

THE CORRAN HERALD

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Death of a Village by P.J Duffy

The recent closing down of Rathmullen P.O has marked the end of an era, not alone for people living within the immediate area, but for many others residing in adjoining districts.

This tiny village situated on the periphery of Keash parish, and close to a road junction leading to Culfadda, could once proudly boast of having a thriving National school where the vociferous sounds of children at play could be heard daily throughout the annual school-going term. Situated nearby, was the little grocer's shop where they bought their knick-knacks, and their parents bought their groceries.

Across the road was the forge where the sound of the smith's hammer echoed for miles around, as it was deflected across the gliding waters of the Owenmore river. What you found here was a setting which in many ways resembled that in the classical poems of Goldsmith and Longfellow, namely, "The Village Schoolmaster" and the "Village Blacksmith"

The coming of the Post Office to the area, was the result of a plan by

the British postal authorities to speed up the delivery of mail to the remote parts of rural Ireland. Later on when Liberal Prime Minister Henry Asquith introduced his Social Welfare Act, providing Old Age Pensions for persons over the age of seventy years, the Post Office was the venue where this kind of welfare aid was sorted out, and paid over to qualifying members of the public.

During the early years of the century the Post Office was located at Ardrea, a short distance down the road from Rathmullen. During those years the Postmaster was a man named Andrew Curley. Thomas O Dowd was appointed Postmaster in 1912. Incidentally, at the time he was a member of the Board of Guardians for the Boyle Union, and had sometime previously carried out a successful drainage scheme on the Owenmore river. Although mostly a self educated man, he carried out his duties with exacting care up until his retirement in 1949. During the later years of his life he used to describe how the letters and packets were once collected at a junction on the mail coach

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MRS UNA PRESTON



It is with a sense of deep sadness and profound loss that we record the death of Mrs Una Preston, Carnarea, who passed away unexpectedly but peacefully in her sleep in the early hours of Saturday, November 10th.

If one were to single out one person above all others to whom this paper owed its origin in 1985, that person would have to be Una Preston. Its continued existence since then is something of which she was very proud. Her own pithy and challenging contributions to its columns were a feature of many an issue, including this one.

Possessing a highly independent and original mind with a great clarity of thought, and with a strong sense of purpose, Mrs Preston was never one to be content with the prevailing accepted wisdom on most topics. Above all else, she prized the traditional Irish values of independence and self sufficiency and the steady erosion of these brought about by today's increasing movement towards ever

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bigger and more centralised conglomerates was a constant source of annoyance and despair to her.

Her love of things Irish and the Irish language lead to her involvement with Conradh na Gaeilge in her early years in Dublin. In later years she was a member of Comhaltas Ceoltóirí Éireann (Riverstown). Coming to live in Carnarea after her marriage, she devoted herself to the rearing of her family and as they grew up she gradually came to be involved in local affairs.

Because of her unshakable belief in Community identity and community self-help, she came to be involved in very many activities and organisations, often as a founder member. So she was associated with the development of a Community Centre in the dis-used Primary School building in Carnarea, with the Irish Small Farmers' Association, the Women's Political Association, the Widow's Association and Angling and Tourist Associations. She was involved from the start with the Ballymote and District Community Council, and in the early eighties was the prime mover behind the setting up of Ballymote's Heritage Group. Within this Group she succeeded in realising her ambition for a local paper, The Corran Herald.

Few people are blessed with her ability to think originally about everyday things. Few people gave her commitment to getting up and getting on with things in an effective and determined way. For these reasons the Ballymote area is all the poorer for her passing and the Heritage Group and this paper have lost a great source of encouragement and of ideas.

To her family and relatives we extend sincere sympathy. May she rest in eternal peace.

road and taken to Rathmullen in two sacks, tied together and slung across a donkey's back. This same method was also adopted by the postmen of the day when deliveries were heavy especially at Christmas time, but when conditions were normal the postman usually did his rounds on foot. You can very well imagine him looking like a figure from the bible, as he made his journey up the narrow lanes, with his donkey and sacks, and every now and then stopping at the tiny thatched dwelling-houses which dotted the countryside at the time. It is indeed a spectacle that would contrast sharply with today's speedy methods of delivery. Of course it is the same onward march of progress that has swept away those little amenities that have meant so much to country people and turned their villages into obsolete ghosts.

One of the first postmen to take deliveries from Rathmullen P. O. was the late John Kilcawley, a Killavil man, who distributed the mail in his own area, while the late John Joe Curley and John Davey covered the Keash and Culfadda areas.

Thomas O Dowd's daughter Annie Josephine (Mrs Corcoran) took over as postmistress when her late father retired in 1949. She carried out her duties in the same efficient manner as did her father. This continued on up until the post office finally closed on the 19th of May 1989.

During the course of a conversation I recently had with Mrs Corcoran she talked about the heavy deliveries of parcels that had to be handled in her father's time and how at Christmas time the Post Office floor used to be filled with packages that often reached to the roof. It consisted mostly of carcasses of dead fowl en route to relations abroad in foreign countries. She went on to describe a funny inci-

dent that took place in the post office during this time of year in her father's day, when an Inspector walked in the doorway and found an amorous postman with his arms around a young lady, while the busy postmaster was totting up his accounts behind the counter, totally unaware that such an incident was taking place. Needless to say the red-faced postman got a dressing down and so did the postmaster for not having his door bolted during sorting out time.



Mrs Corcoran

With the closure of the Post Office the last remnant of active community life in this tiny village has now ground to a halt. The old schoolhouse is now alas, nothing more than a windowless spectre that constantly shudders in the Winter's gales. The little grocery store is gone too, and across the road the crumbling ruin of the old forge stands out as a sorrowful reminder of days when farmers from the surrounding countryside came there to have their animals shod and their iron shaped. It was a familiar sight on a Summer's evening to see the smith working on a horse outside the door, his tool kit standing beside him, as he hammered home nail after nail into the hoof of a patient horse or donkey.

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Those of us who remember it all might be forgiven for thinking that Rathmullen today resembles the setting in another of Goldsmith's classics:

"The Deserted Village"

*Sweet Auburn, parent of the blissful hour
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power*

*Here as I take my solitary rounds
amid the tangled walks and ruined grounds
And many a year elapsed,
returned to view,
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew
Remembrance wakes, with all its busy train
Swell at my breast and turns the past to pain*

Ballymote

Una Preston

A service Centre, supplying the needs of the farming areas around, has managed to retain its identity as a neat western town but still needs much development both on the social and commercial side.

If we talk of tourism it is necessary to look at what we have to offer tourists and also to consider what sort of tourist we are looking for. Some years ago tourist angling had a spell of success in the area but interest waned, contacts were lost and now it looks as if a new start will have to be made but our rivers and lakes with their angling potential can still be used as a tourist attraction.

This ancient land with its megalithic tombs, its historical and pre-historic relics, and its natural unspoiled beauty has attractions all its own but these need to be developed and presented in such a way that they will interest. A Festival of Ballymote has been suggested as one way of drawing attention to what we have to offer. The areas of archaeology, history, art and music could do as a framework to build on. All are capable of imaginative development in their presentation.

Crafts directed at the luxury market could be worth investigation. We have many good craft workers in the area and it is quite possible that some talented young people could be found among the senior students in our second level schools.

A plan of development for our rural areas is urgently needed. There are wide ranging possibilities there. The growing and processing of fruit and vegetables, flower growing etc. Farmhouse holidays could also be a worthwhile activity.

Developments that will provide employment for the young boys and girls of the area are the most pressing needs of the moment.

1. No. 110. Special P.O. No. 110. E.

NAME OF OFFICE: *Rathmullen* LEAD OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT: *Sligo*

POST OFFICE

BUSINESS TRANSACTED AT THIS OFFICE.	WEEK DAYS	SUNDAYS, CHRISTMAS DAY, GOOD FRIDAY.
Sale of Postage Stamps, &c.; Registration	9 A TO 4 P	9 A TO 10 A
Acceptance of Inland, Foreign, & Colonial Parcels	9 A TO 4 P	(No business)
Money Order and Savings Bank Business, Government Stock, Annuities, Insurances, and Licences	8 A TO P	(No business)
and Payment of Postal Orders	9 A TO 4 P	(No business)

Nearest Office from which Telegrams are forwarded: *Ballymote*

Nearest Office from which Local Express Letters and Parcels are delivered: *Ballymote*

On Saturday business is suspended between 1 p.m. and 4 p.m.

DELIVERIES.	DESPATCHES.	
Hour of Commencement	Letter Box cleared for Despatch at	Parcels for the same Despatches accepted until
Week Days (Letters and Parcels)	Week Days	Week Days only
<i>6.35 am</i>	<i>9.00 am</i>	<i>9.00 am</i>
and		
<i>11.00 am</i>		
Sundays (Letters only)	Sundays	
<i>9 to 10 am (Callus)</i>	<i>4.40 pm</i>	

Letters for delivery from this Office may be posted up to 10 minutes of the time fixed for the delivery to customers.

Correspondence for Registration must be presented at the Counter at least fifteen minutes before the hour for clearing the Letter Box.

The above is a copy of the Post Office window notice for Rathmullen Post Office window, Sligo and is dated 1912. This is an interesting historical document since it relates to the time when the Post Office in Ireland was administered by the British Post Office and it shows the hours of opening as 9 a.m. to 4p.m. daily at this non-money order and non-savings bank Post Office. It was also open from 9 a.m. to 10 a.m. on Sundays, Christmas Day and Good Friday.

If any of our readers have any further examples of old memorabilia perhaps they would be good enough to make these available for publication. They would afford us an insight into the operation of their Post Offices.

Sligo Association Remembers A Civil War Hero

"Irish Echo" May 1990

In a ceremony on April 29th at Calvary Cemetery in Woodside, Queens, the Sligo Association of New York paid memorial tribute to one of Sligo's most illustrious sons in America - General Michael Corcoran (1827 - 1863), commander of the Fighting 69th and of the Corcoran Legion during the American Civil War.

The Association unveiled and dedicated a newly-erected monument at Corcoran's gravesite. Leaders of New York City's Irish American community participated in the dedication ceremony.

Corcoran, a native of Carrowkeel, Ballymote, Co. Sligo, was one of the more colourful of the hundreds of Irish American military leaders who commanded fighting units on battlefields of the Civil War. Corcoran, known as the "Hero of Bull Run" faced court martial for refusing to turn out his largely-Irish 69th Regiment for a parade in honour of the Prince of Wales.

He endured thirteen months of imprisonment by the Confederates, during which he, personally, was held hostage under the threat of hanging, if the Union as it intended, executed a convicted Confederate "privateer" it held in prison.

Msgr. Charles Mc Donagh, chaplain of the Sligo Association, blessed the memorial and led prayers for Gen. Corcoran. Several noted historians, including John Concannon and John Ridge of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Lt Col. Ken Powers of the 69th Regiment and Jerry Regan of the Irish Brigade re-enactors unit were present.

Kevin Walzer of the Irish Consulate and Jack Irwin of the AOH also spoke as did Martin Brett, the chairman, and Michael Nicholson, president of the Sligo Association. Among those in attendance were Bill Burke, Dan Kelly, Tim Hartnett, Pat Grimes, Connie Doolan, Bill Barnett and Brother David Concannon.



HERO'S GRAVE: *Michael Nicholson (left), president of the Sligo Association, and Martin Brett (right), chairman, flank Civil War re-enactors at the gravesite of Gen. Michael Corcoran.*

MOTHER'S UNION EVENT

Mrs Yvonne Perceval

The Mother's Union is the biggest non-military organization for women in the world, so there was much excitement and many preparations to be made when we heard that the World President, Mrs Pat Harries, would be visiting Achonry Diocese. The Community Centre in Collooney proved the ideal set-

ting for the gathering, though at first sight we wondered if we would ever fill the enormous space!

We divided it into three sections, one for the supper tables, one for platform and audience, and one for the diocesan displays. Add nearly two hundred women, a really superb speaker

and it becomes an occasion we will all long remember.

We came from Galway, Fermagh, Sligo, Longford Roscommon, Mayo, Leitrim and Donegal, all sisters in Christ, and it was wonderful to show to Mrs Harries that here in the West the Christian message brings us all together.

History of the Diocese of Achonry

MOST REV. DR. THOMAS FLYNN

If you ever drive along the road linking the western road into Dublin at the West County Hotel, onto the Dublin / Dun Laoghaire road linking at St. Helens, you will pass through Dundrum. There you will see a block of flats with the name "St. Nathy's House". When I noticed this some years ago I assumed it was somebody from the West of Ireland who had built this block and remembering Nathy and the Diocese of Achonry, that he gave it that name. But on enquiry I discovered that there was a Nathy who was a native of Dundrum and who is still venerated very much in that area. Whether this was the Nathy who travelled with Finian of Clonard to Achonry, set up a monastery there and remained on in charge, I am not quite sure. There are too many coincidences to rule out this possibility, and indeed, the tradition of the time, according to another, setting up monasteries in different areas and being venerated in different areas, is well known.

St. Fechin, who was a student of Nathy's at Achonry, not only set up a monastery in Ballysadare but went on from there to establish abbeys in different parts of the country, for instance, at Tobereheen which is in the parish of Moore. Also at a place called Abbey near Loughrea, at Cleggan in Co. Galway, at Fore in Co. Westmeath and, of course, his greatest foundation of all was the great royal abbey of Cong—Conga Fhechin.

Local tradition in Co. Sligo, of course, says that Nathy was a member of the O Hara clan, and

indeed it would be very understandable that a clan of the importance of the O Haras would like to claim a member of the family as founder of the diocese. What is fairly clear, at any rate, is that Finian of Clonard founded or established a church, a monastery and a school in Achonry in about the year 560 and that he left St. Nathy in charge. St. Nathy was the Abbot or Monk in charge of the monastery. He was probably not a Bishop but later on territorial Bishops took him on as their patron and they located their Chapter houses and Cathedral in Achonry.

In the early Irish church, jurisdiction was usually in the hands of Abbots of monasteries and very often they employed Bishops to exercise their orders as required. The early days of the church in the Diocese of Achonry owes much to St. Attracta. Many foundations in Sligo and Roscommon are attributed to her and her convent in Killaraght continued as a hospice for almost a thousand years. She is, of course, associated with St. Coman and St. Colman and as patroness of the diocese her popularity was much greater than that of St. Nathy.

Monasteries are the hallmark of the early Irish church and these monasteries consisted of a small cill or church, and then cells for the monks or nuns surrounded by a circular fort and many of these had souterrains.

There were two separate school systems. Of course it was Christianity which introduced into Ireland the system of writing, and both

Gaelic and Latin were studied in the monasteries. The Brehon schools served the civil government and administration, and the monastic schools educated the clergy and religious and they had a special emphasis on scripture studies. A bilingual culture of Latin and Irish developed and alongside the native oral tradition a written literature emerged and some Brehon laws were modified by a Christian ethos. Christianity seems to have been adopted enthusiastically and fairly rapidly in Ireland.

The commitment of the Irish to the new faith was most impressive and this is evident from the many early Celtic monasteries for men and women in the diocese. Many of these flourished between the 6th and 11th century and indeed quite a few continued into the Reformation period. Among the best known Celtic monasteries for men were Ballysadare, Kilnamanagh, Balla, Kilgarvan, Cloonoghill, Kilcummin (i.e. Lavagh), Emlefad, Drumrat, Toomaughoor (i.e. Culfadda), Carrantemple, Monasteraden, Meelick and Achonry. There were convents for women, apart from Killaraght, at Carricknahorna and Meelick and it would appear that religious houses for men and women existed in Killasser, Kilbride, Killeden, Bohola and Clogher. The religious in these monasteries saw their lives as a martyrdom - a complete sacrifice of the self achieved through prayer, study and manual work or farming, building and gardening. They stressed physical hardship, they fasted every day until evening, the

food was simple and they ate no meat. The day was spent in almost complete silence with a great deal of solitude. Prayer was often accompanied by penance, and punishment, even for trifling faults, could be severe. They saw their life as a journey to God, a pilgrimage, and fixed their eyes on the destination rather than the passing pleasures of this world. Many of these monasteries became great centres of learning and christian culture, and they were all profoundly missionary in character. This is obvious from the number of early Irish monks who travelled abroad to spread the gospel in Scotland, England and on the continent of Europe.

Fourteen hundred years ago, this year, Columbanus went to Europe and set up monasteries at Luxeuil, where there is a large statue of him dominating the town square today. He went on from there into Switzerland and into Italy, establishing monasteries as he went. The Cathedral in Wursburg is dedicated to an Irish monk also – St. Kilian and there are forty five Irish saints commemorated in festivals or churches in France, thirty six in the Low countries, 1,155 in Germany, thirteen in Italy and many others in Austria and Switzerland. There were great Irish scholars on the continent as well. In Ireland we have only ten manuscripts which date from before 1000 A.D. whereas there are fifty on the continent of Europe.

There were two great weaknesses in that Irish monastic system. One was that the Abbot of the monastery was appointed by the local chieftain or patron, and the second was that life in these monasteries, was so penitential that many of the monks found it very difficult to live up to the standards expected and, in fact, as time went by many of them did not do so. Abuses crept in and in due course these monas-

teries gave way to the Cistercians, Augustinians and the military orders which followed the Anglo / Norman invasions and later the mendicant orders – the Franciscans and the Dominicans.

But before going on to these new orders and their influence and location in the diocese, I would like to say something about the diocese as a unit and how it came to be as it is today. There was a synod at Rathbrassil, sometime between 1110 and 1118 and this synod set out to rearrange the dioceses of Ireland after the model of a similar reorganisation which had been carried out in England, fifty years earlier, after the Norman invasion. According to the preamble of the Acts of the Synod of Rathbrassil, it was determined that there would be in future twelve dioceses in Leathcuinn or Northern Ireland, twelve in Leathmhogha or southern Ireland and in addition two in Meath. That makes twenty six dioceses in all. The dioceses were named after cities or churches, not after the tribes that dwelt in them. It was at this synod that the churches of Ireland were given up entirely to the Bishops, free forever from the authority and rent of the lay princes. Five dioceses were assigned to the province of Connaught. They were Clonfert, Tuam, Cong, Killala, Ardcarne. Boundaries were given for these five dioceses and the comment was made that "if the Connaught clergy agree to this division we desire it, and if they do not, let them divide it as they choose and we approve of the division that will please them provided there be only five Bishops in Connaught."

Many of the proposals of the Synod of Rathbrassil were not implemented and though their plans were helpful they were considerably revised in the Kells Synod of 1152. Twenty two Bishops attended the Synod of Kells and these

included Maelruadhain O Ruadhain from Layney. The scheme proposed and adopted at the Synod of Kells was that there would be four Archbishops of dioceses. The western province was to have an Archbishop in Tuam and the seven dioceses of Mayo, Killala, Roscommom, Clonfert, Clonmacnoise, Kilmacduagh and Achonry. This is the synod which was most significant because the present diocesan boundaries of the diocese of Achonry are largely those defined at Kells. Now with diocesan areas established, work began on parish organisation and support system of tithes. The respective rights of parish and monastic clergy was being clarified, although the proposed transfer of property from the ruling families and the monasteries for diocesan and parish purposes was very slow and difficult.

THE SECOND PART OF THIS ARTICLE
WILL BE FEATURED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

*The members of
Ballymote Heritage
Group
and the Editor of
The Corran Herald
James Flanagan
would like to wish all our
readers, contributors
and advertisers
a very happy and peace-
ful Christmas
and a prosperous New
Year.*

*Nollaig Shona
Dhíbh Go Léir.*

Young people and Sport

BRENDAN FRIEL

Sport and games have been engaged in by young people around the world from earliest times. The child while having fun was unconsciously preparing his mind and body for adult life. Today sport may take many forms such as those demanding intense mental ability – chess or draughts, or those demanding high physical ability – athletics or football. Furthermore some sports may be played for individual honour or as a team effort. Today every sport is complicated by the degree of skill attained by the best contestants, but this only reflects the qualities that are demanded from young adults. Modern sports when used properly go a long way in training children and also have many beneficial side effects that are not always obvious to the casual observer.

It should be noted that the contents of this article refer only to children who try to excel at a sport rather than those who merely wish to derive pleasure from playing.

Sport and School Work

To many parents there seems to be a complete clash of interests between school and sport. There should be no conflict as one should compliment the other, "All work and no play and no play makes Jack a dull boy." This is a true saying because there must be a balance between training mentally and training physically. A good balance

between the two leads to a healthy mind in a healthy body. Excess of time spent at sport will, without doubt, lead to academic problems but then this is misuse of sport. Students should use sport to ease the mental tensions that school work and study induce so that the mind is cleared every so often.

An interest for life.

Children who develop an interest in sport and understand their game fully are developing an interest for life. In adult life when active participation ceases then the knowledge gained will increase the pleasure derived as a spectator. Adults who excelled at a particular sport can reap further rewards by training young people.

Some Hidden Benefits

Excellence in sport is often a major advantage when seeking employment and often decides the successful candidate where academic qualifications are equal. Most application forms carry two questions – "what are your interests?" and "what are your achievements?" The achieving sportsperson has demonstrated the qualities of dedication, perseverance and the ability to make decisions under pressure. These are desirable attributes in any candidate. For a sportsperson to reach the top, the ambition to succeed, an even tem-

perament and a sense of fair play must be instilled into him or her. The idea of winning at all costs should never be fostered in a child's mind but rather use failure by way of analysis to improve ability.

Encouraging young people.

For success young people need encouragement. The best source of encouragement is parents. A child should never be forced to partake in a sport against his or her will. I would suggest that parents should learn the rudiments of the sport in question and then demonstrate the encouragement by positive actions such as listening to the child, attending matches and training sessions, buying presents connected with the sport and talking to the trainer from time to time. Very few children are naturally gifted to a sport but the majority can achieve a high degree of skill with training and dedication. Every child is good at some sport but the problem may be discovering which one. This is why a child should not specialise. Around Ballymote the number of sports available is limited mainly because there is no sportscentre in South Sligo. The area down through the years can boast of some fine sportspeople that have brought honour not just to Co Sligo but Connaught as well. We now have an international sportsperson. This should provide for others the inspiration to follow suit.

FROM BALLYMOTE TO BOSTON

Fr Pat Rogers, C.P.

There must be many ways to get to Boston, by air or sea or land; but my way was surely among the most round-about detours. Though it's a city I'd for years wanted to see I could not afford just to go out there on a holiday, from Dublin. Still, opportunity often comes, if you wait long enough. So while spending the school year of 1989-90 at the Jesuit university of Spokane, on a one-year contract as their overseas professor in theology I finally got an invitation from the Boston archdiocese. They wanted a priest for the month of July, in the parish of Milton, just ten miles south of Boston harbour. A quick phone-call to my superior in Dublin (Mount Argus) got me the required approval, and suddenly my sights were set on Massachusetts.

Spokane is in the state of Washington, on the Pacific coast, just south of Vancouver. And it's a long way from coast to coast across the United States, so most people who value their time and comfort would do the journey by air. But my work in Spokane ended in mid-June, which left me free to choose the long, overland way -3,500 miles along America's highway system. It was tempting, though maybe a bit risky, to tackle this journey in my fourteen year old car (appropriately, and Oldsmobile!) and I had many people and places to visit along the way. Anyway the trip turned out well, and I'd like to share some impressions of it with you.

Setting across a continent, you know that only some parts will be colourful and interesting, while long stretches will be just plain monotonous. So let me spare you the endless haul across the great plains, almost 2,000 miles of wheat country, from Rapid City (South Dakota) to Detroit (Michigan), and

just focus on some of the high-spots. First, the long climb up the west side of the Rocky mountains, the old car wheezing with the effort, until we reached the 'continental divide', on one side of which all rivers flow into the Pacific, and on the other, into the great basin of the Mississippi, flowing out into the Gulf of Mexico. I stopped to visit the mile-high city of Butte, Montana, where years ago so many Irishmen did back-breaking work in the largest copper mines of America. Then down along the line of the Rockies, to spend a couple of days in Yellowstone National Park, with its whooshing hot-water geysers, its many grizzly bears, buffaloes and other wild life; its ice-cold lake (at 2,500 metres above sea level) and its spectacular view of the saw-toothed grand Teton range. With my American travel companion, a teacher named Mike, I camped in a gorge beside the Firehole river, and woke around dawn to hear a wheezy, snuffling sound outside our tent. It was a big, shaggy buffalo ambling past, on his way up from the drinking hole! No more tenting from then on, except in official, well-protected campsites.

After crossing over the 9,000 ft Sylvan Pass, to the east of Yellowstone, it was sixty miles of downhill through the Rockies, to the popular resort of Cody, Wyoming. The town is named after William ("Buffalo Bill") Cody, the famous army scout from the 1870's, when the railroad was just replacing the old wagon train, as the means for transporting settlers out to the empty farmlands of the west. The parish priest in Cody is a hospitable Cavan man named Charles Brady, who insisted I spend a couple of days with him, and introduced me to many of his friends. Then Mike had to take the

Greyhound bus back to Spokane, while I continued eastward alone.

After Wyoming, I had another two popular mountain areas to cross. First came the snowcapped Bighorn mountains, where Custer fought his last stand against Sitting Bull and the Sioux. Then on to the beautiful Black Hills of Dakota, where I stopped to swim in a warm lake beneath a purple hillside that reminded me of Lough Leane, near Killarney. A few miles more brought me to Mount Rushmore, where the enormous faces of four presidents (Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Roosevelt) are carved in the granite mountainside. Thousands of tourists there, of course, popping cameras and buying burgers, and complaining that they had to park their cars so far back from the viewing platforms. Already I could feel the noisy influence of Easterners, in the mountains of the West.

Then came the hundreds of miles across the plains, through Nebraska and Iowa, over the Mississippi river into Illinois, on across Indiana and up through Michigan to Detroit. Only after crossing lake St. Clair into Canada did the drive become interesting again, especially along the shore of lake Ontario and on to the Niagara Falls. That thundering river has to be heard to be believed! I enjoyed viewing the mighty cascade from both sides of the border, and spent the night as guest of the Vincentian Fathers, in Niagara University.

Only two more States to cross; that meant just 450 miles, or one more long day on the road! A very pleasant day, too, driving through wooded hilly country of upper New York, past familiar place-names like Buffalo, Rochester, Albany and Syracuse. Then on

through the higher terrain of the Berkshire hills in Massachussets, where I knew that the Boston Pops orchestra holds its open-air summer concerts. By evening I'd reached the Boston ring road, with its frenzied traffic whizzing by in a snarl of New England impatience. An anxious half-hour and several enquiries later, I was ringing the doorbell of Milton rectory.

The housekeeper's Irish accent was unmistakable. After thirty five years in Boston, Bairbre might never have left Connemara, apart from the occasional phrase like "I guess", "rest room" and "the far side of the water". Soon she was talking away in as fluent a spate of Gaelge as you'd hear on R.T.E., and telling me the names of various people I'd have to meet, from Galway and Mayo and Sligo, all living in the parish and dying to hear an Irish accent again from the pulpit of St. Elizabeth's. Why, just down the road was this lad from Tubbercurry, and of Bert Clarke, doing very well as a builder...

It was indeed a long way from Ballymote to Boston, but I knew I had come to the right place. And maybe another time we'll talk about my stay there, and people I met...

THE DOLE

UNA PRESTON

✦ ✦

The name is wrong. The system is wrong. Dole queues suggest the soup kitchens of other days. Human beings are at the mercy of bureaucrats, their human dignity eroded!

We read lately of a 20% increase for high ranking officials who already have very substantial salaries according to our standards and we heard earlier of the Gravy Train to Europe - our MEPs.

Surely we have a two-tier economy. Those at the top her richer while the jobless and those depending on Social Welfare increase in number. A recent suggestion was made that money for job-creation should be made available to the St. Vincent de Paul society. This is surely a reneging of responsibility on the part of Government. This Society does excellent work in its own right, but we elected a government to deal with unemployment, education, public health and the economy generally.

It is important that the elected representative should work closely with those who elected them and it is equally important that the electorate should demand that sort of co-operation.

We are told of a programme for national recovery, yet these performances are tolerated even encouraged by Government.

In over crowded Dublin the developers continue to move in, get their planning permission and add another housing estate to our already top-heavy capital city, while country areas are being depopulated, their potential for development ignored, their youth prepared for emigration, and the available workforce pacified with the degrading dole. Ordinary citizens could not but feel that a better way of distributing the country's wealth could be found and put into operation.

Employment, not hand-outs, is the real need.

HERITAGE WEEKEND

Ballymote's first ever Heritage Weekend last August proved an enormous success. The full and varied programme of talks, outings and entertainment was enjoyed by many from home and abroad.

The 1991 weekend is now being planned. Keep it in mind and tell your friends. You and they are assured of another educational and entertaining occasion.



BALLYMOTE — MOATE

Jack Martin

The first thing that strikes one about the names mentioned above is that there is a moat in both, Baile-an - Mhota, Ballymote and Mota - Grainne -Oige, Moate. Neither of these moats have I seen, but I have no doubt they are somewhere in both places. Mota-Gráine - Óige as one can imagine has to do with Gráinne Óg O Malley, well known as the Pirate Queen. She is supposed to be buried in Moate, but then who knows.

Who is writing about Moate and why? Well I was born there and spent my early years there. When I was growing up Moate had nothing to boast about only a big wide street. people would say " up the Main Street and down the same Street" because there was only the one street. At the Western end of the town was the Custom Gap where people had to pay customs of tolls at one stage, and at the Eastern end was a part of the town called the Newtown (why, I could not even guess). Midway in the town was "Moate Harbour" which in actual fact was only a drinking place for livestock. Near the "Harbour" was a castle of sorts, but I fear it was only a big old house which in my time was badly in need of repair. Behind the castle was a Quaker graveyard. Over the wall from the graveyard in Hogan's field was a huge big stone. There were two holes in the stone and it was said that St. Patrick knelt on it to pray and left the imprint of his knees in it. I remember as a child picking wild flowers and putting them in the holes the deeper of which always held water. We regarded it as a kind of sacred

place. Incidentally I never saw the deep hole to dry out even in the hottest summer. Legend has it that some Quaker was buried in the graveyard over the wall and for want of a headstone the relatives took St. Patrick's stone and put it at the grave, but when morning came the stone was back in its own place.

When I think of Moate a large number of place names come to mind, Aughanargid - Áit-an - Airgead (place of money), but none was ever found there! Knockdomney - Cnoc Domhnaigh where the people used to walk out and spend Sunday evenings viewing the country from that famous hill in fine fresh air.

There were places like Ballinakill Ballinamuddagh, Kilomeenaghan, Killogeenahan and many more too numerous to mention. One place I must mention is Horseleap - Leim an Éic . The priests were being hunted at one time and the story goes that a priest was escaping from his pursuers. He took to the fields in a mad gallop. There was a river in the field and he thought if he could get across the river he would be away, but unfortunately the river bridge was broken down. He put the horse at the bridge and the gallant animal cleared it but in so doing , he left the imprint of his front hooves in the farthest wall of the bridge and they can be seen to this day.

In the early days Moate had a thriving flax industry and the evidence of this can be seen in a short street or road called "The Weavers Road". It is told that the weavers in the mill had a row of houses there.

It was near Moate that I had my

first look at a crannóg. It was in a place called Ballinderry -Baile an Doire. A retired British Army Colonel had a "big place" out there, a big house, miles of land and of course a lake. His foreman worker was one day "dragging a trench" when he took up on his drag a jewelled sword. The excitement grew, and whether by accident or design, or due to a long dry summer, the level of the lake fell very low. Lo and behold a crannóg appeared, and then the work started in earnest. I remember walking out to see the crannóg. The whole school was taken out and it was very pleasant to walk in bare feet with the warm dust trickling through the toes. We never wore shoes or boots to school, the most of us always went in "the bare ones".

We thought the crannóg was a great yoke, and I recall seeing young men and girls digging in the bog and taking up piles of bone particles, animal and human I suppose. Other bits and pieces came to light as well. These were all put in bags and transferred to the Dublin Museum.

Apart from the Crannóg itself, the greatest find was a big long boat, carved from the trunk of a huge oak tree. The boat was long, so the oak tree had to be a huge one. The main problem was how to transport this monstrous thing to Dublin. There were no forty foot articulated lorries that time, but the local saw mill came to the rescue, They had a long low cart with a large pole in the middle which allowed the rear wheels to be pushed back to lengthen the cart. The boat was packed onto this vehi-

cle and teams of four or six horses pulled it to Dublin. There were overnight stops of course and horses had to be changed, but the boat arrived safely and to my mind it is still there on display. As to what happened the crannóg, I do not know. Maybe the lake flooded and covered it again. I may go back one day to investigate.

Not far away from Moate is Clonmacnois, "Seven Churches" we called it and I often went there to funerals. Nearer home was Castledaly, - Kilcleagh in Irish. The cemetery there had an old church but I do not know if it was the church mentioned in - "Kilcleagh" or not.

There was very little talk of Heritage then but I am sure that there are many items of interest to historians in that area now. I was too young then to heed these things. It was only since I came to Ballymote that so many things of heritage nature have claimed my interest. I am quite sure that County Sligo is one of the richest counties in Ireland heritage-wise, and I have a feeling that all the things that have been found are only the tip of the iceberg, and that there are many many more discoveries to be made. Beannacht Dé ar an obair. As a last reference to Moate there is a 4000 year old Cairn there but I never saw it.

These are memories from over fifty years ago but I hope they can still be of interest and give a little entertainment to the readers.

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Progress ?

Mrs. Yvonne Perceval

Every day we lose part of Ireland. Not only the big bits - the Woodquays, the Killymoon Hoards, the carved stones from lonely places - but the sights and sounds that used to make up Irish Life.

The noise of the steam train's whistle; the clip-clop of a horse's hooves in the early morning as the farmer took lambs to the Fair; the corncrake; cocks crowing, and the matronly Rhode Island Red hens and those elegant gray and white Light Sussex Hens whose eggs had flavour and texture; the potato rows outside the houses and the enormous flat cabbages; wireless batteries on handlebars being taken for recharging; the pails of spring water; the deep gold of oil lamps.

Not all was good just because it was long ago. Now if children are barefoot, they want to be so; our schools have central heating, no more smoking turf carried up to the building. We plant flowers in our gardens - bought from the garden centre - but we import vegetables and fruit. We have a good white light but it's also the light of the TV, and where is the family talk and gossip? We have strangers now sitting together in houses, silent square-eyed intent on what is at best forgettable, at worst degrading.

We don't listen - we don't look. Have we become like Chesterton's people whose

"Doors are shut in the evenings and who know no songs"?

Patrick Boyce Coglein

By John Mc Tiernan

The majority of our celebrated Sligo 'Exiles' achieved fame in either Europe or the Americas. This, however, is the story of an Irish emigrant, the son of a County Sligo tenant farmer, who fled from his native country with his family, at a time when the Catholic tenantry were experiencing a difficult time, and settled in far off Australia where he became remarkably successful in business and politics. Had Patrick Coglein stayed at home in Ireland he would, doubtless, have remained a starving peasant 'brooding over his country's wrongs', whereas, in his adopted country, he became a man of great wealth and influence. His achievement is but another example of the fertility of the Celtic intellect and of the success attained by so many of his race on a foreign shore. Of the many Sligonians who sought refuge and attained prominence in Australia over the past century or so Coglein's story is one of the few to have been chronicled in some detail. And little wonder, for it has been said that he was the most 'picturesque figure' in Adelaide in his day and generation!

Patrick Boyce Coglein, or, as his name is better known, Coughlan, was born in Ballymote in 1815. His parents, Bartholomew Coglein and Mary Boyce, were of old and honourable families; and his uncle, Dr Boyce, enjoyed a wide reputation in his profession and was a successful breeder of horses. In 1831, when sixteen years of age, Coglein, with his parents, sisters and brothers, sailed for Tasmania where "Paddy", as he was universally called, completed his education and was subsequently apprenticed to an architect and builder.

After a few years in Tasmania, Patrick Coglein bade adieu to his family and sailed south to Adelaide in the steamer *The Lady Liverpool*.

The year was 1836, and all the wealth he possessed in the world was fifty pounds which he had saved from his scanty wages. However, as subsequent events proved, it was quite enough for one endowed with such a shrewd head! Soon after his arrival he purchased the lease of a small plot of land in Hindley Street and opened a timber yard there. His business flourished almost overnight and received a great impetus when the Burra copper mines were opened. Soon his area of ground became too small for any further expansion, and he accordingly purchased a larger area in nearby William Street for which he paid five hundred pounds. On a portion of this property he subsequently erected the first Napoleon Hotel. At the time of his death the site purchased for five hundred pounds was worth at least one hundred times that figure! It is a tribute to Coglein's generosity that, having made a highly favourable deal for yet another site in William Street, he gave a long lease of it, at a very low rent, to a former employee he wanted to start in business, and thus he had only a remote reversionary interest in what proved to be a rapidly improving freehold. With his extended timber trade continuing to prosper, he bought extensive land property, and in a relatively short space of time he became, reputedly, a very wealthy man.

From his childhood days in Ireland, Coglein had an interest in agriculture and farming. With the profits accruing from his thriving timber business he purchased or leased large tracts of land in the Eyre Peninsula of South Australia. He started with a modest one hundred head of sheep and a few cattle, but this figure quickly multiplied as he acquired more and more land.

"Scanty as are the records of the earliest pastoral occupation of the Eyre Peninsula for stock raising, the name of "Paddy" Coglein appears prominently in the picture," wrote Cockburn in his *Pastoral Pioneers of South Australia*. *"He took out leases of over four hundred square miles of country, and proceeded to stock it with cattle and sheep".* But two great factors that retarded progress in this part of Australia, isolation and a shortage of water, were beyond the power of Coglein to surmount, and he was shrewd enough to quit before ruin came upon him. However, during his subsequent parliamentary career he spared no effort in seeking to persuade successive governments to initiate an irrigation scheme in an area which he declared suitable for pastoral or agricultural occupation. What he failed to have undertaken during his lifetime has since been receiving active attention from recent Australian governments.

Coglein also established a successful sheep station in the Rapid Bay district of the south. As Irish luck would have it, silver and lead deposits were discovered on his lands in 1865, and he sold five thousand acres of his run to the mining company for a sum of twenty thousand pounds. This was a fortunate break for him at a time when the pastoral industry in South Australia was passing through a period of great depression.

"Paddy" Coglein, the timber merchant and real estate dealer who always described himself as a "stockholder" on nomination forms, was also a widely known and highly respected parliamentarian. In the history of responsible government in South Australia it would be difficult to name another man who represented more districts in the House of Assembly. His politi-

ical career extended from 1860 to 1887, during which period he was returned by the electors of five different areas. He was one of the most popular politicians in South Australia, and in the matter of eccentricities and peculiarities he stood far and away in advance of his fellows. The name of 'The Polysyllabic', which had been so often good-humourously applied to him, sufficiently indicates one of these characteristics *"an intense love for and use of tremendously long words - archaic and modern, English and foreign, remnants of dead and representatives of living languages."* Visitors to the House were invariably staggered by his extraordinary sentences. One of his last was in reference to a charge of misrepresentation made against a fellow-member who, said Coglein, *"has been accused of a departure from the punctilios of truism"*. His witty interjections, too, were very entertaining, and many a spirit wounded by some heavy blow in debate was often mollified by his good-natured pleasantries.

Notwithstanding the Sligonian's peculiar opinions, and his no less extraordinary method of venting them, - *"in spite of an impetuosity of manner and of utterance rarely witnessed, and of a plainness of speech and an absolute fearlessness in denouncing friend and foe alike"* - Coglein in his day was amongst the best-liked members of Parliament. Though his name does not stand high on the record of useful public legislation, he earned the distinction of being the most untiring and uniformly successful local representative South Australia has ever known. More than any of his contemporaries he displayed a thorough grasp of the needs of the young and growing colonies. He unceasingly badgered Ministers to promote the interests of his district, and he consistently advocated the claims for legislative encouragement of what he used to term the "squatocracy". He even declared he had no objection to land 'dummys' so long as the rent was paid to the Government. *"He rather spoiled his influence by an eccentricity of speech which really*

amounted to a language of his own," wrote Cockburn, *"He coined words that were foreign to any dictionary, and, at times, his style descended almost to buffoonery, but his sincerity of purpose was never questioned, and he was immensely popular with all parties and the public."* In 1886 he was elected Mayor of Hindmarsh, a fitting tribute to his interest in and work for his adopted country. During his period of office he proved himself a capable administrator and a most popular and widely respected first-citizen.

'Paddy' Coglein was a keen sportsman and an enthusiastic lover of horse-racing, and it was because of his exertions that a lease of the old Adelaide race-course was obtained from the City Corporation. He was also responsible for the erection of the Grand Stand on the same course, and for many years was the chief promoter of races on the 'People's Course'. He used to race horses himself, and in the earlier years his colours were very often seen in the front. In this, as in other matters, he always 'went straight'. For many years he was one of the principal horsebreeders in Australia, but he sold his stud in Melbourne in 1884, his advanced age preventing him from an active indulgence in his taste for sport. For years after his death his friends loved to recall his annual motion in the Assembly for a grant of money for 'The Queen's Hundred', and the sesquipedalian phrases used by him in recommending it to members who were wont to laugh vociferously at his sallies, and to reject his proposal. He possessed a great love of horses and horseracing that remained with him to the end. He once opposed vigorously, a proposal to adjourn Parliament over the date of an Inter-State football match, but declared that he would not "hesitate for a moment to agree to an adjournment for a first-class horse race"

In private life Coglein was a generous and hospitable man. Many a poor soul, worsted in the struggle with the difficulties of

the world, found in his unostentatious benevolence the succour they so badly needed to make a re-start in life's struggle. He never forgot the land of his birth, and his name was always to the forefront in the Land League subscription lists sent home to Davitt and Parnell. Though a Catholic by upbringing, he was a member of the Freemasons' Craft for a time. However, a few days before he died he renounced Freemasonry, according to the contents of a document published in the South Australian Register, at the request of Archbishop C. Reynolds of Adelaide, after his death. The text was as follows:

JULY 18TH, 1892: *I, Patrick Boyce Coglein, J.P., being baptised and confirmed in the Holy Roman Catholic Church, desire to die in the faith of that Church, and also desire to condemn all that she condemns and approve of all that she approves.*

Therefore, I renounce all the craft of freemasonry of secret societies of any kind whatsoever, trusting in her Sacraments as means or channels of eternal life, I wish my body to be interred in the Catholic Cemetery in my own mother's vault after my soul is taken by my Saviour at death'

Patrick Boyce Coglein died on July 22nd, 1892, aged seventy seven years, and was buried in the handsome and elaborate mausoleum which he had erected for his mother at a cost of over one thousand pounds. His wife who had predeceased him by nine years, was also buried there. As he had no family, he left his vast wealth to his brother, James Coglein, and three sisters.

The memory of Patrick Boyce Coglein, the immigrant lad from Ballymote who achieved fame and fortune on the Australian shore, is perpetuated to this day by the town of Coglein, and four streets in the metropolitan area of Adelaide. His long and devoted life in the service of his adopted country has not been forgotten.



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