, to raise funds for building a Chapel, but it was quite impossible this year owing to the impoverished condition of the country. Yet with all this, it was necessary to proceed with the work because the old wretched thatched Chapel, which this new one replaces, had to be allowed to tumble down, as the timbers were all rotten, the walls split and cracked, and several warnings were given of the risk to life which was being seen.

Since the fate of the old Chapel, the very last of the Chapels in Ireland, the congregation have heard Mass in the open air. They number 150 families, composed extensively of herders, labourers and poor small farmers. The only help they have given up to this is

£12-10s, and it has taken thirteen of them to give up this small sum. The late lamented Alderman James Tighe, Sligo, bequeathed £25 for this purpose and his executor has paid it in full. To Mr. Maurice Conry, J.P., Mr. Bernard Collery, Mr. Edward J. Tighe and Mr. Francis Higgins, who, aided by Fr. Meehan, have been instrumental in procuring £43-2s from a few good and true friends in the town and neighbourhood of Sligo. To these gentlemen and to Mr. William Phibbs, Seafield, and Mr.

Christopher L'Estrange, both of whom exerted themselves well and kindly in providing the new site, the clergy and people of the parish of Kilmorgan are deeply indebted.

Now the work being so good and necessary, and the debt still very heavy and embarrassing, the clergy of Kilmorgan will count the friends and benefactors of this new chapel by hundreds on the coming long wished for day of Dedication.

Supplied by John McTernan.

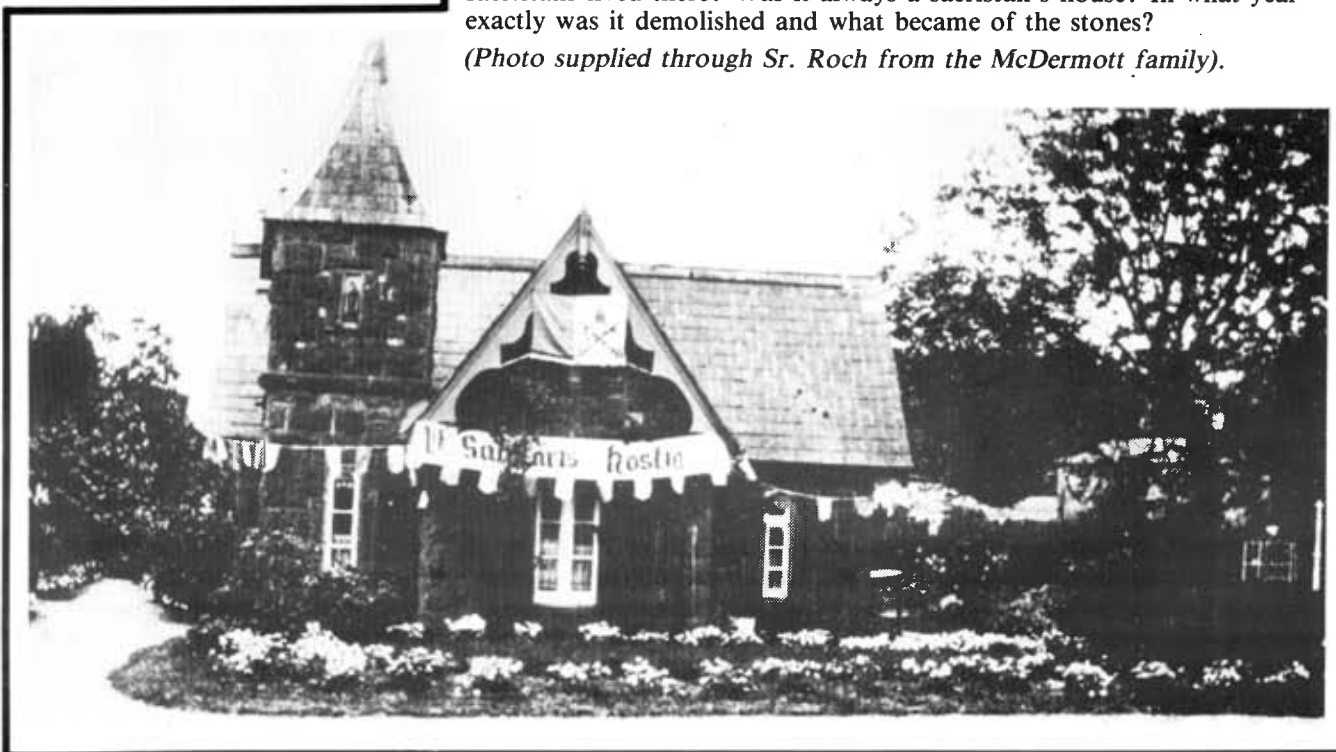
A piece of history — the Sacristan's House

MANY of our readers will remember fondly the little house shown above. It stood in the grounds of Ballymote's Catholic Church, between the church and the road. Built of cut stone and with its own little "spire", it reflected the style and architecture of the bigger building. It is seen here from the point of view of a person who has walked a few yards inside the main gate of the church and has turned to the left to look at it.

Demolished in the 1950's, it has housed a number of sacristans and their families. Among the sacristans known to have lived there were Tom Cawley, John Scanlon and Michael Scanlon.

There are no parish records concerning this building. We would be grateful if any of our readers could throw further light on its history. In particular . . . in what year and by whom was it built? What other sacristans lived there? Was it always a sacristan's house? In what year exactly was it demolished and what became of the stones?

(Photo supplied through Sr. Roch from the McDermott family).



The bad times

By Claire Walsh

STORIES FROM SOUTH SLIGO 1832 - 1890

IN my memory I never heard the old people refer to the famine. It was always "in the bad times".

The failure of the potato crop due to the blight was another hardship in a series of misfortunes bringing hunger and want, and death.

The Asiatic Cholera first broke out in India in 1826. Spreading across Asia and Europe, it reached England in 1831 and appeared in Ireland 1832. Sligo escaped up to August but then Sligo town was sorely afflicted and also parts of the county. John Weir of Cloghogue had a corn mill on the river running from Cloghogue into Lough Arrow. It was worked by Pat Timon and his wife. They both went to Sligo at the time of the Cholera, he with a load of corn, she with a basket of eggs. Both got the disease and died within 24 hours. Their infant son lived, and was cared for by his mother's people. The name Timon is now extinct in this locality but there are many descendants still in the area.

The mill was not used afterwards but part of the building was there up to recent times and the mill race was only removed a short time ago. As children we were warned not to go near the mill or we might catch the "Fever". The word "Fever" terrified people probably stemming from the Cholera epidemic also the typhus and typhoid from the famine period. It was hard to countenance then that "Fever" only means an elevated temperature nowadays.

The Clearances were mass evictions. The purpose was to create large viable holdings for the landlord and remove the poor who were only tenants at will or on short leases and only had small plots. The largest Clearance in this area was carried out by Lord Lorton. He was one of the King family of Kilonan and Rockingham estates. He lived in Ballindoon which he called "Kingsborough". He had several estates and was married to an heiress. He was not short of money unlike many other landlords.

In the Parish of Aughanagh 55

tenants and their families were evicted. In Templevanny (Keish Parish) 26 tenants, and many more in areas around Boyle. Local tradition has it that some were evicted on Christmas Eve and left on the roadside. If their neighbours gave them shelter they too were evicted.

Lorton's Clearances took place in 1843 in the townland of Carrowkeel. The following is a list of the families from this townland who were evicted:

Jack Higgins, the Lynch family, Thomas Walsh, Patsy Brehony, Michael Kelly, Miley Kildea, James Healey, William Connolly, Matthew Moraghan. (It is interesting to note that the lane to his home is still called "Matthew Moraghan's Lane", on the way up to Carrowkeel), James Connor,

Martin Foley, Sean Ban Walsh, Hughey Foley, Dominick Pye, James Gaffney Magee, Paddy Walsh.

These evictions took place in the springtime. The families had dug the land in ridges for the potato crop and had the manure delivered by ass and creels, but the potatoes were never set and the manure never spread. The trace of the ridges are still to be seen. Many died by the roadside. These notes on the Clearances are taken from the writings of Canon Hurley P.P., Aughauagh 1921 - 1937.

Some of the evicted people went to relatives in other areas and if they were able to rent land it was only where the land was poor and had to be reclaimed. Some went to England and America from the port of Sligo.

The Co-operative Creamery Association, 1894-1994

1.

Ye true sons of Gráinne, I pray pay attention,
And hear the few verses I'm going to relate.
It's about a sad cloud that hangs over the nation
The profits of Erin I'm going to abate.

2.

When creameries were invented and circulars printed,
Each farmer consented to join by the score,
For to save feather scrubs and their fingers from rubs,
And the jingling of tubs outside the back door.

3.

With a foreign constitution and a home contribution,
It stuck like solution to each man and wife.
Some thought they would flourish themselves for to nourish,
But alas! it would perish and shorten their lives.

4.

Some thought it bad profit and tried to stop it,
And there were some who were sorry for joining at all.
When they heard the calves roaring, their own milk deploring,
And they pale, weak and worn and ready to fall.

5.

The women work early hours through blackheads and flowers
Through sunshine and showers, through thick and through thin.
For to meet the long cart before it would start
'O Lord what we part with for the blue drop of skim.

6.

The pusheen in the corner refuses to drink it
The highway and beggarman they it will refuse.
Neither Indian or Arab, Jew or Italian will take it
And see when it falls how it splashes your shoes.

7.

There's no more firkin barrels to grease boxty farrells
In sorrow I mourn for this century
With new milk distilleries, and skimmed milk auxiliaries
May the Lord help us prosper in the next century.

DAN THE MAN — D.A.R.T. driving making all the right noises



DART driver Donal Healy is making all the right noises at present and has just been featured in a major RTE documentary for his musical talents.

A specially talented concert flute player, Donal's skill has taken him all over the world to the major cities of the United States and England.

He has also represented Ireland at the Celtic Congress for some years past in Dublin, Inverness in North Scotland, in the Isle of Man, Falmouth Cornwall, Swansea and Russia. The television documentary, which was broadcast a fortnight ago, traced the Healy family, who have a long association with the railways in Ireland. The family hail from Cloonmonagh, Ballymote, County Sligo, where Donal's grandfather worked on the Sligo and Northern Counties Railways all his life.

Donal's father followed these footsteps in the same job. The third generation of Healys — Donal became part of Railway life in Collooney, County Sligo, in 1953. He spent his childhood listening to traditional music wherever it was played — mostly in people's homes. He moved to Dublin and while working as a driver of the Dublin trains took part in the Gaelic social life in the City.

Donal started work in Dublin on the outer suburban Dublin, Dundalk and North Wall lines. Their headquarters was what is now known as the Point Depot.

Eleven years ago Donal became a driver on the DART line — a far cry from when his grandfather had to walk 16 miles to Sligo.

Donal is now continuing to make his name as a top calibre musician while commuting thousands of passengers on the DART line each day.

—Reprinted courtesy COMMUTING TIMES

The period of the Nineteen -fifties

by P.J. Duffy

THE early nineteen fifties saw Europe recover at a rapid rate following the ravages of World War Two. The recruiting drives being carried out by big construction companies like Wimpey and McAlpine drew large numbers of Irish workers away from our shores and over to Great Britain where an all out effort was being made to restore and rebuild the cities which had been devastated by German air-raids.

For our young people, especially, there was little on offer here in the line of a job with a paypacket coming up at the end of the week. They went across in droves during those years of 1950 and 1951. In many cases whole families closed their doors and emigrated.

Food rationing and compulsory tillage were still in operation during those years, but were gradually coming to an end.

The Government of the day brought in measures to improve the lot of the rural communities by paying out grants for land drainage and reclamation. Grants were also made available for building and repairing dwellinghouses and outoffices.

Gradually the standard of living began to improve. Many people bought radios for the first time in their lives. Only the better off members of the community owned motorcars and these were mostly professional people like clergymen, schoolteachers and those, who were in well-paid employment.

During the nineteen forties radios were few and far between, but now with their coming into almost every household, people in remote areas were to become more in communication with what was happening in the world outside.

Up until 1948 we did not have a radio in our possession, so at times of important broadcasts we would travel a half-mile up the road to a neighbour's house where, incidentally, we were always made welcome. These visits took place mostly at night time but during times of important football broadcasts we usually went there on Sunday afternoons.

It was here for the first time I was to hear the magic voice of Micheál O'Hehir. Over the years, this man's broadcasts would re-echo through, not only every household in Ireland, but in others, scattered around the globe. The house would be packed to capacity with people, as they anxiously awaited the outcome of the match.

Everybody present would be totally captivated with the eloquence and wit of the great broadcaster. People would make the remark, "Orah shure Micheál O'Hehir would make a bad match sound great."

It makes me feel sad now when I stop to think, that what I was listening to then was a legend in broadcasting whose genius we are never likely to see equalled.

A number of years later while attending a Connacht final football match at Charlestown I was, for the first time, to see the man in the flesh as he made his way out beside me on his way to the broadcasting box. He was then a fresh-faced young man full of energy, and his presence, for that moment, aroused a good deal of curiosity from onlookers and admirers of somebody, who was accustomed to making the airwaves roll.

Today, on radio and television, when snippets from the past are flashed up and I hear the voice of O'Hehir, it brings back nostalgic memories of great games and great days in broadcasting.

Nineteen fifty was a terrible bad year weatherwise. The incessant rain which set in early in July caused terrible flooding and wrath havoc on the farming community. Crops of hay and corn actually rotted into the ground, or else were swept away by floods. Little silage was being made at this time and the loss of the hay crop resulted in an acute shortage of fodder during the severe winter that followed. This scarcity resulted in huge losses in livestock, and in many cases those people affected never really recovered. This sad saga accelerated the rate of emigration and in the spring of 1951 many more people set sail for Great Britain.

Mrs. Nellie Tansey

IT is our sad duty in this issue to record the untimely death of one of Ballymote's best-loved people, Mrs. Nellie Tansey of Emmett Street, who passed away after a brief illness of May 23rd, 1997.

To say that the news of her death caused absolute shock and astonished incomprehension is to put it mildly. Nobody could believe that this woman still in her prime had been laid low; nobody could accept that her boundless energy had been cut off, that her enthusiastic zeal for doing all things well had been silenced, and that her encouraging and inspiring presence was going from amongst us forever.



A native of Cloongowla West, Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo, Nellie chose to devote her life to teaching and first came to the Ballymote area when she was appointed teacher in Drumcormack N.S. in 1954. She married Pat in 1956 and their five children are Sean, Carmel, Kiernan, Anne and Helen. She moved to Bunninadden N.S. in 1969 and remained there until 1983 when she came to the Boys' National School in Ballymote. She was Vice-Principal there from 1984 to 1991. In that year the Boys' N.S. was amalgamated with the Convent Girls' N.S. and in the resulting new school she

was a Privileged Assistant until her retirement in 1994.

All her pupils and their parents from all those years will remember and appreciate the great sense of duty, thoroughness and dedication that she brought to her teaching. For her every day was an important day and she filled its every second with her boundless energy and commitment.

But Nellie's interests and influence reached far beyond the confines of the classroom. She was involved in most sporting activities around Ballymote, either as an official, a background helper, a coach or else as one of the attendance giving encouragement to her side.

She was a founder member of the Corran Athletic Club, and was their registrar from 1979 to 1984. She was a committee member of Ballymote GAA Club, of Ballymote Celtic Club, and the Ballymote Community Parks Committee. Athletics was probably her greatest interest and she coached young people in cross-country running. Who does not remember her presence at the annual Community Games competitions in Corran Park, where she was everywhere at once, organising, encouraging and faithfully recording the winners? Some of her work was done in the background, looking after the little details that don't make the headlines but whose neglect could cause many problems. And when she got the chance to engage in a sport for herself, she enjoyed a game of golf.

In recent years Nellie joined the Ballymote Heritage Group and had been a joint treasurer up to her last illness. She was also a member of the Corran Herald subcommittee and this magazine owes much to her energy and persistence in gathering photographs and other material for its pages. And the Heritage Weekends owe much of their smooth running and good organisation to her tireless work behind the scenes.

Recently she had taking up painting, attending ICA classes in Ballisodare. A measure of her success here too is seen in the fact that she exhibited at this year's Sligo Arts Festival.

Now, sadly, she is gone and we are all the poorer for her passing. We have lost a friend whose warmth and interest will not be replaced. We have lost one of our finest examples of inspiration and commitment. To her husband and family we offer our deepest sympathy. We can only console ourselves with the sure knowledge that now on the endless playing fields of Heaven she will enjoy the peace of God forever.

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*The Editor
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take this
opportunity to
thank all our
contributors for
The Corran
Herald*



Church of Ireland, Ballymote

By John C. McTernan

THE Church of Ireland, Ballymote, more correctly designated Emlaghfad Parish Church, stands on an elevated site on the east side of Lord Edward Street in the centre of the town. This edifice replaced an earlier structure whose ivy-clad steeple still stands in defiant isolation on a hill top, almost a mile south, at Emlaghfad.

At this point in time its difficult to ascertain why the original site, which dates back to the early Christian period, was vacated in favour of the present location. From a structural viewpoint it would appear that there was no necessity to vacate the 18th century building in light of the fact that the roofless structure complete with walls and steeple still stands, a century and a half after it was abandoned as a place of worship. A possible explanation is that Reverend John Garrett, the Vicar, and the Select Vestry, considered the town centre as a preferred location for a parish church. It certainly rendered it more accessible to worshippers who would no longer be required to negotiate the rather steep incline that led to the former monastic setting at Emlaghfad.

The site for the new church, containing 2 roods and 25 perches, was donated by the Fitzmaurices, the local landlords. About the same time the following advertisement was published in the *Sligo Journal*.

To Architects

Proposals will be received by the Church Wardens of the Union of Emlafad, for building a new Church in the Town of Ballymote, in said Union.

A Plan and specifications can be seen on application to the Rev. J. Garrett, Newbrook, Ballymote.

*John Taaffe West, Ballinlough
John Duke, Newpark,
Church Wardens*

Various extant sources suggest that the building was commenced

in 1818, a fact authenticated by a dated lintel in the centre of the tower. However, it would appear that most of the construction work was done between 1830 and 1835. The Vestry Books for that period throw little light on developments, apart from recording various payments for what was described as "the change of the site of the church" and "lagging out" the site of the church in 1830.

The completed edifice, which has seating for 650, has been described as a good example of the First Fruits type of 3-bays to the crossing transepts, with a lofty tower chamfered with crenellations. Lewis in his *Topographical Dictionary* (1837) described it as "a good building in the English style and remarkable for the beauty of its tower and spire". This new place of worship for the Protestants of the Union of Emlaghfad cost in the region of £3,000, which was financed as follows:

Loan of £550 from Board of First Fruits in 1818;
Loan of £1000 from Board of First Fruits in 1831;
£1000 raised by parochial assessment;

£300 donated by the Earl of Orkney (Fitzmaurice);
£100 each from Bishop of United Dioceses of Achonry & Killala and Edward S. Cooper of Markree.

Sir Robert Gore-Booth, who had succeeded the Fitzmaurices as landlord of Ballymote in 1833, also contributed handsomely towards the building costs. The clock in the tower was put into position in 1878 to Gore-Booth's memory by local subscription. An inscribed tablet at the base of the tower reads as follows:

The Clock in the Tower was erected to the Memory of the late Sir Robert Gore-Booth, Baronet, M.P., of Lissadell by the Tenantry on his Ballmote estate. A.D. 1878.

The church was not finally completed until 1848 when the grounds were walled-in and the entrance gates placed in position, mainly through the munificence of Sir Robert. For reasons not now known, the enclosure was never used as a cemetery, as had been the original intention.

In 1993 the exterior of the church was renovated, the grounds landscaped and the perimeter wall lowered. This has not only enhanced the town centre but also presents the century and a half old limestone building to greater advantage.

Memorials

There are four finely executed memorials in the chancel, in addition to a number of inscribed plaques elsewhere. Particularly striking are the ornate marble memorials of the Phibbs family, namely, William Phibbs of Hollybrook, who died in July, 1801, and his son, Owen Phibbs of Willowbrook and Merion Square, Dublin, who departed this life in January, 1829. (See *Corran Herald*, No. 28, p.29, for text of inscriptions.).

The nearby Duke memorial recalls the memory of Robert King Duke, J.P. of Newpark House, who was the 4th son of Robert Duke of Kilmorgan, and the reputed builder of Newpark House. His eldest son, Robert Duke, a barrister by profession, who died from injuries received in a fall on a hunting field, is also remembered. The inscription reads as follows:

*Sacred to the Memory of
Robert King Duke, Esq.,
of Newpark,
Who Departed this life on the
3rd of May, 1836
Aged 66 years
Leaving four sons and four
daughters surviving
By whom this Tablet is Erected
in Remembrance of
the best of Parents.*



Church of Ireland, Ballymote

*Also to the Memory of Anne,
his wife*

*Who departed this life on the
2nd January, 1812*

Aged 35 years.

*Also to the Memory of Robert
their eldest son*

*Who departed this life
on the 6th of December, 1829
Aged 32 years.*

The Baptismal Font is inscribed to the memory of Robert Alexander Duke, J.P., D.L. of Newpark who died in April, 1910, aged 73.

The fourth memorial in the chancel recalls the memory of Reverend Henry Garrett of Carlow, who died of a malignant fever in 1838, aged 26. He was the son of John Garrett, Vicar of Emlaghfad (1806 – 1855) and builder of the church.

Other tablets or inscriptions are to the remembrance of Richard Fleming of Abbeyville (Obit August, 1866): George Robert Morrison of Ballymote and Chicago (obit June, 1877): Patrick Graham of Knockalass (obit September, 1895) and Richard Edward O'Hara of Newpark House (obit May, 1948).

Vicars of Emlaghfad

REV. JOHN GARRETT was inducted Vicar of the Union of Emlaghfad in 1806 as successor to his father, Reverend William Garrett. John Garrett was primarily responsible for the building of the new Parish Church as well as the Glebe House at Tieveboy. He took an active part in local affairs and served as a Magistrate of the County. During the Great Famine he was untiring in his efforts on behalf of the starving poor throughout the Union and served on a number of local Relief Committees. He died in March, 1855, aged 78, and is buried in Emlaghfad.

REV. ARTHUR MOORE son of Reverend John T. Moore, Queen's County, and grandson of the Hon. Arthur Moore, a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, was educated at Trinity College and ordained in 1843. He was inducted as Vicar of Emlaghfad in 1855 in succession to John Garrett. A member of the Diocesan Council, he was appointed Dean of Achonry in 1875. County historian, Terence O'Rourke, who

served with him on the Duchess Marlborough Relief Committee in 1879, paid tribute to the Vicar's "large hearted humanity and genuine Christian charity" and went on to describe him as a "gentleman of culture and education". On his arrival in Ballymote there was widespread religious bigotry, but thanks to his efforts the different creeds lived in harmony and peace during the four decades of his incumbency. In failing health for some time, he died at his son's residence outside Portlaoise in May 1882, aged 62, and was buried in the family vault. In an obituary in the *Sligo Independent* he was referred to as "a churchman of the old evangelical type, an earnest and eloquent preacher, an active and zealous pastor".

REV. THOMAS GORDON WALKER, born 1845, came to Ballymote in 1880 as Curate to Dean Moore. On the latter's death in 1882 he was appointed his successor. Walker was a descendant of the 'Defender of Derry's Walls' and the scion of an Orange family. Shortly after his induction as Vicar he was responsible for the re-opening of the local Orange

Lodge (No. 795), which had been closed by his predecessor, and of issuing a circular in 1884 urging Protestant landowners not only to employ but also to pass on their farms to members of their own faith. This enraged the local Catholic community who organised a monster demonstration in protest and at which Walker was accused of kindling "the embers of dying Orangeism". A local balladier, Patrick Quirk, composed a lyric commemorating the event, the opening lines of which ran as follows:

*From where did this Walker come-
From Kamtschatka or Bagdad?
Oh, he's a loyal Orange parson,
And resides in Emlaghfad.*

The Reverend Walker married Sophia Elizabeth, the daughter of Jemmett Duke of Kilcreevin in 1866, and a decade later was appointed Canon of Killaraght. In 1907 he became Dean of Achonry and a member of the Diocesan Council.

Over the years, and in changing times, the sectarian outlook mellowed considerably and in his latter years he was both popular and highly respected by all creeds and classes. His funeral cortege to Emlaghfad churchyard in May, 1916, was of large dimensions. His

wife followed him to the grave six months later.

He presented a chalice to Emlaghfad, which he inscribed as follows: *In thankful remembrance of many blessings during a ministry in this parish of thirty years from the date of ordination, 1880-1910.*

REV. WILLIAM A. SHADE was born in Dublin and educated at Trinity College. He was ordained in 1896 and served as Curate in Killorglin and Killarney and Rector at Bruff (1911-16). He was inducted as Vicar of Emlaghfad in 1916 as successor to Dean Walker. In 1918 he was transferred to County Wexford where he died in 1934, aged 68.

REV. CHARLES JOHN A. HARRIS, ordained in 1904, succeeded Shade as Vicar in 1918, a position he held for seven years. As Canon of the Cathedral Chapter he was transferred to Kilmoremoy in 1930.

REV. ISAAC HILL McCOMBE, son of John McCombe of Rathmines, was ordained in 1918 and instituted as Vicar in 1930. During his incumbency he became Rural Dean of Dromard and a Canon of St. Patrick's Cathedral,

Dublin. He retired in 1960 and died in Dublin in April, 1962.

REV. HERBERT J. MACREADY BRYAN was born in Melbourne and served in the Anglican church in Australia. He moved to Ireland in 1923 and spent two years as Deputation Secretary to the Colonial and Continental Missionary Society. Two years later he was appointed Rector of Cloughen in the Diocese of Lismore. In 1944 he was transferred to Killoran and elevated to the rank of Archdeacon of the United Diocese of Killala and Achonry. He was instituted Vicar of Emlaghfad in 1960 and retired five years later. He died at Nohoval rectory, County Cork, in May 1966,

REV. VIVIAN EDWARD KILLE, who succeeded Macready Bryan in 1966, was the last resident Vicar of Emlaghfad and a glebe of 33 acres. He was transferred to the Diocese of Clogher in 1974.

REV. RALPH MONTGOMERY STRATFORD, incumbent of the Ballisodare Union since 1956, was also instituted as Vicar of Emlaghfad in succession to the Reverend Kille. He is an Archdeacon of Killala and Achonry and the current incumbent.

Threatened and depleted species

By Stan Casey

THIS year our Spring and Summer is very encouraging to date. Our trees, grass, flowers, shrubs, were never more attractive than they are now. The birds and all things in nature are full of life and joy.

People have remarked to me that they heard the conchake this year in Mayo and Sligo and this is very encouraging, particularly to the farming community as they got bad press as to the depletion of the conchake.

Regretfully there are other species of nature's birds that are also becoming depleted, namely the grouse, partridge, skylark and

heron. Recently I have heard a very interesting story about the heron and his counterpart in Japan. Our own heron feeds on fish from the rivers and streams. The heron in Japan has a very unique way of attracting fish, i.e. he has red feathers on his feet, which is the only difference in his plumage. He bites an inch long stem of a cactus which has a curl, like the head of a fish and he throws a series of these into the stream to attract fish.

The badger is another animal that is blamed for a lot of damage. A friend told me recently about a badger family living near his home. He remarked how he observed from a distance the adult badgers playing with their young outside the den. He saw the boar

badger clean out the den and carry the bedding away a long distance from the den. On one occasion when he was returning from a card game, he stepped out of his car and stepped on the paws of the badger. He never issued a grunt of protest, but just walked silently into the darkness.

On listening to a recent tape on insects and wildlife I learned that research is being done on the female bee as scientists believe the ovaries are being attacked by a new virus which can render the female unproductive, thus having an adverse effect on pollination in the Spring.

Studies are being undertaken all over the country by research scientists to investigate why these species are becoming depleted.

Ballintubber Abbey *By Jack Martin*

SOMETIMES people are apt to get confused between Ballintober and Ballintubber. The former is an Abbey in Co. Mayo, and the latter is a Castle in Co. Roscommon.

Ballintober Abbey/Baile an Tobair

Strangely enough, this old and historic Abbey is still being used, despite the Reformation and being vandalised by Cromwellians in 1653. It is exceptional in that Mass has never ceased to be celebrated in it since it was built, over 750 years ago, except for a few weeks during the famine of the 1840's.

It is said that St. Patrick founded a church on this site in about 441, before Augustinians started their abbey in 1216, although the now much-ruined cloister, which adjoins it, is from the 15th century.

The restoration of the church and the chapter house began after Catholic emancipation in 1829. Today the main feature of the restored interior is very simple, the walls are limewashed and are unadorned. The church still has a bold cruciform shape.

The chapel of the deBurgo which now houses a craft shop, was built to contain the magnificent tomb of the son of Grace O'Malley the "Pirate Queen". He was "Tiobin na Long" (Theobald of the Ships). He was murdered close to here in 1629.

The pilgrimage road to the holy mountain (Croagh Patrick) passes Ballintober and is aptly named "Tochar Phadraig".

On either side of the abbey, flagstones of the pre-Christian era can be followed.

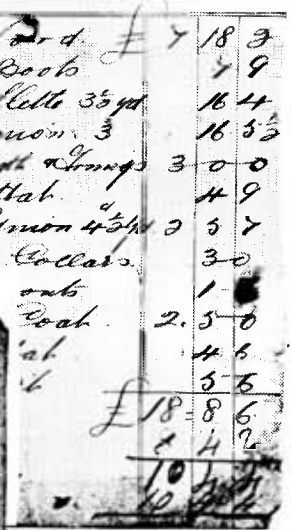
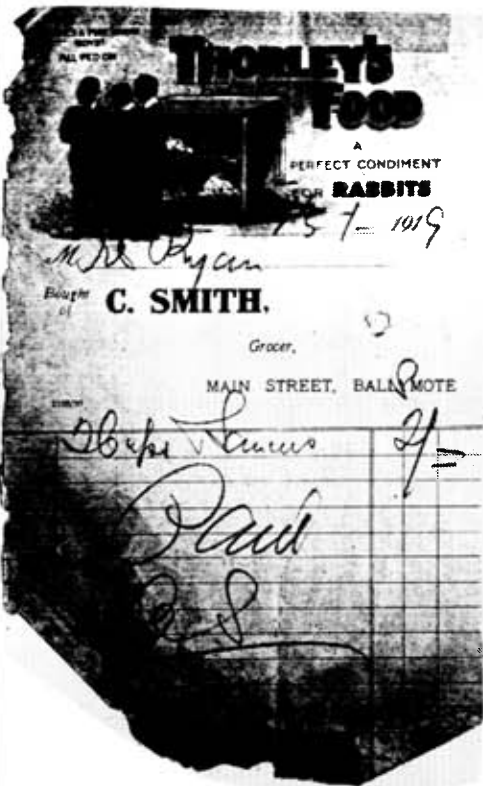
Ballintubber Castle: Home of the Kings of Connaught

The castle was built in the early 1300's and from then until the 1600's this huge castle housed the mighty O'Connors of Connaught. From here the family maintained their grip on the countryside and fought off all invaders.

In 1652, Oliver Cromwell took the castle and its possessions, but the O'Connors got the castle back in 1677.

The castle was again confiscated after the Battle of the Boyne (1690) and the O'Connors lost it again. Around 1700, it began to deteriorate. Today the ruins, which are quite large, dominate the local village, which bears the same name. The walls which are 1,000 ft. long and 22ft. high were surrounded by a moat and an area inside which was an acre and a half, was thought to have held several rows of houses or cabins, although no remains are visible.

Tradition has it that the Irish built in timber, so Ballintubber is unique in that it was the first Irish castle to be built of stone.



THE following Census, giving the number of inhabitants, English and Irish, in the townlands, parishes, and baronies of the county, together with the names of the Tituladoes, shows the desperate state to which the population of Sligo, town and county, was reduced in 1659, near the close of the Cromwellian regime.

BARONY OF CORRAN.

Parishes.	Townlands.	No. of People.	Tituladoes' Names.	English	Irish.
Imlaghfada	Lishananymore	12	William Webb, Esq.		12
	Cloonagain	6		4	2
	Emlafada	4			4
	Corhuber	9		3	6
	Cargagh	40		6	34
	Ballymote	112		14	98
	Doria	8			8
	Ardnaglassa	13			13
	Cloonamanagh	12			12
Kiltarrow	Clonyne	6	Francis King, Esq.		6
	Carrownaclooda	24			24
	Rathdowney	28		5	23
	Ballybrenan	24			24
	Ardoonnell	10			10
	Portinehy	15			15
	Emlaghmaghten	10			10
	Ballyfay	18			18
	Knockaylor	6			6
Cloonoghill	Rabane	8	Timothy Howes, gent.		8
	Kiltarrow	13			13
	Ogham	15			15
	Ballindow	15			15
	Bananadan	30		4	26
	Ballinvally	19			19
	Collere	17			17
	Cloonoghill	13			13
	Cloonimeehan	8			8
Killoshahy	Againe	6	Richd. Meredith, gent.	4	2
	Ballinaglogh	13			13
	Carnewreagh	7			7
	Knockanurhar	14			14
	Lisles	2			2
	Ballenspur	18		6	7
	Ballylonahan	13		6	7
	Ballintrohan	13			13
	Banelaghta	11			11
Drumratt	Killoshahy	8			8
	Clunecumry	6			6
	Clunnagh	6			6
	Cloonbanagh	12			12
	Cluneeen	5			5
	Thawnaghmore	8			8
	Collinahary	4			4
	Rathmolin	14			14
	Knockgrane	10			10
	Knockbrach	20			20
	Ardlakerly	3			3
	Cloonmacledry	10			10
	Liscoway	11		3	8
	Cluneealaly	20			20
	Knockbrach	20			20

BARONY OF CORRAN—continued.

Parishes.	Townlands.	No. of People.	Tituladoes' Names.	English	Irish.
Killmurrin	Kinchurm	20	John Duke, gent., John Geale, gent.	6	14
	Cnoonmonagh	13	Donnell Conellan, gent.		13
	Cloonlurgo	8	John Clifford, gent.	2	6
	Durley	16	Edward Tibb, gent.	2	14
	Drumfin	4			4
	Ardrea	4	Henry Bierast, gent.	2	2
	Lacahaky	4			4
	Thomune	10			10
	Kilmurrin	9			9
	Clunegallall	14	Robert Duke, gent.		14
	Dunemigin	16	John Houlder, gent.	2	14
	Levalley	24			24
	Ballinascaragh	13		2	11
	Drumnegrangy	40			40
Tumour	Thumore	8		2	6
	Roecribb	38		2	36
	Cnockloch	6	Robert King, gent.	1	5
	Templevane	68			68
	Carrowreagh	15			15
	Clooncaher	8			8
	Lorga	8			8
	Thrinemore	12			12
	Morhy	21			21

Principal Irish Names and their Numbers in Corran.

Brenane . . .	12	O'Gara . . .	6
O'Gunnane . . .	5	O'Heiver . . .	5
Conellan . . .	5	O'Horchoy . . .	9
Conor . . .	5	O'Healy . . .	13
McDonogh . . .	30	O'Kerin . . .	6
O'Dacy . . .	5	Mullronifin . . .	16
McDier . . .	5	McSwyne . . .	6
O'Fluen . . .	10	O'Scanlan . . .	19
Gillelorin . . .	7	Trumble . . .	8
McGilltrick . . .	8	Tanist . . .	8

Persons in Corran, 76 English, 1,031 Irish. Total, 1,107.

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