

# The Corran Herald

Annual publication of Ballymote Heritage Group

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The Corran Herald wishes to sincerely thank all those who have written articles or contributed photographs or other material for this Issue

# Ballymote

19th Annual

# Heritage

# Weekend

ORGANISED BY BALLYMOTE HERITAGE GROUP

Friday 1st August to Monday 4th August 2008  
In Coach House Hotel, Ballymote, Co. Sligo.

## FRIDAY 1st AUGUST

8.30 p.m. **OFFICIAL OPENING**  
Malcolm Billings,  
BBC Broadcaster and Author

**LECTURE**  
**The Heritage and Archaeology of  
American Patriotism**  
Malcolm Billings

## SATURDAY 2nd AUGUST

10.00 a.m. **OUTING**  
**Collooney and Dromahaire**  
Guides: Mary B. Timoney BA, MA,  
MIAI, Research Archaeologist and Author  
Martin A. Timoney BA, FRSAI, MIAI,  
Research Archaeologist and Author  
Pam Benson Joint Hon-Treasurer,  
Ballymote Heritage Group

8.30 p.m. **LECTURE**  
**Archaeology of the Sligo Relief Road and  
Other Road Project Discoveries**  
Michael McDonagh MA, MIAI,  
Senior Archaeologist, National Roads Authority

## SUNDAY 3rd AUGUST

1.00 p.m. **OUTING**  
**West Tireragh: Enniscrone**  
Guides: Martin Wilson Hon. Treasurer,  
Sligo Field Club  
Patrick Tuffly Dip. Archaeology, Local Antiquarian  
Martin A. Timoney

8.30 PM **LECTURE**  
**Transport Improvement and the Changing  
Geography of Ireland 1650-1850**  
Dr. Arnold Horner Lecturer in Geography,  
School of Geography, Planning and  
environmental Policy, UCD.

## MONDAY 4th AUGUST

10.00 a.m. **OUTING**  
**Clonalis and Castlereagh**  
Guides: Pyers O'Conor-Nash Owner of Clonalis,  
Martin A. Timoney  
Mary B Timoney

8.30 PM **LECTURE**  
**The Placenames of Corran**  
Dr. Nollaig Ó Muraile Senior  
Lecturer in the School of Irish, NUI, Galway

Lectures €10.00

Transport available  
for outings

Further information from,  
071-9189275 or 071 9183380



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# A Lively Market Day in Town

P.J. Duffy

Down through the years Ballymote had established for itself a reputation for holding one of the best and most successful markets held anywhere in the west of Ireland. People attending usually travelled long distances from over a wide area to either sell or barter their live poultry, agricultural goods and various other products displayed on the market square. It was in many aspects a way of life that was totally imperative for the survival of the rural community. Ever since the period of the mid eighteenth century markets were held without fail on Thursdays of each week, and except in very inclement weather large crowds of people always turned up for a successful day's trading.

There was the story of a simple event that took place during a market day in town in the early years of the last century. It happened during the month of May when a middle aged man from the Clooncoose area arrived at the market place with his donkey and cart that contained a few bundles of rods which he intended offering for sale at the market. Sally rods (also called osier rods) were always in good demand at the time and were mostly used for making scallops for holding thatch together on the roofs of rural dwelling houses. Just before he came within a short distance of the market-house his donkey flopped down on the surface of the street and all efforts to get him to stand up again proved fruitless.

The whole matter was a totally insignificant occurrence and was something that was perhaps frequently happening out in the country and away from the public gaze. But the fact of the matter was there were a lot of curious people about on the day and most of them came along to have a look and find out what was happening. Even some shopkeepers whose premises were situated close by came along to find out why people were drawn so closely together. Many people standing by had offered suggestions as to what remedy might be successful in helping the animal to get up on its feet again.

Of course the whole episode would be quickly forgotten but for the fact that numbered among these standing around were a couple of good rhymers who were quite adept

at creating hilarious lines of comedy out of the simplest event and one of these gentlemen lost no time in putting in place a stroke of humour that was to survive for decades. The writer described a chain of farcical sayings and remedies offered by those people standing around and involved shopkeepers and people of high social standing who weren't next or near the place that day.

Tom Carroll came shouting  
"Take the ass from the cart  
And get him some brandy  
To pep up his heart".

Up from the corner  
Came Salt Man O'Brien  
Saying "Give the wee donkey  
A glass of red wine".

Jamesy Frazer came along  
In his clawhammer frock  
Saying "Give the poor animal  
Some dillisk and rock".

Bernie Kelly came by  
With a curve in his back  
Saying "Get out to the country  
And find a good quack".

Luke Hayden spoke up  
Saying he'd much prefer  
If they got a safe dose  
From that good chemist Kerr.

Miss Hawksby dropped in  
With a boater flat hat  
Saying "The poor animal is starved  
He's as thin as a lath".

Across from his store  
Came a cool William Kane  
Saying "His limbs they are twitching  
That beast is in pain".

In from Keash, cycling,  
Came the bould Joe Devine  
He said "Give him some potion  
And he will be fine".

Up spoke Stephen Brett  
From Carrowcushacly,  
Saying "Go to John R's for ginger  
And give it a try".

All efforts to get the donkey to stand up failed for the time being. The owner had already removed it from

the cart, untackled it and left it to rest near the sidewalk.

Meanwhile, people attending at the market got on with their business and the donkey was soon forgotten. The owner met up with a customer who purchased his bundles of rods and both men then retired to an adjacent pub for a nice refreshing drink.

The real drama of the day began when both men later emerged from the pub to find that the donkey had gone missing and all efforts to find him failed in the short term. He was, however, later located wandering on the roadway out in the Carrownanty area. It seems that what happened was, when the market was over people gradually began to disperse, the place quietened down, and the wee donkey got up and headed for home. After finding him its owner returned him to the spot where the cart was parked, harnessed him, put him under the cart and headed off for home, quite satisfied that everything had eventually turned out fine.

But some other people found the whole episode quite amusing, and when the rhyme emerged it soon became a favourite party piece at functions and gatherings held around the countryside, for decades afterwards.

*Note: Jamesy Frazer was a dignified old gentleman who resided at Lower Wolfe Tone St. He usually dressed in the garb of the nobility. A clawhammer frock was a three quarter coat fashionable among old gentlemen in the eighteen and early nineteen hundreds.*

*Miss Hawksby was a lady of good standing who resided in Teeling St. near the courthouse. In her day she and her family had a genuine interest in animal welfare.*

*Above story and rhyme were related to the writer during the period of the late nineteen forties by a person who was actually at the market when the incident took place.*

*Note: Dillisk and rock were, on the day, being sold on a stall right beside where the donkey collapsed.*

*J.V. Kerr was a renowned chemist who did business at Lord Edward St.*

# A Glimpse from the Past

Dan Healy

This is about Jimmy and Mary Coleman and their unusual little thatched shop situated close to Ardnaglass, Ballymote, Co. Sligo. It was 1939 and World War II had just begun. Our family had moved to Cloonamonagh three years before. The nearest shop at that time was Finnegan's, across Johnny Battle's field, beside John Clarke's. Nobody complained of crossing land in those days. Years later I assisted P Finnegan (the local postman) to Ballinacarrow to collect the post for delivery in the area. What a journey he had to do and he partially blind.

When telling the story of the Coleman home I must take in the broader area and I realize now that the shop was the centre of that area. We would be up there saving hay in the summertime, and drawing water to the cattle in winter. There was always something to be got in Coleman's. The house was lovely and clean inside and outside. It was like a doll's house and Mary was always on the move. People came with their baskets of eggs to sell and more came to collect paraffin oil. It was fourteen or fifteen years before the Electricity Supply Board was introduced. The hustle and bustle continued every day. Even though the whole area is deserted today, and the shop is gone, my memories of those times are very clear in my mind.

The social life in those days brings back wonderful memories. People were always friendly. And Coleman's was the hub of activity. To further explain what I am talking about, it was a place full of music. Just above the room door was a glass case with shelves. Inside were flutes, Piccolos, Banjos, Clarke's tin whistles and fiddles on display. You had only to ask and they would let you play them if you wanted to or you were able. There was always someone there who could play.

The first name that comes to my mind is Stephen Brett (Bab) and I recall the mid afternoon when Bab's father (who was also Stephen) was dancing a hornpipe (Toohey style) while his son played the flute. They were on their way home from the fair at Farnaharpy. All the time Mary got on with her work. Dolly Brett would call. She could also play a flute and lilt a couple of reels. Tot Kilcoyne, Jimmy Davey, Willie and John Joe

Coleman were frequently there. You could find any of them there at any hour of the day. They were a happy bunch. But to quote Synge's words as spoken by Siobhan Mc Kenna in *"Riders to the Sea"* : "They are all gone now".

If there were plenty of musicians there were also plenty of dancers. In the evenings there was a continuous dancing of sets. I got my first chance to play with Joe Fallon and his cousins, who were also great dancers and came from Collooney and Sligo. I was playing with a group of musicians one Sunday evening. I only had a Clarke's "C" whistle. The rest of them were playing in the key of "D". There were no flageolets at that time so to keep in tune you had to skip the bottom hole on the whistle. But lo and behold, one day I was on the street at home, when a big car came in. A well dressed gentleman got out and handed me a flageolet and said "you'll always be able to play with the rest of them now". This man's name was Thomas Ó'Duibhir (R.I.P.). What a wonderful gesture. These were the kind of people you met in Coleman's shop.

Sunday afternoon was a nice time to go to the shop. Even though I had got lessons from Tommy Davey and Jimmy, Tommy taught me the Coolin on the fiddle. It was very difficult to get strings, or web for a bow. The flute was much handier and I liked it. The Hunt brothers from Rathmullen were tailors. Mary used to have them down measuring for curtains and other odds and ends. But when Tom would take out the flute and play a slow air I used to be enchanted with his lovely sweet playing. No sooner had they left when the crowds would start gathering for the sets on Sunday night. God help Mary, she kept everyone going. I don't know how she did it. When Philomena and Brendan were born there was no change. Ellen Quigley was sitting in the corner knitting and looking as pale as death with her packet of woodbines and was always in good humour.

At that time the tinkers used to be camped all along Owney's Road, lying on straw and the water flowing down the hill only inches from them. They were a great asset to the farmers, making buckets and tin cans and

gallons. There was nothing as nice as a drop of tea in the ponnie (small tin cup). Country house dances were all the go at that time. My sister Margaret who is ninety-one this year, and was a nurse, always visited the neighbours when she came home on holidays. She went to Butler's one night. We had a few terriers at the time. My late brother, John Band Tommy Davy, had a ferret and would hunt rabbits as there was good money to be made for them that time. One of the dogs was called Hitler and he followed my sister up to Butler's, (now Jinks'). And when she was talking about the war in England, because she worked through it, she said "Hitler is outside", and everyone was frightened.

This was the time of rationing and you'd never be short of ounce of tea in Coleman's. There was always a line of donkey carts, usually with two forty gallon barrels on each cart, from Carrigans to Carrickbannagher. They had a long way to come for water to Tobar Searradh, still one of the finest wells in the country, and they would call at Coleman's.

I haven't mentioned much about Jimmy. If there was a bit of a lull he could play nearly every instrument. I don't think I saw him play the fiddle. His two brothers were fine fiddlers and flute players. Another friend of mine also played there, Fonso Alcock, who resides in Dublin and we often have great laughs about those days. Tom Gilmartin, who played the fiddle, would take baskets of eggs twice a week to the shop. Now the shop would be full and he'd ask Mary who was playing and she would say "Dan and Fonso" and he would say "that's enough".

I could go on and on but people came from miles around and Coleman's was always talked about. When I was in America back in the eighties, I met a couple of people from Gurteen, who remembered me and the wonderful nights they spent in Coleman's. They said they were the happiest days of their lives. What merriment and joy the music brought to people. On the 21<sup>st</sup> June, on John's eve, bonfire night, musicians came from everywhere to the crossroads beside the shop.

Thanks to Mary and Jimmy for all

they did for Irish music. We will be ever grateful to them. Going home from the bonfire some of the older men took a half burnt sod with them. It was to start a fire in their own homes. This was a very old custom. There were corn crakes in every meadow field, singing their hearts out, and everyone was so happy. There was no TV, no tape recorders or mobile phones. We had an old battery radio. I learnt a good bit of my music from 2 RN Athlone.

Quigley's field was not far from Coleman's. There were feiseanna and

competitions held there by Conradh na Gaeilge. I remember being there one day with my sisters and the Prestons. Phil McConnell and many musicians competed there and they all visited Coleman's. Bab Brett got first place for his flute playing. I can still see Jimmy Davey on a Saturday evening playing the flute while Mary and Jimmy got on with their work.

A reminder of that house is contained in Padraic Colum's little poem "An Old Woman of the Roads":

"O, to have a little house,

To own the hearth and stool and all,  
The heaped up sods upon the fire,  
A pile of turf against the wall.

To have a clock with weights and chains,  
And pendulum swinging up and down,  
A dresser filled with shining delph,  
Speckled and white and blue and brown".

Maybe Padraic Colum passed  
that way at some time.  
Long life, Mary.



**Ballymote Convent National School, mid 1920s** Courtesy Maureen (Carr) Shiels

Back Row (L/R): Maureen Brady, ..... Fox, Nancy Rogers, Muriel Kelly, Mai Sheridan, Martha Johnston, Mai Butler, Mai KIELTY, Lily King, Myde Clynes, Maureen Regan, Mai McGettrick

Second Row from back (L/R): Harry King, Colm Brady, Michael Joe Price, Thomas Conlon, Vinnie McDonagh, Jim O'Reilly, Jim KIELTY, Vincent Regan, Andy Rogers, Clement Jones, Anthony Finan, Johnny Benson, Harry Reilly, Jackie Clynes

Third Row (L/R): Michael Joe Carr, Paddy Langan, Brian Wimsey, Rosie Hughes, Mollie Tansey, ..... Fox, Josie Hannon, Imelda Rogers, Annie Benson, ..... Fox, Maureen Carr, Mary Cryan, Maisie Benson, Lucy Finan, Eileen McDonagh

Front Row (L/R): Una Price, Mai Price, Terry Regan, Mai Fin, Mary Langan, Sadie King, Mona Cryan, ..... Farry, John Joe Davey, ..... Finan, ..... Finan, ..... Davey, Mary Donoghue, Eilish Mattimoe, Kathleen Benson, ..... .....

Ballymote Convent National School, mid 1920s Courtesy Maureen (Carr) Shiels

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Front Row (L/R): Una Price, Mai Price, Terry Regan, Mai Fin, Mary Langan, Sadie King, Mona Cryan, ..... Farry, John Joe Davey, ..... Finan, ..... Finan, ..... Davey, Mary Donoghue, Eilish Mattimoe, Kathleen Benson, ..... .....



# Coleman's Shop, Ardnaglass, Ballymote

*Brendan and Philomena Coleman (Currid)*

Coleman's Country Shop was opened in Ardnaglass by Jimmy and Mary Coleman on the 1<sup>st</sup> March 1939, the year World War Two started. They married on 31<sup>st</sup> of January 1939 and opened their shop a month later. Mary had just left Rodgers' shop in Ballymote having worked there since the age of fourteen years. She was then known as Mary Sherlock from Cuilmore, Gurteen, Co Sligo. She was a woman of great faith and a member of the Children of Mary all her life. They had two children - Brendan and Philomena, six grand-children, Deborah, Tara, and Ross Coleman, David, Shane and Yvonne Currid, one great grandson Jamie Coleman and three great grand-daughters Niamh, Clodagh and Roisin Currid.



**Jimmy and Mary Coleman 1939/1940**

Rationing came in shortly after the shop opened and Rationing Books were issued to all families. The shop catered for all the local town-lands: Ardnaglass, Carnaree, Carrickbanagher, Knockadalteen,

Deroon, Carrigans, Carrowcushacly and from Clark's Bridge onwards.

The shop opened when Mary had it washed and cleaned each morning of the year from 7am onward and

remember dances at least three times a week and being carried as a child in the dancers' arms in waltzes and sets around the kitchen floor. In the long summer evenings open air



**Jimmy Coleman with his grandson Ross Coleman**

closed when they went to bed. It was not unusual for people to call during the night and indeed having come home from local dances in the Marquee, there could be a knock on the window from someone who saw a light on, looking for cigarettes and minerals, and Jimmy would hand them out the window. They would always come back and pay on the following day. Everything people needed was sold there, anything from a needle to an anchor. At that time the majority of customers were small farmers. They all had accounts and paid same when the creamery cheques arrived or after the fair day.

All the local musicians including Jimmy with his brothers Willie and John Joe played there and I well

dances took place in the street and there was a Ceilidh at the Crossroads on Bonfire Night, while Mary carried on with her work in the shop.

Jimmy played with the renowned Derron (screws) Junior and Senior championship winning teams of the 1930s and 1940s. The footballers would meet at the shop as the Red and White Jerseys were washed and kept there as well as some boxing gear. The local playing field was down the road in Quigley's field. The locals would gather on Sundays to listen to the matches being broadcast from Croke Park, commentary by the great Michael O'Hehir, as it was the only wireless in the area at that time.

Cards were very popular and the card table was taken out in the

winter time for games of Twenty five; many a heated argument took place but all was forgotten soon after. I don't ever remember a night when it was just our family at home, as it was a great rambling house and match-making place. I'm sure lots of people in the area may have met a future wife or husband there.

Mary was well known for her baking especially her soda bread; the kettle was always boiling on the range, customers got a cup of tea and a slice of soda bread if they had walked a few miles to the shop and so rested themselves for the return journey.

Dockery's delivered the bread with Mick Hever driving, Hannon's bakery and Paddy Verdon from McArthur's also delivered bread. Johnny Chadda came every Saturday with his travelling clothes shop. Mr. Gaynor from Sligo called frequently with a variety of fancy goods. The Mill in Ballisodare



**Coleman's shop, Ardnaglass, Ballymote** delivered the flour and animal feed. All the cigarette companies called and there were deliveries with Jack Martin on the Railway Lorry (CIE). The Sligo Champion was delivered to Kate Ann Quigley's house by CIE bus and collected by Jimmy for sale in the shop.

It was the place to hear all the local news at first hand. The television arrived shortly after RTE came on air and it created further interest with people wanting to watch sport etc. The first public telephone in the area was in Coleman's shop and was used extensively.

The business thrived until the mid-seventies but declined with the arrival of supermarkets and as cars became more abundant. This changed the way of life for country shops as they became un-competitive. The shop closed after Jimmy died and after a lifetime of service to the local community. It moved next door to Philomena's in 1983 and closed permanently in 1990.

Mary is now residing in the Community Nursing Unit in Ballymote and is in her 99<sup>th</sup> year. She is in good health and getting excellent care.

**A very special thank you to Dan Healy for his time taken in writing his recollections of growing up in the area and his wonderful comments on Mary and Jimmy Coleman.** (*A Glimpse From the Past*, Dan Healy, this issue)

## My Dream Dog

Shauna Healy, Scoil Mhuire gan Smál, Ballymote

My dream dog –  
 Sometimes at night  
 When I go to bed  
 And I lay down  
 And rest my weary head  
 I close my eyes  
 And fall asleep  
 And dream once more  
 Of the dog I wish to keep.

In my dreams  
 This dog is all mine  
 He is cute and cuddly  
 And that is just fine  
 He's black and white  
 With a furry tail  
 He's always in my dreams  
 Every night without fail.

## Friendship

April Devlin, Scoil Mhuire gan Smál, Ballymote

Friendship is blue  
 It tastes like sweet strawberries  
 And smells like freshly baked bread  
 Friendship looks like a beautiful day  
 And sounds like a gentle wave on the shore  
 Friendship is stars twinkling in the night sky.

## Play

Conor Booth, Scoil Mhuire gan Smál, Ballymote

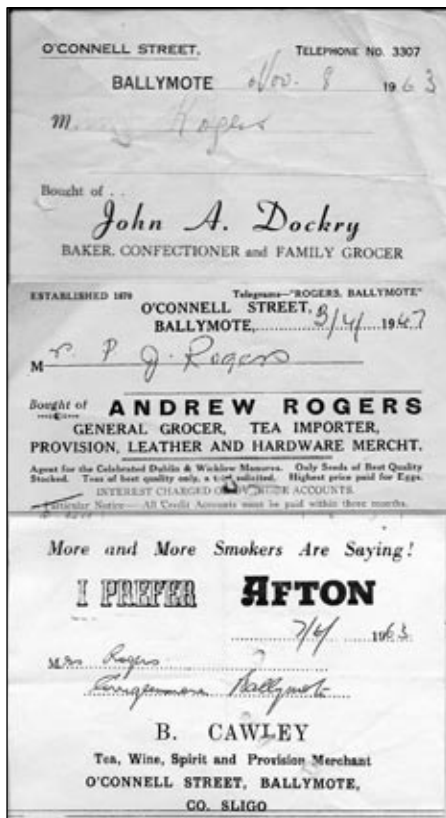
I gave my friend a call  
 To see would he like to play ball  
 We played all day  
 Until the sun went away  
 Then rested all night  
 Til the bright morning light.



# Buildings, Owners and Occupiers of O'Connell Street, Ballymote, Co. Sligo

Eileen Tighe and Mary B. Timoney

This worked started in the 1990s when Eileen Tighe recorded Dermot Henry's local knowledge of Ballymote which he had heard from his mother, Mary Ann Henry *nee* McGann, who died in 1998. Most buildings were sourced back to the Griffith *Valuation* of the 1850s which was printed in 1857. Work on the pre-1920 rate payers was done for some of the buildings in the Valuation Office, Dublin. The Valuation Office recorded the rate-payers; these could be either the owner, owner of the lease or the tenant, depending on each contract or agreement. Both the 1901 and the 1911 Census, which listed the occupiers of the buildings, were used. Some information was given from local people. The number in the bracket after the initial number is from the Griffith *Valuation*. Every effort has been made for accuracy. Any further information or corrections will be gratefully received.



In 1857 this street was known as Market Street. In both 1901 and 1911 it was Newtown Street. The name was later changed to O'Connell

Street. The south side of the street had houses and businesses built in it before the north side. Many of the houses on the north side were not built until after 1857. In 1857 there were no buildings in the street on the upper side of Agnes Rogers, what was then Michael Rogers' (See No. 21). Many of the houses on the south were fully rebuilt since 1857. In 1857 there was a triangular open street space between O'Connell St. and Emmet St. This space was later squared off to include The Corner House, John McGettrick's and Optimum Auctioneers on O'Connell Street and The Corner House, Enda Healy's and Ita Meehan's on Emmett Street.

**1. (54) John-Joe and Patsy Kilty's.** Michael O'Brien is listed as leasing a house, garden and office with a total valuation of £2-10-0 from Sir Robert Gore Booth in the Griffith *Valuation*. Peter McDonagh had it in 1891, then Annie McDonagh, then Edward McManus followed by Patrick McDonagh. Johnny McDonagh had a house and pub here which closed in the 1920s, his mother was Margaret and his father probably Patrick. He had three brothers Thomas, Patrick Joe and Alphonsis who with their uncle, John McDonagh, lived here in 1911. Paddy Rogers bought it from Johnny McDonagh, and John Kilcoyne, a Post Office clerk in Ballymote, from the Tubbercurry area, bought it in the 1960s from Paddy's son Michael. He reconstructed it as a dwelling house. John and Eileen Martin lived in it and today it is owned and lived in by John Joe and Patsy Kilty.

**2. (53 & 52) Michael and Carmel Rogers and Patrick Rogers Ltd.** Five generations of Rogers have lived and worked here over the last one hundred and fifty years. In the Griffith *Valuation* 1857, Rogers' is listed as two properties, the upper one (52) leased by Anne Rogers of a house and garden with a valuation of £1-10-0 and the lower one (53) leased by Robert Ferins of a house and garden with a valuation of £2, both from Sir Robert Gore Booth. In 1865 the lease changed from Ann Rogers to Patrick Rogers. Patrick married Mary Toolan, Gurteen, and they had a small tea room here later expanding it to a grocery and general provisions shop which subsequently

included a hardware section. Andrew, their son, married Mary Ann Farry, they had three sons, Paddy, Andy and Val (Monsignor Val) and five daughters, Molly, Bridie, Nancy, Imelda (Sr. Killian) and Collette. In 1911 Andrew and Mary Anne with their two children, Patrick and Mary Attracta, lived over the shop. Thomas Quigly, shop assistant (See No. 29) and Thomas Cawley, shop apprentice (See No. 2 c) also lived here. Andrew enlarged the shop and house acquiring the lower three properties in 1919, which was originally the one property held by Robert Ferins in 1857. These three properties were held by (a) Ann Davey, (b) Margaret Redican, and (c) Thomas Cawley.

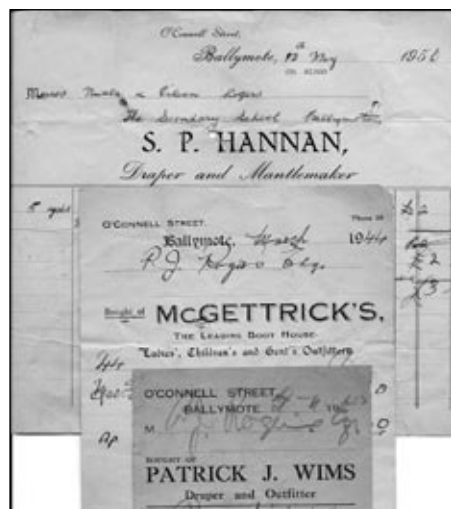
(a) Anne Davey. Patrick Gilbride was here before Anne Davey had it in 1899. In 1911 Ann Davey was 86 years old, a widow, living here with her grand-daughter, Ufeamey McTaw, a lacemaker, born in Co. Roscommon. They lived above a gateway.

(b) Margaret Redican. At some stage Michael Cawley held it, followed in succession by John Gilbride 1889, John Gilmartin 1892 and John Dennedy 1899. In 1911 Margaret Redican, a dressmaker, was here.

(c) Thomas Cawley. John Carroll was here in 1889, followed by John Coleman or Conlon 1892, Samuel Rooney 1899 and then Thomas Cawley. In 1901 Thomas Cawley is listed here with his wife, Bridget, daughter Mary and sons Patrick and Thomas, the younger Thomas could be the Thomas that was an apprentice and living with Rogers in 1911. In 1911 Catherine Callaghan 96 year old widow probably lived here with her daughter, Winifred.

Andrew Rogers died suddenly in 1926 aged 54 years. Mary Ann continued the business with her son, Paddy, and later her other son, Andrew, joined them. Paddy married Constance (Concie) Connolly, Dromore West, in 1941. Paddy expanded the business to include farm machinery and building materials. Andrew (Andy) married Bridie Connolly, Concie's sister; they lived opposite Ballymote Abbey graveyard and he continued to work here. They later moved to Dromore West running the Connolly family business, opposite the old Dromore

West Workhouse. Later Paddy's son Michael ran the Ballymote business with his wife Carmel Davey, Drinane. They have four children Fiona, Gearóid, Pdraig and Micheál. Today Pdraig and Micheál run the business with the help of Michael and Carmel.



**3. (50) Noel and Marie McDonagh's, Jim and Sarah Donoghue.** In 1857 Michael Morrison had a house, office and garden valued £2 here. Michael Keaveney later had it followed by Charles Ferguson 1886, Thomas Carroll 1889 and then Andrew Carroll. In 1901 Andrew is listed here as a tailor, living here with his mother Mary and cousin, Thomas Clarke. In 1911 Bridget Henry, a widow and seamstress, could have lived here, with her young daughters, Kathleen, Annie and Beatrice and a lodger Nicholas Billings, a coach smith. Frank McDonagh rebuilt this house in 1923 (See No. 6). Frank's son, Tommy McDonagh lived here. It is now two private dwellings: in one Tommy's son Noel and his wife, Marie Daly, live and in the other his daughter Sarah and her husband, Jim Donoghue, live. To the back of the house was a small house (51) leased by Catherine Davey in 1857 from Michael Morrison, with a valuation of 8/-. Then Hugh Candon was here followed by Thomas Carroll 1891, and Thomas Cawley 1899. It was in ruins in 1907. It was rebuilt and Frank McDonagh had a garage here and he showed the first cinema picture in Ballymote in the garage loft.

**4. (49) Michael and Patricia Hurley's.** In 1857 Patrick Dockery had a house which was originally set back from the street; the house and garden had a valuation of £1-5-0. Patrick Dockery married Kate Fox. At some stage a new house in line with the other houses was built. In 1901 their son, John P. Dockery (called Patrick), an egg exporter, and his wife Kate Susan Kilcoyne, Killavil, had a shop and lived here. He exported crates of

eggs to Scotland and also turkeys at Christmas. The returning crates were filled with delph which they sold in the shop. They had two sons Paddy and Joey. In 1911, Kate's mother, Kate Kilcoyne with Elizabeth Daly, a nurse born Co. Westmeath, lived here with Patrick and Kate. Michael and Patricia Hurley bought it in 1995.

**5. (44, 45, 46, 47 and 48) Site for the new Garda Barracks,** originally four houses (44, 45, 47 and 48) with land to the rear (46).

a. (48) In 1857 John Dockery (47) subleased the house, office and yard with a valuation of £1 to Patrick Dockery. Then John and Mary Dockery's son, Patrick Joseph Dockery had it (See No. 47). This Patrick J Dockery and his brother, Thomas Dockery, next door, married two Breheny sisters, Catherine and Mary respectively. Patrick and Catherine had three sons, John Joe, Michael and James, and a daughter Mary. Patrick worked in the bakery next door until his death in 1926. Catherine had a delft shop here. Their son, John Joe, also worked in the bakery. He later had land in Woodfield where he built a new bungalow to live in. The next son, Michael, went to America. The youngest son, James, was bakery manager next door. James married Catherine (Tottie) Quigley and they lived in the Quigley house in Teeling St. Patrick and Catherine's daughter Mary, (May), married Pat Brady, Cloonlurg.

b. (47) John Dockery leased a house, office and garden with a valuation of £2 in 1857 from Sir Robert Gore Booth. John married Mary Lavin from across the road. Mary started a bakery with the help of a journeyman baker. They had two sons, Thomas and Patrick J, and four daughters, three of whom married and left Ballymote and the fourth, Kate, never married and lived in Ballymote all her life. John died in 1901, aged 81 years, and Mary in 1906, aged 84. Their son Thomas married Mary Breheny from up the street (See No. 15b), and her sister, Catherine, married his brother, Patrick Dockery. Thomas and Mary had one son John Andrew. Both brothers, Thomas and Patrick, worked in the bakery business. Mary and Thomas both died young and Thomas' sister, Kate Dockery, reared John Andrew. Later both here and John Joe's next door were demolished to build a new house, bakery and shop to be owned by John Andrew. This was built between 1951 and 1952. His cousin, James, was bakery manager. John Andrew married Babs Carley in 1936; her sister married Thomas Quigley. John Andrew and Babs had two daughters, Mary, now living in Carrownanty, and Peggy, now living

in Dublin. John Andrew died in 1953. Mary trained and ran the bakery until it closed in 1970. Madge Donoghue, Jim Donoghue's aunt (See No. 3), worked in the shop.

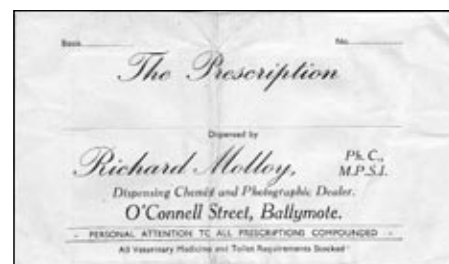
c. (46) Catherine Bryan leased the land from Sir Robert Gore Booth and two houses which she subleased. Patrick Berreen had it, then his wife, Mrs. Patrick Berreen 1903 and Mary Berreen 1904.

d. (45) In 1857 Catherine Bryan subleased the house and yard with a valuation of 15/- to Joseph Garvey. It was vacant in 1889, then Cawley was here in 1890 followed by Michael Callaghan 1892, then Mary Berreen had it in 1904. It was described as a ruin in 1907.

e. (44) In 1857 Catherine Bryan subleased the house and yard with a valuation of £1-5-0 to Andrew Muller. Mary Frazer was here at some stage followed by Patrick Casey 1889, Martin Gallagher 1891, John Farrell 1892 and Patrick McDonagh 1893. Mary Berreen had it in 1902 and it was in ruins in 1907.

These two houses, d and e (45 & 44), were probably demolished and a single house built. After John Andrew Dockery married, Miss Kate, who ran the shop for him, and her niece, Kathleen O'Donnell, both lived here. Kate died in 1948. Later the girls working in the bakery lived here.

The buildings and land were sold to Louis Doherty who sold it on to the Office of Public Works who are currently building a new Garda Barracks.



**6. (43 & 42) John and Josephine Doddy's.** This was originally two houses.

a. (43) In 1857 the house was being built. Catherine Berreen had it in 1859. It stayed in the Berreen family. In 1911 Mary Berreen, a widow, publican and farmer, was here. Her mother, Mary Keenan aged 86 years and her daughter Kate Doherty lived here as well. Vinnie McDonagh, Frank's son, had it in the 1940s and his wife Lil Kavanagh had a cake shop here (see b). The house is now the meeting room of John Doddy's.

b. (42) The second house was Markey's. Patrick Bryan leased it in 1857 followed by Catherine Berreen 1859, then Patrick Berreen, and then

Thomas McGettrick in 1886. Hugh Markey had it in 1891 acquiring a vintner's license in 1895 for it. In 1901 Hugh Markey, born Co. Monaghan, and his wife Agnes, born Co. Sligo, lived here.

Frank McDonagh had a pub and bicycle repair shop and also lived here (See No. 3). His wife was Elizabeth Keenan, Ballaghderreen. Frank had a garage to the back of Noel McDonaghs where in the loft he showed the first cinema pictures in Ballymote. They had five children Batty, Francie, Vinnie, Tommy, Jack and Maura. Batty continued the business; he married Olive Mullaney. Batty sold the business to John and Maeve Rogers (John is Michael Roger's brother). Rogers sold it to John Doddy in 1986. After Vinnie married Lil Kavanagh she had a cake shop here. When Vinnie died she moved to Sligo where she had a drapery shop, Marieware, Grattan Street, Sligo. Francie moved to Keash where he had a shop and undertaking business; he married Maura Lang, Carrigans.



**7. (41) Aidan and Gerri Tighe's.** Patrick Flanagan had it in 1857, Mrs. Eileen Deasey 1867, James Brophy at some stage, Pat Flanagan 1881 and then Michael Cryan 1882. In 1901 Michael Cryan, a harness maker, lived here with his wife, Maria, and their six sons, Patrick, James, Joseph, Bartly, Thomas and John and three daughters, Margaret, Mary and Ann. After Michael died it was in Maria's name in 1904. In 1911 Maria lived here with their four sons, Patrick, a harness maker, Bartholomew, a harness maker, Thomas and Matthew, students, and daughters Mary, a lacemaker, and Anne, student. Mrs. Cryan had a sweet and paper shop. She made the first ice cream in town. Then her son Johnny had the shop, he was married to Mary (Babs) Heuston, they had four children, Daisy, Ethel, Isabel and John. Later Teresa Lavin had it and her niece, Margaret Lavin, worked there. Then Martin Tom Tighe

who had the pub across the road, now Fawltly Towers, had it and his daughter Betty ran it. Jim Porter and his wife, Margaret Lavin bought it in 1969 and sold it in 1987 to Michael and Patricia Hurley. In 2004 they in turn sold it to Aidan and Gerri Tighe who run it as a newsagency and shop.

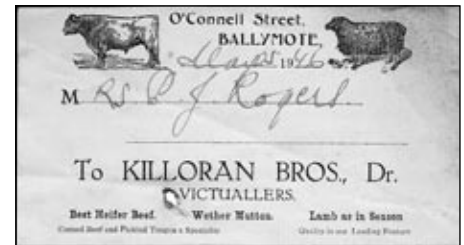
**10. (39 & 40) Paddy and Eileen Conboy's.** This was two houses in 1857. Patrick Morrison had one and James Flanagan the other. James Tymon had both houses. In 1901 James was described as a shopkeeper and widower living here with his daughter Celia aged 28 years and son Michael aged 18 years. Pat Davey then had it. In 1911 Anne Davey, a widow and farmer, lived here with her daughter, Margaret. Joe Cryan, Keash, married Margaret. They had two daughters Patsy and Nance. Joe had been an RIC officer and he ran a grocer shop here. Today it is no longer a shop and Paddy and Eileen Conboy live here

**8. (38) Esther Fox's.** James Cawley had it in 1857, later Laurence Regan had it, then Thomas Gaffney had it in 1886. In 1901 Thomas Gaffney, a widower and a craner, aged sixty four years, lived here with his son Bartholomew aged fifteen. Martin Sharkey was here in 1904. In 1911 Martin lived here with his wife, Annie. Martin had worked as a coachbuilder in Murrays and later he worked in Rogers. Later Maggie Jane Flanagan had it and then her niece, Esther Fox nee Mullen.

**9. (37) Greg Tansey's.** At some stage James Frazer had this house, followed by Thomas Hever, then James Dennedy and then John Dennedy. In 1901 John Dennedy lived here with his mother, Mary, and his sister, Maria. Later Mick Duffy and his sister had a shop selling sweets, apples and herrings here. Then John Newman and his wife May Price had it and then May's nephew, Michael Connolly, Carrownanty, had it. Today Greg Tansey has his accountancy offices there.

**10. (35 & 36) The Betting Office.** In 1857 this was two houses. (36) the lower one was Hugh Anderson's, then Patrick Reilly's, then a Wimbsey had it in 1891. The upper one (35) was Peter Donohoe's, later Bryan Hannon's, then Thomas Hannon 1891. Thomas Michael Killoran had both houses in 1892. In 1911 Thomas was described as shopkeeper, publican and farmer. He lived here with his wife Winifred, their children Tom, Michael, Annie, May, a dressmaker, Teasie, Jennie and Katie. His son, Tom, inherited the house, ran the pub in the back with a butcher shop to the front. His wife was Madge Kielty, a sister of Jim Kielty from across the

street. They had two children Mary and Winnie. When Tom died the butcher's closed and Madge and the two girls moved to Dublin. Tom and Ursula Walsh bought the premises and continued to run the pub. Then David Cunningham had it. He ran it as a pub for a few years then sold it. Today it is a betting office.



**11. (34) Vacant.** John Morrison leased it in 1857. Then a Lynch had it followed by Andrew Sheridan, then Thomas Scully 1883 and Thady Scully 1886. Thady had a pub here. John Hannon is listed here in 1911, as a publican with his wife, Ellen and three boarders, Charles Burns, born Co. Limerick, a coachbuilder, and Michael Finn and Denis Feeney, both born Co. Sligo and tailors. John Hannon's daughter Eileen inherited it. She married Tommy Duffy. Since Eileen died it has been vacant.

**12. (32 & 33) Paddy and Eileen Egan's.** Pre 1901 Pat Flanagan owned it. In 1901 and 1911 Mary Flanagan and her son, Joseph, a butcher, lived here. Later James A Flanagan, an auctioneer and County Councillor had it. He had a son, James and a daughter Mary who married Denis Conroy. Rod Egan, a builder, and his wife nee Gallagher had it. Rod demolished the building to build a shop and house. Light hardware was sold in the shop. Today Rod's son, Paddy, and his wife Eileen live there.

**13. (31) Aidan and Gerri Tighe's.** James O' Brien is listed as leasing a house, office and garden with a total valuation of £14 from Sir Robert Gore Booth in 1857. James' father was Andrew who died in 1838 aged 79. In 1901 Thomas Edward O'Brien, a farmer, had a grocery and pub here. It is said that Thomas had the first gramophone in Ballymote. John Cawley and his wife Teresa Quinn bought the business some time after 1911. John previously had a shop where Christine Lennon had her pharmacy, formerly Kerr's. Their son, Batty, inherited it and he and his wife, Eileen Crowley, ran it as a grocery and pub. Local associations held meeting in the large reception room upstairs. Batty and Eileen sold the licence first and later they sold the premises to Aidan and Gerri Tighe in 2006. Batty was a long-time

Ballymote correspondent for *The Sligo Champion*, and had a large collection of Ballymote memorabilia. He died in 2007. Aidan and Gerri opened a home and gift ware shop here.

**14. (30) Bernie Dyer.** Bartholomew O' Brien jun. is listed as leasing a house, office and garden with a total valuation of £15 from Sir Robert Gore Booth in 1857. Bartholomew was a brother of James, next door (14). Bartholomew died in 1859. Mary O'Brien had it in 1879 followed by James B. O'Brien 1886 and then by James D. O'Brien 1889. In 1901 James D. O'Brien, Thomas Edward's brother (See No. 13), who was a stock farmer and money lender, lived here with his wife Jane and his niece Margaret Coghlan, a seamstress. Bernard and Margaret Dyer bought it. Then their son, Paddy and his wife, Mary O'Gara, had a butcher's shop here. Their son, Bernie, inherited the place; the shop closed in the 1970s and he still lives there today.

**15. (28 & 29) Hairdresser's.** This was two houses.

a. (29) In 1857 Patrick Judge leased it from Henry McElroy, at a valuation of £ 7. In 1901 John Hogge, farmer, was here with his wife Bridget and daughter Margaret. In 1911 Francis King, carpenter, aged 30 years, was here. Pat Madden, an RIC man was here with his wife, three daughters, Reenie, Flo and Mollie and his grand-daughter, Irene Halligan, was reared here.

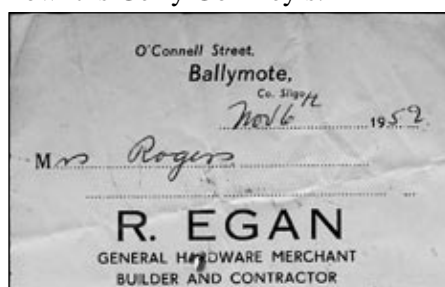
b. (28) Michael Breheny is listed as leasing a house, office and garden with a total valuation of £7 from George McElroy in the Griffith *Valuation*. Michael Breheny had a shop here but he also subleased 23 and 24 (97a and 97b). His grandfather was Bryan Breheny (1748-1856). His father was Pat who had a shop on The Rock. Michael married Miss Kelly, Ballyrush, and they had three daughters, Mary, Catherine and Belinda; these respectively married Thomas Dockery (See No. 5b), Patrick Dockery (See No. 5a), and James Kielty (See Nos. 23 & 24). Stewart Woodland later owned it. In 1901 Fanny Woodland, a shopkeeper, widow and a Methodist, born in 1820 in Co. Leitrim, lived here with her son, Stewart, and daughter, Fanny. In 1911 Lettia Woodland, possibly *nee* Murray, a widow and shopkeeper, and her two sons, John and George, lived here.

Then George Harrison, a builder, bought the two houses. Mrs. Hodgins *nee* Taylor had it. Today it is a barber's shop run by Deborah Kielty.

**16. (27) Des and Margaret Kielty's.** Andrew McGann (Andy), Dermot Henry's great grandfather, is

listed as leasing a house, offices and garden with a total valuation of £8 from George McElroy in 1857. Later it could have been Hunts and in 1901 Thady Scully, farmer, and his wife Catherine Cawley had a shop and pub here (See No. 11). He also operated a side car business: "To Scully for a car". They had four children, Tom, Beatrice, Kathleen and Mary. Thady died in 1924 aged 84 years. His son, Tom, and his wife, *nee* Begley, had petrol pumps, cars for hire and an undertaking business here. Tom's son Berchman sold the premises to Des Kielty who continues to run it as a pub today.

**17. The Corner House, Gerry and Martina Gormley's.** There were no buildings in this area at the time of the Griffith *Valuation* in the 1850s and the land was owned by Sir Robert Gore Booth. Andy McGann built here. James A. Flanagan, who married a McKeown, was here, they reared her two Cogan nieces. One of these girls, Angela, married Dr. Paddy O'Hart, Ballymote. The building was burnt and Johnny Coleman, Rathmullen, bought and rebuilt it. In 1911 Johnny, a grocer and spirit merchant, was here with his niece, Nellie Killoran. Later his son, John, who married Delia Kelly, Doonaveeragh, Castlebaldwin, had it. Their daughter, May married Donsie Brady and they continued to run it as a pub. Then Clancy, Grange, bought it, then Morris McDonagh, Ballindoon, brother of Des of The Bow and Arrow pub at Lough Arrow, bought it, then it passed to Murphys, then to John White, Drumcormack, then to Padraig and Eileen Scanlon, then to Sean and Noreen Ross, and now it is Gerry Gormley's.



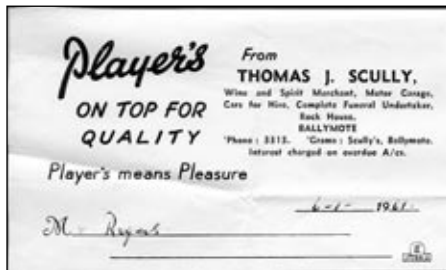
**18. John McGettrick's.** Andy McGann built the house the same year the Catholic church began to be built, 1856/1857. His wife was Ann Hargadon, Marlow. They had a pub and sold delph and some people stayed here. They had one son, Mark, and eight daughters. In 1901 Mark was here with his sister, Lizzie, and a lodger, Michael Brennan, blacksmith. Mark married a McCarrick lady, Rathbarran; they had no family. She died and he married secondly Mary McGettrick, Aughris; they had one child, Mary Ann. She married Michael James Henry, Greenan, Keash; they had two

sons, Mark and Dermot (Dermot was the inspiration for this article which is founded on his vast local knowledge; we acknowledge his continuing help in bringing the article to completion) and four daughters, Violet, Maude, Clodagh and Judy. Mark and his wife, Maureen McGettrick, ran it for several years and they sold it to John McGettrick. The yard to the back of the pub was used as the pound.

**19. Sharon Higgins'.** This was built by Andy McGann and he had a bakery here. Andy's daughter, Maggie, had a grocery shop here, she married Bernie McDermott. Mick Mullen, Keash, a contractor, a brother of Pat Mullen, Teeling St., lived here with his wife *nee* Davey, Lisananny. Jimmy Flynn, who had been a teacher, sold light hardware here. Jim Hogge then had a grocery shop here. Jack Egan used it later as a store for his shop. Richard Mulloy had a chemist shop here for about twenty years; he married Martha Johnson. A McManus girl, Cloonloo, sold fruit here. Bernie O'Brien had a cake shop here, then Clare Kavanagh had a playschool, then Paddy Kenny a barber shop and then Pauline Booth a hairdressing saloon. It was vacant for a time before John McGettrick bought it and the house next door and rebuilt them as two premises. Sharon Higgins, Culfadda, runs a beauty saloon here.

**20. (100) Optimum Auctioneers.** Thomas Scanlan was here some time after 1857 and he was followed by Joseph Mahon. In 1901 Joseph Mahon, a farmer, Church of Ireland, his wife, Matilda, and three sons, James, Joseph and John, lived here. His son, James, an auctioneer and shopkeeper, then had it, (see *Corran Herald* 2004/2005, Issue No 37, for bill head). The Munster and Leinster Bank was here in 1924, Adams was the manager. It was bought by Michael James Henry around 1926. At some stage it was used by the IRA for holding courts. For a short time it was O'Brien's and then a Miss Coleman, a niece of Bernie Kelly's had it (See No. 22). Paddy Wims had a drapery shop here and Eileen Sheridan, a sister of Fonso Sheridan, worked there. Then the upstairs was rented to Dick Reynolds, who also had a forge in the yard, at the same time Bill Murray had a hardware shop downstairs. Then Pat Golden lived upstairs and Jack Egan rented the shop only from Michael James Henry. Jack Egan bought the building and Pat Golden continued to live upstairs. Jack married Maureen Doddy and then they lived upstairs. When Jack retired he sold it to Tim Kelly and his wife Frances *nee* Duffy (See No. 9). Then Kiernan Meehan and his wife, Bernie, had it, followed

by Margaret Higgins, Emlaghfad, and Loraine Corcoran. Then Kathleen and Brendan Doddy had it; they called it "Eight to Eight". David Mitchell had a small café and shop here. Today Sean and Noreen Ross run it as Optimum Auctioneers.



**21. (99) Agnes Rogers'.** It was built c. 1857 and was the first house on the top of the street on the north side in the Griffith *Valuation* 1857. In, 1857 Michael Rogers leased the house here with a valuation of £4. James Rogers had it in 1867 followed by Ann Rogers, then Mary Rogers 1902, and William Rogers 1907. In 1901 Mary Rogers, unmarried, aged 27 years, shopkeeper and publican lived here. Her cousin, Mary J. Heaver, a milliner aged 16 years, lived with her. Thomas Dowell, Church of Ireland, born in Co. Cork, a blacksmith, and Robert Tonperk, Church of Ireland, born in England, a painter, both boarded here. In 1911 William Rogers with his wife, Delia Pidgeon, Cloonloo, their three daughters, Mary Ann (Molly), Delia and Nora, and four boarders, Mathew Clynch, painter, born Co. Dublin, John Fishboone, painter, born Co. Dublin, Michael Maloney, slater and plasterer born Co. Mayo, and John P. Roland, slater and plasterer, born Co. Mayo, lived here. They had two other daughters, Teresa and Agnes. Agnes died recently died.

**22. (98) Maise McGovern's.** In the 1850s Patrick Hannin leased a house from Michael Clerican here. In 1865 Stephen Hannin had it. A Miss Clerican had it in 1867, then Michael Fahy in 1871. Then Thomas M. Killoran followed by Thomas Fox 1893, Patrick Connolly 1894, and Bernard Kelly 1895. In 1901 Bernard Kelly is described as a shopkeeper and his mother Bridget lived with him. In 1911 his niece, Honoria Coleman (Nora), a shop assistant, also lived here. Bernard, (Bernie), had a pub here from 1910 to 1918. The license lapsed and it was a private house. Then Brian Dyer, butcher, his wife, Bridgie Gallagher, Swinford, and their three daughters lived there. Brian worked with his brother, Paddy, across the street (See No. 14). Then Brian and family moved down to a house that is now part of Perry's supermarket. Fury, Riverstown, reopened the pub. Thomas Feehily bought it and revived the license and then Kevin

Feehily, Dublin, had it; one of them called it The Oval Bar, because it had an oval window. Paddy and Maisie McGovern, Roscrib, bought it, as a dwelling house. Maisie McGovern died in 2008.

**23. (97b) Molly Cawley's.** In the 1850s this and next door, Jim Kiely's, were one property and it was unoccupied. Then Michael Breheny had it in 1872, followed by Patrick Ferguson 1892, then Rev. Dominick O'Grady 1893 and James Kiely 1899. In 1901 William Dyer had a shop here, living here with his wife, Mary, and their two daughters, Mary and Annie. In 1910 John Cosgrove was here. In 1911 Martin Henaghan, a civil servant (Ordnance Survey), born in Scotland, with his wife Ellen, Co. Limerick, and two daughters lived here. Jim Kiely sold the house to Mary Ann Rogers in 1940. Paddy Carey had a barber shop here and lived here with his wife and two children, Phylis and Tony. Mary Ann sold it to Paddy Cawley, Principal teacher Lisaneena National School and later Collooney National School, and his wife, Molly Egan, a sister of Paddy Egan's (See No. 12).

**24. (97a) Jim and Kathleen Kiely's.** It was unoccupied at the time of the Griffith *Valuation* and was part of No. 25. John Flynn was here followed by Patrick Ferguson 1891, then Patrick Ferguson's wife 1894 and James Kiely 1895. James, Rooskey, Culfadda, married into the house, to Belinda Brehony who ran a pub here; her two sisters married two Dockerys, Patrick married Catherine and Thomas married Mary. Belinda died in 1912, later Jim married a sister of Paddy Benson, Keash, and they had one son, Jim, four daughters; one of them, Madge, married Tom Killoran (See No. 10). Jim's wife, Kathleen, Wicklow, came to work in a draper's shop in town. The pub closed c. 1950. Thomas Regan started his business in James Kiely's yard.

**25. (96) Fawly Towers, Paul and Ita Stevenson.** Bartholomew Coghlan is listed as leasing a house, office and garden with a total valuation of £18, the highest valuation in the street, from Sir Robert Gore Booth in 1857. "To Coughlan's for Brandy". It was a pub and grocery, also selling meal and grinding corn. In 1893 Patrick W. Coghlan had it and then James D. O'Brien. In 1901 John Gallagher, aged 24 years, and Thomas Gallagher, aged twenty years, both farm labourers, worked and lived here, but did not own it. In the 1906 Kilgannon's *Almanac and Directory for North Connaught* Mrs. P. Coghlan, General Merchant and Spirit License, is listed though James D. O'Brien then owned it. James sold it to James Gilmartin, Carrowrille (*alias* Carrowreilly), in 1907. James

Gilmartin was married twice; with his first wife he had one son who was a surgeon in Dublin. His second wife was Annie Conroy, Ballyhaunis; they had two sons, Thomas and John, and a daughter Mary. James' niece, Irene Gilmartin, married Martin Tom Tighe; they ran it as a pub and grocery. They sold it to Pat Egan, returned from England, originally from Bearla. Pat married Lilly Dohill, Mill Street. Then John Joe and Patsy Kiely, (See No. 1) had it and they called it Fawly Towers. They sold it to Leo Temple who ran it as a pub and restaurant. It is still a pub now run by Paul and Ita Stevenson.

**26. (95) HSE house and entrance to Courtyard houses.** In the 1850s Ellen Kelly is listed for house and land, valued £1-15-0, and store, valued 15/-; she leased the store to John Dockery, then to John Dunleavy. In 1901 Andrew Carroll, who worked in the mill, lived here with his wife, Mary Boyle, Ardconnell, two sons Michael and Thomas, daughter Maggie and nephew Michael Healy. Rod Egan bought the house and rebuilt it. When Molly Egan, Rod's daughter, married Paddy Cawley, they lived here and Molly had a small drapery shop here. Later Rod's son, Paddy, and his wife, Eileen Gilmartin, lived here. Then Jim Cawley bought it and today the HSE has it.

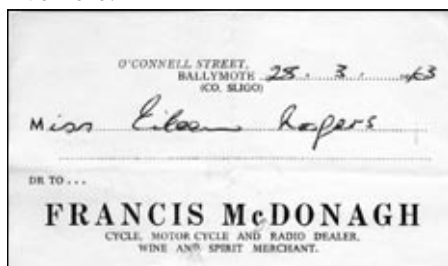
**27. Space which is now the entrance to Courtyard houses.** Ellen Kelly had a lodger here in 1884, then Annie Ward had it and in 1901 James Walsh, bootmaker, was living here, with his wife, Kate, and two sons Michael, a bootmaker, and Thomas, and daughter, Mary Anne. In 1911 James, Kate, Michael and a relative, John Andrew Cryan, lived here. Then James' son, Michael, had it. He lived here with his wife, Ellen McDonagh, Cloonloo, and three daughters, Maureen, Kathleen and Eileen. Jimmy Kelly worked with Michael Walsh.

**28. (94 b) Apartments.** Originally one plot with No. 29, in the 1850s held by Peter Keenan. Later John O'Hara was here, in 1886 William Noble had it followed by Bryan Hannon 1889 and then Michael McGlynn, Culfadda, in 1894. In 1901 Michael McGlynn, draper, with his wife, Lilly Devaney, born in Co. Roscommon, worked and lived here. A nephew, James Nerney, a draper's assistant, a niece, Bridget Cryan, a milliner, and a sister-in-law Sarah Jane Devaney, a milliner, also lived here in 1901. Michael and Lily had three sons, Michael Joe, Paddy and Larry, and a daughter, Baby (Lizzie). Michael Joe married Dilly McManus from McManus' bakery in Mill Street, now the Coach House Hotel. Larry and Paddy, both unmarried, lived



here until they died. The shop closed around the late 1970s. Paddy Egan bought it and reconstructed it. The AIB bank bought it in the late 1980s. They sold it in 1998 and it is today in flats.

**29. (94 a) The Hide Out, Joe and Angela Donegan.** In the 1850s it was part of the plot Peter Keenan leased (See No. 28). Later a house was built on it. John Gorman had it at some stage, then Philip Lillie 1891, Patrick Dockery 1894. In 1901, it had a license; Patrick Dockery owned it and Patrick Murphy, aged 24, a shop assistant and Frank Davey, aged 25, a general servant, lived here. In 1907 Michael Henry had it, then James O'Brien in 1911. In 1911 Joseph Mattley, civil servant (Ordnance Survey), born in Scotland, lived here with his wife Elizabeth, born Co. Clare, and their three sons. The Ordnance Survey were completing the survey for the 1910 revised edition and three houses in Ballymote were occupied by members of its staff. The counties they had revised can be seen from where their wives came from and where the children were born. Orr had it and then in 1912 John Carley, Kilfree, where he was station master, had the pub and lived here. Then it was in Patrick Carley's name. John Carley had three daughters: Beatie never married living here all her life, Dottie married Thomas Quigley, Corhober, (See No. 2) and they continued to run the pub, and Margaret married John Andrew Dockery (See No. 5). Thomas and Dottie had three daughters, Patricia, Marie and Terry. Thomas ran the pub until his death in 1961. Then Sylvester Kerins, Cloonahinshin, and his wife Ella had it, and later Michael Finn rented it. Sylvester sold the license and today Joe and Angela Donegan live here.



**30. (91, 92 & 93)** The next two houses of Assumpta Hannon and Mary Smale were three properties in the 1850s. Stephen Hannin leased four properties altogether, these three and also part of No. 31. The first house and garden, the upper one, (93), Stephen leased to Michael Gaffney. Then Thomas Rodgers had it in 1874 followed by Stephen 1883 and Michael Kelly 1887. In 1893 Miss E. Tighe had it then John McHugh and Mrs. Mary Ferguson in 1894. In 1899

John McHugh and Patrick Gallagher had it, then Mrs. Mary Ferguson and then Stephen Hannin in 1903. The next two houses, the lower two (91 & 92), Stephen Hannin held himself, followed by Stephen Hannon, Jr.

In 1901 Stephen Hannan, a bootmaker, lived in the upper ones (92 & 93) with his wife, Mary Anne Pilkington, and their three sons, Francis Joseph, John and James Stephen, and seven daughters, Belinda, Mary Frances, Elizabeth, Susan, Annie, Hannah and Honoria. In 1911 Stephen, his wife, Mary, their sons Francis (Josie), an assurance agent, John and James Stephen, scholars, and daughters, Lizzie, milliner, Susan, dressmaker, and Hannah, scholar, were still living here. John P. Hannon married Annie McBrian, Templehouse, they lived here with their two daughters Mary Frances and Assumpta.

In 1901 John Scanlan, a postman, lived in the lower house (91) with his wife, Mary, and two daughters, Bridget and Winifred. In 1909 Stephen Hannon had it. In 1911 Patrick O'Brien, a Civil Assistant with the Ordnance Survey, born Co. Limerick, lived here with his wife, Ellen, born Co. Kerry, and five children, one born in Co. Kerry, one in Co. Limerick, two in Co. Tipperary and the last in Co. Fermanagh. Miss Burke was here, a cousin of Susan Hannon. Susan had a dressmaking business here. Susan's sister, Belinda, lived here with her when Belinda returned from America. Then Mary Frances Hannon had it. Today Mary Smale lives here; she and her husband, Denis, came back from England. Mary is from Bunninadden.

**31. (89 & 90) McGettrick's Drapery, Martin and Carmel McGettrick.** This was two houses up to 1945. In the 1850s James Murray leased the upper house from Stephen Hannin, valuation £1-5-0. Thomas Carroll had it in 1864, then later Thomas Keelagher and then John Burke in 1893. In 1901 John Burke, shopkeeper, was here with his wife, Catherine, two sons, Michael and Thomas, and daughter, Gertrude. In 1911 Michael Burke, a shopkeeper, was here with his wife Mary, his father, John, described as an RIC Police Pensioner, and a lodger John P. Callan who worked in the Post Office. Eddie McGettrick bought this from B. Burke in 1945 and she remained here until she died. Today Eddie and Bridie's son Martin and his wife Carmel live here and run the drapery shop.

Denis Elly leased the lower house in 1857; it had a valuation of £1. Later John McHugh had it, leasing it first from Gore Booth and in 1886 from Michael Farry. At some later

stage it was leased in two sections as a shop (a) and living quarters (b). Patrick Bohan had the shop in 1891, then Thomas Gamble 1893, then Mary Bohan 1907, Michael Farry 1910, Martin McGettrick in 1916 with his wife Bea Farry. Martin and Bea had four children Eddie, Freddie, May and Eileen. Later Eddie ran the drapery shop. William Elliot had the living quarters in 1891 and Constable O'Connor in 1907. Constable William Taylor was here in 1901, with his wife Ellen and three daughters and Constable Anthony O'Malley in 1911 with his wife and daughter.

**32. (88) Martin McGettrick's Insurance Office and house.** Richard Brennan is listed as leasing a house, office, forge and garden with a total valuation of £3 from Sir Robert Gore Booth in the Griffith Valuation in 1850s. In 1885 Thomas Farry had the house and a forge here and then Michael Farry in 1886 had them. In 1901 Michael Farry, carpenter, described in 1911 as a shopkeeper, and his wife, Bridget, lived here. They had a son, Patrick, and daughters, Bridget (Bea), Mary Anne, Winney, Margaret, Lizzie and Theresa. Mary Anne married Andrew Rogers (See No. 2), Bea married Martin McGettrick who worked in Gilmartin's (See No.25). Maggie married John Joe Begley, he had a bicycle shop which is now part of Johnson's furniture store today. Ter never married and she had a grocery shop here, then it passed to Eddie McGettrick. The forge was on the corner; in 1901 John Connell, blacksmith, had it. The forge was demolished when Sligo County Council widened the road in the 1960s. John, his wife, Ellen, sons, Thomas, also blacksmith, James, Francis, Patrick and Michael, seven daughters, Mary Annie, Beesy, Kate, Margaret, Letitia, Agnes and Marcella, lived in what is now Wolf Tone St. in 1901. In 1911 Michael and his older brother, John, are described as blacksmiths. Michael (Mick) moved to Marren Park when it was built. Owen Sweeney worked with Pat Connell in the forge in the 1950s.

*We thank Dermot Henry for sharing his vast knowledge of Ballymote. We thank Olive Beirne, Kathleen Cryan, Mary Dockery, Neal Farry, Assumpta Hannon, Jim Kiely, James McDonagh, Martin McGettrick and Michael Rogers for further information, the staff of Sligo Library, the staff of the Valuation Office, Dublin, for access to archives, Martin A. Timoney for reading drafts of the text, James Flanagan for editing the final version.*

*All billheads displayed in this Article are courtesy of Jim Kiely.*

# Cornwall – A Connection

Lynda Hart

Cornwall comes from the words *Cornovii* meaning hill-dwellers and *Waelas* meaning strangers. It has a long and ancient history, and connections with Ireland.

It is the most south-westerly county of England, but not really a county at all, but a Duchy. The Duchy of Cornwall was created out of the former Earldom of Cornwall by Edward III in 1337 in order to provide an income for his heir, seven year old Edward of Woodstock (later known as the Black Prince). From that day to this, its purpose has remained the same.

It is unique in that it not only has its own flag, but also its own language.

The Cornish language is an ancient Celtic tongue of the Brythonic or P Celtic language group which also contains Welsh and Breton. P Celtic is similar to but not the same as the Q Celtic group to which Irish, Manx and Scots Gaelic belong.

It is believed that many of the early settlers to Cornwall came from the Mediterranean and were traders. One of Cornwall's traditional fares is the saffron cake. Saffron was brought to Cornwall by the Phoenicians who bartered it for tin.

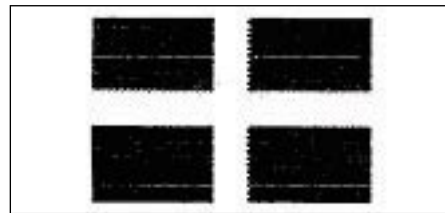
The trading between Cornwall and the Spanish and French also meant that marriages took place. Many Cornish people carry the traits of the Mediterranean races, being small with dark skin and hair and with brown eyes.

Cornwall also suffered like the county of Cork from raiding Barbary pirates who liked the raven haired women that lived in both these areas.

Cornwall has a patron saint by the name of St. Piran. There is said to be a connection with the Irish Saint Kieran of Saigher, but the link is tenuous. Legend tells us that St. Piran was a saint in Ireland who was captured by an Irish pagan king who was jealous of his miraculous healing powers. The king tied St Piran to a millstone

and threw him off a cliff in a stormy sea. The minute Piran hit the sea, it calmed. The millstone floated and Piran was washed up on the shore at Perran beach, Perranporth, in Cornwall. He built an oratory in the sandy dunes at Penhale and preached Christianity. It is said that his first converts were animals. He wasn't adverse to a drink, which did him no harm as he died at the age of 206!

St. Piran is also credited with the design of the Cornish flag. Legend: he lit a fire on his black hearthstone, which was evidently a slab of tin-bearing ore; the heat caused smelting to take place and tin rose to the top in the form of a white cross (thus the image on the flag).



St Piran is the patron saint of miners or tanners as they are known here. St Piran's day is March 5<sup>th</sup>.

One of the oldest crosses in Cornwall is the St. Piran cross which stands near the St. Piran's oratory. The cross is mentioned in the charter of King Edgar in AD 960 and was considered to be an old landmark at that time.

There are other saints with an Irish connection: St. Fingar arrived from Ireland with his brothers St. Breaca, St. Euny and St. Erc. St. Ia, sister of St Fingar, is said to have sailed from Ireland floating on a leaf. The leaf was probably a coracle. St Mawes, revered in Brittany as well as Cornwall, was thought to be the tenth son of an Irish king.

Cornwall has never taken to English rule. One of the most famous of Cornish rebels was Michael Joseph (also known as Michael An Gof. An Gof is the Cornish for blacksmith). He

and another rebel Thomas Flamank led the Cornish rebellion of 1497. This was over the tax levied by King Henry VII to fund his Scottish war. As Scotland was so far away the rebels believed this war had nothing to do with them, and so thousands marched to London to protest. They camped at Blackheath, but the 'army' were ill-armed with only pitchforks and staves. When they awoke on June 17<sup>th</sup>, 1497 they were surrounded by the King's army of ten thousand men. The battle was brief. 200 Cornishmen died.

An Gof initially escaped, but was then captured and sent to the Tower of London. Both he and Flamank were executed. They were hung, drawn and quartered. An Gof day is 27<sup>th</sup> June.

On the 500<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the uprising a statue of Michael An Gof and Thomas Flamank was unveiled in An Gof's home town of St. Keverne.

The Cornish emigrate. Like the Irish they didn't have much of a choice, though it wasn't failing crops that caused an exodus, but a failing market.

Tin has been 'worked' in Cornwall for the best part of three thousand years. The first people were called *tanners* as they worked on ground level, open cast mining. This process carried on until approximately the 1600s when mining underground began. The name *tinner* wasn't lost and many miners have been given the nickname.

The mines of the early 1600s were extremely dangerous places to work. Some were more than 300 feet deep and the men were lowered into the shaft by a rope stirrup.

By the late 1700s engineers had built sophisticated steam pumping engines. Many mines were opened and huge profits were made (for the mine owners, not the miners).

By the middle of the 19<sup>th</sup> century the mines of Cornwall were producing three-quarters of all the copper used in the world and half the tin, but by



the late 1800s the industry had begun its decline. The New World countries could produce both commodities at a fraction of their Cornwall price, so to carry on mining the miners had to follow. They went to the United States of America, Australia, Africa and South America, taking their skills with them.

Today where there is a mine you will find a Cornishman. Many came to Ireland and there is a small community in Kilkenny.

Camborne School of Mines is still the most prestigious mining engineering establishment in the world.

The last tin mine, South Crofty, closed in March 1998. There is still plenty of tin in Cornwall. The price of tin has gone sky-high. Re-open the mine? Maybe.

Cornwall has the longest and some of the most beautiful coastline in Great Britain. But for five miles of land where the river Tamer doesn't flow, it would be an island. It is a proud Celtic land. During the census of 2001 over 34,000 people (4%) put their nationality as Cornish, even though it wasn't given as an option on the form!

Some Cornish would like to see a form of devolution, as Wales and Scotland have; others would like to see Cornwall represented in its own right in sport. The Gorseth Kernow, a non-political organisation, exists to maintain and promote the national Celtic spirit of Cornwall and its members travel to such events as the Celtic Media Festival (Feile na Mean Ceiteach)

held in Galway which highlights the language of all the Celtic countries.

At the beginning of the article, I wrote that Cornwall is not a county but a Duchy, both titles bestowed upon it by the English.

It is much more than that.

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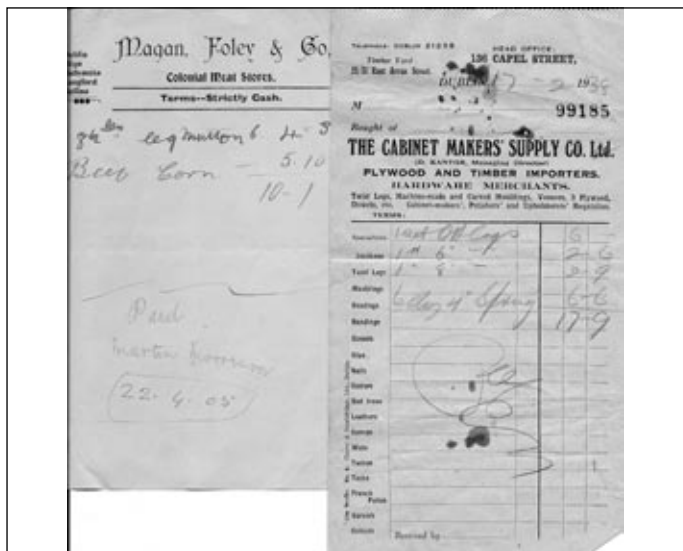
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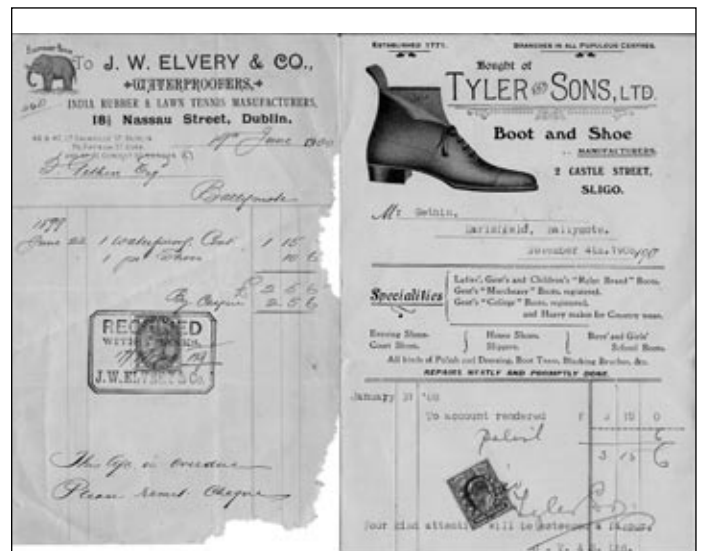
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From the 1940s, supplied by Jim Kieilty



Shopping in the Early 1900s



Supplied by Gerry Keaney

# The Story of Michael Davitt

Nancy Smyth

He was known as 'Father of the Land League,' he was a social reformer, Member of Parliament, author, GAA patron, Labour leader, international humanitarian, a man regarded by some as the Irish Lincoln. So who is this Michael Davitt and what is his significance?

By the start of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, two distinct social groups had emerged in Ireland: English-speaking Protestant landlords (some Catholics changed religion during the Penal laws to hold on to their lands), and Catholics who were as a whole tenant farmers, many of them Gaelic speaking, together with the landless cottiers and agricultural labourers. The landlords were seen as the successors of those who received the confiscated lands from the British and the tenant farmers were seen as the descendants of those who were defeated and lost their lands. Example: In the 1841 census, the land holding of 44.9% of the tenant farmers was 1-5 acres of rented land. (Straide parish had a population of 4,251 in 1841 and in 1851 after the famine a population of 2,381 - a reduction of 43.8%).

Born into this land scenario was Michael Davitt in Straide, on the John Knox Estate, Co. Mayo, on 25<sup>th</sup> March 1846, at the height of the Great Famine. He was the second of five children and one of his first memories was, at the age of four, being evicted with his family for non-payment of rent in 1850 that had accumulated during the Famine. The landlords controlled huge estates and rented their land to tenant-farmers and charged them an exorbitant rent. The tenants-farmers and their families could be evicted at the landlord's whim and there was no control on rent charged. Any improvement made by the tenant on the holding was seen by the landlord as an opportunity to raise the rent. Many Landlords were absentee and this resulted in the rent leaving the country. A few weeks after the eviction Michael Davitt and his family emigrated to Haslingden, 17 miles from Manchester, in England, in 1850. Years later Michael recalled that scene by the roadside, "the anguish of

his father, the tears of his mother, the wail, and the groan with which they greeted the sight of their little cabin being battered down by the landlord's deputies".

**Haslingden:** The family arrived in Haslingden in November 1850. After securing temporary accommodation with an acquaintance, the Davitt family were asked to leave on the second night when it was discovered that Michael had the measles. They stayed in a makeshift tent to shelter the child from the snow until taken in by James Bonner from County Armagh, who had a family of four children. After Michael recovered the Davitt family stayed as lodgers with another Irish family, that of Owen Egan in Wilkinson Street, until they were able to rent a place of their own at Rock Hall.

Davitt's first schooling ended at the age of nine when he found work in a cotton textile factory at Ewood Bridge mill. He left this mill after a month because he was not paid the agreed wage. He worked sixty hours for 2s. 6d. a week. The second mill was owned by Lawrence Whitaker, but when Michael's friend John Ginty was killed in an accident Davitt's parents insisted he leave. His next and last mill was Stellfox's mill at Baxenden. On 8 May 1857, his right arm was badly injured due to the negligence of a supervisor, and as a result it was amputated. This ended his industrial career. At that time there was no law that required the employer to pay compensation. Industrial accidents were very common during this period.

When he was well enough he got a second chance at education: an unknown benefactor paid the fees to enable Davitt to attend the Wesleyan School, which was connected to the Methodist Church, for four years under the tutelage of George Poskett. Years later it became known that it was the generosity of a local industrialist John Dean, a Methodist, that paid for Davitt's education. He was the only Catholic in the school at the time but never heard a word that would hurt his feelings as a Catholic. It made a

lasting impression on him, throughout his life he never showed any trace of sectarian bigotry, and accepted religious differences. On finishing school he found work with the town's postmaster, Henry Cockroft, who ran a printing and stationery business. He initially was employed to do odd jobs and run errands, but gradually got involved in all aspects of the business. While he worked at Cockroft business, Davitt attended evening classes at the Mechanics' Institute, became involved in Irish politics, and became a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood or the Fenian movement in 1865 with the support of his parents. He quickly moved through the ranks of this secret organisation. He continued to work in Cockroft's for two years while still active in the Fenians and took part in the abortive attempt to seize arms stored in Chester Castle on 11th Feb, 1867. In 1868 he became organising Secretary and arms agent for the IRB in England and Scotland. In May 1870, as organising secretary for Northern England and Scotland, he was arrested at Paddington railway station London and charged with treason-felony and imprisoned for fifteen years. Wilson the Englishman, the gun smith agent was sentenced to 7 years imprisonment even though he was not involved in the IRB. On December 19<sup>th</sup> 1877, Davitt was released on a ticket-of-leave (parole - not yet a free man) in response to an amnesty campaign. With three others, he had spent seven and a half years in prison in Dartmoor.

There was a great welcoming party to meet the prisoners when they arrived at Dun Laoire, on 13 January 1878, with Parnell, John Ferguson, John Dillon heading up the party. Parnell invited them to breakfast two days later; at the meeting one of the prisoners Charles Heapy McCarthy died and Davitt was involved in the funeral arrangements. On this day he also met James Daly, Editor of the Connaught Telegraph, who invited Davitt to Mayo as his guest. He visited Mayo on Saturday 26 January 1878 and was Daly's guest for three days. Daly was very involved

in the Tenant's Defence Association whose aim was Land Reform. In Balla he met his cousin John W Walshe and his brother in law, John W. Nally and found that conditions for the tenant farmers had not improved since his family's eviction. He also visited Matthew Harris of Ballinasloe, a Fenian whom he had known prior to his imprisonment. Davitt became involved in a campaign for the release of the remaining prisoners. He appeared before the Kimberly Commission to give evidence on the examination of the Penal Servitude Acts.

He visited his mother in the USA in 1878. There he met John Devoy and formulated what became known as the 'new departure': Fenians to cooperate on specified conditions with the radical wing of the Home Rule Party led by Parnell with a unified effort for national independence and addressing the land question.

#### **Irishtown Meeting**

Davitt visited his cousin J.W. Walshe, Balla, in Feb 1879, and again toured Mayo, where there had been bad harvests, economic depression and fear of famine and evictions. James Daly, Editor Connaught Telegraph, while attending the Court session in Claremorris in January 1879, was asked by the tenants to publish their grievances against their landlord in his paper. Daly rejected their request for fear of libel but advised them to hold a public meeting to air their grievances as well as demanding a reduction of rent and promised he would assist them by publishing the meeting and in arranging speakers. The meeting arranged for February was postponed as John O'Connor Power was unavailable. A further meeting was arranged for 20<sup>th</sup> April; making new arrangements were Daly, John O'Kane, J.W.Walshe, P.J. Quinn and P.W. Davitt and Nally were present when making the arrangements.

James Daly chaired the April meeting in Irishtown. The speakers on the platform were Thomas Brennan, Dublin; John O'Connor Power, Mayo MP; John Ferguson, Glasgow; John James Loudon, Westport; Matt Hams and Michael Malachy O'Sullivan from Tenant's Defence Association, Ballinasloe. The Landlord was Canon Geoffrey Bourke whose brother Walter

had died 1873. Walter's son Captain Joseph Bourke was serving in India, his uncle Canon Geoffrey was parish priest of Kilvine and managed the estate. When he found his tenants were in arrears in their rent, he threatened them with eviction. The result of the meeting was a 25% reduction on rent. From this meeting grew the Land League whose policy was peaceful protest and whose demand was "Land for the People". "Keep a firm hold on your homesteads" was first uttered by Parnell at the Westport meeting on 8<sup>th</sup> June. The Archbishop of Tuam, Dr John McHale, denounced the meeting and advised the laity against attending as it was "convened in a mysterious and disorderly manner" and arranged by a few designing men" The Archbishop's attack also states that "acts and works of menace, ... all the result of lawless and occult association, eminently merit the solemn condemnation of the ministers of religion, as directly tending to impiety and disorder in church and society, seeking only to promote their personal interests".

This Westport meeting like Irishtown was most important for the land movement and was a great success. Some 12,000 people attended and it was covered widely in the press. On 16<sup>th</sup> August the Tenant's Defence Association held a convention in Daly's Hotel, Castlebar, and the policies and new title Land League came into being. Then in November the National Land League was formed in Dublin.

Co. Clare became involved early in the Land League. When Parnell attended a meeting in Ennis on September 19<sup>th</sup> 1880 he outlined the policy of moral coventry and ostracisation, and recommended that "land Grabbers" were to be outcasts and isolated from all human and economic contacts with the community.

The most publicised example of ostracisation took place within a week of the Ennis speech at Lough Mask House, near Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo. Captain Charles Cunningham Boycott (1832-1897), a former British army officer, was appointed agent for the Lough Mask House estate in 1873 by Lord Erne, an absentee landlord. Boycott kept increasing his tenants' rents, as well as dismissing some

employees during a wage dispute. He insisted on full payment and the tenants refused to pay. Fr John O'Malley PP, Kilmolara, the Neale, organised an ostracisation campaign against Boycott in Sept. 1880. On Sept 28<sup>th</sup> a crowd approached Lough Mask House forcing all the staff to leave. It was decided that no one would work or provide services to the Boycott house and farm. The campaign received wide coverage in English, and USA papers as well as in Ireland. Men were brought in by Boycott from the Orange Lodges of Cavan and Monaghan to save the harvest, guarded by a big force of troops. Crops worth £350 were harvested at a cost of £3,500. James Redpath an American journalist, who covered the campaign, gave a new word to the English language: 'boycott', when he reported on Lough Mask House and estate.

On Sunday September 28<sup>th</sup>, a meeting organised by Clare Farmer's Club held in Ennis demanded a reduction in their rent from the landlord. The picture which emerges in Clare is that the landlords in the county were generally in favour of reductions. Mrs Vandeleur allowed a reduction of 20%, The Carroll Estate, Miltown Malbay, allowed 15% and many more followed.

In January 1881 the government introduced the first of two coercion bills, the Protection of Person and Property Bill, to suppress the Land League. Michael Davitt's ticket of leave was revoked (parole) and he was arrested in Dublin on 3<sup>rd</sup> Feb. 1881. On that day Patrick Egan moved all Land League records to Paris. Parnell was arrested again on 13 October and interned in Kilmainham jail, with other Land Leaguers. The Ladies' Land League continued to fill the gap created by the male Land Leaguers' imprisonment. They continued to work towards the fulfilment of aims and objectives and helping to organise the tenants and the various demonstrations in the absence of their male counterparts.

Then followed the Kilmainham Treaty talks conducted by an intermediary, William O Shea. As a result of the discussions coercion was abandoned, the No Rent manifesto was withdrawn, promises were made to allow leaseholders use the land court, help was provided for the tenants



with arrears of rent, Parnell and Land Leaguers as well as Davitt were to be released from jails. By 2 May 1882 the result of the negotiations that took place between Parnell and Gladstone, British Prime Minister, was what became known as the 'Kilmainham Treaty' which ended the Land War and conceded the famous Three F's: Fixity of Tenure, Free sale, and Fair Rent. Parnell took the opportunity to steer the political forces towards the next goal - Home Rule. This effectively ended the land war.

The Phoenix Park murders that followed shocked the people of Ireland and Britain. Prior to this Davitt had been removed from the supreme council of the IRB earlier in May 1880 because of his land league activities, and had little involvement afterwards. After the Phoenix Park Murders Davitt unambiguously stated he was no longer a member of the IRB and became a constitutional supporter of Home Rule despite abuse from some of his friends (his policy of peaceful protest paid off and he believed in it).

The Land War had far reaching consequences which could not be foreseen in 1882. A series of Land Purchase Acts up to 1903 provided the finance which enabled the tenants to buy out their holdings and repay the loans with interest over a large number of years. The Land League campaign 1879-82, of which Davitt was the guiding light, was decisive for the future of Ireland. When the tenants had security of tenure and the right to purchase they were then able to plan a future Ireland.

Davitt was a prolific writer, who made contributions to the Freeman's Journal, The Irishman, and Nation, and also various American and Canadian, Australian and English newspapers. He wrote six books and these were the main source of his livelihood until near the end of his life when his wife received a legacy from her aunt Mary Canning of California.

Michael Davitt mediated in a number of labour disputes over the years, in particular a bitter strike of Liverpool dockers in 1889 and a dispute between the Dublin United Builders' Labourers' Trade Union and their employers in 1890. On May Day 1890 he was a guest speaker at the

labour Rally in Hyde Park, London.

He highlighted the conditions of the Russian Jews and reported on the pogrom initiated against the Jews on 19 April 1903 at Kishinev. Davitt became a strong supporter of Zionism, a movement for the reestablishment of a Jewish nation. He also took a stand against the Redemptorist Priest in Limerick who caused a boycott of Jews in 1903. Davitt caused a sensation in 17 October 1899 when he resigned his seat in Parliament in protest against the Boer War Britain was waging in South Africa.

On his visit to Australia he was very critical of the treatment of the Australian Aborigines by white settlers. He was critical of the money made by mine owners in contrast to the wages paid to miners and well as the poor safety in operation.

#### Personal Life.

Michael Davitt went on a lecture tour of the United States in 1886 organised by the AOH, and once again met Mary Yore in Oakland, California. She was staying with her aunt Mary Canning, an Irish American, where Davitt was entertained on his arrival in Oakland. Mary Yore was born in Michigan the daughter of Irish parents, both famine emigrants from County Meath. She was seven when her mother was killed in a road accident; her father remarried and she went to live with her aunt Mary Canning. Mary Yore and Michael Davitt were married in Oakland on 30 December 1886 and returned to Ireland in February 1887. They had five children. Mary was given a cottage in Ballybrack called the Land League Cottage.

Davitt was elected as M.P. for South Mayo and was appointed to the House of Commons committee on Prison reform and brought forward the Prison reform bill. Now Davitt ex-convict returned to Dartmoor Prison to inspect the system of discipline and treatment of prisoners in all sections. The wheel had turned full circle. In 1891 he first mooted the idea of forming an all-Ireland trade union federation to some union leaders in Dublin and by 1894 the Congress of Trade Unions was set up. By the end of his life he was recognised as a prime-mover of the Labour movement in Ireland.

He also provided tangible support

for the fledgling GAA. In 1888 the GAA organised a promotional tour of America for a team of hurlers and athletes. The trip wasn't a success and the GAA lost £450 on the venture but Davitt advanced the sum and cleared the debt. He was in favour of inter-denominational education and took up this debate with the bishops. On 15 Jan 1906 Dr Edward O'Dwyer, bishop of Limerick, published a letter seeking support for the denominational Bill of the Conservative Party. Davitt replied in support of non denominational education, and also pointed out that the Episcopal boycott of Trinity College and the Queen's Colleges only affected the poor, as the wealthy just ignored them. A number of bishops had denominational education as the topic in their Lenten Pastorals. Dr Walsh Bishop of Dublin wrote: "A great and growing evil of the day is the facility afforded by the newspaper press, in Ireland as in other countries, to persons lamentably uninformed in such matters to give wide-spread publicity to discreditable attacks upon the rights of the Church to matters such as education". This debate was ongoing just before his sudden death on 30 May which resulted after having two teeth extracted, the cause of death being acute septic poisoning of his jaw.



The Michael Davitt Museum is open seven days a week from 10 am to 6 pm at Straide, Foxford, Co Mayo.

Visit [www.museumsofmayo.com/davitt](http://www.museumsofmayo.com/davitt)  
Email [davittmuseum@eircom.net](mailto:davittmuseum@eircom.net)

# Funeral of Michael Davitt

Nancy Smyth

Michael Davitt "Father of the Land League" died in Elphin Hospital, Mount St, Dublin, on the 30<sup>th</sup> May 1906, three days after having a tooth extracted and acute septic poisoning of the jaw having set in.

It was expected that his funeral would be from the ProCathedral, since he was both a national and international figure. He had given instructions and left details in his will for a private funeral with the following details: his coffin with his remains were to be brought to the Carmelite Friary at Clarendon St, Dublin, just like the funeral of any ordinary common man in a single horse hearse without horse plumes and without advance public notice at 9pm at night. At 9pm on 31<sup>st</sup> May (Thursday), Davitt's coffin was brought quietly to the Friary Church at Clarendon St. Crowds appeared from nowhere and all the streets around the church were filled with people. The Friars placed the coffin in front of the High Altar and from then on thousands of people filed past the coffin over the two days; on the Friday alone over 20,000 filed past. The Friary had to store the thousands of wreaths that were arriving from all over the world. Requiem Mass was celebrated on both Friday and Saturday morning and at 10am on Saturday 2<sup>nd</sup> June the funeral left the Carmelite Friary for Broadstone Station on its journey across the country to Foxford for burial in his native Straide, and was followed by a large silent crowd. At the various stations along the way crowds stood and prayed as the train made its way to Foxford.

His decision to be buried from

the Carmelite Friary was brought about by a situation 28 years earlier. When Davitt was released from Dartmoor prison in England with three others, they arrived in DunLaoire to a hero's welcome and stayed for a few days in the European Hotel, Bolton Street. Two days later all four were invited guests of Charles Stuart Parnell at a formal breakfast in Morrison's Hotel, Dawson St. It was Davitt's first meeting with Parnell. At the breakfast Charles McCarthy of 44 years, called out to Davitt and died suddenly in his arms having been suffering from a heart condition. The police and Coroner were sent for. McCarthy had been a Colour-Sergeant in the British Army before taking up the Nationalist cause and had originally been sentenced to death for treason. Even though suffering with a serious heart condition he was denied medical attention and had to work every day with Davitt breaking stones.

Davitt and friends now found themselves in a dilemma: McCarthy was both a Catholic and Fenian. The Catholic Church had condemned the Fenian movement and excommunicated its members. Some years earlier in 1860 at the death of another Fenian Terence Bellew McManus, the Archbishop of Dublin not only refused permission to use the Pro Cathedral but forbade any priest of the archdiocese to allow his church to be used. Davitt, Parnell and friends called to St. Teresa's Church in Clarendon St and discussed the matter with the Vicar provincial Fr. Edward Holland.

To avoid a clash between Fenians and Church he offered to receive the excommunicated remains of McCarthy not in the church itself but in the Confraternity room that adjoined the church and opened on to the church. This division or distinction saved the friars from a clash with the Archbishop and Holy See.

On a bleak January night at 9pm after McCarthy's body was released after the inquest and autopsy at the City Morgue, Davitt accompanied his friend's body to St Teresa's, in a single horse drawn hearse where the friars received the remains in the Confraternity Room. The Friars welcomed the widow and family from Cornmarket in Cork when they arrived off the 10.15pm train and allowed them to wait with the body until midnight. During the next couple of days Masses were said in the church and thousands paid their respects in the Confraternity Room. When the cortege left the church for Glasnevin Cemetery just a week after he had arrived from Dartmoor, this time it was in a beautiful glass hearse with four black horses with plumes and approximately 200,000 at the funeral. At his friend's graveside, Davitt made a resolution to have his body, too, brought to Clarendon St., at the same hour in the evening in a single horse hearse with no plumes.

Davitt's funeral was one of the finest funerals seen in Dublin as it crossed the city to the Broadstone Station on its way to Foxford and was the biggest funeral ever recorded in Mayo.

# How Our Ancestors Got Around and About

P.J. Duffy

Long before ancient man discovered he could tame the horse and subdue wild oxen and donkeys and make them into beasts of burden, he was already familiar with making maximum use of his own two feet. Primitive tribes and their huntsmen would, I can imagine, have undertaken anfractuous journeys through rugged landscapes in search of food to sustain their spouses and offspring.

Anthropologists tell us that these tribes would have to move on every so often in order to find fresh ground and establish new habitats for themselves. To do this there was no other way of getting around except on foot, maybe well laden down with the weight of their primitive weapons and tools.

After the appearance of modern inventive humans around twenty five thousand years ago, we see evidence of what were then wild animals being tamed and domesticated, and we see this development coinciding with the inventions of the sleigh and crude tow-box, vehicles that would have been used to transport goods from place to place.

With the coming of the Romans we find evidence of roads being built and wheels being used to move vehicles from place to place. The first wheels we have been told were made from solid, broad slices of wood cut from tree trunks. Rollers were also probably used to move these old-fashioned vehicles from place to place.

Old historians reckon that the first wooden wheels to contain spokes were developed in central America. These durable structures

were designed to set a standard in wheel building that was to last for hundreds of years. The wheel's centrepiece consisted of a wood oak stock. Oak spokes were driven tightly into a circle of mortise holes neatly spaced to receive the tenon ends of the spokes. Felloes (curved pieces of wood) usually ash, were then arranged in a circle and auger holes bored in each piece. These would then be driven onto the dowelled ends of the spokes to form a complete circle. The wheel would then be taken to the forge where an iron band called "the tyre" would be fitted. To complete the wheel a round hole would be chiselled right through the centre of the stock and an iron cylinder fitted to receive the axle. This piece of equipment used to be referred to as "the box of the wheel". When the wheel was eventually added to the intended vehicle an iron pin would be fitted into a hole in the end of the axle to hold the wheel in place. This was called a linchpin. These types of wheels when first invented would have been fitted to old-type transport wagons, chariots, stage coaches, gigs and horse-drawn sidecars.

This whole exercise was to lead on to what was to become known as "a world of wheels".

Later on the coming of the pneumatic tyre and steel rim brought about a revolution in wheel development and led to an upheaval in mobility and transport that was to change the whole face of the earth for all time.

Yet despite massive strides forward in this area, as we move on into the eighteen and early nineteen hundreds we find large numbers of people

quite prepared to undertake huge journeys on foot. It may well be the cost of transport that prevented them from travelling and the fact that they didn't have money.

From a previous generation we have heard tall stories told of journeys undertaken on foot by ordinary country people that in the world of today sound unbelievable. In our own area we have heard stories of people walking to markets held in Sligo town and returning on foot at sundown in the evening. There was the story of the two brothers who walked to Claremorris the day before a fair and returned next evening leading with a halter a partly trained young colt and which they had got for years afterwards. There are numerous stories around of people who undertook journeys on foot to Ballina in pursuit of various bits and pieces.

One day in the early nineteen hundreds Mrs. Mary Kilcoyne of Killavil, a mother of four children, rose from her bed at sunrise on a harvest morning. After doing her household chores she milked her three cows and set off on foot for a pilgrimage to Knock shrine. The story goes that after fulfilling her pilgrimage she returned home in the evening in time to milk them again. She was it would seem an exceptionally religious person well known for her devotion to her religious duties and ceremonies like parish missions, stations of the cross, novenas etc. Her attentiveness in this area of religious worship was later to earn her the nickname "Mary the Lord".

In the Killavil area the story of

Phaleesh man Michael Brennan still lingers on here in folk memory. He it was who back in the eighteen sixties walked to Castlerea to take delivery of a bell for the recently erected church at Killavil. Having taken possession of the bell he hoisted it up on his back and walked all the way home to Killavil. Incidentally, this same old bell is still in existence

some kind of old nag slung on the end of a halter.

In olden times pall-bearers and mourners often undertook long journeys on foot to reach cemeteries so that they could bury their dead. In 1821 John Gaffney of Ardminane, Killavil, was sentenced to death for being a member of an illegal organization allegedly involved

in and the last prayers were said a group of mourners moved back a short distance from the graveside and began to engage in conversation. Just then there was a rumble heard and a section of the abbey wall came tumbling down on top of the grave forming a heap of several tons of rubble masonry. It was fortunate that the people who a short time before had been standing there had already dispersed, otherwise a terrible tragedy would have taken place.

Nowadays as we stop to look around us, what we are likely to see is a “world of wheels gone mad”. Vehicles have got so plentiful we have almost run out of road-space. The speed taking place on our country’s thoroughfares is shocking in the extreme. Nobody seems to want to slow down anymore. The death toll keeps rising and the broken remains of crashed vehicles keep piling up in the breakers’ yards. We have arrived at a juncture where it has become increasingly unsafe to venture out on the highways anymore.

Nobody, not even the people in authority, have the foggiest idea where it is all going to end. Our world on wheels seems to have turned into a ghastly nightmare.

Because of existing dangers, cyclists are now afraid to venture out on our roads. The practice of walking fairly long distances has virtually become a thing of the past.

As we look around us, another thing we are likely to see is a young population who on reaching adulthood, have become grossly overweight. Due to lack of exercise and easy-going living a large proportion of our people now seem to have succumbed to excess flab and obesity.

Looking back, from this point in time we might do well to ponder on the words of an old philosopher who many years ago stated that “man’s ingenuity would one day become his downfall”.



**Royal Transport: Britain’s Queen Victoria parades through the streets of Dublin with her entourage in 1900. Picture from Irish Daily Mail**

and stands hinged to a pair of metal girders outside the church of Killavil.

In times past most country folk were not afraid to undertake long journeys on foot to attend fairs in search of animals such as milch-cows, in-calf heifers, yearling calves or maybe a good working horse.

The first day of February was the date on which Carricknagat horse fair was held each year. The venue was that stretch of roadway situated halfway between Collooney and Ballisodare. The event drew dealers, traders and hagglers from all over the countryside. One old gentleman who fancied himself as a horse dealer used to walk there and back almost annually covering a distance of around twenty four miles. He was so obsessed with horse trading that he seldom arrived back without

in robbery with violence. He was subsequently publicly executed outside the main entrance to Sligo jail in April 1821. The day was market day in Sligo and markets in the town were held on Saturday. Early on the following day his three brothers and a neighbouring man named Anderson undertook the sad ordeal of carrying his remains from the jail’s dead room to Mountirwin cemetery. According to accounts handed down from previous generations the pall-bearers arrived back from Sligo via Killavil in the early afternoon on that Sunday evening. They then proceeded to Mountirwin (Knockmore graveyard) where a grave had been prepared beneath the ruined walls of the old Carmelite abbey. A priest was already there to bless the grave and impart the final obsequies. After the grave was filled



# The Sligo Tradition

Gregory Daly

In looking at the influence of regional styles on the general body of Irish traditional music in the 20th century, it is clear that the most significant and far reaching was that of Co. Sligo. The collective impact of the three great Sligo fiddle players, Coleman, Morrison, and Killoran, in terms of style, technique and repertoire, has far surpassed that of musicians from any

*them could play, good and bad you know, and there was a fiddle in every house".(1)*

Although flute playing was widespread in other areas of south Sligo, it was only with the decline of fiddle playing in recent decades that this instrument has come to occupy a more prominent position. The increasing popularity of the flute has

flute playing in general.

The emergence of the Sligo tradition as the dominant regional style for much of the 20th century was facilitated by the advances made in recording technology in the early 1920s. It was indeed fortunate that a number of uniquely talented emigrant Sligo fiddle players were in New York at a time when the recording industry was becoming increasingly interested in the commercial potential of ethnic music. The huge Irish emigrant population in America yearned for anything which reminded them of home, and there was a considerable market for traditional music.

Undoubtedly, the most important of this group of musicians was the Killavil fiddle player, Michael Coleman (1891-1945). Emigrating to New York in 1914, his recording career from 1921 to 1936 transformed Irish music, captivating his audience and setting a new standard in musicianship to which to aspire. A virtuoso performer, Coleman's approach was highly creative, and his superb technique, with its emotional intensity, transfixed his listeners. Apart from a small number of duet recordings, Coleman was exclusively a solo performer, declining the more lucrative but somewhat compromised position of band musician, the more widespread and popular practice of the day. Coleman was the most imitated musician ever to record Irish music, and his records were eagerly awaited by those at home. According to Johnny Giblin, Coleman's godson and a lover of music:

*"Coleman's records used to come to Mulligan's shop in Ballaghaderreen as they came out. It was like a concert there of a Friday evening."* (2)

Some argue that Coleman's influence had a negative effect on local fiddle style, and the following comments were made by Sean O' Riada:

*"Undoubtedly, the strongest influence on fiddle players so far was that brilliant virtuoso of traditional fiddle-music, the late Michael Coleman. Coleman was from Sligo, but while his style stems from the Sligo style, it developed into something all his own. The tragedy is that so many fiddle players nowadays are imitating that*



Taken in James "Lad" O'Beirne's house. First from left James Lad O'Beirne, second Louis Quinn, third Paddy Sweeney, fifth John Brennan? Picture courtesy PJ Duffy

other region. Along with other lesser known fiddle players from the same era and locality, they remain a source of inspiration to many contemporary traditional musicians. However, with the increasing homogenisation of regional styles, including that of Sligo, the relevance and importance of these styles has been greatly diminished and is now of historic interest rather than a dynamic within the music itself. It is in this context that this article attempts to briefly summarise the contribution of a group of extraordinary musicians from a relatively small geographical area of south Sligo.

The music tradition of certain areas of south Sligo was almost exclusively a fiddle tradition. This applies in particular to the Killavil district, described by Tommy Flynn, a fiddle player from near Lough Arrow, as "the home of the fiddle players". He goes on to say:

*"Fred Finn's father told me that when he was young you could hand a fiddle to everyone coming out of Killavil chapel, and that every one of*

... tipped the balance in its favour to a large degree, and, when one thinks of a musician such as Seamus Tansey, it is clear what impact the flute playing of this region has had on contemporary



Sheila O'Dowd Picture Courtesy Coleman Heritage Centre.

highly personal style of his instead of developing the styles of their own areas to suit themselves. An imitation is only an imitation, no matter how good it is, a sign that the player lacks imagination, a confession of failure. I have heard Michael Coleman's version of the reel 'Bonnie Kate' played from North to South."(3)

Although it is true to say that Coleman's style dominated fiddle music for many years, it is also a fact that he was the inspiration behind successive generations of fiddle players, and his legacy to traditional music as a whole has been incalculable.

The career of James Morrison (1893-1947) from Drumfin, near Riverstown, parallels that of Coleman in many ways. Emigrating to America in 1915, he also began recording in 1921, and his brilliance as a fiddle player had a similar influence and appeal. Again a virtuoso performer, his extraordinary bowing combined with the overall flamboyance and exuberance of his music was a revelation. Unlike Coleman, Morrison led and played in several band groupings, and was a skilled and successful music teacher.

Carney (Co. Mayo), and Tom Ennis (Chicago). He is among the most innovative and versatile of traditional musicians, and while somewhat overshadowed by his contemporary, Michael Coleman, in the early years, there has been a great upsurge of interest in his music in recent times.

A later arrival to the New York Irish music scene was Paddy Killoran (1903-1965), from the townland of Emlaghgisson, near Ballymote. He emigrated in 1925, and made his first recording, a fiddle duet with Paddy Sweeney (1894-1974), another great Sligo fiddle player from Powelsboro, near Tubbercurry, in 1931. Killoran was one of the most successful and popular musicians of his time, and formed what was to become one of the best known dance bands of the era, The Pride Of Erin Orchestra. He also made many solo recordings, and his fame was equal to that of Coleman and Morrison. More restrained with ornamentation and variation, Killoran's infectious, bouncy rhythm is a perfect representation of this regional fiddle style. On a personal level he was regarded with great affection, and,

records (Coleman's) and found out that the tunes, the repertoire, we were actually playing - most of the tunes he was playing in the same order." (4)

Although he made no commercial



From left: Jimmie Murphy, Pake Meehan Photo by Gregory Daly

recordings, and is consequently less well known, James "Lad" O' Beirne (1911-1980), was again a fiddle player from the same tradition, and of equal stature to that of the musicians referred to above. A neighbour of Coleman, from the townland of Ballinalack, he was the son of Philip O' Beirne (1871-1929), a major figure in the history of Sligo fiddle music, and an acknowledged teacher of such people as Coleman, Killoran, Martin Wynne and others. James O' Beirne, who emigrated to New York in 1928, made a number of private recordings, widely circulated among musicians in recent years, which testify to his outstanding ability as a fiddle player. O'Beirne had all the qualities that define Coleman as such a unique player, and hopefully at some future date it may be possible to publish to publish a C D compilation of his archive recordings.

Because of their technical brilliance, it is sometimes argued that these musicians made use of classical training while in New York. What is more likely however, is that there existed a sophisticated, highly developed school of fiddle playing in the Killavill/ Ballymote area which reached its peak towards the end of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. The earliest recordings of traditional fiddle playing were those made in the late 1890s, and these show a remarkable degree of technical expertise, particularly with regard to bowing. Although none of these early recordings come from Co Sligo, there is no reason to believe that a similarly advanced fiddle style did not exist here at this period. As Harry Bradshaw has pointed out: "Michael Coleman did not create



From left: Seán Dwyer, Peter Horan, Gregory Daly, Fred Finn, Mary Kate Finn Photo by Áine Daly

Some of his recordings have a jazzy, swing type quality, suggesting another source of influence, or perhaps just a reflection of the pace and excitement of his New York environment. Apart from his solo recordings, Morrison made quite a number of duet recordings with musicians such as the great Leitrim flute player John Mc Kenna, the pipers Michael

unlike most emigrant musicians of his time, made several return visits to Ireland. It is a tribute to the enduring legacy of these three great musicians, that the tune selections they put on record, almost eighty years ago, are still played in the same order and arrangement, often by people unaware of their origins in the repertoire: "I began to listen to the rest of the

the Sligo style of fiddle playing. It had existed long before his birth, and many players in the region had added their individual contributions to the maturing form.”(5)

There are numerous oral references to remarkable fiddle players, both from musicians themselves and discriminating listeners in the Killavill/Ballymote district. Also, if one listens to the 1930s recordings of Ballymote fiddle player John Joe Gardiner (1894-1979), or Joe Dowd from Gurteen (1913-1987), it is clear that these musicians, who did not go to America, but were steeped in the local tradition, display all the technical complexities of this unique regional style. The question of how such a concentration of music of



**John Joe Gardiner and sister Kathleen**  
Picture Courtesy Coleman Heritage Centre

this standard was largely confined to such a small area of south Sligo, is one which merits further research.

It is interesting to note that no recordings of any kind exist of Michael Coleman's older brother, Jim (1881-1936), who was celebrated as a fiddle player of exceptional skill. A man who figured large in the folklore of an older generation, many claimed he surpassed his brother, Michael. Musicians such as Martin Wynne, however, who heard him play, disagree with this assessment, while acknowledging his importance as a fiddle player. The fact that such musicians went unrecorded underlines the importance and value of the huge archive of emigrant musicians recorded in America from c. 1915 to 1940.

A small number of 78 RPM recordings of traditional music were made in Dublin in the 1930s, and these include several from the Ballymote area. In 1932, Dick Brennan of Killavil on fiddle, and Tommy Hunt of Lissananny on flute, recorded a selection of reels and jigs on the Parlophone label. It is unusual in that it is unaccompanied,

an extremely rare occurrence in a recording of this date. As such, it is the finest example of duet playing of this date from the region. Another is that of Bart Henry's Ballymote quartet, and among the musicians of this group was fiddle player John Flanagan, father of the present editor of this journal. A number of records featuring John Joe Gardiner, both as a solo fiddle performance, and on flute with his sister, Kathleen, were also made at this time.

Perhaps the best known of the Sligo musicians of recent times has been the fiddle and flute duet of Fred Finn (1919-1986) and Peter Horan (1926-). It is hard to think of a finer example of this form of duet playing than these two Killavil musicians. Their partnership over a period of 25 years was indeed a fruitful culmination of the great fiddle and flute tradition of Co Sligo. The generosity of spirit which marked their musical career, from house dance to pub session, from Fleadh Cheoil to concert hall, was part of a way of life now fading under an onslaught of commercialism. They shared their music in a natural, spontaneous way, entirely lacking in self consciousness or self importance. In the words of Yeats: "they weighed so lightly what they gave". We are fortunate that Peter is still with us, his music as spirited and as fresh as ever.

In the past twenty years or so, the number of musicians forming what could be called "the old guard" of Sligo music has been greatly diminished, and musicians playing what could be defined as a typical Sligo style and repertoire are limited. A group of musicians who play locally, and are still part of what could be called a purely oral tradition, are the main exponents of the older regional style today. These include such people as Sheila O Dowd, Verona Ryan, Jimmy Murphy, Harry McGowan, James Murray, Mick Loftus, Thomas Bernard Ryan, Dessie Collis, Fr. James McDonagh and Gregory Daly among others.

In contemporary Ireland, the younger generation tend to look beyond local boundaries to source their music, and their technical ability and extended repertoire is remarkable. Young musicians who come from families with an established musical tradition, however, tend to retain more of the local style and repertoire; hopefully they will pass it on in turn. The Coleman Heritage Centre was established in Gurteen in 1999 to encourage and

promote the music of Sligo, and as such deserves public support. This centre houses an extensive archive collection, currently in the process of documentation, which, when complete, will provide an invaluable research source for the Sligo tradition.

The standard set by the musicians of the Coleman era was indeed a difficult challenge to those who succeeded them. It was a challenge and a responsibility they accepted and honoured, their contribution being no less of an achievement. In an article such as this, it would not be possible to include the astonishing number of gifted musicians of this generation: enough to say that few localities can claim such a profusion, such a flowering of the musical heritage.



**John Flanagan, around 1920**  
Photo courtesy James Flanagan

## References

- (1) Transcript of interview by the author with Tommy Flynn of Ballindoon, Co. Sligo, 12th Oct. 1994.
- (2) Transcript of interview by the author with Johnny Giblin of Doon West, Gurteen, Co. Sligo, 10th Jan. 1994.
- (3) S. O'Riada, *Our Musical Heritage* Dolmen Press 1982, 5
- (4) Transcript of interview by the author with John Carty Ballinameen, Boyle, Co Roscommon, 6th March 2000.
- (5) H. Bradshaw, *Michael Coleman, 1891-1945*, Dublin: Viva Voce, 1991, 27

# A Page of Utah

Stephen Flanagan

It's hard to get a sense of the size of something huge, to mentally picture its full extent. The hundred-story buildings of a major city get bigger and bigger the closer you get until you find yourself at the bottom looking up with no real conception of the magnitude of the achievement of creating them. A great mountain range starts as a distant smudge of grey low on the horizon and grows steadily until the mountains are towering over you and the road seems to lead upwards forever, towards a summit you can't see during the journey to the top. You can understand that what you're seeing is vast, but it's difficult to internalise the whole.

a great mountain, and you can get the same feeling again.

For me, the moment that made me begin to understand a little just how endlessly vast the United States is came after I spent a few days driving with friends around the state of Utah. I had initially been somewhat surprised when they described a state park which was eight hours' drive away as being 'close', but nothing really clicked into place at that point. We were to visit that park and a few more like it as well as some little towns here and there, and they showed me on a map where everything was. It was one of those book-style maps where you turn to a different page to see what is off

got off the same page of the map we had started on. We had seen only a fraction of the state, and the state is only a fraction of the country. It's a vast place indeed.

One of the first indications that Salt Lake City is not like the great cities of the coastal United States is that anyone can walk in off the street as far as the baggage carousel in the airport. There's no security in between, meaning in theory anyone could wander in, steal a bag, and wander out, with only CCTV to worry about. It's impossible to imagine a system like that working in New York or San Francisco or indeed Dublin, but when I asked my friends about this, their answer was 'that just doesn't happen here'. They seemed a little surprised I would even ask the question.

Salt Lake City was founded in 1848 by Brigham Young, a disciple of Joseph Smith who was the original founder of the Church of the Latter Day Saints, and a man who partook in more than a few two-way conversations with God according to his own testimony. Smith died in 1844, and the members of the LDS church found themselves unwelcome in the east for a variety of reasons – not least for being perceived as being a cult – so they struck out west. SLC lies in a valley that they thought of as their promised land, a direct analogy to that of the Israelites. Standing on a hill overlooking the town today, hemmed in on every side by jagged mountain ranges, it's not hard to picture how it must have been a century and a half ago, and to feel something of the awe the early settlers must have.

Young's vision and the faith of the Latter Day Saints are still written large on the city itself. The streets, mostly running north-south or east-west, are numbered on a grid system so that a given address has a pair of coordinates that define its position, like a city-scale



*Landscape Arch* Photo by Stephen Flanagan

Sometimes, though, something small can be the trigger that helps your mind fully comprehend at least a portion of what you're seeing. If you stand far enough back from a huge building that you can just make out the people around its feet, it can give you a sudden jolt of understanding. Take that same building and calculate how many you would need to stack on top of each other to reach the height of

the edge of the page you are looking at, and it was quite big, A3 in size.

We spent three days driving around, covering seven hundred miles on broad American highways, hours of driving drifting by pleasantly in a big-sky landscape. After, when we were back in their house in Salt Lake City, I looked through the map to see where we had been. In all that time, in all the hours of driving, we had never



version of longitude and latitude. The origin of the grid, where everything else is measured from, is the Salt Lake Temple of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which is not exactly a name that trips off the tongue, but is the spiritual centre of SLC. The city owes its wide, multi-lane central streets to Young also – he wanted them to be wide enough for carriages drawn by a train of horses to be able to turn easily. And alcohol, in accordance with the teachings of the church, is restricted, though not banned. Beer can be a maximum strength of 3.2%, and regular shops cannot sell anything else, so no wine or champagne. If you want to procure either of those items of exotica, or want a beer stronger than 3.2%, you need to go to a State Liquor Store, which are only open 9 to 5 Monday to



**Big country, big sky**

Photo by Stephen Flanagan

Friday and are not located in the most convenient of places.

Some bars will sell ‘heavy’ beer, as they call it, but only to people who are members. My friend has a great story where he and his wife were out in one of the little towns in the state and stopped for some food and a glass of wine. The waitress asked him if he was a member, and he said he wasn’t. She apologised and said she could only sell wine to members. John inquired as to how to become a

member, because a lot of the time you just need to pay a few dollars or sign a form. The waitress explained that you need to get someone to sponsor you. So my friend, being an enterprising fellow, wandered over to the bar and asked one of the people who happened to be there would he sponsor him. The guy said sure. My friend asked for the wine again, the waitress asked who sponsored him, he pointed to the gentleman at the bar, and got his wine. Not a single piece of paper or a signature required.

The bulk of my trip was surrounding Salt Lake City, though, rather than in it, and the first major stop was Arches National Park, home of naturally-forming sandstone arches which are quite astonishing. One of them, called Delicate Arch, is the state symbol of Utah. The state bird, incidentally, is a Seagull, which is odd given the state’s distance from the sea. The story goes that when the original Mormons arrived with Brigham Young, locusts ate their crops for the first few years. This made things very difficult indeed until the seagulls arrived and ate the locusts. The gulls have been around ever since, and the salt lake from which the city takes its name provides a natural habitat for them.

Anyway, SLC is in a valley, and there’s another valley to the south, with a few mountain passes between them. We drove through the one called Point of the Mountain, and then out the west side of that. They’re not valleys in the sense of two mountains in close proximity with a saddle of land between them, as we would think of in the Boyne for example. Rather, they’re big flat areas ringed with forbidding-looking mountains, sharp and jagged in the distance. In winter, snow and rock battle to define the dominant colour. When we were making our way through the passes, climbing higher and higher, it was easy to picture pilgrims on horseback keeping an anxious eye out for Indians and wondering if they would ever make it to the other side.

The further south we went, the more the snow disappeared, until finally

it was almost gone completely and the deep natural red of the sandstone rock made it feel like we were driving through the set of a western movie. And indeed lots of westerns were shot in the general area – Clint Eastwood’s *For a Few Dollars More* was shot in one of the neighbouring states. As we drove, we began to see crumbling sandstone cliffs and then towering, sheer-faced ‘buttes’ (rhymes with “mutes”) which look like roughly-rectangular giant blocks of stone. Some of them are hundreds of feet high, and they dominate the landscape. The sides of some of them are almost smooth and vertical, and look like they were designed to be that way by an intelligence with an unclear motive. It’s quite something to see them.

We stopped first at Dead Horse Point, where the views are wide and red and you could be looking out over Mars. There is a narrow spit of land with cliffs on either side leading out to a natural viewing platform, and in frontier times they would chase wild horses up there as it formed a natural corral. Some of the horses who preferred death to capture would jump over the edge, falling 2,000 feet to the Colorado River. We spent a while there, and when it started to get dark we drove as far as the town of Moab to find rooms for the night and dinner. Moab is famous for mountain biking – those of an adventurous or possibly suicidal nature thunder down the mountains at ridiculous speeds. Moab is well-known enough in certain circles that it can poke fun at its own general obscurity – in a little shop there I saw a t-shirt with ‘Where the hell is Moab?’ on the front.

We made our way to Arches the next morning, which was only another two miles or so. It’s huge, naturally, covering 120 square miles, and there is a road which runs all the way around it. A good number of people therefore never make it out of their cars, doing what they call a ‘windshield tour’. We had planned to do one hike and possibly two. The first was to Delicate Arch, which is the one they use in all the tourism photos. They usually



**Buttes** Photo by Stephen Flanagan

show it shimmering in summer heat, but on the day we were there snow was falling gently. The wind was quite strong and whipped it around, and there was hardly anyone else in the park, so we felt like we were setting off on a grand adventure.

It was about a mile and a half to the arch. The first part was through a winding trail cutting through the rocks and little rises, and then we reached the 'slick rock' part, which was like walking over a giant boulder. It was quite steep, and the snow and ice made it slippery. When you're standing on what feels like a plane of rock, it's not evident in which direction you should be going, so the trail is marked with little piles of stones of decreasing sizes. We made it past that with no ill effects, and then started the final section along a cliff-face. The trail was a few feet wide, with a cliff to our right and a large fall to our left. That was my favourite part.

When we got to the end, Delicate Arch was stark and beautiful in the

snow. It was bitterly cold, but we stayed for a while taking in the magic of the place.

We were glad to get back to the warmth of the truck. When we got to where the next hike started we had a short debate about how much we wanted to get back out into the cold. 'Not very much' was the consensus, but we went for it anyway. This one was shorter and easier, to Landscape Arch. You used to be able to stand under this one and look up at it until 1991, when a few tourists were having summer picnics and enjoying the scene. They heard what they initially thought was thunder, but it was in fact fracturing rock. The first falling stones alerted them in time, and they made it out of the way before 150 tons of sandstone fell from above on where they had been sitting as a chunk of the arch disintegrated. They haven't let anyone under it since. I personally think that you should be able to sign a disclaimer and stand there if you want, but the US Parks Service doesn't

appear to agree.

On our final day we stopped by Goblin Valley. It's quite the bizarre spot: there are loads of stone formations, somewhere around 10 to 20 feet high, and if you look at them sideways in the right light (and possibly with a significant amount of 3.2% booze on board) they look sort of like goblins. You can wander around among them and touch them and clomp through the red mud and the snow, so we had a very happy hour or so.

The drive back to SLC was long and involved more than a few period of trawling through blizzard conditions that require four-wheel drive and a steady nerve. The final days I spent in and around the city, getting to know its streets at least a little. It strikes you as a prosperous place full of happy people, though there is poverty and inequality there just as anywhere else. But it's somewhere I would dearly love to go back to, and one day will. I'll just remember to bring a few beers from home.

# The Barony of Costello 1585 – 1900

Maire McDonnell Garvey

From the time of Henry VIII the right of the Crown to Connacht was legally beyond a doubt. Henry entered into indentures with most of the Connacht Lords, both Irish and Anglo Irish. In this he received them as subjects and recognised their claim to land. In 1585, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and under Sir John Perrot the Lord Deputy, the Commission made a settlement known as the 'Composition of Connacht'. This involved 'Surrender and Regrant'. It was due to the neglect of the clerks of the Court of Chancery that these surrenders were not finalised. So later Strafford enters the scene, with a strict programme for taking over the land. This is called Strafford's Survey and it was seen to include all divisions. Strafford's barony map of Athlone confirms this. From the Strafford Survey 1636-1637 there are nine baronies of Mayo, and the collection of the Books of Survey and Distribution's descriptions of lands and proprietors' names are notable features.

I will try to give a short account of the history of this particular area from 1585, the year of the "composition of Connacht" to the present day. But for a Ms. loaned by Mrs. Pakenham Mahon of Strokestown Park, Co. Roscommon, at the beginning of this century, our knowledge would be scant. Her Ms. showed general agreement with the Roscommon text of the book of Survey and Distribution, In the Specification of this we are indebted to the Ordinance Survey Department, for lands, acreages and other details. (*Mayo book of Survey and Distribution introduction P. XXXVI*)

The barony of Clancostilleo (Costello) was at this time omitted from the Composition Book in assessing the 'cess' to be paid to Queen Elizabeth. A note to that effect by the commissioners is added to the statement of proceedings: 'The Barony of Clancostilleo is not yet presented'.

The Commissioners claimed they could not conveniently assess this area, 'because of the hard passage and travel thither by means of the great bogs, moors, woods and mountains and other evil ways into the said barony'. The Survey was postponed to the 10<sup>th</sup> September 1587 and was held at Athleague Co. Roscommon. Viscount Theobald Dillon insisted in the assessment going ahead. He had his own hidden agenda for doing this. This was his barony. If the quality of land was not suitable for a rent charge then this was to his benefit. So the committee came to the conclusion that only 83 quarters could be charged with rent. The quantity of land in Costello comprised 255 Quarters and each quarter was 120 acres. Who knows what trickery went on. The survey describes the area as "*barren amongst the most barren, and a verie resceptacle of Scotts and a harbour other lowse and evil people, through the strength and fastnesse thereof*" (W FT Butler '*The Confiscation of Connacht*')

Theobald Dillon commanded an independent troop during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and was appointed collector and receiver of composition money for the province of Connacht. (*Composician Booke of Connacht transcribed by A Martin Freeman, Index to Composicion Booke of Connacht (Hayes Mc Coy G.A)*). His family owned extensive estates in Meath and Westmeath. He appears to have put his legal education to good use, acting as a mediator between the Connacht rebels and the Crown. In doing so he antagonised the controversial President of Connacht, Sir Richard Bingham who referred to Dillon as 'a great extortioner, a favourer of rebels and malefactors'.

What I can gather is that Dillon's main objective was his own self advancement and he lost no time in extending his holdings in the barony

of Costello. Within a short time Clann Costello had been virtually dispossessed of the lands for which they had fought so long and so hard over the previous three and a half centuries. Before the end of 1580 they had begun to realise the implications of Dillon's arrival but it was too late. In 1587 Sir John Perrot's report on the barony of Costello (alias Ballyhaunis) in connection with the 'Composition of Connacht' said '*Theobald Dillon inhabiteth the said barony, and had by his industry brought the people there to obedience*'. There is no clear indication of how Dillon took over the Costello estate. All I know is that when I was studying in the Registry of Deeds Office, in Henrietta Street, some years ago, I came across "Folio no 2099 : A memorial of a deed of Conveyance of George A. Costello 20th August 1885". This stated that Costello paid a fixed rent to Viscount Dillon for nearly three hundred years of £31/6/10, which was Composition rent. To add insult to injury Dillon was created the first Viscount Dillon after 1660. Let it be noted that Arthur Georges Costello kept the Home Farm which contained 315 acres 3 roods and 13 perches.(statute measure).

Throughout this time there is no individual mention of tenant's names. History was written as if tenants did not count. Even in the Survey and Distribution books, there were only the names of the proprietors, the number of acres profitable, and the number of acres unprofitable and the names of the areas. No rent was charged on unprofitable lands or uninhabited lands. So the landlord's wealth apparently lay in the tenants who lived on his property and the herds they attended. As time went on a list of names appears on the Dillon estate deeds from 1805 and on the Costello estate deeds from 1885.

Arthur Georges Costello was Justice of the Peace for the counties



Mayo, Roscommon and Sligo and as late Captain in the Seventh Dragoon Guards was living at Edmondstown, Ballaghaderreen. His acreage in Mayo was 7,513 acres, and 1038 in Roscommon. (*Records are in the National Archives in Bishop Street.*) Down through the years many of the Costellos resented the manner in which they had become tenants on what had been for so long their own lands. When Captain Dudley Costello returned from exile with King Charles II at the time of the Restoration he had high hopes of regaining the property which his ancestors almost a century previously had allowed to slip from their grasp into the hands of Theobald Dillon. His hopes were to be cruelly dashed. The Cromwellian Settlement and previous confiscations were not to be overturned. Dudley gathered a party of followers calling themselves 'Rapparees' and they carried on raids and burnings against Dillon in the baronies of Costello and Gallen. Proclaimed a Tory and a rebel in 1666 Dudley was shot dead on the slopes of Barnalyra, beside the new Connacht airport.

Tomas Laidir Costello according to tradition was a brother of Dudley the Rapparee. Tullaghan Rock had been their home. The borders of the Costello lands ran along Magheraboy and Tobracken beside the present graveyard at Kilcolman. Dr. Douglas Hyde claimed that Tomas Laidir had fought bravely against the Cromwellians in a fierce battle on the Curlew Mountains. There are many versions of his love affair with Una Mac Dermot, which would take too long to relate here. According to records in the Genealogical Office in Dublin, Dudley Costello was the son of Jordan Boy Costello of Tullaghanrock. It can be noted that the landlord class made every use of marrying into other wealthy landowning families. Jordan Boy's sister married William Costello of Castlernore. Their son Charles married Giles, daughter of James Farrell of Clooneyquinn, Co. Roscommon. Their son Edmond Costello of Edmondstown was a Dublin Counsellor at Law. He

married Mary the third daughter of Francis Birmingham the 21<sup>st</sup> Baron of Athenry. Margaret Louise married Arthur French son and heir of Arthur French of Frenchpark. It has been said that a son of Viscount Dillon married a daughter of Costello. We also note that the families of the Irish Clans have survived to the present day: - the MacDermots of Coolavin and The O'Conors of Connacht whose last home is in Cloonalis just outside Castlerea. Mrs Pakenham Mahon of Strokestown House lived in dire poverty in her last few years there and sold to a local garage owner before leaving to live with her son in England. The De Freynes sold their lands to the Land Commission who divided it among the local tenants. It was mainly due to misfortune that the landlord class in Connacht lost their property.

Arthur Georges Costello's home farm was mortgaged as he was unable to keep his finances in order. His house which still stands is a beautiful building surrounded by large graceful trees and amazing gardens. It was bought by the Ballaghaderreen Church authorities with help from the Congested Districts Board.

Down through the centuries the head of the Dillon household in Loughglynn was a Viscount. Thomas the fourth Viscount who was born in 1615 was Governor of Mayo in 1641. Following Cromwell's victory he was deprived of his estates by the Commonwealth. At the Restoration, however, having returned from continental exile in 1663, he was regranted these lands: 64,185 plantation acres in Counties Mayo, Roscommon. No wonder Costello, his next door neighbour, was aggrieved and angry because he was not given any of the land that had been his.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century Viscount Dillon implored the government to send Cavalry to Loughglynn. He complained so often about threats to his life that in February 1797 the reinforcements arrived. He said the spirit of Republicanism and revolution was on the increase. Groups called 'Ribbonmen' were threatening on all sides. William, Earl of Camden

was now Lord Lieutenant and it appears Dillon had fallen out of favour in Government circles. He believed he had been promised that he would be recommended to be made Knight of the Garter but he was passed over for some other person. Finally Viscount Dillon decided to become an absentee landlord. In 1818 he appointed Jarrard Edward Strickland to be agent to his estates in Mayo and Roscommon.

Charles Strickland, son of Jarrard, continued as agent after his father's death. In 1844 his mother Ann, died at Loughglynn in 1829 and is buried in a vault in the cemetery of the old church at Ballaghaderreen. He managed the estate for forty years and was regarded as being a very fair man. During the famine of 1847- 48 he saved many tenants from starvation. The population of Ballaghaderreen increased in the second half of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. Schools were needed. Mr. Strickland succeeded in getting the site at Cnocan n mBrathar, Friars Hill, near Castlemore, for the Schools of the Sisters of Charity, opened in 1877. Strickland remained agent for Dillon and in 1899 when the estate was sold, 93,321 acres were bought for \$29,000.

Sectarian troubles did not begin in the North of Ireland at the end of the 18<sup>th</sup> century. By 1780 there was a new pitch of ferocity never equalled before. By the easing of the Penal Laws in 1780 competition for land between Catholic and Protestant was apparent. There was an influx of weavers from North Connacht, calling themselves Defenders, and Peep O' Day Boys, Protestants raided Catholic homes every chance they got. On 21<sup>st</sup> September 1795 the 'Battle of the Diamond' was fought at the Crossroads near Loughgall. The result was - the Catholics were routed and left several dead. Strange enough this marked the birth of the Orange Order. It also marked the beginning of many Catholics into the United Irishmen.

A dispute was settled under the Government of Ireland Act 1898 when nineteen thousand acres were taken from the Mayo Barony of Costello and given to Roscommon.

# Walfrid, The First Celt

Don O'Connor

Br. Walfrid was born Andrew Kerins on the 18<sup>th</sup> May, 1840, in Cartron Phibbs, Ballymote, Co. Sligo, to a family of small farmers. He survived the Famine and like a lot of his fellow countrymen he emigrated. In the company of a friend called McGettrick they found passage on a coal boat to Glasgow. He was fifteen at the time.

It is hard for us today to appreciate the society he would have found in Glasgow. While it was a principal city of the British Empire it also had the worst slums. These had the highest rates of infant mortality, death in child birth, T.B. and many other infectious diseases. Some 100,000, predominately Catholic, are supposed to have gone to Glasgow in the post-Famine years. They faced a society which was virulently anti-Catholic. In Scotland in the 1790s there were only 39 Catholics in Glasgow but there were 60 anti-Catholic societies. At the opening of the Irish National Famine Movement in Carfin, Lanarkshire, in 2001, Dr. Andrew McLellan, former Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, publicly apologised to the offspring of the Irish in Scotland for the way his forebears had treated their forebears. The emigrants in turn brought all the enmities from the "Old Country" and were by and large Republican in outlook. In the midst of this maelstrom Andrew found a job as a labourer on the railways.

As time went on he became more and more impressed with the work of the Marist Order with the poor of the East End. At the age of 24 he decided to join the Order. In 1864 he went to France to begin his noviciate. Because of his age he was more focused than his younger fellow students. On completion of his studies he was given the name Walfrid

and appointed to St. Mary's Parochial School, Glasgow, in 1868. He was made Headmaster of the new Sacred Heart School in 1874. It was here in association with four confreres of the St. Vincent de Paul Society that he organised the "Penny Dinners". To pay for these he organised football matches.

When Edinburgh Hibernians won the Scottish Cup in 1887, with the help of some businessmen he invited them to play Renton. A crowd of 15,000 turned up and a profit of £400 was realised. He now decided it was possible to raise a team from among their own people. On the 6<sup>th</sup> November, 1888, in St. Mary's Parish Hall Celtic Football and Athletic Club was founded. The first board included the businessmen who had originally helped him; they were Glass, Murphy, McQuillan, McKay and O'Hara. These men were all involved in Ireland's struggle for Independence, so the ethos of the club was set from the start. It is still the only Club in Britain where the Tricolour flies permanently. A piece of land was leased and prepared by an army of volunteers and six months later a game was played there between Hibernians and Cowlairs. Three weeks later the first Celtic team took the field against a Rangers side and beat them 5-2. One year later they won the Scottish Cup, beating Queens Park in front of 40,000 people. A new ground was purchased in 1892 and the new "Celtic Park" was christened "Paradise". This was because the old ground was beside the cemetery in Janefield St. and they had to go through the cemetery to get to the pitch. They reckoned that they were now leaving the cemetery and entering "Paradise". Michael Davitt turned a symbolic first sod at the opening of this new ground.

Walfrid was now transferred to London as Headmaster of St. Anne's School in Whitechapel. He left his mark here also, founding a Boy's Guild and a Young Men's Club. In 1903 religious congregations were expelled from France and Walfrid was given the job of purchasing a property and transferring the principal French Marist house and boarding school to England. His superiors insisted he help with the establishment of this school on English soil. It was while he was here that the Celtic team returning from a continental tour in 1911 of Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Basle and Paris met with Walfrid again. He remarked that while the faces had changed everything else remained the same.

His health started to decline and he was sent to a retirement home, Mount St. Michael's in Dunfries where the brothers had a boarding school, St. Joseph's. He died here on the 17<sup>th</sup> April, 1915, aged 75.

What of the Club he founded? Glasgow Celtic has become one of the biggest clubs in the world, a focal point for Irish people all over the world. The first "British" club to win the European Cup, that was in 1967. Having won that trophy the great Jock Stein brought his team to Br. Walfrid's grave in Dumfries to pay their respects to the man who started it all.

Br. Walfrid did not start the club to enrich any one group or individual and at times the supporters like to remind the board and shareholders of this fact. He also wanted his club to have a social, political and moral conscience. To that end in 2004 Ballymote and Sligo Celtic Supporters erected a monument to him in Ballymote. This was unveiled by Celtic chairman Brian Quinn and Sligo native Sean

Fallon, a former Celtic player and manager, in the company of Walfrid's relatives Mary Healy and Andrew Kerins. On the 5<sup>th</sup> November, 2005, a monument was unveiled at Celtic Park. It was fitting this was done by a group of immigrant children. As the honour party were led out they were accompanied by a piper playing "The West Awake". Then a piece composed by James McMillan entitled "Walfrid

at the Gates of Paradise" was played by the St. Patrick's branch of *Comhaltas Ceoltoiri Eireann* from Coatbridge. Some 5,000 supporters turned up for this event, testimony to the enduring appeal of Walfrid.

Those selfsame supporters have won plaudits from U.E.F.A. for good behaviour in their travels around Europe and particularly the 80,000 they brought to Seville for the U.E.F.A.

Cup Final. What is little known is the charitable work undertaken by those supporters in the tradition of Walfrid. At an away game against Celta Vigo in Galicia, on hearing of the plight of local fishermen due to an oil spill, £25,000 was raised overnight to help them. Through the Celtic Trust and Celtic Charity Fund funds are dispersed for all sorts of medical and charitable causes. Recently in conjunction with the Salesian Missionaries to Africa the "Walfrid Wells" project was undertaken. For £250 you finance the digging of a well in Africa cutting out any middleman. The Ballymote Commemorative Committee financed two wells and Br. Walfrid Celtic Supporters Club Sligo one. Every supporters club has its own favourite charity. They also welcome everyone; when you belong you never walk alone.

So the spirit of Walfrid has endured for over 150 years and Ballymote can be proud of its native son.

**Brother Walfrid's Obituary in *The Glasgow Observer* 24<sup>th</sup> April, 1915.**

Brother Walfrid has died. Glasgow Catholics and particularly those of Bridgeton and Calton, will learn with profound regret of the death of their old and well-beloved friend, whose name was, and is, a household name in the East End, where for many years he did splendid work as a Marist. Some twenty seven years ago, he founded the Celtic Football Club, and to the end of his days, he never lost interest in the doings of the Celts. Brother Walfrid, after being transferred from Glasgow, did excellent educational work in the South of England. In London his health broke down, and he came to the Marist house at Dumfries, where, after a prolonged illness, he passed away in his 76<sup>th</sup> year. The funeral took place on Monday. - R.I.P.



*Bro Walfrid in latter days*

# Oliver O’Gara’s Regiment and the Jacobite Cause

Maura O’Gara–O’Riordan

In the O’Gara family records, Oliver is the only named offspring of Captain John O’Gara and Mary O’Conor. He was the grandson of Fearghal O’Gara and Elizabeth (Isobel) Taaffe and Charles O’Conor and Anne O’Mulloy of Belanagare. Oliver’s first appearance in historical records is as an army officer. He received a commission as lieutenant on 9 February 1678 in Colonel Thomas Dongan’s Regiment of Foot, raised in Ireland for the service of Louis XIV.<sup>i</sup> Catholic members of the Irish officer ranks of the army were drawn from the old Gaelic and Anglo-Irish land-owning families from about 1672 onwards. Among other west of Ireland names listed in Colonel Dongan’s 1678 regiment were, Lieutenants Conor MacDermot and Charles O’Kelly, and Ensigns William O’Molloy and Ulick Burke. A number of the other officers listed in the regiment with surnames such as Burke and O’Connor were probably of Connacht origin. One of the most noteworthy names in the regiment was Captain Patrick Sarsfield who had already served in France. The regiment does not appear to have been called into service.<sup>ii</sup> Eight years later Oliver O’Gara is noted in one source as ‘a lieutenant in Viscount Mountjoy’s regiment of Foot in 1686’.<sup>iii</sup>

Following the accession of James II in 1685, Catholics in Ireland hoped for a restoration of their lands and power. In England, James, a convert to Roman Catholicism, favoured Catholics in his appointments. James bestowed Richard Talbot with the title earl of Tyrconnell and appointed him lieutenant-general of the Irish army to improve conditions for Catholics. Tyrconnell undertook his duty with enthusiasm. By January 1687, James was so pleased that he appointed him lord deputy of Ireland. With his new promotion, Tyrconnell continued to

increase the Catholic power base by getting rid of Protestants from the army, the government, the corporations and the judiciary. Oliver O’Gara benefited from the new policy. He was appointed one of 24 members of the new corporation of Sligo in March 1687, as was his cousin, John Taaffe.<sup>iv</sup>

In 1688 James’ son was baptised a Catholic. His enemies, fearing the accession to the throne of another Catholic king, invited Mary, his protestant daughter, and her husband, William of Orange, the ruler of the Netherlands, to take the throne of England. William arrived in England with an army of 15,000 men. He met little resistance and he and his wife took over the throne. Fearing for his life, James fled to France. He was welcomed there by his cousin, king Louis XIV, who offered him the palace of St Germain outside Paris as a residence for himself, his family and the members of the royal court.

Louis supported the cause of James because France was embroiled in a war on mainland Europe with William of Orange who had built an alliance against the French monarch. With encouragement from Tyrconnell, James persuaded Louis to agree to send arms, money and men to Ireland in order to help him regain his kingdoms. Louis, on his part, was anxious to distract William’s attention from the war on the continent, thus relieving Louis’ own army.

As the predominant motive of the Irish was to regain their confiscated lands, Tyrconnell had encouraged them to prepare for war. James had the support of the majority of the people of Ireland, including many Protestant royalists. With Tyrconnell’s popularity growing, William was anxious for a settlement and sent Irish Catholic, major-general Richard Hamilton to Ireland to

negotiate. However, Hamilton gave his support to Tyrconnell, who in turn put him in charge of the Irish army.

While awaiting the arrival of James, Tyrconnell dispatched Hamilton with 3,000 men to the north, where on 12 March 1689 the first battle of the conflict was fought. James arrived at Kinsale from northern France accompanied by French soldiers and many of his loyal troops who had followed him to France, including Patrick Sarsfield.

The king and his army arrived in Dublin on 24 March. ‘The next day he issued a proclamation promising that there would be freedom of religion for all’ and announced an Irish parliament to sit on 7 May.<sup>v</sup> Some who had come from France were sent to the north to aid Hamilton at Derry. James went to Derry later and tried unsuccessfully to persuade the Protestants to negotiate a settlement.

The new Irish parliament opened in May. Members of the house of lords were selected from among the earls, viscounts and barons of titled Catholic families of Norman or Old English descent and from representatives of the church. All thirty-two counties of Ireland were permitted to each elect two constituents. Oliver O’Gara was one of the two representatives for Co. Sligo.<sup>vi</sup>

Checking through the Jacobite army list for 1689, it is not surprising to find that numerous members of the new parliament formed and led their own regiments, including the Duke of Tyrconnell, Richard Talbot; Lord Lucan, Colonel Patrick Sarsfield; Oliver O’Gara and others.<sup>vii</sup> O’Gara’s regiment is listed in two publications, *King James’s Irish Army List* by John D’Alton, Dublin, 1855 and *The Irish Chieftains or A Struggle for the Crown* by Charles Ffrench Blake-Forster,

Table 1. Regiment under Colonel Oliver O’Gara, 1689–1691  
(a) *Irish Surnames*

Name	Family Origins
Conry: Bryan, Lieutenant Conry: John, Captain	Ó Maolchonaire: a learned family of Co. Roscommon.
Duigenane: Paul, Ensign	Ó Duibhgeannáin: a learned family of Co. Roscommon.
Gallagher: Farrell, Lieutenant Gallagher: Owen, Captain Gallagher: Owen, Ensign	Ó Gallchobhair sept of Donegal; some members of the Donegal Gallagher sept settled in Counties Sligo and Mayo.
Lally: Edward, Lieutenant Lally: Henry, Lieutenant	Ó Maolalaidh, Co. Galway sept with their principal seat at Tullinadaly, Tuam, Co. Galway.
Mahon: Thady, Ensign	Ó Mócháin, anglicised Mahon; septs in Cos. Sligo and Galway
McDermott Roe: Henry, Captain McDermott: Bryan Duff, Captain McDermott: Connor, Lieutenant McDermott: Roger, Lieutenant	MacDiarmada sept of Co. Roscommon. As above. As above. As above.
McDonough: Morgan, Ensign	Mac Donnchadha, Co. Sligo sept.
McGowran: Bryan, Captain McGowran: Daniel, Lieutenant	Mag Shamhráin, a sept of Breffny, borders of Cos. Leitrim and Cavan.
McManus: Arthur, Ensign	Mac Maghnúis Co. Roscommon.
Molloy: Theobald, Lieutenant Mulloy: Green, Captain Mulloy: William, Captain	Ó Maolmhuidh, Co. Offaly sept; the three officers are said to belong to a branch which moved to Co. Roscommon in the mid to late sixteenth century.
Naughton: Edmund, Lieutenant Naughton: Laughlin, Captain Naughton: Thomas, Ensign	Ó Neachtáin, Co. Galway sept. The three Naughton officers may have belonged to the branch who moved to County Roscommon.
O’Brien: Daniel, Ensign	Possibly O’Beirn, Co. Roscommon and Mayo sept.
O’Connor: John, Ensign	Ó Conchobhair: Co. Roscommon sept with a branch in Co. Sligo i.e. O’Conor Sligo.
O’Farrell: Fergus, Ensign	Ó Fearghail: Co. Longford sept.
O’Gara: Fergal, Major O’Gara: Oliver, Colonel O’Gara William, Ensign	Ó Gadhra: Co. Sligo sept. As above. As above.
O’Kelly: Daniel, Captain O’Kelly: Daniel, Ensign O’Kelly: John, Captain	Ó Ceallaigh: Perhaps from a branch of the O’Kellys who settled in the half barony of Coolavin, Co. Sligo.
O’Neill: Randal, Ensign	Not known.
Reynolds: Terence, Ensign	Mac Raghnaill: Co. Leitrim.
Shanly: Michael, Captain Shanly: Michael, Lieutenant Shanly: William, Captain	Mac Seanloich: Co. Leitrim sept. As above. As above.
<b>(b) Non-Irish Surnames</b>	
Name	Family Origins
Bellew: Christopher, Captain	Anglo-Norman, possibly transplanted from Co. Meath.
Bermingham: Nicholas, Lieutenant	Anglo-Norman, Co. Galway.
Butler: Pierce, Lieutenant	Anglo-Norman, possibly transplanted.
Dillon: Charles, Ensign	Anglo-Norman, Co. Roscommon.
Doyle: Edmund, Lieutenant	Norse origin.
Phillips: Charles, Captain Phillips: Gilduffe, Ensign	Co. Mayo, may be Anglo-Norman, Welsh or Philbin of Scottish origin.
Walgrave: Thomas, Ensign	English or Welsh origin.

Dublin, 1872. D’Alton named thirty-five officers<sup>viii</sup> and the Blake-Forster list below includes the same thirty-five plus a further six.<sup>ix</sup>

John D’Alton attempted to identify the background and family locality of many of the officers. Nepotism appears to have been rife when it came to selecting the officers of all the regiments of James II. O’Gara’s regiment was no exception if the relationships, marriage connections and friendships as suggested below are true.

*MacDermot–O’Gara connection*

Lieutenant Conor MacDermott was probably Conor, son of Tadhg and nephew of the MacDermot chief, Cathal Roe MacDermot, who appears on the MacDermot family tree published in 1993. On the chart Conor is shown as being alive in 1678 and also as a member of the Jacobite

army. This date is very likely an indication that he was the Lieutenant Conor MacDermot named in ‘Colonel Thomas Dongan’s Regt. of Foot’ formed in 1678, where he would have been in communication with Oliver O’Gara. There was a double family connection between Conor and Oliver O’Gara. Conor’s first cousin, Anne MacDermot, daughter of Cathal Roe MacDermot and Elinor O’ Mulloy, was married to another member of O’Gara’s brigade, Lieutenant Roger MacDermott. Anne’s mother, Elinor O’Mulloy was a sister of Oliver’s grandmother, therefore Anne was a first cousin to Oliver O’Gara’s father. Anne and Roger’s son Martin MacDermot was married to Honora O’Gara, of Lissaseeny, Co. Sligo, a probable relative of Colonel Oliver.<sup>x</sup>

*Mulloy–O’Gara connection*

Captains Green and William Mulloy were doubly related to Oliver O’Gara

through his maternal grandparents, Anne O’Mulloy and Cahill Óge (Charles) O’Conor of Belanagare. Green Mulloy’s mother was Mary, daughter of Calvach or Charles O’Conor Don and niece of Cahill Óge, and his aunt was Anne O’Mulloy. Calvach and Cahill Óge were sons of Sir Hugh O’Conor. It is likely that William O’Molloy listed as an Ensign in ‘Colonel Thomas Dongan’s Regt. of Foot’ of 1678 was the William Mulloy who became captain in O’Gara’s regiment.

*Phillips–O’Gara*

According to John D’Alton, Captain Charles Phillips and Ensign Gilduff Phillips are of the family of Phillips of Clonmore, Co. Mayo. D’Alton himself was married to one of the Phillips of Clonmore.<sup>xi</sup> Philip Phillips, born in 1557, eldest son of Gilbert Phillips of Clonmore and Mary Jordan, daughter of Walter, chief of Barony of Gallenm married a daughter of O’Gara, chief of the Barony of Coolavin, in Co. Sligo. If, as has been suggested, Charles and Gilduff were direct descendants of Gilbert Phillips and his O’Gara wife, then they were distant cousins to Colonel Oliver O’Gara.

*Lally–O’Gara*

In a Lally pedigree authenticated in October 1817 there is a marriage recorded between the third daughter of Colonel James Lally, sixth and last-styled Baron of Tolendally, and N. O’Gara, Esq.<sup>xii</sup> James of Tullinadaly represented the borough of Tuam in the 1689 Dublin parliament of James II.<sup>xiii</sup> He served in Dillon’s regiment with the rank of captain.<sup>xiv</sup> His brother Gerard served in the same regiment as lieutenant. Neither of the two Lally names in O’Gara’s regiment appears in the list of James’s siblings but Lieutenants Edward and Henry Lally were very likely members of another branch of this family.

*Captain John Conry*

John D’Alton claims that Captain John Conry and his brother, Lieutenant Bryan Conry, from Co. Roscommon, were ‘engaged in the service of James the Second’, and ‘were of this house’,

that is, belonging to the same sept as that of Maurice and Fearfeasa Conry.<sup>xv</sup> Maurice and Fearfeasa were compilers of the Annals of the Four Masters sponsored by Fearghal O’Gara between 1632 and 1636. Volumes one and two of the supposed ‘O’Gara’ set of the manuscripts were recorded in the library of one John Conry, Dublin in 1724.<sup>xvi</sup> Is it possible that John Conry, the antiquarian, was Captain John, recorded in O’Gara’s regiment?

### Struggle continues

After the opening of the new parliament in 1689, a short battle took place near Derry, where many Irish died, among them Captain Richard Fleming of Stahalmock Co. Meath. His wife was the Honorable Mary Fleming, daughter of Randal, Lord Baron of Slane. Randal and Richard were second cousins. At the time of Richard’s death Mary was under twenty-one years of age.<sup>xvii</sup> The two County Meath Fleming homes at Stahalmock and Slane, were not a great distance from the County Louth headquarters of the Irish army at Drogheda. One of the Irish infantry regiments based at Drogheda was that of Colonel Oliver O’Gara.<sup>xviii</sup> Perhaps it was during that summer or early autumn that Oliver became acquainted with the young widow, Mary Fleming, who was declared an outlaw in the early months of the war. Oliver married Mary a short time later.<sup>xix</sup> Oliver’s choice of marriage partner was similar to that of his grandfather, Fearghal: both of their spouses were from Anglo-Norman catholic families.

As the war continued in 1689, the tide was turning against the army of James II. Sarsfield took two battalions to Sligo from the royal camp in Drogheda, including that of Colonel Oliver O’Gara.<sup>xx</sup> They had reached Athlone by 15 October where O’Gara’s regiment was registered as having thirteen companies with a total of 720 men.<sup>xxi</sup> Sarsfield’s mission was successful and apart from a few further skirmishes the two opposing armies settled down for the winter. O’Gara’s regiment was based with eight other regiments at Sligo.<sup>xxii</sup>

In March 1690 the Irish army was boosted by the arrival in Cork of 6,000 soldiers under French command. By the end of May, James was ready to go to battle. In June, William, with 15,000 fresh troops, arrived at Carrickfergus.<sup>xxiii</sup> Louth was taken by the English and the Irish took a defensive position near Slane. The battle took place early in July 1690 at the river Boyne and the Williamites were victorious.

James returned to France, leaving Tyrconnell in charge. However, his leadership was questioned, particularly by Sarsfield, who commanded much support among the Irish officers, being related to many of their families. Oliver O’Gara was named as one of Sarsfield’s closest friends,<sup>xxiv</sup> an attachment which remained until Sarsfield’s death. In an attempt to gain control and satisfy the Gaelic internal army unrest, Tyrconnell promoted Sarsfield to major general.<sup>xxv</sup>

Meanwhile, William and his army advanced towards Limerick but failed to break the siege. Early in January 1691, General Ginckel, now in charge of the Williamite army in Ireland, moved towards Sligo. Sarsfield was responsible for the defence of the Shannon. Colonel O’Gara, with 1,500 troops, was in command at Jamestown, Co. Leitrim, on the Dublin–Sligo route, east of Boyle. Sarsfield, in a letter to Lord Mountcashel, described how O’Gara’s regiment dealt with an attack: ‘the enemy were soon repulsed with the loss of more than one hundred soldiers, a lieutenant-colonel, a major and some other officers’.<sup>xxvi</sup>

Sarsfield defended the Shannon from January to June. In 1691 he was summoned to Limerick, where he was awarded the earldom of Lucan on the orders of James II. He was requested to improve the Irish army and to prepare for conflict. The arrival of the French fleet at Limerick in May, with troops and supply vessels, was welcomed.<sup>xxvii</sup> A Frenchman, Saint Ruth, was given the temporary rank of Irish army general.<sup>xxviii</sup>

The Irish adopted the policy of defence rather than attack at Athlone. On 19 June the Williamites

attacked and took the eastern side of the river. On the western side, the Jacobite army waited. St. Ruth gave lieutenant general d’Usson charge of the defence of the town, while Sarsfield took command of the army camp. At a crucial point, Tyrconnell arrived, but Sarsfield organised a petition requesting him to leave. The unease, which resulted, had a detrimental effect on the morale of the home camp. Within a few days Athlone had fallen.

Officers on the Irish side shifted the responsibility for their defeat in varying directions, with one accusing the other. In a report sent to the French minister for war at Versailles in July 1691, one of the three regiments blamed as having been on guard when the enemy invaded Athlone, was that of Oliver O’Gara.<sup>xxix</sup>

The next battle was fiercely fought at Aughrim on 12 July 1691, during which St. Ruth was killed. His death paralysed the Irish army because he had not conveyed his plans to anyone. Most headed for Limerick, including Sarsfield. Oliver O’Gara was wrongly listed among the dead in a number of reports – the death may have been that of Fearghal, who was a major in Oliver’s regiment.<sup>xxx</sup>

With his success at Aughrim, Ginckel considered attacking Galway but following a few skirmishes, an agreement was drawn up on 21 July. Ginckel signed for William and Mary and there were three signatories on behalf of the Jacobites. One of the Irish witnesses was Oliver O’Gara.<sup>xxxi</sup> The terms of settlement were considered to be quite good, so much so that Ginckel was concerned ‘that King William might be critical of his generosity’. The Jacobite garrison in Galway, was given the choice of remaining there, returning home or marching to Limerick with arms. Nine regiments, including O’Gara’s, chose Limerick and arrived there on 11 August 1691. His regiment comprised of a colonel, a lieutenant and a major, three officers next to major, five captains, ten ensigns, 270 soldiers and 137 arms.<sup>xxxii</sup>

At Limerick, Ginckel tried once again to get the Irish to sign a truce,

but the Jacobites were determined to try and repeat their success of the previous year. Tyrconnell suffered a stroke and on his deathbed produced a letter from James II, giving control of the army to d'Usson and another French officer. The English attacked the city on 30 August and the second siege lasted for more than three weeks. The Treaty of Limerick was signed on 3 October. The terms offered at Limerick were similar to Galway: all officers and soldiers had the choice of going to France or of submitting to William and staying in Ireland.<sup>xxxiii</sup>

Sarsfield and many others, including Oliver O'Gara, opted for France. According to D'Alton 'Colonel Hugh MacMahon, Colonel Robert Arthur and Colonel O'Gara were left as hostages for the due performance of the agreements on the part of the emigrants...'<sup>xxxiv</sup> Oliver and Mary O'Gara are understood to have travelled with Sarsfield from Cork, docking with 2,804 Irish troops in France in January 1692.<sup>xxxv</sup> By making this choice they were aware that they were listed as outlaws in Ireland and would be charged with treason should they return to home. On arrival in France they joined many other Irish Jacobites in St. Germain. The first-born of Oliver and Mary's eleven children was baptised John Patrick on the 25 October 1692; one of the sponsors at the baptism was Patrick Sarsfield.<sup>xxxvi</sup>

In conclusion one could say that the optimists made the choice of going to France, because they believed that the Catholic cause could and would be followed through with help from Louis XIV, the Catholic French king, cousin of James II. Oliver would, without doubt, have had ambitions for many of his companions. Perhaps his personal hope would have been that the O'Gara name would once again be restored to the title of his grandfather, Lord of Moygara and Coolavin, but history tells a different story. This exodus from Ireland has truly been called the flight of the Wild Geese.

#### Endnotes

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- <sup>ii</sup> P. Wauchope, *Patrick Sarsfield and the Williamite War* (Dublin, 1992), p. 14.
- <sup>iii</sup> P. Walsh, *The Four Masters and their work* (Dublin, 1944), p. 26.
- <sup>iv</sup> W.G. Woodmartin, *History of Sligo*, 3 vols (Dublin 1882-92), ii p. 95.
- <sup>v</sup> P. Wauchope, *Patrick Sarsfield and the Williamite War* (Dublin, 1992), p. 49.
- <sup>vi</sup> C. F. Blake-Forster, *The Irish Chieftains or, A Struggle for the Crown* (Dublin, 1872), p. 690.
- <sup>vii</sup> C. F. Blake-Forster, *The Irish Chieftains or, A Struggle for the Crown* (Dublin, 1872), pp 649-50.
- <sup>viii</sup> J. D'Alton, *King James's Irish army list* (Dublin, 1855), pp 774.
- <sup>ix</sup> Blake-Forster, *The Irish Chieftains or, A Struggle for the Crown* (Dublin, 1872), pp 649-50.
- <sup>x</sup> D. Mac Dermot, *MacDermot of Moylurg* (Nure, Manorhamilton, 1996), p. 413.
- <sup>xi</sup> J. D'Alton, *King James's Irish army list* (Dublin, 1855), p. 322; D. Mac Dermot, *MacDermot of Moylurg* (Nure, Manorhamilton, 1996), p. 429.
- <sup>xii</sup> J. O'Donovan, *The Tribes and Customs of HyMany* (Dublin, 1843) p. 182.
- <sup>xiii</sup> Blake-Forster, *The Irish Chieftains or, A Struggle for the Crown* (Dublin, 1872), p. 688.
- <sup>xiv</sup> Blake-Forster, *The Irish Chieftains or, A Struggle for the Crown* (Dublin, 1872), p. 636.
- <sup>xv</sup> J. D'Alton, *King James's Irish army list* (Dublin, 1855), pp 779–83.
- <sup>xvi</sup> W. Nicolson, *The Irish Historical Library* (Dublin, 1724), pp 243–4.
- <sup>xvii</sup> *Petition of Mary O'Gara for a clause in a Bill to recover a Jointure*, Cambridge University Library, Ms, Ch(H) Political Papers, 80, 363.
- <sup>xviii</sup> P. Wauchope, *Patrick Sarsfield and the Williamite War* (Dublin, 1992), p. 79.
- <sup>xix</sup> *Petition of Mary O'Gara for a clause in a Bill to recover a Jointure*, Cambridge University Library, Ch(H) Political Papers, 80, 363.
- <sup>xx</sup> P. Wauchope, *Patrick Sarsfield*

- and the Williamite War* (Dublin, 1992), p. 79.
- <sup>xxi</sup> S. Mulloy, (ed.), *Franco Irish Correspondence 1688-92* (Dublin, 1984), vol. 3, p. 95.
- <sup>xxii</sup> S. Mulloy, (ed.), *Franco Irish Correspondence 1688-92* (Dublin, 1983), vol. 1, pp 238-9.
- <sup>xxiii</sup> Wauchope, *Patrick Sarsfield and the Williamite War* (Dublin, 1992), p. 98.
- <sup>xxiv</sup> Wauchope, *Patrick Sarsfield and the Williamite War* (Dublin, 1992), p. 119.
- <sup>xxv</sup> Wauchope, *Patrick Sarsfield and the Williamite War* (Dublin, 1992), p. 120.
- <sup>xxvi</sup> H. Mangan, Sarsfield's Defence of the Shannon 1690-91, *Irish Sword*, vol. 1, No. 1, (1949-50) pp 25-26.
- <sup>xxvii</sup> S. Mulloy, Galway in the Jacobite War, *Journal of the Galway Archaeological & Historical Soc.* vol. XL, 1985-6, p.16.
- <sup>xxviii</sup> S. Mulloy, Galway in the Jacobite War, *Journal of the Galway Archaeological & Historical Soc.* vol. XL, 1985-6, p.16.
- <sup>xxix</sup> S. Mulloy, (ed.), *Franco Irish Correspondence 1688-92* (Dublin, 1983), vol. 2, p. 379.
- <sup>xxx</sup> J. Jordan, 'The Battle of Aughrim: Two Danish Sources', *Journal of the Galway Archaeological & Historical Soc.* vol. XXVI, 1954-5, p. 11; Robert Thornton, *A particular and full Account of the routing the whole Irish Army at Aghrim upon Sunday the 12th of July, 1691*, (Dublin 1691) p. 4.
- <sup>xxxi</sup> Blake-Forster, *The Irish Chieftains or, A Struggle for the Crown* (Dublin, 1872), p. 587.
- <sup>xxxii</sup> S. Mulloy, (ed.) *Franco Irish Correspondence 1688-92* (Dublin, 1983), vol. 2, p. 407.
- <sup>xxxiii</sup> J.G. Simms, 'Irish Jacobites', *Analecta Hibernica* No. 22 (Dublin, 1960) p. 14.
- <sup>xxxiv</sup> J. D'Alton, *King James's Irish army list* (Dublin, 1855), pp 966-7.
- <sup>xxxv</sup> S. Mulloy, (ed.) *Franco Irish Correspondence 1688-92* (Dublin, 1983), vol. 1, p. xliii.
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# Sligo's Past Uncovered

Brian Donnelly

## National Archives of Ireland

The Business Records Survey was established in 1970 to locate and report on collections of business records and to try to ensure the preservation of material of historical interest.

A Surveyor of Business Records was appointed to examine business records in various parts of the country. The Survey was initially under the aegis of the Department of Education but in 1993 was taken over by the National Archives of Ireland, Dublin. Thanks to the co-operation of well-disposed members of the public and the business community many hundreds of collections of records have now been accessioned by the Survey, ranging from a day book or two from the smallest country grocery shop to tons of records from big concerns like the Dublin Gas Company, the Irish Sugar Company in Carlow and Mallow or Irish Steel in Haulbowline. Each collection, no matter how small, has its own unique story to tell as each particular business played its particular part in the local community. The Survey is interested in anything that reflects the operation of a particular business – cash books, ledgers, journals, wages books, invoices, correspondence, publicity material, photographs and other material. Records turn up in the most unlikely places, many collections are found in old attics and basements, and the Surveyor is always glad to examine the material wherever it is situated. Most of the collections accessioned by the Survey are preserved in the National Archives, Bishop Street, Dublin, or in local archives like Cork Archives Institute in Cork City. The Survey makes all the arrangements for transferring records to the archives and bears all the costs.

## Meldrum's of Sligo

The discovery of an important collection of records at Meldrum's, Castle Street, Sligo, and the subsequent transfer of the material to the National Archives of Ireland, illustrates how the Survey operates in practice. Martin A. Timoney, a research archaeologist living in Keash, Co. Sligo, who was preparing an archaeological assessment for a major development of the complex, discovered some records and contacted Sligo Library Local Studies Archive. At that stage he was aware of about two metres of shelf length of materials. As Sligo did not have space to take the material they contacted the Survey in Dublin. Incidentally, some twenty-

five years ago, Martin had alerted the Survey about his own family business records in Cliffoney and these were subsequently transferred to the National Archives of Ireland. The Surveyor, *i.e.*, the author, visited the premises in Castle Street and, with Martin's assistance and that of his wife Mary B., which is gratefully acknowledged, and permission from the owners, Mr. Rossa McCosker, Castle Interiors, Ballast Quay, Sligo, and Mr. Martin Gilroy, Gilroy Tiling, Ballast Quay, Sligo, and help from



Brian Donnelly at Meldrum's

Brendan O'Brien and Brendan McDonagh, employees of John Sisk Contractors, we searched the entire premises, which had been closed up for some time. At a point when we thought the search was completed Martin, by chance, noticed some papers sticking down between the floorboards of a loft of a four-level outhouse that was accessible only by ladder, an item that he duly produced. On the loft floor, masses of records were found covered with several layers of corrugated iron and accumulated debris, the previous corrugated roof of the building having been simply dropped down onto the papers. Over many days, this debris was removed and about two foot deep of material of great historical interest to Sligo and to the North-West was exposed to view for the first time in decades.

## Content of the records

The earliest items uncovered were workmen's account books dating back over 100 years but what was most remarkable was the range of material - cash books, journals, stock books, ledgers, advertising material, even correspondence files. Something in the region of one hundred large sacks of papers were bagged, dropped down to ground floor level and taken by car or van to Dublin. These would fill about 500 archival boxes in the National Archives. The material seems to run from 1906 to the early 1970s, with a particularly rich vein

of material from the late 1940s to the early 1960s and gives a fascinating insight into the range of operations engaged in by the firm, not only in Sligo but throughout the west, north-west and midlands. It is evident from the records how complicated a process it was, dealing with thousands of customers and suppliers, particularly during and after the Emergency when there were so many restrictions on the importation of goods and materials. Some records, like a contracts book covering the period 1930 - 1937, give details of repairs and adjustments to houses, halls and businesses in the town and its vicinity.

## Family Assistance

Martin had alerted Felicity McNabb, formerly Felicity Meldrum, of the discovery of the records and she, with her daughter Claire, visited the old premises during the third phase of the recovery operation. That provided an opportunity for a useful exchange of information, drawing on the family recollections and the evidence of the accumulated records. Felicity had vivid memories of the firm at its heyday and was personally acquainted with many of the leading customers and associated businesses, as well as the staff from her youth. To see her peruse an old ledger from the 1930s, catch sight of a familiar name and recollect something of the person concerned, brought home how valuable such records are. Felicity's mother had very successfully run the business following her father's premature death. Felicity later donated some additional papers relating to the firm which she had to the National Archives of Ireland.

## Preserve old records for the future

This story has had a happy ending, but had it not been for Martin A. Timoney's initial interest and assistance the records would almost certainly have perished anonymously. It is vitally important, in this period of unprecedented change, to save such material for the future. If you have any old records and are thinking of disposing of them please contact me at the National Archives of Ireland, Bishop Street, Dublin 8, (tel. 01 4072323) and I would be delighted to make arrangements to have them preserved.

In a separate article Mary B. Timoney looks at the informational content of the records from a tiny sample of the material.

# Meldrum's Account Books, Record of the Social Life of 20<sup>th</sup> century Sligo

Mary B. Timoney

In the preceding article Brian Donnelly of the National Archives of Ireland tells the story of the discovery by Martin A. Timoney of the Meldrum's papers and their recovery by them and myself in 2007. I had the opportunity to rapidly extract information under a number of headings and these give a taste of what there is in the collection. My notes, which are not exhaustive in any way, are presented without comment; some were taken because of my personal interest in graveyards and memorials. There is sufficient material here for perhaps a Doctoral thesis on the social life of 20<sup>th</sup> century Sligo and beyond.

## Contracting work from 6<sup>th</sup> December 1929 to 30<sup>th</sup> September, 1937

Works mentioned include painting interiors and exteriors (distempering, oil), window painting and fixing weights and replacing sash cords, wallpapering, glazing, signboards, cleaning and repairing kitchen ranges, notice boards, erecting flag staffs and wireless aerials, plumbing, staining and gilding mirror frames, cleaning and staining floors, repairing and pointing slates, hanging doors, pointing chimneys, cleaning gutters and eave runs, lettering on travel trunks and cases for Lyons' customers, key cutting, enamelling inside of baths. Work was done for houses, shops, banks, Big Houses including Hazelwood House, Surgical Hospital, Fever Hospital, Girl's High School, convents, insurance companies, greenhouses, Sligo Garda Station, Sligo Greyhound Committee. In May 1930 £11-8-11 was spent on glazing for Hazelwood House, Mrs. Muriel Perceval, a total of 102 sheets of glass.

## Towns

Work was done in Sligo, Ballina, Bundoran, Tubbercurry, Ballymote, Crossmolina, Carrick-on-Shannon, Manorhamilton, Curry, Riverstown, Boyle, Kiltimagh, Dromahaire, Dunkineely, Enniskillen, Cavan, Ballaghaderreen, Castlebar, Ballyshannon, Ballyfarnon,

## Retailers in Co. Sligo trading with Meldrum's, 1941 and 1946

A list of retailers in Co. Sligo who were trading with Meldrum's as wholesalers between 1941 and 1946 was recorded in Books 1 and 2 of three iron-bound books with 'Bizada' overlapping cards. Again the listing is not exhaustive and those beyond Co. Sligo were not noted. It would be a simple exercise to compare these with a listing of retailers throughout Co. Sligo today.

### Carbury

**Ballinful:** Ballinful Co. Op. Society

**Ballintrillick:** Ballintrillick Co. Op.

Society Cliffoney

**Carney:** Mrs. Barber

**Carrigans, Ballinful:** P.J. Jordan

**Cliffoney:** Mrs. McGowan, Mrs.

Cummins Hotel Cliffoney.

**Cloghboley:** Mrs. Ferguson

**Drumcliff:** Drumcliff Co. Op. Society Ltd.

**Dunfore:** D. Heraghty

**Gortnaleck, Grange:** D. Gilmartin

**Grange:** W.J. Kilgannon, Frank

Sweeney, J. Costello, J. Leonard, John Lang,

**Riverside:** Mr. M.J. Taheny, Mr. J.P.

Flanagan, Tom Flanagan, J.J. Conway,

**Sligo:** Maloney & Taylor Ltd., Adelaide St., Mr. Maloney, Knappagh, J.J. Higgins Knoxs St.,

### Tirereagh

**Beltra:** P. McMunn

**Culleens:** Thos. Tuffy

**Dromard:** John Greer

**Dromore West:** John Howley, Mr. P. Connolly, Mr. E. Sweeney

**Dunbeakin:** P. McGowan

**Easkey:** F. McNama, Hugh Scott,

**Grangebeg, Skreen:** John Carney

**Larkhill, Beltra:** P. McMunn, Mrs.

Collery

**Skreen:** T. McGarry, Miss O'Connor

**Templeboy:** R. Brett & Son, Mr. Joe Cavanagh

### Tirerrill

**Ballindoon:** Joe Gray

**Ballintogher:** M. Moran, P. Treston,

**Castlealdwin:** M. Ryan, Mrs. Kerr Taylor,

**Dungeela, Geevagh:** Hugh Cawley, Mrs. Conlon Loughbo

**Kilmastranny:** Kilmastranny Co. Op. Society

**Riverstown:** Riverstown Co. Op. Soc.,

### Lyney

**Ballisodare:** Kilcawley & Co. Ltd.,

M.F. O'Rorke, J.J. O'Gara, Mrs. D.

Johnston, P. McLoughlin,

**Collooney:** W.A.G. Middleton, J.C.

Brennan, P. Quigley, Carbide Ltd., J.R.

McKim & Son.

### Coolavin

**Gurteen:** Mr. Thos. Hunt,

### Corran

**Ballymote:** Thos. Regan, P. Rogers,

Mrs. McCluskey c/o B. Cryan, R.

Regan, M. Gildea plumber, Mhl.

Cryan, Mrs. Cryan, D. Johnston, F.

McDonagh, P.F. Begley, Murray's

Stores, Owen Brehony, C. Kane, Mrs.

J.J. Coleman.

**Keash:** F. McDonagh

## Some References to Graveyards and Memorials

### June 1930

D. McSharry, Abbey St., to lettering coffin plate 1/6

Church Emlaghfad church, interior and exterior work, £200 June 1933.

### September 1933

Diamond Monumental Sculptors,

O'Connell St., Sligo

To cleaning and oil painting railing

Sligo Cemetery £1-10-0

### August 1934

Diamond Monumental Sculptors,

O'Connell St., Sligo

To sizeing and gilding letters (88) and

lines on Head Stone 14/9

May 1935, A.W. Lyons, Rathellen

To cleaning headstone, raking out foundation and plastering same 2 coats.

Resetting and pointing kerbing and

joints pointed. Resetting metal post. Oil

painting 2 coats railing. Undercoating

and gilding letters on headstone £2-

17-6 (Late Alexander Lyons Plot)

Cleaning out front of foundation and

plastering same and pointing all loose

joints of kerbing (Late Henry Lyons

Plot) 18/6

Undercoating and gilding letters on

panel of monument (Late H. Lyons

Plot) £2-3-0

# Griffiths Valuation 1844

## Shancarrigeen or Oldrock

Supplied by Pdraig Doddy

Map No	Tenant	Acres	Roods	Sq. Perches	£	s	d	Notes
1	James Feely	39	1	39	22	14	7	3 rds 3 perch river
2	Bartly Hever (jnr)	7	0	33	5	4	7.5	1r 3p river
3	Patt Healy	11	3	21	7	4	2.5	3r river
4	John Coffey	14	3	27	9	18	11	3r 4p river
5	Bartly Hever (snr)	8	3	5	4	19	7.5	1r 25p river
6	Mick Hever	8	3	5	4	19	7.5	1r25p river
7	Jack Hever	8	0	13	4	14	4.5	1r 10p river
8	Mick Alcock	11	1	30	7	7	9.5	3r 10p river
9	John Trumble Esq (includes House and Office £6)	32	3	36	33	9	3	30p waste
10	Francis Gray	10	1	32	8	7	0.5	
11	Patt McGuinn	13	0	32	8	12	7.5	4p waste
12	Thos Allcock	14	2	0	10	8	0.5	4p free
13	Thos Davey	10	2	32	6	5	7.5	8p free
14	George Allcock	2	0	20	1	13	5.5	
15	Thos Gray	0	3	8	0	7	7.5	
16	Patt Davey	9	1	14	6	10	6	8p free
17	John Davey	4	2	26	3	5	2.5	4p free
<b>Total</b>		205	1	26	146	3	1.5	

1855 Situation								
1	Mary Feely	37	0	29				Land, House and Offices
2	John Trumble	35	2	26				Land, House and Offices
2A	Patrick Davey							House only
3	John McDonagh	14	1	0				Land, Herd's House
3A	Thomas Brady							House
4	Michael Coughlan	22	0	37				Land, Herd's House
5A,6	Patrick Healy	2	2	22				Land and House
5B	Michael Coffey	0	0	8				Garden
7	John Doddy	7	2	20				Land
8	Michael McDonagh	1	3	39				Land
9A	Michael McDonagh	14	3	0				Land, House, Offices
10A	Thos Gaffney							Land, House, Office
10B	Francis Gray		31	3	20			Land, Herd's House, Office
10C	Thos McGettrick							
10D	Richard Geraghty	0	0	0				House
10E	Margt Gray	0	0	0				House and small Garden
10F	Brigid Hart	0	0	35				Garden and House
11A	Michael Coffey	21	0	20				Land, House and Office
11B	Nancy Coffey	10	2	10				Land, House and Office
12	Catherine O'Brien							House
	Bridget Hever							House
	Honoriam Wims							House
	Owenmore River, Part of	5	1	0				
<b>Total</b>		205	1	26				

Immediate Leaser: John Trumble  
Johnston Parkes Leaser to John Trumble

# Irish Language Books in the Collections of the Library of Institute of Technology, Sligo

James Foran

The library at the Institute of Technology, Sligo, supports the academic work of staff and students. Resources include 50000 books and a range of journal and database subscriptions. The library's collections are focused mainly on subjects taught at the Institute. There are sections on civil, mechanical and electronic engineering, environmental science, social studies, business, management and computing. More recent additions have included forensic science, performing arts and archaeology.

Although the main emphasis in the library has been on supporting courses in the three Institute schools of Business and Humanities, Science and Engineering, there has also been a policy of acquiring items of more general interest. Under the RTC and IT Acts and more recently under the Official Languages Act, the Institute has a responsibility to promote the Irish language and there are now examples in the library of interesting and important works representing Irish literature and history from the earliest period onwards. A few examples are highlighted here.

**Early Irish lyrics: eight to twelfth centuries** / edited with translation, notes and glossary by Gerard Murphy, with a new foreword by Tomás Ó Cathasaigh.  
1<sup>st</sup> pbk ed.  
Dublin: Four Courts Press, 1998,  
2007 printing  
ISBN 9781851821983

The original edition of this collection appeared in 1956. It contains 58 poems from the old and middle Irish periods. In his introduction, Gerard Murphy argues that the writers of these poems had come under the influence of the Latin verse which came to Ireland with Christianity from the 5<sup>th</sup> century onwards. Many of the poems in the collection have a monastic flavour. They use a type of metre borrowed from Latin poetry in which the number of syllables in each

line is counted. However, it is for their fresh imagery and the way they deal with personal themes that these poems are mainly appreciated.

Some of the poems in the collection are well known. The very first is dated to the 9<sup>th</sup> century and concerns Pangur Bán, the pet white cat of a scholar. The poem is found with Latin and Greek material in a manuscript belonging to the monastery of St. Paul, Unterdrauberg, Carinthia in Southern Austria. This shows the distances early Irish monks and scholars travelled in Europe.

The poem starts:

Messe ocus Pangur bán,  
Cehtar nathar fria saindán:  
Bíth a menmasam fri seilgg,  
Mu menma céin im saincheird

I and white Pangur practise each of us  
his special art  
His mind is set on hunting, my mind  
on my special craft

It compares the joy of the scholar as he gains an understanding of difficult problems with the joy of the cat when he succeeds in catching a mouse:

Faelidsem cu ndene dul  
Hi nglén luch inna gerchrub;  
Hi tucu cheist ndoraid ndil  
Os me chene am faelid.

He is joyful with swift movement  
when a mouse sticks in his sharp paw.  
I too am joyful when I understand a  
dearly loved difficult problem.

Several of the poems concern nature. One is a short poem, dated by its language to the 9<sup>th</sup> century and found in the 14<sup>th</sup> century **Book of Ballmote** (mentioned below). It is cited in the manuscript as an example of a particular kind of metre. However it is the clarity of the centuries old image of a blackbird on a furze (whin) bush, with his bright-yellow bill, which sticks in the mind:

Int éin bec  
Ro léic feit  
Do rinn guip  
Glanbuidi:  
Fo-ceird faíd  
Ós Loch laíg,  
Lon do chraíb  
Charnbuidi

The little bird which has whistled  
from the end of a bright-yellow bill:  
it utters a note above Belfast Loch  
– a blackbird from a yellow-heaped  
branch.

Many of the poems have a religious theme. One which will be familiar to members of parish choirs is:

Rop tú mo baile,  
A Choimdiu cride:  
Ní ní nech aile  
Acht Rí secht nime

Be thou my vision, beloved Lord:  
none other is aught but the King of the  
seven heavens.

After the twelfth century, the more traditional Celtic monasticism was being replaced by European orders such as the Cistercians, the Dominicans and the Franciscans. The role of fostering Irish literature now fell to the bardic schools. These were institutions set up to train professional poets who were an important part of Gaelic aristocratic society. Poets were patronised by Gaelic chiefs and expected to celebrate in verse major occasions such as births, deaths, marriages and victories in battle.

The poets of this period developed a standardised form of the Irish language which changed little for four hundred years and could be understood by the learned classes from the south of Ireland to the north of Scotland. Although the dialects of ordinary people tended to diverge more and more, the bardic schools and poets retained strict control of the classical form of the language,

policing vocabulary and grammar so that its purity was not diluted. They also developed a series of complicated metres and individual poets ensured their work followed these metrical rules.

The result is poetry which in the original Irish has a great dignity and linguistic flair but which is often criticised for lacking the originality and freshness of the earlier lyrics. However, scholars such as Osborn Bergin placed great value on the poetry of the bardic period as a linguistic and historical source.

Examples of Bergin's editions and translations of bardic poems are gathered together in:

*Irish bardic poetry: texts and translations, together with an introductory lecture/* by Osborn Bergin, with a foreword by D. A. Binchy, compiled and edited by David Greene and Fergus Kelly  
Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies, c1970, 1974 printing

Many of the poems in this collection illustrate that on occasion these poets could express emotion in a very personal way despite their reputation for dry formulism.

A number of the poems are by Muireadhach Albanach Ó Dálaigh. Muireadhach lived during the 12<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup> centuries. We have a little information on his life from the **Annala Rioghachta Eireann** (Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland or Annals of the Four Masters, referred to below). It is clear that he was a man with a quick temper. For a time, he lived at Lisadell, Co. Sligo. He was visited there by Fiond Ua Brolcháin steward of Ó Domhnaill Mór demanding tribute who treated him in an insulting manner. Muireadhach promptly grabbed an axe and killed the man. He had little regret afterwards as he himself makes clear:

Beag ar bhfala risin bhfear,  
Bachlach do bheith dom cháineadh,  
Mé do mharbhadh an mhoghadh –  
A Dhé, an adhbhar anfholadh?

Trifling is our difference with the man: that a churl was abusing me and that I killed the serf – O God! Is this a ground for enmity?

O'Donnell took a different view of the matter and eventually Muireadhach was forced to flee to Scotland, the

reason for the addition of "Albanach" to his name. His descendants in Scotland were known as the Mac Vuirichs and it is in the Scottish **Book of the Dean of Lismore**, compiled in the early 16<sup>th</sup> century by Dean James Macgregor and his brother Duncan that his elegy on the death of his wife is preserved:

M'anam do sgar riomsa a-raoir,  
Calann ghlan dob ionnsa I n-uaign;  
Rugadh bruinne maordha mín  
Is aonbhla lín uime uainn

My soul parted from me last night;  
a pure body that was dear is in the grave;  
a gentle stately bosom has been taken from me with one linen shroud about it.

Muireadhach Albanach is reputed to have taken part in one of the crusades to the Holy Land. The sketchy information on his eventful life has been used as the basis of a modern Irish novel, not currently in the library collection. (Titley, Alan. **An fear dána**. Baile Átha Cliath: An Clóchomhar, 1993).

Two of the volumes in the Irish Texts Society series contain a collection of the poems of another Sligo poet:

O hUiginn, Tadhg Dall.  
**A bhfuil aguinn dar chum Tadhg Dall O hUiginn (1550-1591): idir mholadh agus marbhnadh, aoir agus ábhacht, iomarbháigh agus iomchasaoid / Eleanor Knott do chuir i n-eagar agus d'aistrigh go Béarla Saxon.**  
*Irish Texts Society; v. 22-23*  
*Lúndain: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, ar son Chumainn na Sgríbhneann Gaedhilge, 1922.*

While the old institutions and political system remained intact, poets were held in high esteem and their work was in demand by Gaelic chiefs, especially the long praise poems which increased the fame of the person to whom they were dedicated. The poets inspired fear also because of their ability to compose stinging satires. Their stock and property tended to be left unharmed during the many plundering expeditions which Gaelic chiefs undertook against each other.

Despite all this, Tadhg Dall did manage to offend occasionally and

it is because of a falling out between himself and Domhnall Ó Conchobhair Shligigh that he wrote the poem to Mór, the wife of the chief asking her to intercede on his behalf.

Ná tógáibh ris an rosg mall  
Go beith réidh dúinn 's do  
Dhomhnall;  
Ná caith, ná cagail a chrodh,  
Ná habair maith do mhóradh.

Do not raise to him the gentle eye until  
Donnell and I be reconciled, neither spend  
nor husband his wealth, do not say that  
good is to be increased.

At the time he was writing, the beginning of the end was in sight for the whole system which supported poets like Tadhg Dall but you would not think it from his poetry. Because of their continuous feuding and plundering of each other the Gaelic chiefs were a ready market for eulogies and this was Tadhg Dall's stock in trade. As Eleanor Knott says in her introduction to the collection above: "He shows in most of his poems a calm acceptance of the contemporary strife, as though it were the natural order. Poetry flourished on it, and for him, like most bardic poets, the profession was the thing."

Much of Irish literature was originally preserved in manuscript form. Collections of prose and verse were created and copied in monasteries and by learned bardic families and held in the houses of Gaelic lords. With the breakup of the Gaelic order in the 17<sup>th</sup> century these manuscripts were in danger of being lost and many did disappear. By a combination of luck, the diligence and foresight of some of the last members of the Gaelic professional learned classes and the interest of early antiquarian collectors, a number of them found their way into the collections of institutions such as The British Library, the Royal Irish Academy and Trinity College Library.

During the 19<sup>th</sup> century early reprographics techniques were developed and facsimile editions of some of the more well known of these manuscripts were produced. These in turn have become collectors' items and the library of IT, Sligo was fortunate to have been able to acquire some of



them a number of years ago.

**The book of Ballymote:** *a collection of pieces (prose and verse) in the Irish language, compiled about the beginning of the fifteenth century: now for the first time published from the original manuscript in the library of the Royal Irish Academy.../ with introduction, analysis of contents and index by Robert Atkinson*  
 Dublin: Royal Irish Academy House, 1887

This manuscript was compiled around 1400 near Ballymote by Maghnas Ó Duibhgeannáin, Solamh Ó Droma and Robertus Mac Síthigh under the direction of Domhnaill Mac Aodhagáin and under the patronage of Tomaltach Mac Donnchadha Thír Ailealla. In 1522, it was bought by Aodh Óg Ó Domhnaill for 140 milch cows. By 1700 it was in the library of Trinity College Dublin but was lent about 1720. After passing through a number of hands it was presented to the Royal Irish Academy in 1785.

The manuscript has a varied contents including historical material on the creation of the world, the invasions and kingdoms of Ireland, the Jewish people, Britons and Picts. There is also genealogical material, a list of names of mothers of Irish saints and names of other famous women. There are descriptions of the various kinds of metre used in Irish verse with many examples, including the short poem on the blackbird mentioned above. There is a description of the ceremony for satirizing a king, material on the early training of poets, topographical material and Irish versions of the Aeneid and Destruction of Troy.

**Leabhar na h-Uidhre:** *a collection of pieces in prose and verse, in the Irish language: compiled and transcribed about A.D. 1100 / by Moelmuiri Mac Ceileachair: now for the first time published from the original in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, with an account of the manuscript, a description of its contents and an index*  
 Dublin: Royal Irish Academy House, 1870

This manuscript was originally compiled at Clonmacnoise around 1100. It contains a range of early Irish tales and poetry including the earliest known version of the Táin Bó Cuailgne. A translation of the Táin

by Thomas Kinsella, illustrated by Louis Le Brocquy and published in 1970 has now been followed by a new translation:

**The Tain: a new translation of the Táin Bó Cuailgne / by Ciaran Carson**  
 London: Penguin, 2007  
 ISBN 9780713999662

Another manuscript of which IT, Sligo, has a facsimile copy, was compiled in the monastery of Terryglass and is known as The Book of Leinster or Leabhar Laighneach:

**The Book of Leinster, sometime called the Book of Glendalough:** *a collection of pieces (prose and verse) in the Irish language; compiled, in part, about the middle of the twelfth century. Now for the first time published from the original manuscript in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, by the Royal Irish Academy; with introduction, analysis of contents, and index, / by Robert Atkinson*  
 Dublin: Royal Irish Academy House, 1880.

This again contains a version of the Táin Bó Cuailgne as well as topographical material, a classification of Irish tales and the story of the invasions of Ireland or Lebor Gabala.

**The yellow book of Lecan:** *a collection of pieces (prose and verse) in the Irish language in part compiled at the end of the fourteenth century... published from the original manuscript in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.... With introduction, analysis of contents and index / Robert Atkinson, ed.*  
 Dublin: Royal Irish Academy, 1896

This is a collection of pieces written by different scribes and bound together at a later period. A large portion was written by Giolla Íosa Mac Fhirbhisigh, a member of a famous learned family in Leacán i dTír Fhiachrach (Leckan, Tireragh) in West Sligo. Giolla Íosa was working in the 14<sup>th</sup> century under the patronage of Ó Dubhda Ua bhFiachrach.

Among the works in the hand of Giolla Íosa are versions of several ancient Irish tales. The Táin Bó Cuailgne already mentioned is probably the best known. There are other Táin Bó or cattle raid stories as well as material on Biblical history,

the Amra Cholmcille and a number of tragic tales such as Tógáil Bruidne Da Derga (Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel), Loinges Mac n-Uislend (Exile of the Sons of Uisliu) and Fled Bricrend (Bricriús Feast)

The Mac Fhirbhisigh had a long history as Gaelic scholars. In the 17<sup>th</sup> century, as the Gaelic order was coming to an end, Dubhaltach Mac Fhirbhisigh produced his great work which has been recently edited and published:

**Leabhar Mór na nGeinealach = The great book of Irish genealogies / compiled (1645-66) by Dubhaltach Mac Fhirbhisigh; edited with translation and indexes by Nollaig Ó Muraíle**  
 5v.  
 Dublin: De Búrca, 2003

In his introduction Nollaig Ó Muraíle outlines what is known of Dubhaltach and the history of the manuscript. Dubhaltach received a traditional Gaelic education and training probably at Baile Mhic Aogán in Co. Tipperary where there was a famous school. However, he may also have received an education in English and Latin in Galway city. He is responsible for several works, including the transcription of annals, legal tracts and a translation of the Rule of St. Clare for a community of nuns in Galway city. He also spent time in Dublin working for Sir James Ware, Auditor-General of Ireland, for whom he provided English translations of Irish texts. Dubhaltach met a sad end, being killed following an incident in a tavern near Skreen in County Sligo in 1671.

**Leabhar Mór na nGeinealach** is a collection of genealogical information on Gaelic and Anglo-Norman families. Nothing is currently known on what happened to the manuscript after Dubhaltach's death until 1702, when it was in the possession of Henry Mac Carrick, whose family were based in High St. in Sligo. It is next heard of in the area where counties Cavan, Fermanagh and Leitrim meet. By 1723 it was in Dublin. It changed hands several times and spent almost 140 years in the possession of the Earls of Roden. From the early 19<sup>th</sup> century it was at the family seat of the Rodens at Tollymore Park, Co. Down. In 1911 it was purchased at an auction by Michael F. Cox, a Dublin physician who bequeathed it to the Library of

UCD.

Ó Muraíle provides information on the many scholars who came in contact with the manuscript down the years, including Charles O’Conor of Belanagare and John O’Donovan and Eugene O’Curry of Ordnance Survey fame.

In his introduction Ó Muraíle mentions that “At some time in the early 19<sup>th</sup> century... a minor but intriguing figure in the field of Irish scholarship came into contact with **Leabhar Mór na nGeinealach**. This was Thaddaeus (or Thady) Connellan – like Mac Fhirbhisign, a native of Tíreragh”.

Tadhg Ó Coinnialláin was born in Skreen around 1780 and died in 1854. In his early life, he travelled with a group of young men from Connaught to Munster to improve his education. There is a story that they kidnapped a teacher in County Clare, carried him across the Shannon and set him up in a school there. When Tadhg returned to Sligo, he started his own school. Among the subjects he taught were Latin, Greek and mathematics but apparently his school was not successful financially.

In 1806, the London Hibernian Society for the diffusion of religious knowledge in Ireland sent a deputation to Ireland to enquire into the state of belief. Their aim was to attempt to convert the native Catholic population to Protestantism. They met a man called Albert Blest from Sligo and appointed him to take charge of the work in Ireland. It is thought that it was under the influence of Blest that Tadhg became a protestant and Blest in his turn was advised by Tadhg that attempts by the Society to provide religious instruction to the people of Ireland should be carried out in the Irish language. Tadhg had a theory that if twenty four people could be taught to read the Bible in Irish, each of them could go on to teach 24 more so that the knowledge of reading would spread quickly.

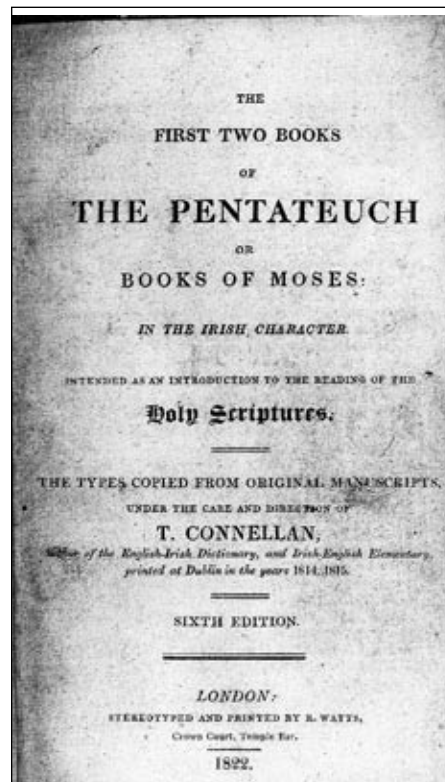
Tadhg was also involved at a later stage with another organisation, The Irish Society for the Education of the Native Irish Through the Medium of Their Own Language which was set up in 1818. He differed with them in his views on the language. Members of the society did not believe that Irish books on non-religious subjects should be provided to people and hoped a side effect of teaching people to read the Bible in Irish would be the

decline of the language. Their theory was that once an interest in reading had been cultivated, the scarcity of books in Irish would force people to learn to read in English to expand their knowledge. Tadhg on the other hand valued Irish apart from its use for religious instruction. With the help of his friends, he published a number of books with both religious and non-religious material including collections of poetry. He wanted people to be bilingual and speak and read both Irish and English.<sup>1</sup>

The Institute library holds two of his works along with another by his brother Owen:

*An English-Irish dictionary: in the English and Irish characters, intended for the use of schools: containing upwards of eight thousand English words, with their corresponding explanation in Irish / by T. Connellan  
Dublin: W.B. Kelly, 1863*

*The first two books of The Pentateuch or Books of Moses in the Irish character: intended as an introduction to the reading of the holy scriptures / the types copied from original manuscripts under the care and direction of T. Connellan, 6<sup>th</sup> ed.  
London: R. Watts, 1822*



*The Gospel according to St. John, in Irish, with an interlined English*

*translation: and a grammatical praxis on the Gospel according to St. Matthew, in Irish, accompanied with a short introduction to Irish pronunciation; and an appendix consisting of familiar conversations for the use of students / by Owen Connellan, transcriber of ancient manuscripts to his Majesty  
Dublin: Richard Moore, 1830*

Another native of Sligo, the Rev. Dr. Andrew Donlevy wrote one of the few books published in Irish in the 18<sup>th</sup> Century. He was born around 1694 and received his early education near Ballymote. He went secretly to France around 1710 and studied in the Irish college in Paris and also at the Sorbonne. He was appointed Head of the Irish College in Paris and remained there apparently until 1761.

In 1742 he published an Irish language catechism in an attempt to provide religious education to the native Irish in their own language. A second edition was brought out in 1822, edited by Dr. John McEncroe. The Library at IT, Sligo holds a copy of the third edition of 1848:

*An Teagusc Críosduidhe, do réir ceasda agus freagurtha, air na tharruing go bunudhasach as bréithir shoilléir Dé agus as toibreachaibh fíor-ghlana oile = The catechism, or, Christian doctrine, by way of question and answer, drawn chiefly from the express word of God, and other pure sources / by the Rev. Andrew Donlevy.  
3<sup>rd</sup> ed.*

*Dublin: Published for the Royal Catholic College of St. Patrick, Maynooth, by James Duffy, 1848*

The Rev. Donlevy added a short section on Irish spelling at the end of the catechism. This includes a list of the letters of the Irish alphabet, each of which corresponds to a native tree. The scheme of letters and trees forms the basis for a landscaped walkway on the campus of IT, Sligo. Individual seats carved from stone represent each letter and near each seat is an example of the corresponding tree. A series of leaflets with a map and description of the project were published in the native language of each of the nationalities represented among the student population in the late nineties at the Institute. The project was initiated and championed by the former Director of the Institute, Dr. Breandán Mac

Conamhna. As it matures it will be an interesting feature on the campus.

The Rev Donlevy was continuing the tradition of publishing religious works in Irish begun by the Franciscans in the early 17<sup>th</sup> century. Throughout the 16<sup>th</sup> century, the Franciscans were steadily driven out of Ireland. In 1606, Flaithrí Ó Maolchonaire persuaded King Philip III of Spain to fund a college for training Franciscans at Lovain in what is now Belgium.<sup>2</sup> A number of books in Irish were written by Franciscans associated with Lovain. Several of these have been published in a series called *Scríbhinní Gaeilge na mBráthar Mionúr*. These include a catechism:

*An Teagasc Críósdoithe / Bonabhentura Ó hEodhasa a chum; Fearghal Mac Raghnaill a chuir in eagar Scríbhinní Gaeilge na mBráthar Mionúr; uimh 11 Baile Átha Cliath: Institiúid Ard-Léinn Bhaile Átha Cliath, 1976*

O hEodhasa had been a bardic poet and member of a Gaelic literary family. When Gaelic society disintegrated, he went to Europe, studied at Douai, became a Franciscan in 1607 and died in Lovain in 1614.<sup>3</sup> Another work in the series is a book on the Sacrament of Penance:

*Scáthán shacramuinte na hAithridhe / Aodh Mac Aingil a chum; Cainneach Ó Maonaigh a chuir in eagar Scríbhinní Gaeilge na mBráthar Mionúr; uimh. 1 Baile Átha Cliath: Institiúid Ard-Léinn Bhaile Átha Cliath, 1952*

Aodh Mac Aingil wrote mainly in Latin and was a theologian of note in his day. He helped Luke Wadding found St. Isodore's College in Rome in 1625. He was made Archbishop of Armagh in 1625 but was never able to return to Ireland.<sup>4</sup>

As well as several other works in the series *Scríbhinní Gaeilge na mBráthar Mionúr*, the library at the Institute has a copy of:

*An Eoraip agus Litríocht na Gaeilge 1600-1650: gnéithe den Bharócachas Eorpach I litríocht na Gaeilge / Tadhg Ó Dúshláine Baile Átha Cliath: An Clóchomhar,*

1987

This is an examination of Irish literature 1600-1650 in its European context of the baroque and counter-reformation and includes a study of Aodh Mac Aingil. The events of the period which forced many Irish scholars abroad into exile also brought Irish writing and learning into contact with the various political, intellectual and religious movements of continental Europe. Although in many ways a catastrophe for native learning, the breakup of the Gaelic order led to a modernising and opening up of Irish writing to the influences of the outside world.

There was still important work being carried out in Ireland. In 1626, one of the Lovain brothers, Aodh Mac a'Bhaird was writing on the lives of the Irish saints. It was decided to send another brother, Micheál Ó Cléirigh back to Ireland to help gather material. Micheál Ó Cléirigh spent until 1637 in Ireland. During the summer months he travelled the country examining manuscript sources at various locations. In the winter he spent his time at the Franciscan convent at Donegal, arranging and transcribing his material.<sup>5</sup> Ó Cléirigh did not confine himself to religious material. He also gathered together information on the history of Ireland from the earliest times.

In 1632, he began compiling the work which became known as *Annala Rioghachta Éireann* or The Annals of the Four Masters under the patronage of Fearghal Ó Gadhra, Lord of Moy O'Gara and Coolavin in County Sligo. He was assisted by Fearfeasa Ó Maolchonaire, Cúchoighriche Ó Cléirigh, Cúchoighriche Ó Duibhgeannáin and a number of other scholars.

The work was not published in the lifetime of Ó Cléirigh and his assistants or for a long time afterwards. In 1854, John O'Donovan brought out a full edition. This was followed by a second edition:

*Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland by the Four Masters from the Earliest period to the year 1616 / edited from MSS. in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy and of Trinity College, Dublin, with a translation, and copious notes by John O'Donovan 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. Dublin: Hodges, Smith and Co., 1856*

A copy was presented to the library by Mr. Jack Flynn of Sligo Field Club. A facsimile of O'Donovan's edition, produced by AMS Press, New York in 1966 is also held in the library.

The Annals of the Four Masters is a very important work as it preserves much material for which the original sources have been lost. In his dedication of the Annals to Fearghal Ó Gadhra, Micheál Ó Cléirigh says:

"...da leaiccti ar cáirde gan a scriobhadh do lathair nach ffuighti iad doridhisi le a fforaithmeat, agus le a ccuimhniucchadh go crich, agus go foirceann an beatha"

"...and that, should the writing of them be neglected at present, they would not again be found to be put on record or commemorated to the end and termination of the world".

The mission of Institute of Technology, Sligo is:

To create an open, supportive and flexible environment in which all learners can reach their highest potential as active citizens of a global society.<sup>6</sup>

As the Institute faces the challenges of the future, the works of Irish literature and history in its library collections play an important role of reminding staff, students and the general public in our region of the literary and scholarly work of value and beauty carried out by our ancestors.

1 Ó hAilín, Tomás, "The Irish Society agus Tadhg Ó Coinniallín", *Studia Hibernica*, 8 (1968), 60-78.

2 Caerwyn William, J. E. agus Ní Mhuiríosa, Máirín, *Traidisiún liteartha na nGael (Baile Átha Cliath: An Clóchomhar, 1985), p. 236*

3 Caerwyn Williams agus Ní Mhuiríosa, 1985, p.237

4 Caerwyn Williams agus Ní Mhuiríosa, 1985, p.238-9

5 Caerwyn Williams agus Ní Mhuiríosa, 1985, p.240

6 Institute of Technology, Sligo. Strategic plan 2007-2012: Mapping the future, p. 5

# Notes on Breeoge Creamery, Kilmacowen, Co. Sligo

Martin A. Timoney

Recently I monitored the refurbishment for Brendan & Aideen Ryan of the house near a double T-junction in Breeoge, Kilmacowen, Co. Sligo, that Maggie and Larry Tiernan lived in. Breeoge is in my native Cúil Iorra, *alias* Coolerra, which is the old name for the peninsula between Sligo Bay and Ballisodare Bay. The research brought together some pieces of information of interest gathered over the years.

## *Breeoge Creamery*

Breeoge Creamery, a corrugated building beside the Breeoge River, was founded in 1897 to serve the Cúil Iorra peninsula. McTernan (1990, 123-124) gives the history of this short lived co-operative auxiliary creamery.

The land was leased from The Earl of Erne for thirty one years at an annual rent of five shillings. Sand and gravel were quarried a mile away on the land adjacent to the Land League House at the north end of Breeoge townland that Patrick Nugent White inherited through marriage from Mathew Walsh of Breeoge House. It closed in the early 1930s when Collooney Co-operative Society on the old Collooney-Galway road went bankrupt. It was not reopened when Drumcliff Creamery took over the Collooney concern. Its situation in the far south of Kilmacowen parish may have as much to do with local politics as with the supply of fresh cold water. There is no other constant supply of fresh cold water anywhere else on the peninsula and Mr. Patrick Nugent White, Mathew Walsh's successor at Breeoge House just yards away, was the major shareholder!

Its first manager, James Power from Co. Tipperary, married Bridget Clarke of adjacent Knocknahur; Maggie and Molly were the two daughters. James made a gramophone, a clock and a camera. Maggie married Larry Tiernan on Easter Monday, April 1953; both are now deceased. Molly lived in England. Larry worked in the Abbeytown Ballisodare mines and later with D.M. Hanley in Sligo.

## *Houses and Roads near Breeoge Creamery*

There were three houses at about this location at the time of the 1836 OS mapping. A fourth building

was added by the time of the 1886 map revision. By the 1910 1:2,500 survey all of these houses were gone and the line of the present road was emerging though without boundary walls. Breeoge Creamery is shown as a building in open space but the road is not clearly defined. The passage behind the present dwelling house, a dedicated cattle trackway, is indicated on the 1910 survey.

The single story three-roomed house was built for Power by voluntary labour on the site of Kitty Monaghan's Sheebeen, probably in or soon after 1897.

## *Finds of Sea Shells*

Directly under the northwest corner of the existing building there was a recent small dump of sea shells, mainly oyster but with some cockle; the greater part of the deposit would seem to be still *in situ* under the house. These may have been a foundation deposit from 1897 or they may have been from the workers building the creamery and this accompanying house.

## *Local Historian Stephen O'Connor*

I have good memories of many long conversations while compiling an undergraduate geography thesis in 1968 with the remarkable local historian Stephen O'Connor who lived just south of Tiernan's. His local knowledge about the geography, folklore and antiquities of the area was handed down from his grandfather. He brought the nearby Breeoge wedge-tomb, S1.20:37, to my attention in 1968 and Rynne and I excavated its site (Rynne and Timoney 1974-1975) in 1972. The authentic record (Timoney 1966-1971) of a find of a cist grave in Carrowmore about 1946 is essentially O'Connor's collected recollection. About 1969 he told me of finding severely crushed cockle, some mussel and periwinkle shells at great depth in the field behind his own house and these were listed in the Record of Monuments and Places as S1.20:247 and S1.20:248, i.e., Sligo Sheet 20, Sites 247 and 248. Seashells are a common find all over Cúil Iorra with dates from 4,000 BC to the present.

This rather disjointed article would be far more informative if only I had asked far more questions, or even listened to his wonderful stories. Such

people are getting fewer by the year, and with them goes part of our history! John McTernan and Margaret Marren, nee Keaney, clarified some points for me.

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I acknowledge the help of Brendan & Aideen Ryan, new owners of the house, and Liam Lenihan, Contractor. The wedding photograph has been lodged in Sligo Library Local Studies Archive.



**Larry Tiernan and Maggie Power on their wedding day, Easter Monday April 1953.**

*Original photo: James Eccles.  
Scan: Martin A Timoney*

# The Shadow of a Dark Mastiff

PJ Duffy

Down through the years ghosts, ghouls, fairies and poltergeists were very much an important part of our Irish folklore. Wherever people came to assemble especially at night time, it would be a dull gathering that wouldn't have included in its repertoire a good hair-raising story that was likely to scare the wits out of a young listener. There were always good story-tellers to be found here and there scattered right across the countryside, some of them past masters of the art.

There were people who were totally dismissive of the whole idea of ghosts, and others who treated the idea with skepticism. Some people might say that the supposed visions were the inventions of overly imaginative minds usually fuelled by alcohol, and mostly witnessed by persons returning from pubs late at night time. In the midst of this line of thinking you might find a number of sincere people whose strange experiences had left them baffled and confused throughout their lifetime. Many of these individuals were often reluctant to talk about their experiences.

There seems little doubt that in rural Ireland down through the centuries there was a firm belief in the existence of fairies. Proof of this fact can be found by looking around our local countryside and discovering how many places have been named after the fairy folk ..... Knocknashee, Lissnasheena, Sheeáun and many more.

According to accounts handed down from previous generations, it wasn't country areas alone that were supposed to be haunted by these strange spectres. Many Irish towns have had stories relating to strange happenings occurring inside their boundary walls and Ballymote is no exception.

Down through the years the old castle was said to be haunted by the ghost of the Red Earl De Burgo. There were

several reports of sightings in and around the turrets, towers and curtain walls of the old building.

The Market House was said to have housed the ghost of an old cobbler located on its loft. Back in the early nineteen hundreds a town committee decided to install a generator at the loft on the very spot where the cobbler used to sit working at his bench. Immediately they were faced with minor disturbances and the generator which was fixed there for the purpose of supplying light to the town began to give trouble resulting in the lights frequently going out. The workmen who put it there decided to switch it to a new location, and after doing this there was no further disturbance, and the lights seldom failed to shine.

The old abbey was said to be haunted by the ghost of a black friar frequently seen entering its doorway. There was a story of a gentleman who decided to walk into town on a windy Saturday night for the purpose of having a nice quiet drink. When passing the old graveyard he stood close to the wall to light his pipe. As he cracked a match he observed another gentleman standing beside him with a pipe in his mouth. That gentleman leaned over and put his pipe right under the lighted match. The bewildered gentleman who cracked the match found himself glued to the spot unable to move, or make any attempt to light his own pipe. Suddenly the match blew out; he put his pipe in his pocket and moved on into town. Later when telling his story he described how the fumes that emerged from the other man's pipe had given him pleasant feelings he had never experienced before. The man who all during his lifetime had suffered from asthma felt so good after his experience that he never again was troubled by this affliction.

Old storytellers used to describe how Earlsfield and its adjoining

passageways was for years haunted by the spectre of a frenzied shop assistant who killed his employers and their housekeeper, so as he might get hold of their money in order to enable him to keep up with his high-flying cronies who resided in another part of the country.

The courthouse was said to contain the ghost of an old police constable which used to emerge from the building late at night time, march up what used to be called the Captain's Brae, and vanish through a gateway at Rathnakeliga. This ghost used to be referred to as Barney. We were informed that after the courthouse was built back in 1813 a group of old police were based there and they used to be referred to as the Barneys. A short time later in 1842 the force was revamped and reformed under Robert Peel and after that time they were to become known as the Peelers.

During the time the Barneys were based there the courthouse contained cells for holding offenders placed in custody. During that time if somebody went to town and didn't return home at a reasonable time, questions might be asked and you might get a reply that sounded something like this, "the Barneys must have put him in the black hole"(a cell). Tradition in rural Ireland does not die easily and this probably accounted for the fact that the ghost of the old policeman was called Barney.

Those of us who have been around long enough to remember might do well to take a look back to the middle years of the last century when there was a number of old storytellers around who had a thorough knowledge of the old stories associated with the town and its environs.

Emmet St. was at one time supposed to be haunted by the ghost of the Mill Street weaver, a supervisor who worked at the linen mills and





# Quotes From the Past

P.J. Duffy

During the early and middle years of the last century the late James M. Dillon operated a successful grocery provisions and light hardware store overlooking the square at Ballaghaderreen. James, who was a member of Dáil Éireann, was an outstanding politician. In addition to his business activities he was also a first class orator and maker of the comic phrase.

It was during the bleak war years of the 1940s when food stuffs were severely rationed that a well-known cleric who was then resident at Ballaghaderreen had visited his store to do some shopping. The owner had laid down certain guidelines for his staff to follow when dealing with customers. These included treating everybody equally when it came to dishing out rations. The message was simple and straight forward “you can’t make fish of one and flesh of the other”.

A counter assistant informed the clergyman that butter was restricted to a half-pound per customer, and he obtained a pound of butter and proceeded to cut it in two halves. The priest objected to this procedure stating that the pound was small enough without making it smaller. He refused point blank to take what he had been offered. The assistant informed his customer that he was acting under strict orders from his boss. The clergyman reacted by making a bee-line for the boss who was none other than James Dillon. He informed Mr. Dillon that he had been shortcut by one of his assistants who had offered him a mere half pound of butter. The shopkeeper told him he could do no better as that was what he was allowing to all his customers. The disgruntled clergyman then moved away in a huff stating he wouldn’t touch his miserable half pound of butter, “I’d eat cart grease now before I’d take your miserable ration” he fumed. “Well, every man to his taste” quipped the bold James as the sullen customer made a hasty exit out the doorway.

## THE WOMAN HECKLER

During James Dillon’s tenure as a politician fair-day meetings were the order of the day. Huge crowds would gather into his native town of Ballaghaderreen on certain dates during the year notably on May 1<sup>st</sup> (“May Day”) and also on November 1<sup>st</sup> (“November Day”). Usually if elections were taking place around these dates politicians and their supporters would erect a makeshift platform near the centre of the town’s square and towards evening time they and their henchmen would mount the platform and explain respective policies to the assembled public.

These public meetings could at that time often turn out to be lively affairs. There was one memorable event that took place during a May Day meeting back in the nineteen fifties. A general election was coming up and politicians of every shade and colour descended on the town for the purpose of getting their respective policies across to the people.

At around four o’clock in the evening James Dillon walked the short distance from his home onto the town square where his workers and supporters had already erected a small platform from which he would speak. He mounted the platform and after a brief introduction by one of his seconds, he began to address the waiting crowd. About midway into his speech a burly middle-aged woman began to heckle and interrupt. James ignored her completely. Incensed at being snubbed, she then grew more aggressive and noisy. “Well, if I had poison I’d give it to you” she snarled. “Well, if I were your husband, Ma’am, I’d take it” retorted the indomitable James.

## THE BALLYMOTE HECKLER

Way back in those days Ballaghaderreen wasn’t the only town to witness memorable election rallies. During the 1940s Ballymote also witnessed some hectic fair-day election rallies, with candidates and their supporters often getting quite hot

under the collar.

There was one particular incident that took place on top of the Rock during the time when a county council election was about to take place. A politician of high standing had come into town from outside the area to speak on



**James Matthew Dillon addressing an election rally in the 1940s. He was Minister for Agriculture 1948 – 1951 and again 1954 – 1957.**

*Picture from Viewimages website*

behalf of a candidate belonging to his party. The speaker who seemed highly articulate and adept in his profession opened his address with a quotation from Abraham Lincoln. He then moved on to deal with matters relating to developments at local and national level. It was at this stage in his address that a heckler who seemed to be well intoxicated started to hurl senseless questions in the direction of the speaker. At first the politician chose to ignore the man’s foolish behavior, but the gentleman grew more noisy and boisterous. Turning to the main body of the crowd the politician cried out “Will somebody for God’s sake put a wisp of hay in that ass’s mouth”?

## THE NUN’S HOLIDAY

In days gone by certain orders of nuns were greatly restricted in their movements by vows taken at the time they entered their respective convents. Then along came Pope John XXIII who summoned an Ecumenical Council to review fundamental doctrines and

teachings and give the entire Catholic Church a new sense of direction. One of the judgments made was a design to do away with many of those rigorous restrictions heretofore imposed on a number of religious orders. As far as nuns were concerned this was an innovative ruling that gave them the freedom to travel more freely and indulge themselves in short periods of good wholesome recreation.

A short time after these rigid rules were relaxed, two young Sisters accompanied by their Reverend Mother got a novel idea that they would like a short holiday down around the Lakes of Killarney. The long awaited day came and the three nuns found themselves mingling with hundreds of other tourists down at one of Ireland's foremost beauty spots.

The jarveys were out in force with their jaunting cars, taking goggle eyed tourists on breath-taking trips around the area's vales, lakes and beauty spots.

For the young Sisters especially, this experience was certainly a new lease of life. Like the rest of the holidaymakers the nuns also decided they would take a trip around the lakes. One by one they stepped onto the jaunting car taking their place seated right behind the jarvey. The young jarvey cracked his whip, signaling his horse to move on. As the party approached the second lake the poor old horse who was earlier taken fresh off the grass began to incur problems with gas in his tummy. The young jarvey who was quite well versed in his profession was kept busy homing out the beauty spots and naming the different lakes. However the horse's bouts of wind breaking began to get louder and more frequent. The jarvey's face reddened and he began to get terribly embarrassed. Turing around to the Rev. Mother he interjected "Oh, excuse me excuse me". That's ok said the Rev. Mother, "in fact we thought it was the horse".

**THE NAUGHTY WEE PUPPY**

The late Patrick Gaffney who resided at Bearvaish, Rathmullen, Ballymote was a man who over a wide area was well known for his sharp wit and amazing sense of humour.

Back in the late nineteen fifties Local Government grants were made

available to people living in rural areas for the provision of running water, bathroom and toilet facilities to be added to their dwelling houses. A neighbour of Gaffney's decided to avail of these allowances, so he set about extending his residence and installing these facilities.

A short time after the work was completed, Mr. Gaffney, who, by this time was getting on in years, paid him a visit to see for himself what was now set to become a new way of life for people residing in country areas. During the course of his visit he inspected work done on the new extension, and expressed amazement at the changes that had taken place in his lifetime. He then retired to the Kitchen where he engaged in conversation with the man of the

house while the man's wife went about doing her household chores.

During this time a young pup was bouncing about on the kitchen floor grabbing at small objects and chewing at untied shoelaces. The pup eventually made his way to the bathroom door, and then crossing the threshold he entered the bathroom where he began making his wee wee on the floor. The woman quickly spotted the pup committing his misdemeanour and reaching for a mop she quickly pushed the wee animal out through the bathroom door, guided it through the Kitchen and then attempted to usher it out onto the street. "Oh for heaven's sake Ma'am leave the wee animal alone, what's the poor puppen doing only what he sees the people of the house doing".

**BALLYMOTE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY**  
**1912.**

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Supplied by John and Colette McDonagh

# Where To Go Next

Molly Howard

I've always wanted to travel.

Sometimes I've wondered if that was because I had crossed the Atlantic twice by the time I was three months old. How come? The explanation follows.

My father, one of the first electrical engineers to graduate from London University, was employed by the English Marconi Company. He was sent by them to establish the first cross-Atlantic radio receiver station on the shores of the St Lawrence River near Bic in Quebec, Canada. After the birth of their first baby in England, my mother joined him. The job took about three years and during that time their second child, my sister Jane, was born. Then he was offered a job by the Canadian Marconi Company. To be able to take it, my father had to be an established immigrant, which he wasn't. He was only a visitor.

Back they went to England in order to obtain this qualification. During their stay there, I was born. At about the time I was three months old, (so I have been told), we all went back to Canada, this time permanently. While we were still on our way across the Atlantic Ocean, the Canadian Government passed a law forbidding new immigrants. This was understandable as the year was 1930, at the depths of the depression.

On our arrival at Montreal, the only person the officials would allow on shore, at first, was my sister Jane as she was a born Canadian. It took some skilled arguing on my father's part to convince the officials that he and his family had (1) Official Immigration Status and (2) a job to go to with the Canadian Marconi Company.

I learned as I grew up, that during the first year they spent in Canada they'd kept their fingers crossed that the company wouldn't decide that they didn't need my father after all.

Canada, although one of the largest countries in the world, does not have that great a population. This meant, and still means, that distances between villages, towns and cities, are quite large. Where, in Ireland, the distance from one town to another is five to ten miles, in Canada it would be twenty to thirty miles, sometimes longer. From Montreal to Toronto is like going from London to Edinburgh, if not further.

While I grew up, I travelled somewhat around the country. By the time I became an adult, I'd gone as far west as Chicago (admittedly not in Canada but only just outside it as far as I was

concerned, being at the tip of Lake Michigan), as far east as St. John, New Brunswick, north to Ottawa and south to Lake Memphremagog, which is part in Canada and part in the USA. These trips covered about one and a half thousand miles, roughly speaking, all of which I enjoyed. It fascinated me to see so many different kinds of countryside.

Then I married an Englishman, which took me back to England, a country I didn't know, except by hearsay. While I lived there, we (my family and I) travelled from the south coast of England to the north coast of Scotland and equally from eastern England to western Wales, from a point in mid-England. My children still live in this area.

This took about thirty odd years. During this time, my children grew up, my husband and I parted company and I taught for nine years in Yorkshire. During these years as a teacher I used my summer holidays to explore Europe.

I visited France, went to Italy to see my sister who lived in Rome (that's another story), went on a cruise around the Mediterranean which took me to Crete, Egypt and Gibraltar. I think we visited other islands but my memory these days is a mite faulty. I also thoroughly enjoyed a visit to Norway and Sweden. Two of my offspring met me in Stockholm on my way back to England.

At this point my youngest entered university and I decided that as my children no longer really needed me I could do some real travelling again.

In a way which didn't cost me a great deal of money (which I didn't have), I volunteered to teach overseas through a group known as VSO (Voluntary Service Overseas). This was in 1983. The next eight years for me was one long holiday. I became known as the Island Volunteer because my first posting was to the Maldives, a string of islands down the lower west coast of India, where I worked for two years. During this time I visited Sri Lanka, another fascinating country.

The next posting was to i-Kiribati, three strings of islands in the central Pacific. My time was spent on the western-most string, which used to be known as the Gilbert Islands, until they achieved independence from the British Empire. I nearly decided to spend the rest of my life on these islands - the weather was perfect, the people were generous and welcoming and the work suited me to a T. It was the knowledge that, if I did, I'd

never see my children again, that caused me to move on after four years there.

My last posting was to the Caribbean, to the islands of Antigua-Barbuda. I taught in a school on Barbuda, which basically had only the town where I taught. There was another small resort where, I was told, Britain's royalty came for holidays as it kept the paparazzi at a distance.

I was only there a year. Prior to this posting, while I was in England, I had bought a house in Ireland, having sold the one where I had lived in Pontefract, Yorkshire, four years previously, before I went to the Pacific. I chose Ireland, partly because I had liked what I had seen when I'd last visited Ireland as a motor racing medical attendant, and partly because I didn't want to live so close to my children that I interfered with their lives. Ireland is close enough that I can visit them every year, which I enjoy. Hopefully, so do they.

The reason I was only in the Caribbean for a year rather than the standard two years, which could be extended to five years, was that the school didn't really need me, and I was dying to get back to my new house.

Since I have been here, I have continued travelling, visiting people I met in the tropics who now live in Australia, and New Zealand. This took two trips, both delightful. Sometimes I think I would like to live in New Zealand, it is such a fascinating place, both geologically and weather-wise. While in the South Pacific, I visited Fiji and Tonga both of which I would like to see again.

On one of the islands of Fiji, I experienced the most unusual plane landing. The island's airport was at the edge of a cliff. This meant that the plane did not have to descend a great deal but levelled out as it approached the island and just rolled to a stop after it touched the edge of the cliff. Very disconcerting. Understandably, it was only a small plane, big enough for five passengers but at this time carrying only one - me.

Since my visits to the south, most of my time has been spent in Ireland. As I have said, every summer I go to England and recently, every two years or so, I visit Canada to see my brother and sisters who still live there.

If ever I move from Ireland, it will be to live with one of my children in England and only because I will have found I can no longer look after myself. And that will probably be my last trip.



# “Making History” at Parke’s Castle, July 20<sup>th</sup> 2007.

Bernie Gilbride

Beautifully restored to its former glory, to-day Parke’s Castle stands guard overlooking Lough Gill, with the O’Rourke Table Mountain to its North.

Its peaceful, tranquil setting, as it entertains visiting tourists from home and abroad, belies its historically turbulent past. Its very active involvement not only in the history of Sligo but of the Island of Ireland goes back over the centuries, back to the ancient chieftains of Breifni, perhaps even to Fionn MacCull himself. Fionn, according to the story, overtook Diarmuid and Gráinne on the slopes of nearby Benbulbin mountain.

How appropriate then, that Brian Friel’s play, ‘Making History’, should have been performed on the Castle bawn in July 2007 celebrating the 400<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the ‘Flight of the Earls’ and the life and wars of the Great Hugh O’Neill of Ulster. One of the last Gaelic Chieftains, he had fought to sustain and integrate the old Brehon laws and the new laws of the English Renaissance, then being introduced with the invasion of the Elizabethan English forces into this country.

With the floodlit Castle as back drop, we took our places under the huge awning, on that July evening, to await the beginning of the play. Seeing a member of the cast come towards us in 16<sup>th</sup> century costume, my mind flitted back to 1152 AD when the unfaithful Dearvorigill fled her home and husband, O’Rourke of Breffni, from this very place, with McMurrough, King of Leinster. The other Irish Chieftains rallied to O’Rourke, to punish McMurrough. He was deposed, fled to England and invited its Normans to Ireland to fight his onetime friends and kinsmen in an effort to recover his kingdom. They came in 1169 and their descendants, becoming more Irish than the Irish themselves, have lived here ever since.

Over 400 years later the Flight of the Earls in 1607 was a turning point in Irish history. The lands of Ulster Chieftains Hugh O’Neill and Red Hugh O’Donnell were then planted by Scots and English loyal to the British Crown. These, down the years, have remained as the British Monarchy’s most loyal subjects, causing much hardship to the deposed original Irish land owners.

As schoolgirls we wondered at the foolishness of such a great leader signing away his lands and fleeing to Europe, even having been defeated at Kinsale. Friel, in his play, gives us an insight into the trauma and dilemmas faced by O’Neill in making his decision. We are shown a little of the background to his life not mentioned in history books. We see his human side, his elopement and love marriage in 1591, at near middle age, to Mabel Bagenal, his third wife, daughter of Sir Henry Bagenal, one of the English landed gentry. He, O’Neill, had been fostered as a child in England and educated in the ways, customs, literature and language of Queen Elizabeth’s court. This evidently made a great impression on him.

On his return to Ireland he acceded to the English titles - second Earl of Tyrone, Third Baron of Dungannon, under which he served the Queen diligently, gaining in stature, both wealth and power. At the same time he was trying to unite the Irish Chieftains and found himself preparing for war, looking to Phillip 11 of Spain for assistance. When it came this help was to be his downfall, landing as it did in the southernmost part of Ireland. To join them he had to march his army, in winter, the length of Ireland. A tremendous and hazardous undertaking, this resulted in a weakened and depleted force, quickly defeated at Kinsale in 1601.

During this time his wife, Mabel, tried to influence him, pointing out that Phillip 11 of Spain had no real interest in Ireland, only having the good of Spain in mind. Unfortunately, Mabel died in childbirth in 1595, and after his defeat at Kinsale and with O’Donnell’s departure for Spain, he spent his last years in Ulster under severe pressure from England to submit to the Queen. This he eventually did, only to learn, a month later, that she was already dead when he handed in this submission. It is reported he shed bitter tears of rage, but did not rescind his submission.

His final years were spent not in Spain but under the protection of the Pope in Rome, where we see him almost destitute and maudlin. His secretary, the ever faithful Harry Hoveden, was his only companion, except for the Priest, Archbishop Peter Lombard, then writing his biography. The contents of

this were not to his liking, omitting as it did to even mention his beloved Mabel, however much he tried to persuade the Archbishop of her importance in his life. Only the loyal Harry understood the depth of O’Neill’s despair and his abhorrence of himself and the man he had become.

Our long held hero, to whom we offered our hearts as school girls in those long gone school days, as one of our few successful leaders who once commanded the fealty and loyalty of a united Ireland, is now reduced to dependence on others. He little thought his lands and those of all the other chieftains in Ulster would be confiscated and planted, almost as soon as the ship he sailed on had left Lough Swilly. With him on that ship were the brothers of his trusted friend Red Hugh O’Donnell - Rory and Cathbarr, his close friends and of course his private secretary Harry Hoveden.

The actors bring us with them, in depicting his sorrow, as he feels the end draw near, so far away from his beloved Ulster.

A standing ovation was the only way we the audience could show our appreciation of this mammoth play, its production and its wonderful cast, on the floodlit bawn of Parke’s Castle.

As we were about to leave, the leading actor, who had just left the stage with tears in his eyes, returned to tell us that that day, July 20<sup>th</sup>, was the anniversary of the death of Hugh O’Neill, who had died in Rome in 1616. What he did not tell us was that the grave of Hugh O’Neill, his son, and the two O’Donnell chieftains, had been vandalised during an insurrection in Rome in the 19<sup>th</sup> century and though the marble tomb had subsequently been restored by Garibaldi, the bodies of the Chieftains had been misplaced, so an empty tomb is all that remains there today.

A memorable evening for all who attended. As we left the Castle we recalled that he too would have left this castle, would have walked its bawn, perhaps, as we did, taking one last look at its beautiful setting overlooking Lough Gill, but knowing he might never pass this way again.

A tragic period in our so tragic history, brought alive in this moving drama ‘Making History’ by Brian Friel.



# The Pebble

Bernie Gilbride

As the tide receded, by the water's edge the milky gleam of a pebble caught the flash of a sunbeam. On picking it up I realised it was an oval shaped piece of marble. Turning it over in my palm I wondered at its perfect proportions. As it was, all it needed was a filigree gold setting and it would be a lovely pendant or brooch equal in beauty to the finest pearl.

Hard to credit that it had once been part of a large chunk of marble quarried in some distant land, perhaps from Carrara, Italy or even further afield. Perhaps it once was part of a marble column in Ephesus, Constantinople or Rome. Had it borne the imprint of Caesar, Hadrian, Mark Antony or Nero or had it watched as part of a marble faced column in the Colosseum the gladiatorial combats during a Roman festival at that arena?

Had it witnessed the triumphal reception of Caesar or Mark Antony in all their glory, or perhaps stood silently as plans were made for the invasion of some poor country about to be annexed to extend the Roman Empire?

Or was it even older than Rome? Had it perhaps seen the glories of Constantinople or the Egyptian Pharaohs as they had their monuments erected to worship their Gods? It may even have been once part of a huge column in the Acropolis in Greece and had witnessed the ancient Olympic Games, forerunners to the modern Olympics of today.

Now it lies shimmering on the palm of my hand, having been washed up on a bright Summer morning, on one of the most western beaches in Europe, far from the quarry thrown up by geophysical eruptions many

millennia ago that was its beginning.

As I turn for home, I wonder if its origins are much more recent, if it was part of the marble stairways on board the ill-fated Lusitania or the Titanic. Perhaps the last human hand to touch it was one of tension as its owner waited while fleeing the sinking ship. Had it then lain on the ocean floor for almost a century before being lifted and turned by many waves, smoothed against jagged rocks to its present beauty and cast upon this western beach?

Where it came from I will never know, but it will be cherished by me and converted into a pendant set in filigree gold, to be admired for many years to come, and handed down to posterity as a beautiful gift from the sea.

## From Kathleen Fairbanks' Autograph Book 1950

### The Nurse

The world grows better year by year  
because some nurse in her little sphere  
puts on her apron and grins and sings,  
and keeps on doing the same old things,  
taking the temperatures, giving the pills,  
to remedy mankind's numerous ills.  
Feeding the baby, answering the bells,  
being polite with a heart that rebels.  
Longing for home and all the while  
wearing the same old professional smile.  
Blessing the newborn baby's first breath.  
Taking the blame for the doctor's mistakes.  
Oh dear what a lot of patience it takes,  
going off duty at eight o'clock,  
Tired discouraged and ready to drop.  
When we lay down on caps and cross the bar,  
Oh lord will you give us just one little star  
to wear in our gowns with our uniforms new,  
In that city above where the Head Nurse is You.

### Nurse's Prayer

I pray that I will ever be a good and faithful nurse  
And help each patient to get well or keep from growing worse.  
To aid the doctor and obey the orders I receive  
And always be available and willing to relieve  
And should my country call me in the hour of war  
Pray that I will be prepared to serve on sea or shore  
To heal the sick and wounded,  
Attend the blind and lame,  
And comfort those whose nerves are frayed  
Or who are ill of mind  
I ask for strength and courage  
That I will never fail  
To honour God, my uniform and Florence Nightingale .

### A Nurse's Life

Tell me not in pretty numbers  
Nursing is a lovely dream.  
I'm half dead for want of slumbers,  
Things are harder than they seem.  
Doctors, Nurses, Sisters, Patients,  
Though my heart be stout and brave,  
Soon their trying way will send me slowly swiftly to the grave.  
Scolded too for faults of others,  
Rows and ructions day by day,  
Getting into lots of trouble,  
Tons of work and better pay.  
And at the end of all this trouble  
What at last shall be my fate?  
Like a worn down old camp horse  
Rest will come but all too late!!

# RZC 101

Bernie Gilbride

“You really mean it?”

“Of course I do. You need a car of your own.”

I perked up straightaway. A car of my very own. My eyes glazed over just thinking of it. I knew that first I needed to practise driving. In the early '60s no one had dreamed up Driving Tests or for that matter many Rules of the Road.

I had had my first driving lesson on the back road at Mullaghmore. When I think of it now, my blood runs cold. Four children on the back seat and on that road, one false move and we could all have been swimming.

Father was not renowned for his patience and a teacher he definitely was not. As I carefully put the car in gear and gingerly moved out onto the road, he quietly observed “It would be a good idea to take the brake off”. The brake was immediately removed and we shot forward along the road to be delight of the back seat passengers, who lost their seats and thought it all great fun.

As soon as possible the brake was slammed back on and I just had to have fresh air and still my pounding heart. My teacher gladly took the wheel, and the only lesson he ever gave was over.

Never one to be defeated, I cautiously moved the big car around

on the driveway at home, with no passengers, learning to reverse and go forward slowly in that confined space and got a little confidence.

Months later on a Sunday afternoon, a friend drove a white Mini, RZC 101, to our door, followed by his wife driving their own car. Jumping out, as I opened the door to welcome him, he handed me the keys: “Safe motoring, it’s all yours!” By then my teacher had come to the door behind me with a wry grin on his face, and a chuckle in his voice, as he welcomed our friends.

To me it may as well have been a Rolls Royce instead of a Mini; it was mine and I instantly fell in love with it.

The following evening my eldest son, who was used to driving the tractor on the farm, and myself took it for a spin up Newtownholmes, then a narrow country road, and both of us practised driving to our heart’s content. We turned at each gateway, reversing and turning, driving from one gate to the next. Eventually we happily drove home.

An hour later I looked out to check it was still there and thought something didn’t look quite right. On examination we found there was no back bumper and the number plate looked a bit naked. Back up Newtownholmes road again, to

each gateway we had turned at and sure enough at the very last one, there it was, shining in the sun. In those days even back bumpers on Minis were chrome plated. It slid back into place quite easily and was never known to fall off again.

That little car was my pride and joy for many years. The back passengers all learned to drive on it as they grew up. With hindsight I realise that our teacher had method in his goodness, knowing the gang would all want to drive and not at all willing to have his good car messed about by learner drivers - crashed gears, maybe even a few scratches here and there, and for a bonus I could do the teaching, all the practice runs etc. which he would have hated. So it was a boon for him and a blessing for me, giving me great freedom.

Eventually it was bought for rally driving as it had a special engine suitable for that sport.

In the family it was known as the “Old Dub” and its replacement never commanded the same affection. In truth I cannot even remember the replacement’s number, make or colour.

But RZC 101 has never been forgotten, and today, I see it in my mind’s eye as clearly as on the Sunday it first arrived. My much appreciated first car.

## The Garavogue

Bernie Gilbride

Calm flowing river surface mirror flat  
 Reflecting blue sky meets the still lake.  
 The roar of motor power disturbs the peace,  
 In its wake ripple after ripple comes  
 Rushing in circles to the water’s edge  
 Slapping against the rocky ledge.  
 Birds sing high in the trees,  
 Unconcerned, safe in lofty nests.  
 Our swans, our water birds  
 Where will they build their nests?  
 Swamped by curling ripples,  
 Nests no longer secure,  
 Will they go away, leave our bay,  
 Build their nests faraway?  
 Our graceful swans, will lead their cygnets  
 Near faraway shores, where no engine roars.

## An Atlantic Storm

Bernie Gilbride

An Atlantic storm  
 Rages this Sunday morn.  
 Trees bend in the wind,  
 Rain on glass a tattoo send.  
 Drops chase down pane  
 In race insane,  
 Collecting others on their way,  
 This bleak March day.  
 Swell to large bubbles  
 Creating furrows,  
 Disintegrate against frame  
 Splash to the ground as rain.  
 Daffodils standing tall bend  
 To the earth with the wind,  
 This way and that they sway,  
 Unopened heads in disarray.  
 Will they survive, stand tall,  
 Yellow blooms open,  
 To grace garden, home,  
 When storm itself has flown?

# Lonely The House Now

Mary Kelly White

I finally visited the old house in Glenkillamey. Never again!

I travelled on my own after dinner one Sunday and although the weather was dry and bright in Cúl Mhaoile, by the time I reached the valley after two hours driving it was dusk and of course the mist was rolling down the mountain into the valley as usual. No wonder they call it Gleann Ceo - the foggy valley.

The gate when I found it was sewn into the ground with weeds and I had to park at the Church, but at least it was on the road side. Was I sorry for myself half way down the heathery slope when I could neither see the car nor the old house, and the path was completely obliterated for want of use. Standing on the little one slab bridge at the lower gate I was glad that, unlike the woman with the four green fields, there were only two green fields between me and the house. But eerie feelings assailed me as I remembered all the stories about ghosts rattling flags as they crossed the styles, and the Black and Tans, and the silent motorbikes passing in the night.

The house was a complete tumble down shack. The gable was leaning away at an angle. The lone bush was still there in front of the house, looking like a skeleton umbrella after all the years of clipping and shaping. The flag path around the house was buried under moss and grass. I was actually afraid in the silent yard that looked so small compared to how I had remembered it. The forty gallon water barrel was collapsed in a pitiful rotten heap. The shed doors were "locked" with their hook and chain security, and I even thought that I could hear cows rattling chains inside. I was petrified in case that the horse leaned his big head out across the stable half door and neighed at me with grinning teeth. I know what you are thinking and you are right, I should not have gone there alone after so many years.

The back door of the old house was not locked because the lock and chain on it were too heavy and they had fallen on the ground. I lifted them and put them into my bag. When I touched the rusty latch it came off in my hand and I died a little. The place was in total darkness and I had no torch. The one tiny window in the kitchen was completely obscured with cobwebs and a potato stalk had grown out through the broken glass. A twig had grown from a pile of firewood beside the gaping open hearth, blocking the upper room door so I did not get up there at all, and any way the thatched roof had fallen into that room so bye bye antiques, why didn't I take them when I could have? The kitchen table was there and to my surprise the large butcher's knife that my father had purchased as a bread knife, because he liked smooth slices of bread. All of us got small cuts with that knife when we went there on holidays.

When my eyes adjusted to the darkness it wasn't too bad. I could see the old dresser, rotten and sinking, with the slanting rows of plates and bowls still there as were all the crooks and irons on the hobs. As I stood in the tiny kitchen I could see the horses' harness, ropes and chains hanging on the wooden partition which divided the lower room from the kitchen. The chairs and stools had fallen to pieces altogether.

The entire partition shook when I opened the lower room door and the horse's collar fell with its wooden peg and burst into a large rotten heap closing the back door with a thud. I was like a dog digging in the soft earth as I tore away at the stinking mess with both hands. If it had fallen on top of me it would have knocked me out.

I couldn't get the back door opened. I pushed and shoved it with both hands, but I might as well have been singing Danny Boy for all the use it was. I was trapped. Screaming was

futile. This is one for you, Lord, I prayed trying to sound sincere and I began to recite the Rosary - in silence of course in case any voices answered the Hail Marys. I was inspired to light a fire and I was thankful to have the flat pack of red matches in my bag that I had been carrying around for so long. The whole house was ready to go up in flames so finding kindling firewood was easy. When I touched the decaying towels on the wire clothes line over the fire they just broke off and fell down on the floor. I tore a few pieces from the oilcloth table cover and it burned like a firelighter. I piled on pieces of the chairs and stools. The sparks went everywhere. I was hoping that the thatch was too wet and sodden to catch fire.

Luckily a neighbour Paddy had noticed my car parked at the Church and later he smelled what he thought was a rag fire so he came to my rescue. He advised me to clear away what ever stuff was behind the front door of the house. I moved two old wooden churns and a bag of meal which burst open when I touched it.

I moved a lot of metal pots and a few galvanised buckets, shovels and spades. That door opened easily enough and Paddy joined me. In the interests of safety Paddy advised we must stay here until this fire is completely burned out. We sat on the up turned buckets. We smoked a few cigarettes and we laughed and cried while we trotted down memory lane.

"Imagine all the years that we left Daddy living alone in this house." I said, my voice breaking. "There's no need to be lonesome," Paddy consoled, "Your father was happy here." "As far as I'm concerned anyone who likes can own the green fields so long as it isn't me." I told Paddy when he had escorted me safely back through the dark foggy fields to my car at the Church.

# Poet: Get Out For A While, At Least

Terry McDonagh

It would be terrible if a poet didn't leave home. There'd just be the mother and bard frying in family fat. Not a happy scenario. No *craic!* Get out! I say. The great Joyce left *to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race*. Others amongst us left for less noble reasons, but leave we did carrying a whole bagful of dreams, ideas and ambitions, hoping to realise some of them in the course of the next forty years or so. The dream of travel was the bug to be cherished - to get away. Wit and wisdom were elsewhere and lips didn't smile much on an island of need.

Ireland is a different country, today. Thankfully, its shoreline is no longer dotted with deserted villages and people looking hopefully out to sea. Will the 'new' Ireland of hi-tech and software find common ground with the young writer? Can they merge? Should they merge? The earth, the clouds and the stars above are still good.

To quote Patrick Kavanagh: *Poetry made me a sort of outcast and I became abnormally normal*.

I met a fairly normal Donegal man in Hamburg about twenty years ago - let's call him Billy for argument's sake. 'Couldn't have got a job even if I'd looked,' he moaned. 'So I didn't bother.' Anyway, to make a long story short, Billy arrived straight from the Literary and Debating Society of University College Dublin in a longish off-white, arty coat; a substantial off-red, untidy beard, and with a portable typewriter dangling over his right shoulder to complete the package of new Joyce on the European Circuit.

We worked at the same language school, albeit in separate rooms, until one day about six months later, Billy announced he was heading for Italy, for the sun, for inspiration to write the definitive European novel. A night out with Billy was a blessing in a world where knowledge does

not equal money. He suggested he might have done better at College if the demon drink hadn't entered his poetic soul and driven him half daft with literary talk, poetic suffering and the supremacy of faraway poets in a post-Joyce Dublin. This was usually highly entertaining late-night material. He left.

Once in a while word would filter through that Billy was doing fine in this or that language school, but the word *novel* remained an unknown quantity. The last I heard of him was that he'd got a young Roman woman pregnant and he'd been dragged - surrounded and at gunpoint - to the altar. For all I know, he might still be there chatting away, telling yarns, changing nappies and dreaming of the great novel. 'Havin' the *craic*', as he used to say.

People like Billy are an endangered species in a 'new' Ireland of two cars in the drive, a second house in Spain and a dangerous superiority complex. This new generation doesn't even go to the pub without a copy of the property page sticking out of a briefcase!

Billy is not the only potential writer to have worn the costume of the poet in an alien land. In fact, the Irish market their writers very well. Take a closer look and you'll see there aren't all that many out there, at all. The Irish do a good selling job on Swift, Shaw, Wilde, Yeats, Synge, Joyce, down to John McGahern, Dermot Bolger, Colm Tobin, Philip Casey, or Roddy Doyle who is not at all sure we are still a great literary nation. Perhaps Roddy is right! If attendance at readings in Dublin is anything to go by, writers are a dying race.

But it's not quite so simple. Nothing can come of nothing, I know, but there are many writers alive and well, even as I sit. The experience of writing, reading and telling stories is a strange and beautiful practice. They defy the rules of lines and lawnmowers and

can only be considered in the context of restless souls and restless horizons. When the horizon is plastered with banknotes, the child is less wild.

We had a neighbour who'd travelled the world, was half-blind and loved to re-enact the Sunday sermon to the merriment and jubilation of those privileged to have been present. The man just adored the sound of his own voice and he was anything but a bore. He never missed Mass. He was a talker; a storyteller, a poor man with time on his hands - time to talk. *The man that made time made plenty of it*, rings in my ears.

I'm convinced of the fact that time and talk is the imaginative father and mother of our literary success in the past and today. 'Diversion' was another word for standing on corners telling yarns and stories. There was often little to do, but talk and dream of faraway places. Poverty was cruel and, unfortunately, young people were forced to travel into exile, but they often did take their 'diversion' with them to as far away as the tales they had listened to as children.

In recent years, Irish pubs have felt the need to adopt great Irish literary figures as patrons. Poor Oscar Wilde is much maligned with a beer in his hand on the wall of a pub in Berlin. The list goes on. We know how to talk and will stop at nothing to sell our wares. 'Samuel Beckett was a great man, who wrote *Waiting for Godot* and lived in France. Sure everyone knows that!'

This 'new' Irishman takes himself so, so seriously. I know it's easy to generalise, to sound like our fathers, but really! He's seems to expend his energy on trying to be part of it all- to fit in, in the worst possible way. I'll stick my neck out: this individual seems to have no respect for tomfoolery or compulsive lying - that's the great sin!

Our great poet-prophet and principal celebrant, Joyce, took us on a pilgrimage across Europe with

Dublin as the subject matter of all his New Religion: 'to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race.' 'I will not serve.'

On the other hand, John McGahern, who was sacked, from his job as primary teacher by the Bishop, felt privileged to have been part of the ritual, candles and incense of a childhood in Ireland. 'I never left the Church. It left me'

He did leave for a time, but returned with a foreign wife. A foreign wife was the last straw. The Bishop had to sack him to set an example.

By the way, I have just read his *Memoir*, again and couldn't leave it down, again. He can repeat his story as often as he likes, as far as I'm concerned.

After Last Mass a few Sundays ago, Mary McHale dropped into James Burke, the butcher, to buy a chicken. They greeted each other cordially in the empty shop and agreed the new curate was a bit strange, but he could be worse.

'I'll have a chicken, James.' 'Right, Mary,' said James going into the cold-room and appearing again with a chicken. He noted it was his last one.

'There you are, Mary ... a nice bird.'

'You haven't anything bigger, I suppose?'

Without further comment, James took the chicken back into the cold-room, roughed it up a bit and returned. 'How about this one, Mary?'

There was silence for a moment as Mary seemed to consider. 'I'll tell you what, James. I'll take the two.'

There was nobody under thirty in the pub when that yarn was being told. They would have been too busy discussing property at dinner parties.

Irish artists don't really leave home, anymore. But can the 'native strain', that grew out of Anglo Ireland and the Irish language and which fed into the pens of so many, continue in a country of alarming levels of obesity and grovelling up and down to the fortunes of the Euro?

Sin is gone! I can't believe it. It used to such an interesting topic.

Gone are the days of scruples and impure thoughts. Only a 'good' Catholic can fully appreciate the powerful, dramatic response your body was capable of when sitting on a bench waiting for Confession. Twitching legs and eyelashes took on a life of their own. Nerves, it must have been, or something like that.

It was cruel when you were the last in the long line of penitents, afraid the priest might recognise you as he left the box. There was, however, one consolation in having to wait so long: you could almost always guess what people had been up to by the length of time they spent doing penance, afterwards. This was useful information. I'm sure the girls felt the same. Therapists were unheard of.....

'A man, I am thinking of myself, innocently dabbles in words and rhymes and finds they have become a way of life' - Patrick Kavanagh.

I left Ireland to 'dabble in words and rhymes' among Germans at a time when coming home was expensive. It was a good decision. I learned to become a friend of people and some of them became friends of mine. I became less sure of my next move and that's healthy. I take my stories with me and the poet in me has a special place.

Recently I found a pair of hobnail boots under the stairs of our old house in Cill Aodáin, and a turf barrow in the shed. The finding, in itself, was not all that special. The fact that I became all happy and excited gave me something to think about.

*Terry McDonagh, poet and dramatist, has published four collections of poetry; a play; a book of letters and a novel and poetry for children. His work has been translated into Indonesian and German, funded by Ireland Literature Exchange. With piper Diarmaid Moynihan, he completes the poet/piper duo, Raithneach. Twelve of his poems have been put to music by German composer, Eberhard Reichel. Cill Aodáin and Nowhere Else, illustrated by artist Sally McKenna, is due in 2008.*

**Elegy to the memory of my school pal Tommy Keenan, Ardmnane, Killavil, who died on November 2nd 1931.**

By Denis Killoran, Harristown, Ballymote.

*Our homes are sad and drear to-day,  
Our hearts with grief are sore,  
For one we loved has passed away,  
Alas, to see no more.*

*It was when dull November came,  
November chill and bare,  
Beside his bedside we knelt down,  
To offer up a prayer.*

*In peaceful sleep in silent grave,  
Dear Tom you lie to-day,  
With mother meek, and father dear,  
You're clasped beneath the clay.*

*The Lord have mercy on his soul,  
The prayer I always hear,  
When speaking to your once sad pals,  
And neighbours kind and dear.*

*In sorrow deep I pen these lines,  
Sad thoughts do come to me,  
Our schooldays, oh! Those happy times,  
When we from care were free.*

*No more as comrades we shall meet,  
No more your laugh shall ring,  
No more as pals to mass will go,  
Or in the choir sing.*

*Ardminane no more you'll climb,  
Nor roam Killavil's dales,  
No more you'll see Keash Corran's hills,  
Nor Harristown's green vales.*

*For God ordained that you should go,  
To his bright throne above,  
To leave this land of sin and woe,  
For his great land of love.*

*You led a good and holy life,  
While in this vale of tears,  
A model in this earthly strife,  
For twenty one short years.*

*God's will be done for he knows when,  
To call us to his throne,  
To that bright throne where angels sing,  
Beyond the starry dome.*

*I kneel and pray each day,  
I hope we meet once more,  
When here my life has passed away,  
And all my troubles o'er.*

*Adieu, Adieu, a long farewell,  
I pray that God on high,  
May have you with his angels dwell,  
For evermore---GOOD BYE.*

Published in Old Moore's Almanac, 1932.  
Copied by P.J. Duffy, August, 2003



# The Will of Archdeacon Terence O'Rorke, 1819-1907

Supplied by Martin A Timoney

**The life of Archdeacon Terence O'Rorke, 1819-1907, was summarised by the author (Timoney 2005-2006, with references)<sup>1</sup>. His will is interesting in that it records, among many family and religious connections, the existence of his now-dispersed extensive library, his non-religious investments and his investment for a greater life hereafter. One wonders why he should have felt it necessary to secure so many masses considering his almost sixty-one years of dedicated ministry and the production of four volumes, one of them of religious sermons. We do not know if there was an earlier will.**

**The typewritten copy of the will, made four years before O'Rorke's death, was provided to me by the late James P. McGarry, LL.B., of Collooney who lived for many years opposite the house that Archdeacon O'Rorke lived in from 1854 to 1907.**

*The last Will and Testament of Terence O'Rorke of Collooney in the County of Sligo  
The 4<sup>th</sup> day of May 1903*

In the name of God Amen  
– This is the last Will and Testament of me, Terence O'Rorke of Collooney in the County of Sligo, Parish Priest of Ballisodare and Kilvarnet and Archdeacon of the Diocese of Achonry. I hereby revoke all former wills and testamentary dispositions made by me.

I bequeath my soul to God begging Him in his infinite Mercy and through the Saving Merits of Jesus Christ to have it in his holy keeping. I desire my body to be buried in front of Our Lady's Chapel in the Church of the Assumption, Collooney and as close to the Altar rails on the outside as the Bishop of the said Diocese of Achonry at the time of my decease may deem fitting.

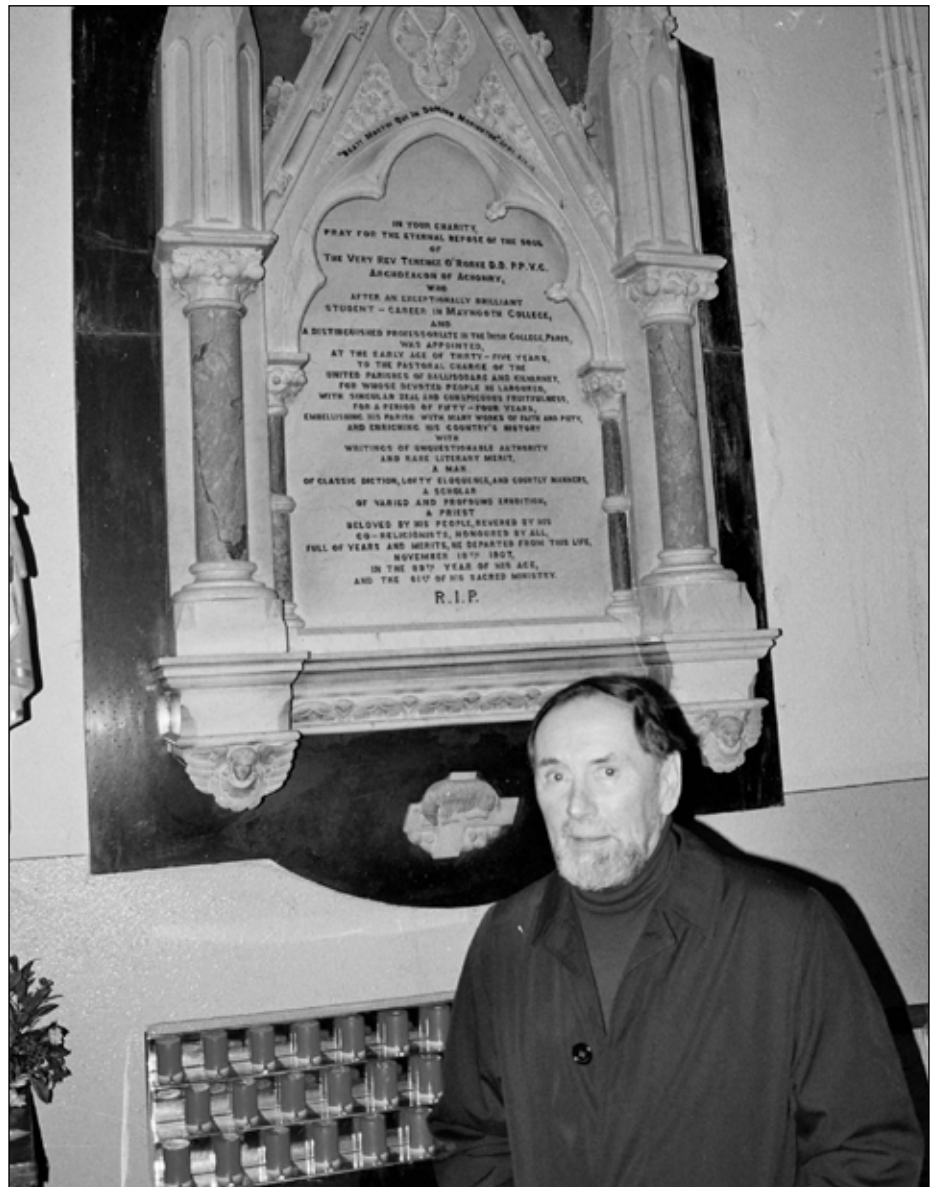
I appoint my beloved nephew Michael O'Rorke of Ballisodare and my good friend and Curate the Rev. Henry Dillon executors of this my will

and I give each of them the sum of Twenty Pounds in token of my regard and to remember me in their Prayers.

I give to my executors the sum of Forty Pounds to be applied by them for the benefit of the poor Protestant and Catholic of the said Parishes of Ballisodare and Kilvarnet, the proportion falling according to their numbers to Protestants to be handed for

distribution to the Rectors at the time of my decease of the said Parishes, a provision which is added in order, to carry out the principles of even handed dealings with the denominations a principle too often violated in the County of Sligo.

I give to my executors the sum of Seventeen Pounds ten shillings which I direct them to pay over in



**Fr. Liam Swords, Historian of the Diocese of Achonry, at the memorial to Archdeacon Terence O'Rorke erected in 1911 in Collooney church over his burial place. The occasion was Fr. Swords' lecture on O'Rorke to Sligo Field Club in November 2007. Photo: Martin A. Timoney**

equal portions to the seven eldest of my Confreres on the Mission in the said Diocese of Achonry namely: Rev. P. McDonald, Canon Loftus, Dean Staunton, Canon O'Hara, Cannon Lowry, Rev. P Mulligan, (P.P. of Curry) and Rev. D. O'Grady with the obligation on each of them of saying five masses for my intention within one month after my decease and I request that these masses may be offered up publicly in such Church or Churches in Ireland as my said Confreres may select. I give to the Bishop for the time being of the said Diocese of Achonry the sum of Forty Pounds for Masses for my intention; the Masses for two-thirds of this sum to be said by my brother Priests of the said Diocese of Achonry (the honorarium to be five shillings for each Mass) and to be offered up publicly in such Church or Churches in Ireland as the said Bishop may direct And as to the remaining one-third of the said sum of Forty Pounds for Masses for my intention to be offered up by the Priests of the Irish College Paris, or such other priests as the Superior of that College may select for the duty (the honorarium in this case also to be five shillings for each mass) And I request my good Bishop to arrange this matter with the Superior of the said Irish College. Besides the Masses above mentioned I request the following: Ten by the Bishop (the honorarium to be Two Pounds for each Mass) and five by each of my Curates at the time of my decease (the honorarium to be One Pound for each Mass) And I request that these Masses shall be offered up publicly in such Church or Churches in Ireland as the said Bishop may direct.

I give to my Executors the sum of Twenty Pounds to defray the expenses of my funeral.

I give to my Executors the sum of Twenty Pounds to be applied by them in erecting some memorial of me in the said Church of the Assumption Collooney such as the Bishop of the said Diocese of Achonry at the time of my decease may approve.

I give to the Bishop for the time being of the said Diocese of Achonry the Sum of Forty Pounds to be invested according to his discretion and to apply the annual interest or dividend arising therefrom in providing for the pupils in the Diocesan College of the said Diocese of Achonry an annual prize for the best English Essay on a subject to be announced by the Head of the College for the time being

two or three months before the taking in of the compositions.

Commending myself to the prayers of the good Nuns I give the sum of Ten Pounds to the Superioress for the time being of each of the Achonry Diocesan Convents situated respectively at Ballaghaderreen, Banada, Foxford, Swinford, Ballymote and Tubbercurry And I give a like sum of Ten Pounds each to the Superioress for the time being of the Convent of Mercy Sligo, The Convent of Mercy Ballina and the Convent of Mercy Summerhill, Athlone.

In token of my special affection for Collooney I give to the Bishop for the time being of the said Diocese of Achonry and the Parish Priest for the time being of the said Parishes of Ballisodare and Kilvarnet the sum of Thirty Pounds upon trust to be invested by them in their joint names in the Post Office Savings Bank or other Government Security, the interest to be annually drawn and employed in providing prizes for the pupils of the Camphill Schools under the management for the time being of the Parish Priest of the said Parishes.

I give my Library containing about Five thousand Volumes to the Most Rev. John Lyster or other the Bishop for the time being of the said Diocese of Achonry and his successors upon trust to make such arrangements regarding the Volumes as shall conduce to their safe keeping and greater usefulness. A carefully prepared Alphabetical Catalogue would contribute much towards the attainment of this object and should I be unable to draw it up as is most likely an experienced hand from Dublin or elsewhere should be employed to do the work. I wish these volumes to be shelved apart from all others and to be called either "The Collooney Collection" or "Archdeacon O'Rorke's Collection" and so designated on an adjoining fixed and letter slab of some kind.

I give to my said nephew Michael O'Rorke the sum of Two hundred Pounds as he received comparatively little under his father's Will.

I give to James Gallagher the sum of Twenty Pounds for special service during my illness.

I give to Catherine Martin of Collooney the sum of Twenty Pounds to aid her in her present business of bringing within reach of the Parishioners of proper supply

and assortment of *objects de piete* including Catechisms, Prayer Books, Beads, Scapulars, Medals, etc. I take occasion to record my opinion that the business in question conduces not a little to the benefit of religion in the neighbourhood.

The foregoing pecuniary bequests are to be paid out of the proceeds of the sales of the shares I hold in the Great Northern Railway of Ireland.

I give all my interest in the house I occupy including my furniture and effects inside and outside my said house and the piece of land I hold to my nephew James O'Rorke.

Referring to the residue of my assets including the proceeds of the Policy of Assurance on my life with the "Life Association of Scotland" I direct it to be divided into two equal parts one moiety to be handed to the Bishop of the said Diocese of Achonry to be employed by him at his discretion in the interests of religion in the Parishes of Ballisodare and Kilvarnet and of the other moiety I desire Twenty Pounds to be given to the Parish Priest for the time being of the said Parishes of Ballisodare and Kilvarnet for a Benediction Service including a Harmonium for Corhownagh Church, Twenty Pounds to be given to my nephew John O'Rorke of Australia, Twenty Pounds to my nephew John Joseph O'Hara of Coolaney, Twenty Pounds to my niece Mary Ann Williams of America, Twenty Pounds to my niece Teresa Williams of America and the balance to be given to the Bishop of the Diocese of Achonry for Masses to be said for my intention the masses to be offered up in public and the honorarium to be five shillings for each Mass.

In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand to this my last will the 4<sup>th</sup> day of May 1903.

– T. O'Rorke –

Signed by the said Testator as his last Will in the presence of us both being present at the same time who in his presence and in the presence of each other have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

Michael Rooney, National Teacher, Collooney  
Henry Rooney, National Teacher, Collooney.

<sup>1</sup>Timoney, Martin A., "Terence O'Rorke, 1819-1907", *The Corran Herald*, No 38, 38-39.

# Castledargan Golf Course

## Fairway Names

Martin A. Timoney

Dermot and Bríd Fallon developed the former McDonagh, Ormsby and latterly Hosie lands at Castledargan into a golf course from 1999 onwards. As Patrick Merrigan designed, adjusted and reshaped the eighteen fairways that were to become the 21<sup>st</sup> century landscape that is now maturing as Castledargan Golf Course he heard many mini-lectures on the archaeology and history of this landscape steeped in past settlement from this author. One day, half in jest I think, he suggested that I name the eighteen fairways having regard to what I was saying. Dermot Fallon agreed and what seemed a simple process began. It was easy to name a dozen or so of the fairways but one or two always proved difficult to find a justifiable name for. Following several drafts eighteen names were finally approved.

Hopefully all of the names applied to the fairways of Castledargan will be seen as reflecting the archaeology and history of this part of Co. Sligo, a part gaining rapidly in publicity due to its newly developed golf course, even if some of the names are gentle attempts at poking fun at those most recently involved.

Some names and features which failed to make the final cut were Two Ringforts, Eastern Avenue, Fallen Stones, Lake Harbour and Lake Quay; Squireen's Purgatory, Yeats' Valley and Valley's End all failed on being not quite right. The overall name of the townland is Castledargan but the hotel and golf course are now called Castle Dargan, a subtle distinction. We toyed with using two quotes, *Golf is a good walk, spoiled* from Mark Twain and *Golf is a day spent in a round of strenuous idleness* from William Wordsworth.

In *The Corran Herald* No. 38, Pat E. O'Brien discussed the old placenames of Castledargan, a townland east of Ballygawley, Co. Sligo. These placenames have long historical standing having developed over generations.

The final eighteen are given here in their chronological order, as opposed to playing order. The fairways have been named in relation to where players are going towards, generally speaking.

*Queen Maeve* (14<sup>th</sup> Fairway): *Misgaín Maedhbha* cairn, a Neolithic passage tomb on Knocknarea, is visible through the gap in the Ox Mts. from many parts of the course but particularly as you come up the 14<sup>th</sup>.

*Southern Henge* (12<sup>th</sup> Fairway): This rare circular earthen henge earthwork may be 6,000 years old.

*Inky, Pod and Gin* (Practice holes in the Bell Field): Special stones marked the burial places in the Western Walled Garden of pets, Inky, Pod and Gin. One, possibly two, of these were re-used prehistoric saddle querns that may have come from some of the waterside fireplaces, burnt spreads to the archaeologists, that were discovered during the construction of the course.

*Souterrain* (9<sup>th</sup> Fairway): A souterrain, for storage and safe hiding during the Early Christian Period, was discovered in the hill here.

*McDonagh's Castle* (2<sup>nd</sup> Fairway): Castledargan Castle was built in 1422 by Conor MacDonagh, Lord of Collooney.

*Castle Field* (16<sup>th</sup> Fairway): This large field takes its longtime name from that castle.

*Kileenduff Road* (5<sup>th</sup> Fairway): The old road through Killeenduff crossed the course just west of the Castle Field.

*Avenue Gates* (4<sup>th</sup> Fairway): The tall gate pillars at the start of the Eastern Avenue are possibly 17<sup>th</sup> century in date. It seems that settlement continued in the area around the castle into the mid-19<sup>th</sup> century.

*Ormsby's Ha Ha* (8<sup>th</sup> Fairway): The Ormsbys, here from 1666 to 1883, beautified the demesne and established a ha ha outside the front lawn.

*Walled Gardens* (3<sup>rd</sup> Fairway): They developed walled gardens south of the Castle. One had geometrical

paths through flowers and herbs and the other was once filled with fruit bushes.

*Drumnascoille Megalith* (6<sup>th</sup> Fairway): The Ormsbys built the folly megalithic tomb here on Drumnascoille Hill.

*Yeats' Retreat* (10<sup>th</sup> Fairway): The poet William Butler Yeats visited his Ormsby cousins at Castledargan.

*Brawling Squireens* (17<sup>th</sup> Fairway): Yeats once described his Ormsby cousins here as Brawling Squireens.

*Middleton's Mortgage* (7<sup>th</sup> Fairway): William Middleton mortgaged Castledargan for a short period, 1875 to 1882.

*Northern Line* (13<sup>th</sup> Fairway): The Sligo, Leitrim and Northern Counties Railway linked Collooney to Enniskillen from 1879 to 1957.

*Hosie's View* (1<sup>st</sup> Fairway): The Hosie family, here from 1883 to 1998, were the last family before the golf course and hotel.

*Merrigan's Purgatory* (11<sup>th</sup> Fairway): This punishing hole is dedicated to Patrick Merrigan, golf course architect.

*Clarke's Marathon* (15<sup>th</sup> Fairway): This hole is dedicated to Ryder Cup hero Darren Clarke.

*Fallon's Punishment* (18<sup>th</sup> Fairway): Castledargan Golf Course was developed between 1998 and 2005 by Dermot & Bríd Fallon.

*Bell Field*: There was a bell near here for calling the workers from the land.

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# A Find of Rock Crystal at Ballincar, Co. Sligo

Martin A. Timoney

During the second phase of pre-development testing, License 04E0538, for a proposed housing development in Ballincar, Grid 1686.3377, on the North side of the inner East end of Sligo Bay, two objects, a flint blade and a piece of rock crystal, were found in disturbed topsoil about 5 m apart. These were both spotted glistening in the sunlight. During a third phase of testing two possible gneiss pounding stones, one much less convincing than the other, were found in the general area of the other two finds. These two stones stood out from the generality of stones in this soil. Despite intensive searching no context for the four finds was established and there were no other archaeological discoveries in these three fields.

## *The Ballincar Finds*

The rock crystal measures 42 mm long and 19.5 mm by 11.5 mm in width. The butt-end is light brown while the rest of the piece is multifaceted and transparent.

The flint flake is 33.5 mm long, 15.5 mm wide and 5.5 mm thick. Its surface is now white.

The pounding stone is 112 mm long and 67 mm by 48 mm in girth; one butt end has been damaged through use while the other end has been broken off in antiquity.

The 'unconvincing possible pounding stone' measures 94 mm by 69 mm by 60 mm; I doubt if it would have been picked up if it had been found first, its geological similarity to the first was all that drew my attention to it.

The general assessment from many colleagues is that the flint flake is either Early Neolithic or Early Mesolithic, the latter being the preferred dating.

## *Causewayed Enclosures*

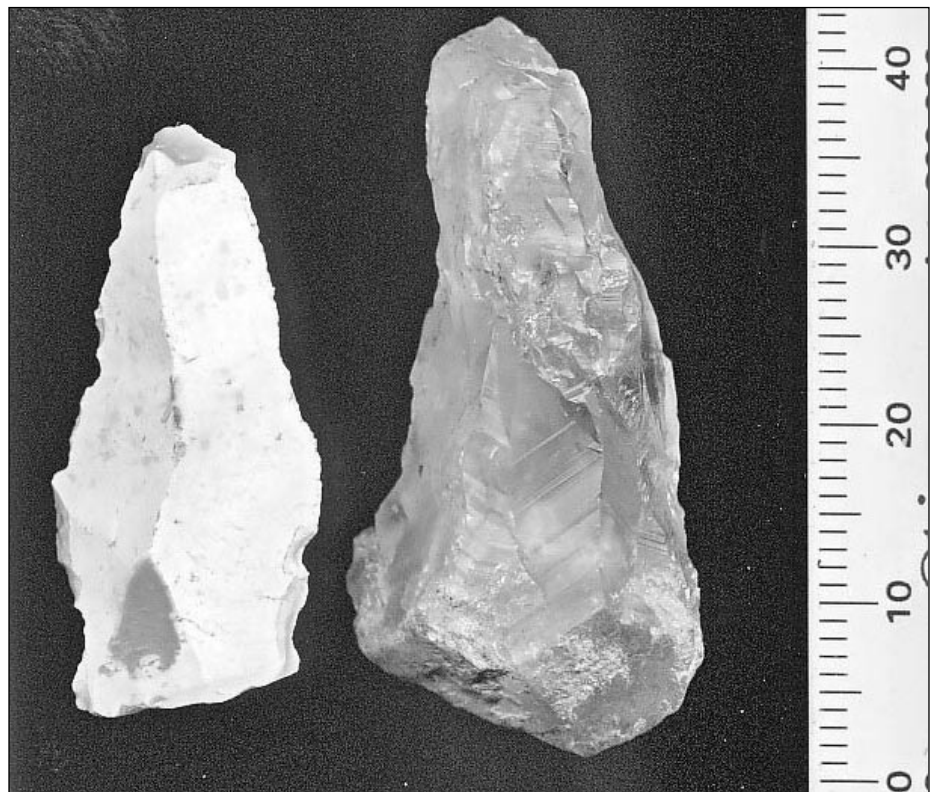
A causewayed enclosure is a large enclosed area, sub-circular or ovalish, formed by one or more roughly concentric rings of ditches. These

ditches are interrupted by causeways, hence their archaeological name, or gaps where the soil was not dug out and which provided easy access to the interior through these gaps. The soil from the ditches was usually piled inside the ditches to form a bank. Over the passage of centuries natural erosion and farming practices leveled monuments of this type and they are only discovered through excavation, aerial photography or geophysical examination of the ground.

Interpretation of these causewayed enclosures is that they are communal

4,000-3,700 BC. There are three related timber enclosures known from Ireland, Lyles Hill in Antrim, Thornhill in Derry and Knowth in Meath, but these are not causewayed enclosures.

Sixty-nine examples of causewayed enclosures are known from Britain, mainly in south and central England, with examples on Anglesey, Isle of Man and Cumbria. All these are later than the recently discovered causewayed enclosure at Maugheraboy<sup>1</sup>. They are known on the Continent where they begin as early as 5,000 BC. See Mercer (1990) and Bradley (2007, 69-77) for



**The 42 mm long multifaceted and transparent rock crystal, and the 33.5 mm long flint flake from Ballincar, Co Sligo. Scan: Martin A Timoney**

ritual or ceremonial sites or settlement sites. They date to the Early Neolithic, beginning about 6,000 years ago, and until 2003 only one definitive one, Donegore Hill in Antrim, was known in Ireland. Donegore has been estimated as functioning for between 300 and 900 years of occupation beginning about

further details on these monuments.

## *Magheraboy Causewayed Enclosure*

Excavations on the County Extension of the Sligo Inner Relief Road in 2003 revealed a great wealth of thirty rich archaeological sites. One was the newly discovered Early Neolithic

causewayed enclosure (Danaher 2007, 89-127) at Magheraboy on the South side of Sligo city. This 2.02 ha (5 acres) archaeological site was on the last ridge before passing northwards by Summerhill College. This location is four km to the south of Ballincar.

The Magheraboy causewayed enclosure probably dates to 4,150-3,935 BC (Danaher 2007, *passim*). It is at the extremity of the European distribution. Most surprisingly, this earliest causewayed enclosure in these islands is at the western extremity of the distribution. Bradley (2007, 69-77) was written before the Magheraboy causewayed camp had been publicized. The Maugheraboy causewayed enclosure overlooks the intense spread of great megalithic tombs sweeping from Barnabrack at Beltra along the Ox Mts. and from Knocknarea through Carrowmore to Cairns Hill to Abbeyquarter North, all south of the Garvoge and Sligo Bay. The nearest tomb would have been the so-called Sligo Stones, a probable Carrowmore-type passage tomb, that was near the back entrance to St. John's graveyard. Its position on the high ridge looks west, south and east across the landscape of these tombs. Significantly it also looks northwards across the inner end of Sligo Bay towards Lisnalgur where there is a henge monument and a linear earthwork, both thought to be Neolithic in date. Yet, it is generally accepted that it pre-dates the tomb building phase of the Neolithic.

### Magheraboy Rock Crystal

Within the Magheraboy causewayed enclosure a deposit of 31 similar pieces of collected rock crystal were found partially encircling a mudstone axe (Danaher 2007, 93, 103, 104, 113-114, Pl. 6.17; CD: Area 2C, Plate 29).

These are called prismatic quartz crystals in the report on Magheraboy. Yet I am calling the same type of piece from Ballincar rock crystal. To me they are the same material. Rock crystal, a substance with a slightly warmer greasy feel, is geologically rare in Co. Sligo; quartz crystal, either in pure, near pure or milky form is easily come by. This find of rock crystal was my first, as opposed to finds of quartz, in almost forty years of fieldwalking and examining the quarries, soils and

gravels of Co. Sligo.

Quartz crystals are distinctively like the working end of a lead pencil while the Ballincar and Maugheraboy rock crystals do not have distinct geometric shapes. To me the feel of the Ballincar rock crystal is distinctly different to that of quartz crystals. To Early Neolithic peoples there may have been

Timoney discussed ways of capturing a proper image of the Ballincar finds with me. To these I tender my thanks. To those and other archaeologists and geologists I simply say that this article, while providing some information, is intended to provoke further research into rock crystal in north Connacht.



Four pieces of quartz from Magheraboy, Co Sligo. Photo by Jonathan Hession, courtesy of Michael McDonagh of the National Roads Authority

no difference! Research is needed into the geological source of both types in Sligo, though importation is always a possibility.

### Non-Context of Ballincar Finds

There were several finds of modern glass, crockery, etc., in the soil of the Ballincar field which was an orchard, at least in the 1950s, though today the trees are all gone. The possibility arises that these finds came with the discarded modern material from the adjacent 17th or 18th century house in the adjacent 32-acre Rosmullen part of this townland as depicted on the 1771 George Hillas map for Owen Wynne, NLI Ms 750,14, area 6. This suggestion is prompted by the absence, after thorough site testing, of any context to attribute the finds to.

**Acknowledgements:** Seamus and Patricia O'Dowd financed the test excavations. Prof. Peter Woodman, Michael McDonagh, Richard Crumlish and many others have discussed the rock crystal with me. Ed Danaher was provided with details of the Ballincar finds. Phil Foley provided me with the Bradley (2007) reference to causewayed enclosures. Catherine

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<sup>1</sup> Magheraboy, often as if Maugheraboy, is a 327 acre townland that stretches from Market St. almost as far as Knocknarea Villas and down to Ballyfree. Most people think of it as the road from Church Hill out as far as Knocknarea Villas.



# John Ormsby Cooke of Kilturra House, Co. Sligo

Dr. Kieran Cooke



In his book 'The Irish and Anglo-Irish Landed Gentry', John O Harte gives us a detailed account of John Ormsby Cooke's ancestry, stating that he descends from one John Cooke of Painstown (Oak Park), Co. Carlow. This John Cooke, who was an Officer in a Regiment of Horse in the Army of King James II, with his brothers, took up arms "for faith and sovereign", and so warmly espoused the cause of King James, that, in grateful recognition of their devotion to him, His Majesty granted to them the style and title forever "The Cookes of the Cavaliers".

The family estates in Carlow and elsewhere were confiscated because of their adherence to the cause of King James. John Cooke, after the Battle of Aughrim (12 July 1691), settled in Connacht, where he and his descendents married into some of the most respectable families of that province. John Cooke's brothers went to France with the "Wild Geese" after the Siege of Limerick (December 1691), where one, Matthew Cooke, an officer in the Royal Regiment of Footguards, is detailed by O'Callaghan in his 'History of the Irish Brigades in the Service of France', died in 1740. John Cooke settled in Co. Sligo and a look at his genealogy shows that indeed he and his descendents married well in Co. Sligo i.e. The Lynch's, O'Dowd's, Irwin's, Meredyth's, Bret's, Henry's and Mc Gettrick's. In order to explain the appearance of "Ormsby" in the name John Ormsby Cooke, I include here, a portion of the Meredyth family tree. This excerpt also explains later in this article, lines from the song "The Ballad of Kilturra".

Sir Robert Meredyth M.P. for Boyle 1613



A son Robert Meredyth, died 1675, married Francis French of Sessue Common



A son Francis Meredyth, died 1719, married Miss Ormsby of Willow Brooke



A son Henry<sup>1</sup> Meredyth married Celia Napier, daughter of James Napier and Miss Cooper of Markree



A daughter Bridget Meredyth married firstly to Mr. Duggan, and secondly, in 1798, to Charles Cooke<sup>2</sup>, son of Thomas Cooke and Anne Irwin of Muckleta, who themselves married in 1770.

It is not uncommon to find in records, a maternal surname carried on as a christian name of a child or grandchild, as is the case of John Ormsby Cooke. John Ormsby Cooke was born in 1844, the eldest of eleven children, to Thomas Cooke of Tubbercurry, son of Charles Cooke and Catherine Mc Gettrick, daughter of Bartholomew Mc Gettrick and Mary King of Moylough House. Little is written or known of his early life, except that he was well travelled and educated abroad, including Paris University.

The earliest reference to John Ormsby Cooke is when his aunt, Mary Mc Gettrick, inherited Kilturra House in 1857, on the death of her father Bartholomew, invites him back from London to take over Kilturra. At this time, the estate was known to have 348 acres. According to De Berg's 'The Landowners of Ireland', John Ormsby Cooke was recorded to be in ownership of Kilturra House, consisting of a total of 424 Acres, the Annual Rateable value of which was £86. He was also in ownership of 12 acres of land in Co. Carlow, with an Annual Rateable value of £20.<sup>3</sup> It would appear that he was well liked by his staff, tenants and neighbours.

Reference must be made at this point to the time when "The Church Temporalities Commissioners" put their land for sale adjoining the Kilturra estate. Fears amongst the locals were that others with known interest in the property might acquire it. However, on the day of the sale in March 1873 in Dublin, John Ormsby Cooke did indeed purchase the estate, much to the delight of the locals.<sup>4</sup> On his return from Dublin, he was met at Bunnanadden by blazing bonfires and a welcoming party; the little town was brilliantly illuminated. When Mr. Cooke was nearing his home, the horses were unyoked and stalwart arms drew the carriage to the avenue where happy and loving tenants hoisted him on their shoulders, and carried him in triumph to the very centre of the homestead hall. Here an old tenant of 75 years of age, sat on a chair and sang a song of welcome.

The following are a few stanzas from "The Song of Kilturra"<sup>5</sup>, portraying a description that would not be usual of landlords of the times.

Three cheers for our landlord and long may he reign  
Mr. John Ormsby, it's his honour, I mean  
He is well liked in the country, in every degree  
For nursing his tenants, no better can be.

His honour he springs from a noble race  
His actions all show that this is the case  
To the poor he's a friend, so good and so kind  
His equal in Ireland I'm sure you'll not find.

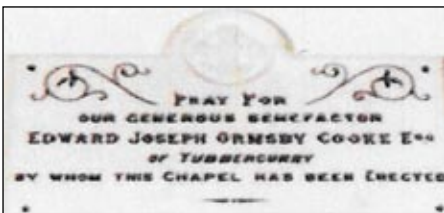
He sprang from the Coopers of riches and fame  
And the Ormsbys too, of good race and name  
The Phibbes, the Irwins, and the Meredyths of old  
Who were royally sprung and had silver and gold.

In his lifetime, John Ormsby Cooke, who was a Grand Juror, a County Magistrate for Sligo, and a benevolent landlord, erected a stone to his grandfather, Bartholomew McGettrick, at Kilturra Well, named "Toberaraght", which was opposite his house (See map)



Also, at the well is an early Christian slab which John Ormsby Cooke exhibited at the Dublin Exhibition of 1907. He was obviously interested in antiquities, and was a member of the Association for the Preservation of the Memorials of the Dead in Ireland, publishers of JAPMOI. He was well disposed to the Catholic Church, the beautiful Rose Window over the alter in Bunninadden church, in memory of the Cookes of Kilturra, can be attributed to John Ormsby Cooke, as can the equally beautiful private chapel in the Marist Convent in Tubbercurry, be attributed to his brother, Edmund Ormsby Cooke (See Plaque).

John Ormsby Cooke's first cousin,



Fr. Mark Cooke, was administrator in Keash Parish from 1870 to 1887, dying there at the age of 44 years; he is buried in the parish church in Keash. It is worth noting that the ancestors of the Cookes had their lands in Ullard, Co. Carlow, confiscated for the cause of their faith by the Williamites.

The Cooke Crest illustrates an ostrich with a horseshoe in its mouth, examples of which are to be found on the grave monument of John Ormsby Cooke's father in Kilturra, and on the grave monument of his brother, Edward Ormsby Cooke, in Tubbercurry<sup>6</sup>, shown below. This same crest is also found on William

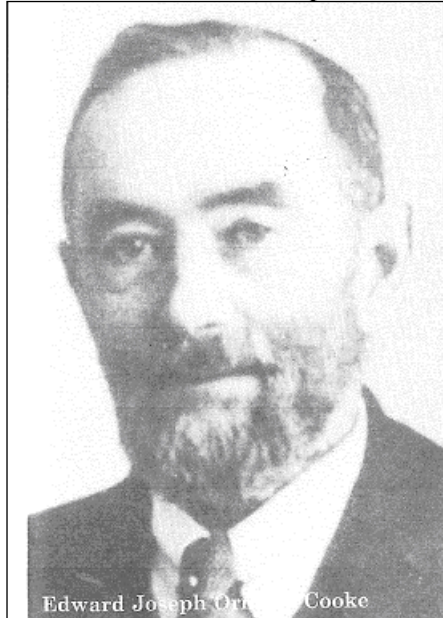
Cooke's tombstone (died in 1722) in Oak Park, Co. Carlow.

No photographs of John Ormsby



Cooke have survived, but there is one of his brother, Edward Ormsby Cooke, and of his premises in Tubbercurry, shown below.

Edward Walford, in his publication



'The Country Families of the United Kingdom'<sup>7</sup>, lists John Ormsby Cooke and his father, Thomas Cooke of Kilturra, and formerly of Wells Co. Carlow, where some property was retained and where John Ormsby lived in 18838, and possibly during the unrest of the Land League. There is verbal evidence that he was

mistreated by them per Pat Coen whose father actually worked for John Ormsby Cooke and later, after John Ormsby's death, he acquired a holding of land from the Irish Land Commission, including the very site where Kilturra House once stood.

John Ormsby Cooke returned to Kilturra House and lived out his life there; again, little is written of this time. He died unmarried, aged 80 years, on the 21st of July 1924, at 4 Richmond Terrace, Meath Road, Bray, Co. Wicklow. His place of burial has not yet been located.

"A kindly and benevolent Landlord"



#### Acknowledgements

For the content of the above article, the source material was drawn on from several authors and interviews, and acknowledgements are made to them in the subsequent list. Sincere apologies are made should there be any omissions.

Mary B. Timoney – *Had Me Made*.

Mary B. and Martin A. Timoney – Verbal information and references

J.C. Mc Donagh – MSS. Vol 10 and others

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Wood-Martin – *History of Sligo*

Crawford – JAMPDI, 1908

Pat Coen – Interview 2007

Oliver Flannery, MSPI – information and photographs

Sr. Alveras – *Marist Convent Centenary Celebration Journal*

*Sligo Independent* Article of 29 March 1873

*The General Valuation of Rateable Property in Ireland 1848-1864*

1 Henry Meredyth's great-great-grandfather was Sir Robert Meredyth MPP for Boyle. This information is from the writings of J.C. Mc Donagh MSS.

2 Charles Cooke was John Ormsby Cooke's grandfather.

3 De Berg 'The Landowners of Ireland' 1878

4 J.F. Quinn, article from the Western People newspaper

5 Report in the Sligo Independent 29 March 1873.

6 Photograph of Cooke Crest, found on the grave monument of Edward Ormsby Cooke, Tubbercurry

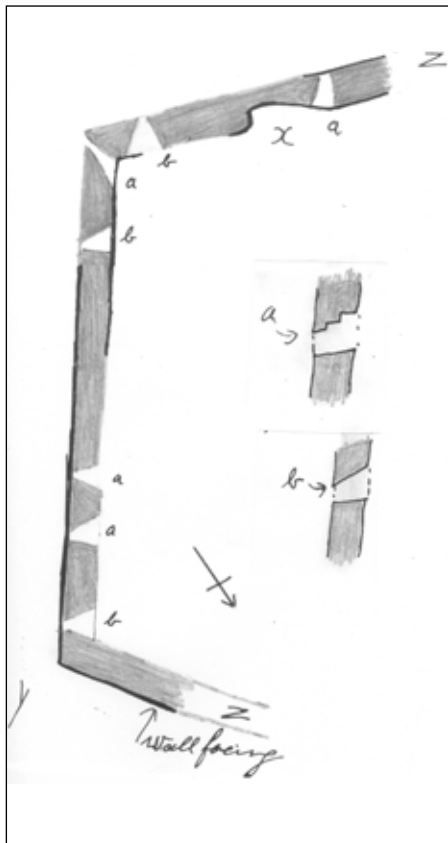
7 Edward Walford MA, 'The Country Families of the United Kingdom', 1860

8 John O'Harte, 'The Irish and Anglo-Irish Landed Gentry

# Coola castle correction

Martin A Timoney

The incomplete illustration of the plan of Coola castle was included in the article “Some Notes on Coola, Drumcondra, Dunfore and Tanrego Castles, Co. Sligo”, *The Corran Herald*, 40 (2007-2008), 41-43. The isolated pieces are vertical sections down through the gun loops and their positions are indicated on the plan. There are four of Type A, which have a stepped roof, while there are three of Type B, which have a slanted roof, in the three surviving walls. Z is where wall footing only is to be seen and X is the curvature in the inner face of the wall for the stairs.



# William Gregory Wood-Martin, Sligo Antiquarian, in 1897

Martin A Timoney

Col. William Gregory Wood-Martin, 1847-1917, Sligo historian, Irish antiquarian and author, proudly dressed in the uniform of Aide-de-Camp and wearing a Queen Victoria’s Diamond Jubilee Medal of 1897.

This photo was discovered by Linda Mary Wood-Martin at Woodville in late November 2007 on the day that the most recent illustrated and well referenced account of him, “William Gregory Wood-Martin, Sligo Antiquarian, Some Notes and Images”, *J. Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland*, 136 (2006), 157-170, went to press; a much shortened version of that article was published as “Many Strings to Wood-Martin’s Bow” some weeks later in *The Sligo Champion*, November 21, 2007. See also John C. McTernan’s *At The Foot of Knocknarea, A Chronicle of Coolera in Bygone Days* (1990) and his *Worthies of Sligo, Profiles of Eminent Sligionians of Other Days* (1994), Aideen M., Ireland, “Colonel William Gregory Wood-Martin, Sligo Antiquary, 1847-1917”, *J. Irish Archaeol.*, 10(2001), 1-11 and John Waddell’s *Foundation Myths, The Beginnings of Irish Archaeology* (2005).



# Luttrell's Map of Sligo, 1689: a thoroughly modern view!

Eoin Halpin

The years of the 17<sup>th</sup> century were turbulent with the English Civil War and the later campaign for the English Crown spilling across Ireland. Many towns were inevitably marked by these events and Sligo was no exception.

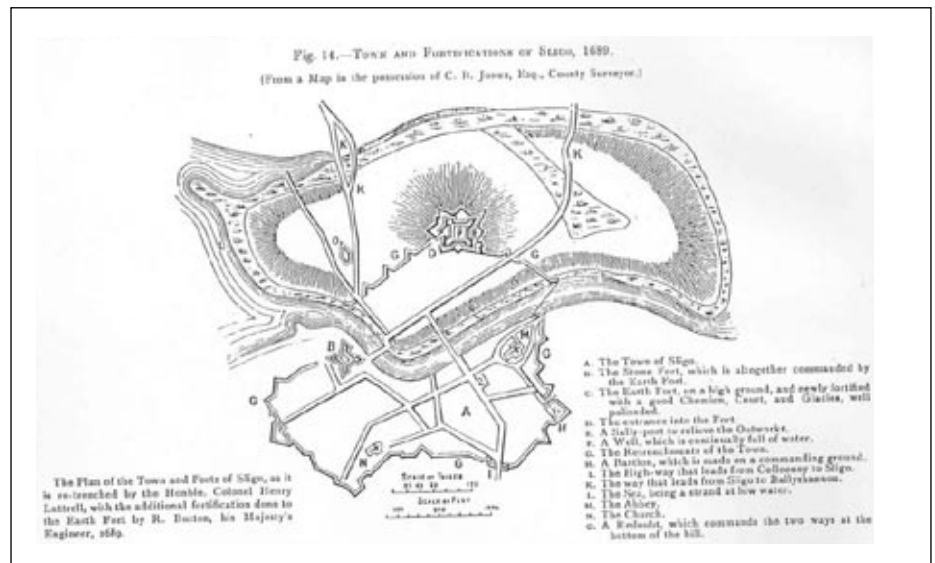
Major military building projects were undertaken in and around the town: a new encircling earthen defensive work, the building of a Stone Fort on the site of the old derelict medieval castle and the construction of a star-shaped fort, the Green Fort, overlooking the town.

The money for the construction of the Stone Fort on the site of the old de Burgo castle was allotted by Parliament in 1646. The role of this fort, like the medieval castle before it, was defensive and it was positioned to command the river crossing immediately to the east, *i.e.*, just downriver of the present Hyde Bridge. By the 17<sup>th</sup> century this location had a major strategic weakness; it was very exposed to artillery placed on the nearby hill of Rathvritoge as can be seen by those driving down Connaughton Rd. To address this weakness a state of the art, star shaped fort was built on the hill. The star shaped fort became known as the *Green Fort* and was probably also built in 1646. This strategic site with panoramic views may well have been the location of a ring fort, as the old townland name suggests, built almost a millennium earlier in the early medieval period.

Sligo was heavily involved in the late-17<sup>th</sup> century Irish war for the English Crown between William of Orange and James II. The town was initially held by pro-Williamites in early 1689, who formed into troops of infantry and cavalry. In March 1689 they, in

the face of an approaching Jacobite force under the command of Patrick Sarsfield, abandoned Sligo without a fight and fled for Derry, which they believed was more defensible.

instead for building an unconventional and somewhat archaic *sow*, a form of siege tower. The assault failed miserably with the defenders destroying the tower with cannon.



**Fig 1. Luttrell's map of Sligo, 1689 (From Wood-Martin, History of Sligo, James II to 1688).**

Following this exodus, James II appointed Col. Henry Luttrell as Governor of Sligo and he carried out a survey of the town's improved and re-trenched defenses. From March to August 1689 Sligo was used as a base for the Jacobite siege of Enniskillen. Following their defeat at Enniskillen, and with rumours of a superior Williamite force advancing, the Jacobites abandoned Sligo.

In late October, a much larger Jacobite force under the command of Patrick Sarsfield laid siege to Sligo town. The *Green Fort* was evacuated by its garrison without a fight, under the command of Col. Thomas Lloyd, but Sarsfield considered his artillery insufficient to beach the walls of the Stone Fort and supposedly opted

Lacking firepower and ideas, Sarsfield settled down to starve the defenders out. Fortunately for the Jacobites, the town had not been properly re-supplied and the defenders capitulated after three days and were granted safe passage to Ballyshannon.

Before Sarsfield left Sligo, he ordered the repair of the two forts, and the enclosing of the town with earthen defences including the locating of a redoubt on the northern approaches.

In May 1690 Sir Teague O'Regan, a hunchbacked veteran of Charles II's campaigns on the Continent, was appointed Governor of Sligo. He made the *Green Fort* his headquarters, as he felt that the Stone Fort occupied a more vulnerable defensive position, and oversaw the strengthening of the



fortifications.

The Battle of Aughrim, fought on the 21<sup>st</sup> July 1691 in County Galway, was the beginning of the end for the Jacobites in Sligo. Williamite forces started closing in from all sides and by the middle of September the town was surrounded by superior forces and under daily bombardment by a battery of field guns, which had been hauled over the Curlews.

O'Regan, realising that his position was hopeless, agreed terms with the Williamites and the Jacobite garrison was allowed to march out with "...the full honours of war, with their arms and baggage, drums beating, colours flying, match lighted and bullets in their mouths".

**Col. Henry Luttrell**

The appointment by James of Henry Luttrell to the governorship of Sligo, led to the production of the now famous Luttrell map of Sligo dated 1689. But who was Henry Luttrell? He was born in Luttrellstown Castle in Clonsilla, Dublin. His father Thomas, had the estate restored to him in 1663, and when Thomas died in 1673, it was left to his eldest son Simon. Both Simon and Henry sided with James II, Simon appointed MP and Governor of Dublin and Henry joined James' army first in France and then in Ireland.

Although little is known about Henry's early life he appears to have spent it in France, where in 1684 he is recorded as taking part in a quarrel, resulting in no less than three duels, in one of which he was wounded, and another of the combatants, Lord Purbecke, was killed. He returned to Ireland in the service of James II, bringing back to his native country, in the words of Lord Macaulay, a sharpened intellect and polished manners, a flattering tongue, some skill in war, and much more skill in intrigue. Following the exodus to Derry of the Protestants of Sligo in 1689 James II appointed him Governor of Sligo.

At first his efforts for James II, in

whose army he commanded a troop of horse, are said to have been whole hearted, but with that monarch's failing fortunes his skill in intrigue began to assert itself. At Aughrim his defection is said to have contributed to the defeat of James' army, and during the Siege of Limerick he was discovered in correspondence with the besiegers, and is said to have been condemned to be shot. On the surrender of Limerick he went over openly to King William, and was active in inducing Irish soldiers to join the winning side or to enlist in foreign service. Besides his ancestral estates, including Luttrellstown, Co. Dublin, a pension is said to have been

discovered.

**The Luttrell Map**

The Luttrell map of 1689 (Fig 1) is a remarkable document, both for the fact that it records the layout of the town in the late 17<sup>th</sup> century, but also the level of detail which it contains. It shows the street layout with considerable accuracy much of which survives today. It also however gives hints of other historical details, the remains of which, while not apparent in today's modern streetscape, may still at least partly survive below present ground level. Three details in particular are worth noting.

The first is the location of the redoubt located in the area between Holborn St. and Barrack Street. A



**Fig 2. Aerial photograph of Sligo (courtesy of Google) with Luttrell's 1689 map 'superimposed'**

given him, and he was made a major-general in the Dutch service. He was assassinated one night in October 1717 near his own town house in Stafford Street, Dublin, while he was sitting in a hackney chair in which he had returned from a coffee house on Cork Hill, and although enormous rewards were offered and two persons were arrested the assassin was never

redoubt is a fort or fort system usually consisting of an enclosed defensive emplacement outside a larger fort, usually relying on earthworks though others are constructed of stone or brick. It is meant to protect soldiers outside the main line of defense and can be a permanent structure or a hastily-constructed temporary fortification. It is interesting to note that the military barracks were constructed in this area



later in the 18<sup>th</sup> century.

The second noteworthy aspect of the Luttrell map is the recording of a street enclosing the Abbey on the river side – mirroring the line of Abbey Street, although partly running along the line of the present John F Kennedy Parade it did not start from Bridge Street, but rather from just west of the abbey grounds on Abbey Street.

Thirdly and perhaps most intriguingly is the recording by Luttrell of what appears to be a large house, the only one recorded on the entire map, at the junction of Teeling Street and Abbey Street. It appears to be a long rectangular structure set back from the street front, with projections creating two bays or possible court yards, fronting out onto Teeling Street. Excavations on Teeling Street have recorded substantial foundations of a building pre-dating those presently standing on the street. The suggestion

has been made that the remains represent those of Jones' Castle which was built around 1590. The 'castle' was more than just a single building for when it was sold in 1714 the deed of sale records 'barns, stables, dove-houses, malt-houses, a haggard [fodder store], gardens, orchards'. The reason for this particular house being chosen by Luttrell for special recording may be because the site was notorious, for here, during the 1641 rebellion, Jones' second wife, Lady Mary Jones, was besieged in the house along with other English Protestants to whom she had given refuge. The native Irish soldiers eventually plundered the house and atrocities were committed during the rebellion itself and during the resulting Cromwellian reprisals.

#### Modern Sligo

So how do the details on Luttrell's 17<sup>th</sup> century map compare to a modern 21<sup>st</sup> century image of Sligo?

Thanks to Google there is a wonderful opportunity to do just this (Fig 2). It is immediately obvious just how small the 17<sup>th</sup> century town was, extending to the Green Fort to the north, Adelaide Street to the west, the junction of High Street and Old Market Street to the south and the Abbey to the east. What is however truly remarkable is the fact that for relatively long stretches, the line of the old defenses are still reflected in the layout of the town. Excavations have proved that bastions and defensive ditches survive in the field boundaries west of the Green Fort, and that the defenses also survive at the corner of Emmet Place and Union Street, reflected in the lines of plot and garden walls. These small scale investigations suggest that evidence for the town's defenses probably survive elsewhere, albeit now covered by 21<sup>st</sup> century Sligo.

## Untitled

*Lee Muldoon, Scoil Mhuire gan Smál, Ballymote*

Tumbling  
Drifting  
Cracking  
Crunching  
I love the weather in autumn

## Happiness

*Molly Finn*

Happiness is yellow  
It tastes like a juicy apple dipped in honey  
And smells like a field of buttercups.  
Happiness looks like the birds singing in the morning.  
Happiness is a peaceful kitten sitting on your lap.

## The King of my Castle

*Conor Maguire, Scoil Mhuire gan Smál, Ballymote*

I'm the king of my country  
I'm the king of my castle  
I'm the king of my land  
And only my rules will stand

I'm the king of my country  
I'm the king of my people  
I'm the king of the nation  
And I own every location

I'm the king of the country  
I'm the king of the ocean  
I'm the king of the town  
And only I can wear the crown.

# Maisie McGovern

18 February 1918 – 23 January 2008

## President of Ballymote Heritage Group

John Coleman

My aunt Maisie, President of Ballymote Heritage Group, passed away peacefully at the North West Hospice in Sligo in January.

Maisie was a life long resident of Ballymote and a witness to the great changes that took place in the country over a life time of just short of 90 years. She was born before the end of World War I and before the Sinn Fein victory in the 1918 election which transformed Irish politics and led to independence.



Photo by Annie Harrison per John Coleman

Maisie was the third child of John Joseph Benson (1872-1949) (son of Patrick and Anne Benson of Carrickbanagher) and his wife Jane (1880-1951) (daughter of John and Mary Walsh of Deroon). Her parents had a drapery business in Lord Edward Street. The business was successful enough to allow Maisie to attend the Ursuline Convent in Sligo as a boarder – an experience she always treasured, returning frequently for past pupil reunions. There she took up tennis and golf. She always said that in golf she was quite good until she received lessons, after which her natural ability never returned!

In 1947 Maisie married Paddy McGovern who had recently returned from Chicago and purchased Roscrib House and farm (now owned by Neil Henry). Curiously Paddy was born

in the same house in Ballymote as Maisie. His family had a butchering business there before it was bought by Maisie's parents. As children we were shown the window shutter on which Paddy had carved his initials as a child. Canon Roughneen officiated at their wedding in Ballymote Church and a reception was held in the Abbey Hotel in Dromahair – also known as Geters hotel, as it was then owned by a German family of that name. There followed very happy years in Roscrib in which Maisie loved to garden and especially to bake. She continued to do both until very shortly before her death. Her coffee cakes and butterfly buns were legendary. She loved to supply large quantities for parish events – most recently at the Heritage Weekends. She was fond of pet sheep, kept chickens and they kept greyhounds. I was told many times of a memorable occasion when a greyhound was running in a race in Mullingar. Maisie was looking on and cheered for the hound shouting its pet name, rather than the professional one. The hound abandoned the race and ran instead to Maisie! Maisie had a simple box camera and there are many photos of family life from the 1930s onwards. She retained a love for taking photographs all her life.

All this was cut short when Paddy developed Parkinson's disease and they were forced to sell Roscrib and move into the town to the house in O'Connell Street where she lived out her life. She cared for Paddy until he died at the age of 71 in 1971. Paddy had had an interesting life. He served in the British army in the Irish Guards regiment in World War I enlisting in 1916 and being discharged in 1919. He then fought in the Irish Republican

Army (old IRA) in the war of independence. He then emigrated to the US and developed a successful retail butchering business in Chicago.

After Paddy's death the US became



Maisie (left) with friend Moyra McTiernan while at the Ursuline Convent. 1935.

Photo courtesy John Coleman

an important part of Maisie's life. Her father had worked in the US on the building of the railways and had taken out US citizenship in New Hampshire. When he returned to Ireland he left behind there two brothers Patrick and Francis. Francis paid for his own education and became a priest there. Patrick settled in Roslindale, Mass. He had two daughters Helen and Mary. From 1971 for about 20 years Maisie went to visit them every second year. On these trips she travelled all over the US – California, Florida, New York, New Mexico, Philadelphia, Washington.... the list could go on. I remember photos she took flying

over the Grand Canyon and she saw Niagara Falls. They spent some of each summer in Cape Cod, where the Kennedys also lived. When they retired to Florida she went there to Fort Myers. She discovered myriads of relatives all over the states and visited them and kept up correspondence after. She wrote a letter of congratulations to Ronald Regan on his election as US President and his reply was published in *The Corran Herald* in 2004 (No 37, p 68). She returned from one US trip with a badge for George McGovern a candidate for the US Presidency. I found a memorial card for JF Kennedy among her papers.

Maisie had many interests in the community, including the Heritage Group. She attended all of the heritage meetings until shortly before her illness late last year. She acted as joint Treasurer with Mary Martin for



**Maisie and her sister Kathleen, 1920s.**

*Photo courtesy John Coleman*

many years and recently as President and was very proud of being asked to fulfill this role. She especially enjoyed the annual Heritage Weekends, outings and lectures.

Her neighbours and friends and all generations of their children and grandchildren were important to her. I became very aware of this during

her illness with her constant flow of visitors in hospital or nursing home in Dublin, Sligo or Ballymote.

Her interests over the years also included St Joseph's Young Priests Society and the Mental Health Association. She had silver and gold pins for blood donations. She was devoted to Lough Derg and sometimes went there on pilgrimage twice in the one year for special intentions. Until shortly before her illness I brought her the Irish Times every day and she read it cover to cover, drawing attention to stories she thought would interest any of her friends.

She was a brave person who loved life and will be remembered for her regular shopping trips and daily visits to my mother aided by two walking sticks, until a month before her illness.



**At the Ballymote Heritage Group 2007 annual dinner in the Coach House Hotel, Ballymote.**

Seated (L/R): Pam Benson (Joint Hon Treasurer, Ballymote Heritage Group), Mary Martin (Joint Hon Treasurer, BHG), Matilda Casey  
 Middle Row: Carmel Rogers (Vice-Chairperson, BHG), Mary B Timoney (Hon Secretary, BHG), Nuala Rogers, Eileen Tighe, Anne Flanagan, Anne Harrison (Vice-President, BHG), Mary O'Gorman, Mary Black, Michael Rogers  
 Back Row: Martin A Timoney, John Conlon, Des Black (Chairperson, BHG), James Flanagan (PRO and Editor of The Corran Herald), Gerry Cassidy, Paddy Horan, Bernie Dwyer, Jack Martin.

*Picture courtesy Mary B Timoney*

# The Claremorris – Collooney Railway

Bridget Timoney

All photos by Bridget Timoney

The Great Southern and Western Railway (Limerick and Sligo Branch) line from Claremorris to Collooney was officially opened on 1<sup>st</sup> October, 1895, and was closed on 30<sup>th</sup> October, 1975, having served for a period of eighty years. The Sligo stations were Collooney, Coolaney, Leyney, Carrowmore, Tubbercurry, Curry and Bellaghy Charlestown, from where it continued through Swinford and Kiltimagh to Claremorris. These photos were taken as part of a LCVF project in 2007 and 2008. They show the track and buildings before and after the clearing of vegetation as part of the Western Rail Corridor Project, designed to re-establish the rail link from Sligo to Claremorris, Limerick and Waterford. Some of the buildings are in very bad condition. There is wonderful scenery from the track, much of which can now be walked fairly easily. Gerry Cassidy's photo of Leyney station with Mr. Farry walking along the track was published in *The Corran Herald*, 39 (2006-2007), 80.



Cleared Track West of Charlestown



Slow Down Sign



Signal



One Type of Railway Gate



Overgrown Track West of Collooney



Cleared Track Between Collooney and Coolaney



Distance Marker: 44 $\frac{1}{4}$  miles from Claremorris





Distance Marker: 44 miles from Claremorris



Banks' Shop between Collooney and Coolaney



Distance Marker: 41½ miles from Claremorris



Plate of Great Southern and Western Railway



Bridge No 272, east of Coolaney



Platform of Coolaney



Level-crossing Gate House



Distance Marker: 39¾ miles from Claremorris



# Fóidín Mearbhaill: Carrowcauly/ Earlsfield - A field in transition.

A Contemporary Public Art Project taking place in the vicinity of Ballymote.

John Langan

“Europe’s rural areas are special. We value them for their contribution to our food, our landscape, our environment, our heritage and our recreation. We value them for their diversity and for the communities they sustain.”<sup>1</sup>

*the fairies sometimes put a spell on a piece of earth, usually a sod of grass, and whoever inadvertently steps upon it loses his way at once and cannot find an exit from whatever place he is in, whether field or wood or open bog,*

for a brief period of time.

This is particularly apt because in a country where territory and land is so intrinsically intertwined with the psyche, the term field has an abundance of political, social, economic, historical, cultural and personal associations. Fields and their boundaries are common features of the countryside. The current patchwork is the consequence of evolving social norms, political interventions, improvements in farming techniques and a variety of initiatives by generations of individual landowners. In the past all fields were named, nowadays many of the names have been forgotten or changed. From the perspective of place and context the naming of the landscape is a continuum with new names being formed all the time and some older names falling out of use. Thus Fóidín Mearbhaill is a project that provides a metaphor and a microcosm, for a conceptual engagement with people and place which examines the transformation and diversity of rural areas.



In 2004 Sligo Local Authorities Public Art Plan, Art Best Placed 2004-2006 was published and a new programme of per cent for art commissions entitled Unravelling Developments commenced. John Langan is one of several artists commissioned by Sligo County Council to create work for the Unravelling Developments programme. His forthcoming project, *Fóidín Mearbhaill: Carrowcauly/Earlsfield - A field in transition*, explores the evolving history of a random field in County Sligo. The concept is based around the notion of *Fóidín Mearbhaill* or *fóidín meara*<sup>2</sup> which according to *Mac Manus* “is a very well-known and long-established affair in Ireland. The most generally held view of it round my home is that

*until the fairies tire of their game and at last throw open the unseen doors.*

*It is also widely believed that one can counter the spell by turning one’s coat inside out and so wearing it.”<sup>3</sup>*

With regards to this project it is the artist who becomes the enchanted one in the sense that as part of the overall concept he will over a period of time conduct an extensive study about a specific field in Co. Sligo. The process will involve an on-site artists’ residency which will require collaboration between rural development organisations and non arts specialists, for example an archaeologist, horticulturalist, website designer and others. Consequently the field will be plucked from isolation and transferred into the public domain

The intention of *Fóidín Mearbhaill* is to create an experimental time based collaborative process which involves the creation of a series of artistic interventions in the selected field that are derived from research gathered in the early phase of the project. As a result actions and events will occur in the field from time to time as part of a public art process which intends to set a benchmark for standards through the effective presentation and mediation of contemporary arts practice in a local rural community. Accordingly the objectives of *Fóidín Mearbhaill* are as follows;

- Engage rural audiences in contemporary art practices.
- Present art works in rural locations.
- Develop a website as a documentation, presentation and information hub.
- Stage a series of public events to mark production stages of the project.
- Disseminate the outcomes of the project to a wider national and international audience.

In autumn 2007 a random site for the project was identified by the artist by way of dialogue with Mary Mc Donagh, Sligo Arts Services' Public Arts Officer. The selection was based on an investigation by Mc Donagh of the Council's current land bank<sup>4</sup> with particular reference to the south of the county. As a result a site of approximately 1.2 acres was chosen close to the town of Ballymote in the town land of Carrowcauley or Earlsfield in the parish of Emlaghfad. This site is situated in a 2.7 hectare field which is designated for a housing project at Ballymote. It is this, the eventual transformation of

the field which engages this unusual artistic concept whilst also lending the project its full title: Fóidín Mearbhaill: Carrowcauly/Earlsfield - A field in transition. Since finding the field the artistic process has begun and an archaeological assessment involving both a desk-based and on-site survey has been ongoing since early 2008 in collaboration with archaeologist Martin Fitzpatrick M.A.IIA. In early June the Space Shuttle arrived on site and the artist will be developing Fóidín Mearbhaill at Earlsfield throughout the summer. Indeed, if anybody is interested in this project or has a story to tell about the Fóidín Mearbhaill or information on the field adjacent to the convent why not drop by the site for a chat sometime and contribute to this unique artwork.

#### Artist's Bio

John Langan was born in Ennis, Co. Clare and studied at Limerick School of Art and Design. He recently completed a research based MA in Art and Design Education, titled *Transcending the Territory, An artist*

*centred approach to residencies in schools.* His work has been exhibited both nationally and internationally. Since 2002 he has lived close to a small village in East Galway where he is Chairman of the local Community Council. He lectures on the Art and Design Programme at the Galway-Mayo Institute of Technology.

<sup>1</sup> Fischler. Franz, Salzburg, 14th November 2002.

<sup>2</sup> Irish fóidín, clod of earth thrown up by flying feet; mearaí, craziness, distraction, wandering.

<sup>3</sup> Mac Manus. Dermot, The Middle Kingdom: the Faerie World of Ireland.

<sup>4</sup> In this instance Land Banking can be defined as the process of buying and holding land for future sale or development by local authorities. Often parcels of land desirable for land banking are those that lie directly in the growth path of development and are used by the Government and local authorities to provide affordable homes, burial grounds, roads etc.



#### **Presentation by the Members of Ballymote Golf Club to Dick Molloy on the Occasion of his Retirement as a Pharmacist (1982)**

(L/R): Owen Duffy, Joe Masterson, Tom Currid, Paddy Mullen, Eamon McGinley, Rev Fr D Filan CC, Dick Molloy, Roy Hewitt, Monsignor O'Hara PP, Tom McGettrick, Peter Mullen, Dr Kieran O'Connor, Harry Horan.

*Picture courtesy Carmel Mullen per Eileen Tighe.*

# MULLANASHEE MYSTERY – INTRIGUING STONE STRUCTURES

Diana Ross

Can you help shed some light on the mystery at Mullanashee? The townland's name means *Mill of the Fairies* but the workmanship of the entire site is complex and the manpower necessary to create such a site would be great. Situated c. 450m above sea level, the area would have enjoyed the benefit of a strategic positioning, adding to the potential purpose of the site. At the heart of the site is an old farmhouse, possibly dating from the early 1800s, and still relatively well preserved. It contains the usual elements of a farmstead: potential outhouses, potential pigsty, small stream, and walled paddocks et cetera.

What is most unusual is the intricate web of remarkable stone structures within the walls of these nearby paddocks. Pictures or words cannot adequately describe the site, structures, setting and atmosphere. Perhaps you can help, by identifying practices, techniques, or owners from the pictures that follow? Or perhaps you may know of such practices and customs in another area? Each of the stone structures differs in size, shape and positioning. The walls that surround the structures also differ, widening in places, increasing in height, changing in technique. Yet all walls leading to the site, and in the vicinity remain unchanged. Interestingly, triangular formations emanate from the walls in two or three locations. There also exists a slightly raised platform that seems to combine both natural and man-made formation. The existence of trees planted by Coillte adds to the mysterious atmosphere and possibly ensured the preservation of the site. Yet it makes it more difficult to make a better overview of the entire complex. The following are examples of the numerous stone structures:



**Cluster of stone structures showing the variety and intrigue of the complex**



**Some of the bigger stone structures located in the complex which are situated in different areas of the site. Some are next to smaller, simpler structures, and others are set apart.**



**An unusual feature of the site is this circular hollow which is only one of two circular features in the area. The other is a ring of stones similar to that used to contain a fire.**



**An interesting stone structure with the semi-circular topping on a singular large rock, which also contains a number of smaller stones underneath.**



One of the more common formations, which consists of a number of medium sized stones piled on top of each other, balanced using small stones in the gaps. Some are also filled with these small stones.



The top of this stone is akin to the practice at cairns of placing small stones on the cairn. This is not the most typical find at Mullanashee.



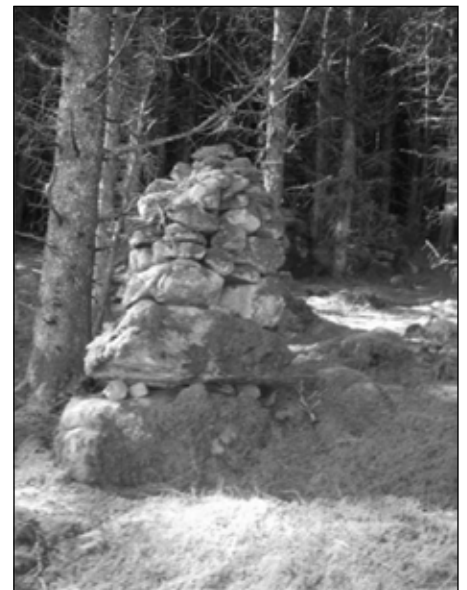
Another semi-circular formation. These semi-circular features are scattered throughout the site.



These pictures show the feature built across the stream close to the farmstead. Its purpose is possibly for water filtration, or a means of drainage.



The front of the farmhouse showing just one of the two rooms and the lobby entrance. Doomore peak is visible in the background where there exists an unusual cairn. To the left of the house are the ruins of two possible



A particularly clear picture of the use of smaller stones used to balance the larger rocks used in the formation of the structures. The practice required a lot of skill as it appears to be dry stone walling, and it has survived for such a long period of time.

# Printing

Niamh Conlon

Humans have always sought to communicate with each other. Ideas, instructions and gossip have been verbalised since the early days of humanity. As societies and lives became more complicated it was necessary to make permanent records and writing was invented. Where and when, is still a matter of debate. Mesopotamia is normally seen as the home of writing but as archaeologists continue to make new discoveries, new theories are emerging that China may be the home of man's first writings. In the early days of human history only a small percentage of people would have been literate. As printing spread so too did literacy and this made it one of the most important inventions of the last millennium.

Printing was first invented by the Chinese who used a type of blockprinting as early as 888AD and later moveable clay characters (1041AD) to print. The Koreans were also printing at this time and the oldest moveable metal print book in existence was printed in Korea in 1377. Europeans knew of this technology and used printing blocks from the early 15th century.

However, due to differences in the way European languages were read and written, the Chinese invention could not be easily imported. By the mid fifteenth century a number of people were working on inventing a moveable type printing press for European use. The first man to perfect one was Johannes Gutenberg who unveiled his in 1439/40 in Mainz in Germany. In 1452 he printed 200, two volume Bibles, his most famous work. Even in their day they sold for the equivalent of three years pay for an average clerk.

Gutenberg tried to keep his invention secret but this was impossible. By 1500 well over 200 European cities had printing presses. Printing, and with it books, spread across the continent. The printing revolution had begun.

Printing very rapidly became a tool of the Reformation and the market in religious tracts and bibles was a very lucrative one for the printer. Bibles had been produced in manuscript form for many years on vellum or parchment but it was slow process and this in turn reduced the number of Bibles in circulation. The printing

press meant that books could be mass produced for the first time. Luther himself published more than 400 items and Protestant literature flooded the European market.

In Britain patents were given to printers, giving them a monopoly on Bibles and religious printing. Christopher Barker became one of England's most famous sixteenth century printers through the use of his patent. He began his career in 1576 as a Bible printer, having obtained a privilege to print the Geneva version of the Bible in England. In 1577 he purchased a patent granting him,

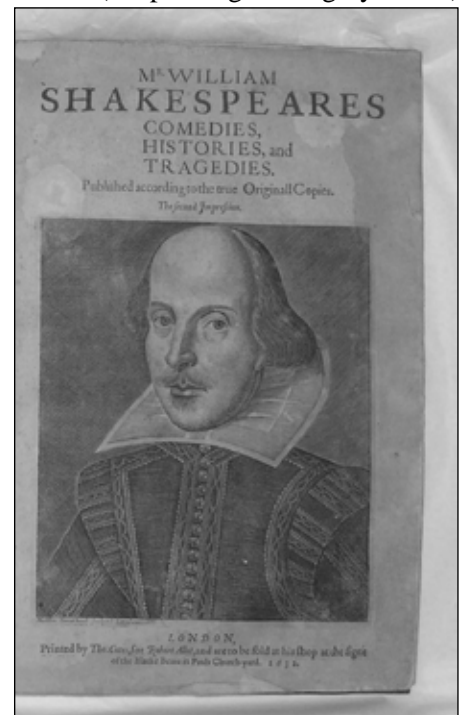
*"the office of royal printer of all statutes, books, bills, Acts of Parliament, proclamations, injunctions, Bibles, and New Testaments, in the English tongue of any translation, all service books to be used in churches, and all other volumes ordered to be printed by the Queen or Parliament"*.

This made him a very rich man and he retired after 1588 and died in 1599. He was succeeded in the post of royal printer by his son Robert who retained the patent.

While the printing of religious tracts made many men rich it was not all easy money, as Robert Barker and Martin Lucas, Kings printers, discovered. They omitted the word 'not' from the seventh commandment in their 1631 version of the Bible. The line *'Thou shalt commit adultery'* cost the printers £300 in court (a lifetime's wages) and the Bibles were recalled. Only 11 are known to exist today and they are called the Sinners Bible or Wicked Bible. It is not clear if the £300 was ever paid, but most scholars believe it wasn't.

As the Reformation began to spread across Christendom printers could easily fall foul of the ruling power. Protestant reformers sought to have the bible printed in the vernacular language and needed printers to help them. One scholar, William Tyndale, translated the Bible into English and had it printed in Worms, Germany. This was the first printed English translation of the Bible at a time when it was forbidden to do so by the Church. As this version has a Lutheran bias it got Tyndale into trouble with the authorities. He was imprisoned for

500 days and then strangled and burned at the stake for spreading sedition. Another well known English printer John Daye was imprisoned by Queen Mary for 'the prynting of noythy bokes' (the printing of naughty books)



**Shakespeare Second Folio Edition**  
Courtesy of Dunfermline Carnegie Library

but was later released and increased his printing output. Daye is famed for being the first English printer that we can be sure cast his own letters. He cut the first Anglo-Saxon font in 1566.

It was almost 70 years after Gutenberg's invention that Walter Chepman, an Edinburgh merchant, and Andrew Myllar were granted a royal licence to print in Scotland from James IV.

It was traditionally believed that printing in Scotland came from England but it now seems more likely that it was the French influence that began the process. Andrew Myllar was a book seller when he moved to Rouen in France, to learn how to print. Armed with the knowledge he gained there, Myllar returned to Scotland to set up a printing press in what is now the Canongate in Edinburgh. It is not clear when the first book was printed but the first dated one to come from the new Scottish press was printed on the 4th April 1508. It was a vernacular poem by John Lydgate *The Complaint*



of the *Black Knight*. Printing in the vernacular was not normal for early printing presses and this makes Chepman and Myllar unusual. However, it has been suggested that early vernacular printing may have been a test of the new printer and not a conscious decision.

From these humble beginnings printing slowly spread in Scotland. Scotsman William Ged invented the stereotyping process and some of the world famous printer/publishers were Scots – Bartholomews, Blackie, Collins and Nelsons and the Foulis Press of Glasgow.

While books are usually associated with printing there were of course other types of printing taking place. Broad-sides were the tabloids of their day and were popular for almost 300 years until the late 19th century. Until 1855 newspapers in the UK were taxed and could only be purchased by richer members of society which helped

the sale of broadsides. Broad-sides were sold by hawkers who would buy the sheets from the printers in the large towns such as Edinburgh or Stirling and then sell them throughout Scotland.

Single sheets of paper, they were designed to be read unfolded or posted on walls. The illustrations were usually crude and often the same image was used for a number of different stories even if the image was unrelated. In a population of high illiteracy pictures sold papers.

The content was similar to today's tabloids dealing in sensational news and gossip. The most popular were stories of murders and executions. Many of these followed specific storylines following from crime to execution and usually with a scaffold speech and confession printed, even if one never existed. Today the National Library of Scotland have a large selection of their broadsides available

to view on their website (<http://www.nls.uk/broadsides/>). These offer a fascinating insight into a world now past.

This article has arisen out of a joint library and museum exhibition on printing. Below is a brief note of websites and books that offer further information.

Clair, C. *A History of Printing in Britain* London, 1965.

[www.bl.uk](http://www.bl.uk) (British Library)  
[www.nls.uk](http://www.nls.uk) (National Library of Scotland)  
[www.booksfromscotland.com](http://www.booksfromscotland.com)  
[www.500yearsofprinting.org](http://www.500yearsofprinting.org)  
[www.scottishprintarchive.org](http://www.scottishprintarchive.org)  
[www.aboutbookbinding.com](http://www.aboutbookbinding.com)

# Killaraght Early Christian Cross Slab

Mary B. Timoney

The most southerly parish in Co. Sligo is what was Killaraght Parish, now Gurteen Parish. The road from Boyle to Frenchpark passes through the parish. To the west of this road is the isolated ecclesiastical site of Killaraght. Until recent decades the graveyard here was set well back from the road surrounded by a complex of earthen banks and roads with some more ancient monuments in the surrounding landscape. The extension of the graveyard brings the graveyard closer to the road and makes it feel less isolated. St. Attracta is said to have received the veil from St. Patrick although she lived well after St. Patrick's time (Gwynn and Hadcock 1988, 320; Swords 2008, 8). She founded a hospital here, which continued until after the suppression of the monasteries. It was not until 1591 that the convent lands were seized.

No evidence of an Early Christian church survives. A piece of shaped Old Red Sandstone, probably of Early Christian date, can be seen in the old section of the graveyard. It has four D-shaped projections, the top of each is decorated with a swastika. Dressed stones from the medieval church can be seen used as

grave markers. A Protestant church was built here in 1742, the date stone can be seen in the old section of the graveyard.

In April 2007, on a visit to Killaraght graveyard, Co. Sligo, to check an 18<sup>th</sup> century headstone the author discovered an Early Christian cross slab which had been reused as a grave memorial in recent times. The Old Red Sandstone slab was lying on the ground in front of the Goldrick family grave plot in the old section of the graveyard.

The slab measures 99 cm long, the upper two thirds is about 40 cm in width with a maximum thickness of 8.5 cm. The left side of the slab is complete but parts of the right side have been cut or broken off. The inscribed cross with T-shaped terminals measures 14.5 cm long and 21 cm wide. The cross is cut in a V-section groove with a maximum of 1.5 cm in width and a depth of 0.5 cm. The terminals are U-shaped in section.

The inscribed cross is comparable to that on the Early Christian slabs at Knockmore (Timoney 1997; 2004-2005). Knockmore is also in the modern parish of Gurteen and is only 10 miles

away as the crow flies.

The slab was reused as a grave memorial, probably in the 19<sup>th</sup> century. It was inscribed with the name Martin Rodgers in sloped lettering. The letters are a mixture of upper and lower case and are cut to an uneven depth. The lettering was done locally and is not the work of an experienced stone mason.

The discovery of the Killaraght slab adds another location to those where Early Christian cross slabs have been found in recent years.

Gwynn, A., and Hadcock, R.N., 1988: *Medieval Religious Houses Ireland*, Irish Academic Press, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.

Swords, Liam, 2008: *Achonry and its Churches, from the Sixth Century to the Third Millennium*, Éditions du Signe, Strasbourg France.

Timoney, Martin A., 1997: "Where Are They Now, The Knockmore Early Christian Slabs?", *The Corran Herald*, 30, 3-4.

Timoney, Martin A., 2004-2005: "A Rediscovered Slab from Knockmore, Co. Sligo", *The Corran Herald*, 37, 41.



**Coláiste Muire gan Smál Ballymote First Holy Communion – Sunday 1st June 2008**

Back Row (L/R): Fr James McDonagh CC Ballymote, Katie Kilcoyne, Max Cryan, Lisa McGrath, John Benson, Very Rev Fr. Gregory Hannon PP Ballymote, Ms. Eimear Killelea (teacher), Ms. Delores Taheny (Principal Teacher), Aaron Reynolds.

Second Row from back (L/R): Noel Muldoon, Ania Gwizolz, Katie Walsh, Patrick Finan, Laura Finn, Oisín Conlon, Niamh McGee  
 Second Row from front (L/R): Ciarán Gardiner-O'Dowd, Caolan Mooney, Carrie-Anne Downes, Patryk Kaman, Emma Rawl, Odhran Johnson, Shannon Scanlon, Mark Keenan.

Front Row (L/R): Ella O'Dowd-O'Doherty, Callum Tonry-Quigley, Eva Devaney, Cameron Lumsden, Nicole McGowan, Feargal Kilgarriff, Rachel McGlone, Darragh Keenan, Sarah McGlone.



**Coláiste Muire gan Smál Ballymote 5th Class Confirmation – Sunday 6th April 2008**

Back Row (L/R): Dylan Johnson, Daniel Murtagh, Seána Durey, Alisha Glavin, Aoibhinn Finn, Clementine Drew, Stephen McMorro  
 Middle Row (L/R): James Mulligan, Pdraig O'Dowd, Garreth Healy, Joe Cobbe, Aoife Conlon, Paul McKenna, Daniel Ford, Stefan Beirne-Hill, Ms. Sinéad Gilhooly (teacher)

Front Row (L/R): Seán Golden, Ciarán Anderson, Jennifer Judge, Gemma Gurrie, Denise McGrath, Nicole Martin, Alejandro Riera, Conor Healy



**Coláiste Muire gan Smál Ballymote 6th Class Confirmation – Sunday 6th April 2008**

Back Row (L/R): Andrew Nally, Brendan Mullen, Ciara Scanlon, Ciaran Forkin, Vincent Whitehead, Callum Muldoon, Cian Dunleavy.

Middle Row (L/R): Ms. Patricia Hunt (teacher), Ryan Kilcoyne, Kieran Tighe, Gerry Finn, Gemma Golden, Rebecca Martin, Eamon Doyle, Eugene McGuinness, Sean Hurley.

Front Row (L/R): Sarah Healy, Michelle McGuinn, Katie McMorrow, Emma Gardiner, Abigail Ford, Maura Daly.



**Knockminna NS First Holy Communion Sunday 1st June 2008**

Front Row (L/R): Jessica Breslin, Megan Summerfield

Middle Row (L/R): Adam Cunnane, Séamus Hailstones, Daniel Carmody, Aaron Laing, Cian Brennan.

Servers: Cathal McNulty, Keara Summerfield

Back Row (L/R): Louise King (Principal Teacher), Rev Fr James McDonagh CC, Brian Henry (Class Teacher)

# Heritage Group 23rd AGM

ALL Officers' reports were positive and encouraging at the 23rd Annual General Meeting of Ballymote Heritage Group which was held in Fawltly Towers, Ballymote, on Wednesday September 28th, 2007. The Heritage Weekend had been extremely well-attended and its lectures and outings appreciated by the diverse audiences. The Conan Herald, with its articles and photos of local, national and international interest, had sold very well. After the meeting and its elections, the Officers and membership of the Group are as follows:

President: Maisie McGovern

Vice-President: Ann Harrison

Chairperson: Des Black

Vice-Chairperson: Carmel Rogers

Secretary: Mary B. Timoney

Treasurers: Pam Benson and Mary Martin

PRO and Editor of Corran Herald:

James Flanagan

Jack Martin, Eileen Tighe, Gerry Cassidy,

Esther Cassidy, Anne Flanagan, Paddy Horan, Nuala Rogers, Noreen Friel, John Conlon, John and Marie Perry, Mary Black, Brenda Friel, Cathleen Coleman, John Coleman, David Casey, Michael Rogers, Molly Howard, Matilda Casey.

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FOR THEIR generosity in kindly sponsoring the Heritage Weekend, Ballymote Heritage Group wishes to express its gratitude to

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