

ANNAMOE

1888-1900 RECOLLECTIONS OF THE VILLAGE

Somebody possibly Jack Porter or John Doyle told me that my grandfather reroofed and repaired all the small houses in Annamoe, that they were thatched and in very poor condition when he purchased the property from the Hugos in 1838. I was also told that he built the large Annamoe House and two houses opposite. If this is true then there was an older house where Annamoe House now stands for I know that the Hardings lived there and held a publicans licence and the farmyard buildings are older than the house. The Catholic Church built in 1801 stood behind the present Dispensary and the Priest's residence stood where the Medical Officer's does now.

In my memory the old church rather resembled Derrallossary in form but without the tower, the proportions and window design similar but the structure smaller – the Priest's house was a handsome square building of about the same size as the medical officer's residence, of today. The contractor who demolished the Priest's house told me that he could never build as good a one as that he was pulling down. When the old church was pulled down much of it's stonework was incorporated in the medical officer's house and premises.

Excluding the new County Council houses there has been no substantial change in the structures in Annamoe since I was a boy. The Church and the pound have gone but that is all for the Medical Officers house substituted the Priests.

MEMORIES OF PEOPLE AROUND GLAN AND ANNAMOE

I begin with the villagers of Annamoe. The principal house was the Post office and shop named Annamoe House. It was occupied by Mrs Anne Doyle nee Hatton. She married a Doyle of Ballinacor, a tenant of Miss Synge's of Uplands. I think he must have died before my memory begins – Mrs Doyle had two sons, Mathew and Laurence, the latter entered the priesthood and Father Larry was the apple of Mrs Doyle's eye. There was a daughter Mary, a bright good looking girl who married a horse breeder with a good farm in Limerick. The household also included a rather woe begone niece Maggie Keane who suffered a lot from rheumatism but appeared to us to do most of the work in the place. Maggie ran the post and telegraph office, served in the shop and did domestic work whenever required. Other occupants were another niece Dolly Hatton a cheerful rubicund type and two male and one female employees. Mrs Doyle got full value out of her employees. Charlie Whelan spent a lot of his time on the road drawing supplies for the shop from Wicklow, he was none too sober. Andy Kenna her other employee was a great worker and ran the farm. He was much respected. There was also a tall, thin female worker. She was suppressed individual and we generally saw her carrying buckets of water from the spout to the house. Mrs Doyle was a great business woman, she told me that she came into Annamoe residence on the day of her marriage and that she had not a penny left after stocking the shop. That night she never got a wink of sleep because my grandfather died and carriages were driving up and down all night bringing doctors, solicitors and relatives. It was a real nightmare but she soon got over it and started amassing wealth. At that date the Catholic Church in Annamoe was the only one in the district and many of those attending mass afterwards bought the necessities they required at Mrs Doyles and at Murphy's of the Mill.

It was Mrs Doyle's great regret that she could not get a Public House Licence. The house had been licensed at one time and was then owned by Hardings. The licence was quashed because of abuse and Hardings went to live at Killefin. The house belonged to my grandfather who allowed Mrs Doyle access for a short period on probation. Subsequently my father made the occupancy more or less indefinite and on condition that Mrs Doyle took on and operated the post office. Although there was no licence attached it was always said that porter could be obtained at the back door by

those who knew the ropes. Mrs Doyle laid herself out to be kind and generous to us children and we were genuinely fond of her. She gave us sweets when we visited the post office. These were named surprise packages, Peggy's leg, striped Blackrock sticks and conversation sweets. They all seem unattractive now but we guzzled them with enthusiasm. Mrs Doyle usually kissed us at the same time as she presented the offerings and this was rather a penance because her kisses were always wet and redolent of cheese and bacon. The once complained to my mother that she had had such a bad cold that she had not been able to wash her face for three weeks. She dowered her daughter Mary with £2,000.00, paid £600.00 for a farm and when she died left her son Matt £6,000.00. As she told me that she had not a penny after stocking the shop, and it cost her perhaps £1,000.00 to make Larry a priest, it is no exaggeration to consider her as having been a good business woman. The death of Father Larry in Yorkshire broke her heart. She was a generous, cheerful, upright old lady and was respected by everyone. I never heard her adversely criticised. Her son Matt who succeeded her was of quite a different type. Where the mother was generous, and cheerful he was mean and morose and unduly impressed by the fact that he was one of the "upper middle class". It was said that "you would not get better" of seeing Matt weigh an ounce of tobacco and putting hairs in and out of the scales. Matt married a "middle class lady" who later on was anxious to improve her social position. After much persuasion she induced Matt to sell the shop and the farm and go to live in Bray. He eventually went bankrupt and died suddenly on a tramcar in Dublin.

The Doyle dynasty left Annamoe I should say around 1925 and Mrs Farrington bought the property for £1,000.00. It was said that Matt returned after the sale was completed because he had forgotten to take the nails out of the walls but that Mrs Farrington chased him out.

Mrs Doyle was my tenant, she paid a rental of £24.00 per annum and on one occasion when collecting it I asked her how she had enjoyed a recent visit to her daughter Mary in Limerick. "Oh" she said "it is a grand place, very fine land and they rear splendid horses but I was glad to get home again and hear more general conversation. One evening I got tired of the horses and the races and said to them, - "it is always horses, horses, horses – do yiz ever talk about cows?"

To us children the shop portion of the Post Office was a place filled with exciting strange objects. Counters on two sides cut the customer off from the smaller goods consisting principally of sweets, tobacco, minerals, tea and sugar. There were two sets of small copper ounces for weighing tea, tobacco, etc. On the right as you entered were 2 large wooden bins containing flour. From the ceiling hung swaying bunches of tallow candles and pieces of salted bacon. I do not believe that there was a cigarette sold in the shop at that time. The floor was of brick and very uneven. A small adjoining room served as the post office where Maggie Keane presided over weird instruments that were the means of sending and receiving telegrams. She used to say that the electric shocks from pressing the keys were bad for her rheumatism.

OF THE OTHER PEOPLE OF ANNAMOE

John and Lydia Byrne. These two brother and sister, were particularly nice old people. They must have been around 60 when I first knew them. John had whitish whiskers and beard about an inch long. He wore a white linen shirt and a battered round bowler hat. I suspect that this hat was a relic of the hat factory located beyond Roundwood where they made beaver hats out of Rabbit skins. Lydia or "Leed" as John always called her must have been a beauty in her youth. She wore a bluish knitted or crocheted cap. The two had lived in Annamoe all their lives. It was said that their grandfather had been an informer in the 1798 rebellion but I never heard it "thrown up" against them. John added to the very small income he had from farming by doing haulage with horse and cart. He must have drawn hundreds of tons of coal from Wicklow for my grandfather and father; As well he conveyed pigs from the farmyard to the Dublin market. This was an arduous task. You started off at 5 or 6 p.m. and travelled all night with 3 or 4 fat pigs in a "creel" on the cart. Arriving in Dublin market early in the morning you handed over your freight to the Auctioneer and unyolking your horse in a yard found somewhere to eat and sleep for an hour or two unless you had a relative in town. Then there was the long 26 miles to cover again through Enniskerry and along the old Djouce road. John and Lydia were particular friends of Nonno Osgood and she often went to see them and bring them presents. When Lydia was dying she brought her a hot water bottle and an argument ensued between brother and sister as to when Lydia would die. John asserted that she would die in the night but Lydia affirmed that she would "last until the next day", and she was correct. When John died, Joe Tyndall the father of the present post master bought the house and farm.

The pound requires little mention. I do not think it was much used. It was an English Institution. When you put stray sheep or cattle into the Pound you had to notify the police and if you could avoid it, it was "safer not to have any dealings with them fellows". It was located between Joe Tyndall's and the house east of it. The Kennys lived in the end house. Jem Kenny was an old man when I first remember him. He was our principal ploughman and was renowned for his slow rate of progress and for

the noise he made shouting at this horses who of course had become so accustomed to it that they took no heed. Mrs Kenny was a very ugly big woman with large protruding lips. She had some trouble on her head where a growth looked like a bunch of grapes. She was a kindly and respected old woman. I heard that the Kennys were strangers who came into this district from Wexford. Their nephew Paddy and niece Winifred lived with them.

Paddy worked in the graden at Glan. He was a good workman but not very robust. Winnie was a small child when I first remember her. We always called her "black ball" because she was so grimy. This fact must have come to her knowledge for she changed quite suddenly and as she grew up she took more and more care of her toilette and eventually married a highly respectable man named James Dunne. They were both most reputable people. Paddy must have had a premonition of death when he was nearing the end of his life, because he visited me one day and told me that he had come to repay £5 which he had borrowed from my mother at the time his uncle Jim died. He stated that my mother had not got £5 in the house at the moment and she borrowed £2 from my sister Daisy to make up the amount. Paddy was particularly insistent that I should make good the debt to Miss Daisy. He died not long afterwards.

I ought to put on record that except for the two members of one family Annamoe was a very sober village at a time when drunkenness was not unusual and a licensed house where there was not too much competition, was a profitable possession. My father and my uncle George Booth between them owned all the land in the vicinity of the village and as Magistrates were able to exert enough pressure to prevent a licence being obtained for any house in its proximity. In Roundwood there were eight public houses and the village had a very bad reputation. I knew the proprietors of them all and everyone of them died a bankrupt through being his own best customer.

On the east side of Annamoe bridge was a one storied thatched house where stands today part of that known as Annaglen. It was owned and occupied by two very respectable looking old ladies who were always clothed in shiny black dresses with white collars. They were named Coleman and at one time administered the Post Office. I remember the trap into which letters were posted being still in situ in the wall of the house. These old people lost the post office because of the disappearance of a

package of jewellery. I never heard the details or any statement of the rights and wrongs of the incident. They appeared to us children to be very superior people who always smiled at us but never entered into conversation. We called them "Necklace" and Eyeglass". When they died, Mrs Doyle of Annamoe bought house and farm for £600.00. Subsequently it passed through several owners after Matt Doyle sold it. The most remarkable being a Protestant from Galway named Armstrong. He came bringing with him eleven horses. Most of the eleven died of starvation but the last was impaled on a spiked gate in its effort to reach food. In order to move the corpse more easily for burial Armstrong sawed it into two pieces – Armstrong always had a keen dislike of Matt Doyle whom he accused of having cheated him on the sale but he told me that he had not got time to go to the law with him as he was going to get married and "not to too stale a one, either". I thought she would have to be as stale as a keg of bog butter to face up to him for he was a most disagreeable dirty looking person.

The other house on the eastern side of the river was the mill and this was perhaps the most noteworthy in the village. It was a large structure for those days consisting of dwelling house, shop, mill, kiln and farm buildings. I have never heard of any date being ascribed to it but it must be of considerable age. The Murphy's were, I should say, the most influential family in the district after the Squireens such as Hugos of Drummeen Surgeon Macklin at Lake Park, and the Growers of Roundwood Park.

I have been told that the Murphy Family came from some other part of the country and settled in Mullinaveigue. It was said that one of them wrongfully accused a priest of having stolen a horse. The Priest denied the theft asserting that he bought the horse from a man in Kildare. After some time the seller was found and stated that if the horse in question was the animal he sold to the priest it could easily be identified because he had inserted a sixpence under the skin of its forehead and sewn up the cut. The forehead was opened and the sixpence found. The priest however had been so troubled by the accusation and the length of time taken to disprove it that he fell into a decline and died. This of course would bring very bad luck upon the Murphy's and this took the form of a curse that the 3 branches of the family, Roundwood, Annamoe and Laragh would die out in 3 generations without offspring.

Murphy's of Laragh owned the public house there. He sold a large area of land to my grandfather. His daughter married D.J. Cogan, a Nationalist M.P. the Cogan's had no children..

Larry Murphy of Roundwood was a notable local Nationalist leader. He married but had no children. James of Annamoe never married.

ANNAMOE

The Annamoe Mill was operating in the middle of the 18th century for Laurence Sterne born 1713 fell into the Millrace while fishing. He had been staying at the Rectory.

James Murphy was a very skilled miller. He told me that he used to buy Egyptian wheat and that it was so dry that it would absorb water when on the loft. I believe he said that he bought it with 15% moisture and that it absorbed water to 18%. He bought large quantities of grain in the sheaf locally and stored it in thatched stacks. Foreign flour gradually infiltrated the district made possible by developed transport and the use of coal. James's drying fuel was mainly gorse bush stems cut on Ballinacor and they made the sweetest flour. Foreign flour made the growing and milling of home grown wheat uneconomic and towards the end of his life, James's trade was almost entirely confined to oatmeal production. I well remember the back husks of the oats thrown over a bank on the Derralossory road. James had a brother, I forget his name. He was not the handsome man James was but was a very good farmer and shepherd. He also had a niece who married Paddy Duffy father of the present Paddy. Paddy Senior drove the mailcar from Newtownmountkenedy to Annamoe and back for umpteen years and every day of the week including Sunday, and was given a watch when he resigned. He had two sons, one Martin, acted as miller for me for a time. He was a most attractive boy but died of tuberculosis while I was in America about 1910. James and his brother struggled manfully against adversity but when the chapel in Annamoe closed and trade in his shop vanished for Mrs Doyle sold imported flour at lower rates, the mill gradually closed down and another struggling trade of honourable and skilled workers went under for lack of fostering governmental care and capitalist development. Newcastle coal and Liverpool flour silenced the Annamoe mill, its wheel fell to pieces and its weirs have almost vanished.

We now cross the road to the line of 4 houses heading up to the water spout in Annamoe. The water supply for Annamoe came originally from "the Mistresses well" a spring on our avenue and everyone had to walk to it for a bucket of water. Then George Booth took pity on his tenants and laid a good water supply from Healy's bog to the "spout". This was of course at his own expense and was greatly appreciated. As my father was to gain water for his gate lodge he sent manual assistance to the enterprise. In the corner house lived old Dinny Nolan who worked in the garden. We used to think him to be the oldest man in the world, He was very short and rather grumpy. His duty was to stroke the furnace that heated the greenhouses. It was quite an expert business to do this without creating clinkers and must have required quite a lot of shovelling. Dinny was always a grimy looking object. Dinny's wife had died but his son Jem and his daughter who was subject to fits and melancholia lived with him. Jem also worked in the garden. There was nothing noteworthy about him, he left our employment to go as head gardener to Glanmore. A brother of old Dinny Nolan's had been a noteworthy member of the Barton household. Big Matt Nolan had risen from houseboy to be a highly trusted and competent Butler but he had died before my time.

The least reputable family amongst those of Annamoe lived in the next house – the Fitzsimons. Dick Fitzsimons and his brother Batt and Patty whose relationship I cannot fathom; we always called her Blackhands. Dick and Batty were both boot makers and very good ones if you could get them to work. Both were constantly inebriated and the walking to and from Roundwood took up much of their time. Dick was eventually drowned one night on his way home. He strayed off the road into the bog between Roundwood and Derralossary.

Batty was a noted stepdancer and was very popular at entertainments, a door would be brought in for him, laid on the floor and he would perform with great skill. At a dance at Lara House where George Booth had foolishly provided porter as a beverage, Dick and Batty became inebriated and George Booth's son Pip thought he would give them a salutary lesson as well as providing himself with amusement. He got them conveyed to the cowbyre and then blackened their faces with charcoal and painted their lips and

eyebrows red. He and his brother Lad baled up the two victims in the cowbails and left them to recover. It was reported that when they came to their senses and beheld one another they thought they had died and gone to hell. Probably the young Booths salutary lesson had the opposite effect. Pattie was a good girl and must have had very little happiness. I do not know what became of her.

Next in the line and up the hill came old Mrs Pearce whose face resembled that of Mrs Pickwick. Her husband had been the blacksmith of Annamoe for many years until too decrepit to carry on. He resigned in favour of his assistant Wm. Hawkins. I never heard the terms of which he vacated. Pearce was a Protestant and a loyalist and had aroused some local animosity by shoeing the horse of those who had been boycotted. I believe the old lady's resources were very low and that my mother was charitable to her.

Behind the waterspout was the Dispensary. The medical officer in my youth was Dr. Garland who lived at Laragh Castle. He was a very able man and my mother had great confidence in him. In addition to medical proficiency he was a really brilliant photographer. In the Dispensary lived Rose O'Brien the midwife. I know nothing about her skill but pine that it was primitive. She had the reputation however of being lucky in the confinements she superintended. Her husband had deserted her and no one knew whether he was alive or dead, so she was unable to marry again although she had a great romance of which later on. She was a very fine character much respected and beloved.

Higher up the hill above the dispensary was the empty priests house later to be demolished. Then came the ruined chapel. When I remember it, it had neither door nor windows but the roof was still intact and I remember very large sized slates on it. The chapel stood well back from the road. When the contractor was building the Dr's house on the site of the priest's he used some of the material in the chapel and I hearing that inscribed lintel stone above the entrance doorway was to be broken up and built into the new house, asked the contractor to give it to me for preservation. This he very kindly did and it is now outside the cottage hall door at Glan and can be called upon anytime by St. Laurence O'Toole parish. The inscription reads

“In Domino confido

1801

C.L.P.”

C.L.P. has puzzled many Latin scholars it is an abbreviation of Christopher Low Pastor the Parish Priest at the time the church was built.

The Forge and it attached dwelling house, as was the case in every other village at that date, was a focus of interest and information particularly so in the case of the Hawkins family. Kate Hawkins was a daughter of old James Devitt who lived in a house now ruined on the lane from Annamoe to the back road that runs from Laragh to Oldbridge. She was a fine strong upstanding woman and she married William Hawkins a hired apprentice who had been striker to Pearce and they took over the forge from him. Bill Hawkins was good company when he was not working and that was seldom. Kate was good company at all times and everyone whether on foot, wheels or horseback would stop to relate or acquire the news of what went on in the neighbourhood. The family grew rapidly I knew George, Bill, Tom and Jim, Marryanne and Nellie. All were strong clever good workers. Poor George was set to work too early in the sulphurous forge. His father's ill temper over the smallest error in striking or speed would as likely as not result in his having to dodge a piece of red hot iron. He was perhaps the most popular of all the family and his early death from tuberculosis was widely mourned.

Bill worked for a time, Tom and Jim for many years. Tom and Jim were in Gaol with me, arrested as active members of the I.R.A. Bill alone reared a family. Maryanne was a very clever needlewoman. Hilda Booth of Lara, Pip's wife, dubbed her a genius at making furniture covers. Nellie married Tommy Smith of whom anon.

At one time there were several other houses in close proximity, one stood where the poplars grow above the turn to the Rectory, another opposite the Annamoe Lodge. There were two on the Murphy's land near the Mill. One was on the road as you go East after crossing the bridge. I was told it was on the roadside and in 1798 was occupied by Susie O'Toole, “the walking magazine” she must have been a forerunner of the Cumann Na mBan, for she carried ammunition to active rebels.

The other may have been a house or a workshop it was situated on one of the islands a little higher up the river than the millrace. I believe the occupant was named Keogh, he and his helpers made pikes for rebels. To revert to the village proper Mrs Waters lived where Jim Hawkins does. This house I believe was a sort of gate lodge for the Hugos as their entrance turned off opposite to it.

Mrs Waters was a remarkable old woman. I never heard of Mr Waters. She was of considerable age and cleaned or was supposed to clean Derralossary church. She rang the church bell on Sunday and drove herself there in a donkey cart. She was said to wear an astonishing number of petticoats and to admiring lady visitors would expose one after the other saying Mrs Waller gave me this one, Miss Duloe Childers this one. No doubt this rehearsal was an invitation to add to the museum.

Mrs Waters was of economical turn of mind. To assist herself in ringing the church bell she tied a loop at the bottom of the rope and in the loop inserted an old shoe into which she slipped her own foot in its shoe. The old shoe never left the loop, it stayed there from Sunday to Sunday swinging in the draught. We were always intrigued to see it there. The last family for me to enumerate is that of Jack Bryan in the Gate Lodge. The Bryans were reared in a house in Doyles meadow on the road that at one time led from the iron gate into the big pasture or as it was called by some Lawlers' field and wandered through the Big Pasture and Devitts field to the small piece of walled road round the moat at the top of the juncture of Devitts and Upper Cavendish and thence to the vicinity of Anne Doyles and soon up to the Brusher gate. There were two or three houses in Tom Doyle's field and the Bryans lived in one. I do not know how or when they vacated it or who pulled it down, but think Thomas Hugo must have been party to it for a reason unknown and now forever undiscoverable.

The Bryan family as I knew it consisted of Jack who was a coachman to my father and always drove the double harness horses to church on Sundays and to the railway station as required. We children had the closest affection for Jack, he had what was known as a full whisker (whiskers and beard combined). He was short and very powerful and had the kindest expression and voice. One of our happiest episodes was to drive to church with Jack sitting beside him on the drivers box and holding tightly to

the rail round the back and side of the seat. Two horses I can remember were Tibby and Tom, Jack would shrew us that just drawing his ship across the withers of either was sufficient, no need to hit them. I have an idea that Jack may have inculcated in my mind a love of animals. Jack fell out some years later with a drunken steward. My mother had the misfortune to employ and he and his wife and boy and girl left and went to work for our cousin Eyre Massy in Meath. Jack's brother was Andy an equally estimable character. Looking back on that period it seems to me that Andy did a prodigious amount of work. He was a very powerful man of about 6 feet in height. He milked the cows, carried the milk to the dairy, fed the calves, carried up the coals for all fires in the house, from the cellar in a potato basket (Andy told me in later years that "that job was a killer") a ton or more a week and took care of all electrical apparatus. Drove the laundry to the Oldbridge lodge in a donkey cart, chopped the turnips with a power chopper, looked after the turbine and finally turned on the electricity by starting the turbine and dynamo according to the time of year and turning all off at 10.30 each night. He had neither Sunday nor half holiday and was paid 12 shillings per week and had a bed and blankets on the loft where he cooked his own food. He suffered terribly from corns. Andy also fell out with the drunken scotch steward by name Cathanach. The fact is that all the old and trusted hands resented the Scotch Steward's rather blatantly obvious thefts and his neglect of my mother's interests and did not hesitate to tell him so. Andy left and went to work for Mrs Doyle in Annamoe. It was not until after he had gone that people realise what an amount of work he had faithfully and efficiently performed every day. About 10 years later when I took over the farm I reinstated Andy and he and his dog lived in the harness room. When too old to work any more he went to live on pension in the Laundry at Oldbridge with his brother in law and two devoted nieces Lizzie and Mary Doyle. I shall always remember Andy's cheerful face and voice, he was the living embodiment of friendship and good will. After their mother and aunt Rosie died, Lizzie and Mary Doyle took over the laundry work. Mary was fat and amiable like her aunt Rose, and Lizzie was of somewhat sterner metal, a great Nationalist and Gaelic enthusiast. She joined the Drummeeen Pipers band and was as good a player as the best in it. After Mary died she lived alone in the lodge but had many callers and visitors. Eventually she had to go to the Hospital in Rathdrum and there she broke her hip and was bedridden. She was the last of the old circle of my devoted friends and Rachel and I were very fond of her and often went to see her in hospital.

Jack and Andy had two sisters. Anne who married John Doyle of the Oldbridge gate lodge of whom later, and Rosie who lived there too. Rosie was very fat and like many other fat people cheerful and very good natured. She always greeted us with enthusiasm and was a wonderful laundry woman. The only other dweller in the vicinity of Annamoe whom I feel drawn to mention is Harry Harding of Avonmore, and him only because of his lodger the "mad" Major Drought. He was a Drought of the large estate in Glenealy and had suffered a sun stroke in India. His relatives boarded him out at Hardings where he kept a white horse and used to ride about from time to time.

We children only knew of him through going to church. He always walked there and back carrying an umbrella in a sheath and gesticulating with it as if it were a sword. In the church we took particular notice of him when the collection plate was passed around because his weekly contribution was three pence and if he had not the correct sum he used to take change of the plate calculating what was necessary in a voice loud enough for us to hear. To us church presented many interesting features and very little that was sacred.

The mad major was prone to ride to Roundwood, tie up his horse or hand it over to a loungee at the door of the public house and pass in for a drink.

On one occasion he tied up his horse as usual, and was followed shortly after by Matt Doyle of Annamoe, also on a white horse. Matt threw his reins to one of those standing about who was hoping for such an opportunity to win a drink and he also went in. But the Major's tie was insecure and his horse freed itself and went home. Matt's man got cold waiting and had doubts as to whether Matt would give him a tip at all and he went away. The Major came out rather tipsy and mounted what he supposed was his horse and rode home. When he arrived he found the stable already occupied by his own horse which after freeing itself made its way home. So he turned the stranger around and gave it a cut with the whip.

Meantime Matt had come out found no horse, cursed everybody and hurried home expecting that his horse had preceded him but his stable was empty. He opened that

the horse had possibly gone to Wicklow, a road it knew well, so he set off for Wicklow on his bicycle. Unable to find the truant or hear it anywhere he returned home furious only to find his horse eating hay out of the haystack. In time everyone heard the stories and pieced them together. All were delighted and said it was "the price of Matt for his meanness".

Harry Harding was a good type, unfortunately he had no children, and at his death the house and farm were bought by a wealthy Dr. Hanly who had extensive property in Argentina.

The Rectory should I presume, be included in the village. Mr Waller a descendant of the famous Cromwellian general whose family had settle in Limerick was the first clergyman I remember. He and his wife were close friends of all members of our family. The Wallers had two sons born in Annamoe, one now resides in Yorkshire and is a Colonel, the other who was 6 foot five inches went into the English Civil service and spent his life caring for the upper reaches of the Nile.

The periphery includes Glan and some of its employees and neighbours who have made a very marked impression on my mind and affections. I cannot go very far afield or it would take me a lifetime to enumerate all the noteworthy persons in the district and the stories about them that render them noteworthy.

To begin at the centre. The only really remarkable member of the domestic staff that I can remember was Thomas Strickland our Butler for 22 years. He was one of Belfast origin, a rather bigoted Protestant and an ardent loyalist. He always wore a primrose badge on the day on which the primrose league commemorated the memory of the Earl of Beaconsfield. The object of the league I found out later was "the maintenance of religion, of the constitution of the realm and of the imperial ascendancy of Great Britain". We children all adored Strickland and he adored us.

Every year we 3 small boys used to go off with him for a picnic. On one occasion we walked up Ballinacur and picked mushrooms. Strickland would I think, have been an ideal domestic servant but for one failing, he drank too much every now and then. He never drank our wines but sent to Wicklow by one of the carters for a bottle of

whiskey. Strickland and his wife who was cook were engaged by my father and I believe it was the wife who induced poor Strickland to drink. At any rate she was sacked early on and Strickland remained with us until my mother felt that she could not continue to keep him any longer as she was a very ardent teetotaler. Strickland left and was absent for about 2 years when he wrote begging to be allowed to return and promising complete reformation. To our joy we embraced him again. His reformation was good in parts but as he grew feeble the doctor advised my mother that he should have a little whiskey. My mother interpreted "little" very literally and every evening measured a tablespoonful of whiskey in a little medicine measuring glass and took it to him in bed. If mother was ill or away I substituted for her, but my dollop of whiskey was always much more generous. Strickland slept on the ground floor and at a certain season in the summer was much annoyed at night by the noise made by corncrakes in the grass outside his window. In the morning you could see all his boots and shoes strewn over the grass where he had thrown them at the ravenous crakes from his window.

It almost broke Strickland's heart when I joined the Nationalist party which was of course anathema to a Primrose leaguer, and my brother Ernie who remained a fervent supporter of the English ascendancy became Strickland's white headed boy. On some Nationalist anniversary I sent a telegram to Ernie "God save Ireland" and gave it to Strickland to send down to the Post Office by the houseboy. He hurriedly wrote a second one to Ernie signed by himself "God save the King". When Mrs Strickland died Henry Childers accompanied the widower to the funeral in Belfast. In difficulties we often went to Strickland for advice and assistance. He was always wise and sympathetic. He died in 1920 while I was in Gaol, my sister Da took care of him up to the last. He is buried in the family plot at Derralossary. I honour his memory. There was no land steward worthy of eulogy until about 1912 when I made Jim Murphy, of the woodbank across the river near Leonards, my steward. He had been herd recently but was much trusted by my father as a scythe mower who used to cut the grass in the waterworks without injuring the shrubs. Jim's sister Maggie came to the yard to keep house for him. Jim was a remarkable man. He could neither read nor write and Maggie kept the books. Jim could however tell me the prices at which sheep had been bought and sold for many years back and could calculate in his head the total due for any number of sheep at any price, as quickly as I could on paper. His knowledge of

farming and his method of management were primitive and after a few years he and Maggie both went on pension. Jim had one personal vanity he wished to remain perennially young and to appear so he powdered his whitening whiskers, and hair with black sheep raddle powder. This gave him a sort of mottled appearance like a Scotch horny sheep.

After Jim came Deasy a nice Cork boy who married my dairymaid Julia. She did not get on well with other employees and induced Deasy to leave. Shortly after he died while on a pilgrimage to Lourdes. Michael Kelly followed him and is still with me, though pensioned as accountant, of him I have no words in which to write his praises. The first gardener I remember was Thompson his son and daughter were playmate friends of Daa's and mine. I remember putting worms down the back of her neck. Thompson was a first rate gardener, he had to be for my father made gardening his primary hobby. Everything grew in the garden from cabbages to orchids. After my father died my mother elevated Bill Kinlan to be Head of the garden staff of five and first-rate gardener he turned out to be. The Kinlans were always a clever family and many of them had served us well. Old Billy Kinlan had been Butler to George Booth at Lara and Kate had been dairymaid to my father. I have a vivid memory of her smiling face, snowwhite apron and bright red hair. Bill was head gardener for us for many years and his younger brother Paddy was a good cattleman. I will not dilate upon the characters of those Kinlans not employed here, suffice it to say that I kept a notebook labelled "the Kinlan book" in which I recited the deeds of the members who lived at home.

Bill Kinlan became almost a companion to Da and me and I often wonder how he did any work because we would take him and often one or more of his men to run races for our amusement, to climb trees for bird's nests, to fish both with hand and rod, to toboggen and build snowmen, in fact to do all the things that lay nearest to our enjoyment. In the evenings after supper we would take him out to build a bonfire and sing songs to us or to destroy wasp nests or set night lines in the River. We called him "the Oracle at Delphi" because he would answer all our questions with him we kept our cats and dogs and anything else such as snakes prohibited in the house. We continually raided the garden for all the fruit we wanted. It is not surprising that we considered him to be our best friend. Bill was certainly a good natured creature. He

did not get on well with his brothers at home and when he got ill and could no longer work or care for himself he went to the hospital in Rathdrum where he died. I have the kindest memories of him.

The first gamekeeper I can remember was Tom Doyle. "The Rut" as he was nicknamed having been the youngest and smallest of his family. He belonged to the Doyle family that lived where Tommy Gaffney now resides at Oldbridge. Tommy Gaffney's grandmother was a Doyle, and ownership of his farm was descended to him through the female line for two generations perhaps more. This Doyle family was a notable one, it is now extinct in the direct male line. It was blessed with unusually good brains, mechanical aptitude and manual skill. My grandfather employed John Doyle (Tom's father) as gamekeeper and in an old book I found an entry that the last Golden Eagle was seen by John Doyle in the Lake Dan area in 1842.

Tom and Larry were two of his sons, I do not know what functions Larry performed on the farm, but my father made him into quite a good cricketer and he became the fast bowler of the Glan cricket eleven, and on one occasion bowled Charles Stewart Parnell. Parnell was so annoyed that he almost withdrew his team.

So far as I know I never saw Larry, but was well acquainted with Tom. He was short, stout and very strong, always clean and well dressed and walked with a springy step and the sure foot of one accustomed to rough places and much walking. Tom always wore a round tweed hat, he could tie his own flies, fill his own cartridges and do all the handy work required by sportsmen. He could read and write fluently an unusual accomplishment for a man of his class at that date. He had his own manner of speaking. Unable to pronounce "th" as in the, that and then, he always said der cat, dat man, den I woke up. Tom taught all the young Booths, Childers and some of the Bartons to shoot, fish and play tennis. He always mowed the tennis lawn with a large mowing machine drawn by a donkey wearing leather boots. He had a smile and a joke for everyone. After my father's death he fell out with Eyre Massey who acted as land agent for my mother and went to the Booths' at Lara. My cousin Pip Booth was devoted to him and he lived with the Hawkins's and taught them much wisdom. I was sorry when he died. The last male of a fine line of stalwarts.

Tom Doyle's sister married John Smith of Castlekevin and he came to live in Oldbridge where he reared a large family. Nearly all worked for me for long or short periods. He eldest Jack was houseboy and later went to U.S.A. where he settled in California. I never heard any more about him. Ned I apprenticed to a carpenter to learn that trade. He turned out a good wheelwright but took to drinking and went away. Tommy was groom and later chauffeur for years. He was a fine and loyal employee. He married Nellie Hawkins. He inherited the mechanical skill of the Doyles and took my Daimler car into component parts to hide it from the Black and Tans, later reassembled it. He suffered a lot from indigestion, a complaint which afflicted many of the Doyles. His brother Larry Smith came onto the farm first of all as a ploughman. After Tommy's death he became a lorry driver. He married a Kinsella and went to England where he was employed by Sunlight soap as a lorry driver and went out to the first great war in that capacity. After the war his wife induced him to return to Wicklow and he re-entered by service and drove for me for many years. His two sons have proved themselves worthy descendents of the Doyles. One is a Major, I believe in the Army of the United States, the other owns a hotel in Galway. There was also Maurice who acted as a general farmhand. He was nicknamed Mon. The youngest was Mick, he died in the late summer of 1963. Of all the skilled men in the district Mick was the most remarkable. He taught himself a high standard of mechanical proficiency by reading and questioning every Engineer he could contact. He was an expert electrical fitter. But he had also a flare for inventing ways and means of overcoming any mechanical difficulty. He was a motor car doctor of repute and all and sundry who drove cars and had break-downs would call for Mick's assistance.

At the age of 16 he lost an arm while working for me at a time when I was in America. Not content to stop a machine by the belt shifter, he tried to pull off the belt with his arm something he had done several times before. At the once too often time the belt caught his sleeve and he was swung up and went round and round in the shaft until his arm twisted off. The twisting saved him from bleeding to death. His arm was buried in the Glendalough cemetery and Mick lies near it. There can never have been a more devoted, loyal and at the same time capable and charming employee. With one arm (he would not wear the false one I bought him) he could do almost everything that

others could do. He drove a car, rode motor cycle, changing speed with his knee. He made use of his teeth shoulder and chest to take the place of a hand, and I often marvelled at the manner in which five digits seemed to be able to manipulate delicate parts into place as easily as if they were doubled in number.

He married the school mistress in Oldbridge National School and subsequently bought the old police barracks at Laragh went to there to live. His son Eugene runs the post office. The Smiths and the Kinlans waged dynastic warfare. The Kinlans were the aggressors, and often came to me with stories of the terrible things the Smiths had done or tried to do to them, but I had my own counsel of the rights and wrongs in Oldbridge. I have related the stories of his sons but have not told the story of John Smith the Father. Like many others from Castlekevin townland he was far above the average level of intelligence, industry and trustworthiness. He started at Glan as a trapper and became the trusted gamekeeper who trained our sporting instincts, went with you to all shooting parties. When I was exhausted as would happen at the age of 15, after a day's shooting with the Fitzherberts on Thonalagee and all the way to Stoney tops, Jack would carry gun and cartridges. I believe he would have carried me had I asked him. He taught us to fish and would row us about on Lake Dan. Sometimes his day would begin with the walk from Oldbridge after a hurried breakfast so as to be in the yard when the bell rang at 7 a.m. as it always did until around 1920. A hard days work would follow say ricking oats until 6 o'clock with one hour for dinner. Then just as he might be thinking of taking a rest or doing some work for himself when he got home, I might waylay him and state "Jack will you meet me at 8 at Powl Mrigh, and we will do some night fishing and set a few night lines". Jack would get home perhaps at 11 perhaps at 12 midnight. His pay was 12 shillings per week and his chances of tips. I never knew him to be cross or self-pityful, he never complained of being tired or unwilling to satisfy any whim of our life or self amusement. He was rather short in stature, wore a "full whisker" and as I look back on him from a distance of 50 years, I judge him to have been a mixture of saint and slave.

The family of the Doyles of Drummeen is one of the oldest and most respected in the district. I do not know where the ancestors of the family came from or when but there were Doyle on Drummeen in 1798 and I heard that they were there before the Hugos came to the district. They built a thatched house not far from the Raheen on the old

road that runs through the haggard, skits the Raheen and crosses the high road continuing up the hill to the Brusha gate and out onto the Dry Hill. I always look upon this particular road as being a mysterious one. It runs more or less parallel to the old road on the side of which Glan was built. It possibly crossed the Avonmore at Annamoe "the ford of the cows" just as the Glan road crossed it higher up the river opposite uplands. But where did this road lead to? Was it part of the track that ran across the shoulder of Seard and so on to Sally Gap or was that the trend of the Glan-Drumrae road that ran up there Paddock and on past Bartle Dourigans house to the high pastures of Drumrae. Both roads have ancient landmarks such as Ballawn, Stones and millsites. They run parallel East and West and both rise up to the high flat foothills of Seard. I wish I could see these features functioning in 1500 B.C. 1000 B.C. and 500 A.D. The land carries the scars of tillage that escaped the memory of the oldest in my youth. Old Christy Doyle who died at 86 years of age told me that his Father told him he had never heard of who it was that tilled that land. Did these roads have no sign other than that they gave access to the Turf Banks.

The family of the Doyles of Drummeen as I first remember it consisted of Thomas Doyle, known as Long Tom about 6'2" tall wearing a full bottomed grey beard, always dressed in good tweeds with a white linen shirt and always wearing a bowler hat. He was the Glan shepherd renowned for his love as a sheepman.

He was not too sober and broke his leg rounding the corner in Annamoe on a donkey cart too closely, that ended his really active career. He had a great love for the Bartons and when he was dying sent word asking that Mother and I should go to see him. We did so. He held my hand for some time and wished me good fortune. I must have been about 12 and was impressed by his great size and grey solemnity in the dim recesses of a great bed. He had a brother Andy and a sister Big Anne as she was known to distinguish her from her niece, a member of the other Doyle family further up the road to the Brusha gate. The eldest Doyle brother was Charlie. My father got him a post as a porter in the Bank of Ireland and his son also Charlie is a solicitor in Dublin. The youngest bother was "Big Jack Doyle of the Lodge". He married Anny Bryan sister of Andy Bryan the cattleman and she and her sister Rosie did all the laundry work. John Doyle was our Forester, I believe he had worked on the estate from the time when he was in his early teens. My father had a particular regard for

him, his loyalty and cheerful companionship were without rival. When my father took over the estate he felled a quantity of mature timber and sold it to the Glendalough lead mines for props. John Doyle cut the trees and replanted the land. His services used to be borrowed by George Booth as Lara because his work was so good and his "planting thumb" so green. He was highly popular all round the district and had a fund of fascinating stories and traditions. His Uncle Hugh Doyle was an old man in 1798 and for months he carried food to the local insurgent leader Harman who was on the run and secreted in a sod refuge on Kanturk. I wonder whether the remnants of a hut above Glenmacanass fall and between it and Soard perhaps a quarter mile from the road and at a higher level than the falls is Harman's refuge.

At last old Doyle was suspected and arrested he died in Gaol. Harman, eventually surrendered to Hugo (at Keogh's brook on the back road) Hugo promised him security if he would surrender but then drove him into Dublin Castle and handed him over to the Military. He was banished to Tasmania and never heard of again. John Doyle had a bitter hatred for the Hugos, and on one occasion refused them entry at the Oldbridge lodge unless they got a permit from my father. John told me that he was never allowed to drink tea until he was 18, that his principal bread was eaten loaf and to it he ascribed his excellent teeth. He had all his teeth at 80 and then lost 2 by carrying a rope in his mouth while mounting a ladder. When anything went wrong such as a tree falling in the wrong direction or getting caught in another he would let loose the most terrifying stream of bad language. He was very nervous of going down the Oldbridge Avenue to his home after dark and always looked for company. The Oldbridge avenue was haunted by my grandfather in a boiled shirt and by the Ghost of Crooks who was garrotted at the far end of the white plains a short distance inside the wood. John showed me where Crooks was buried, he alone knew the site. If you were born and bred beside a Raheen and a window in you your house had always to be kept open because it was on a fairy pas and if closed would always be opened by the good people, you would in all probability pay more regard to the unseen world than the sceptics of today do. John was well over 80 when he died. He did less and less work yearly and eventually stayed at home. He was in bed when he realised that he was going to die, his daughter Lizzie was in the room and he sent her downstairs to get his watch from his waistcoat, which he always hung up in the kitchen. Lizzie was delayed sometime and then suddenly thought to herself "Was he looking strange when I came

down". She hurried upstairs. John had turned over to the wall and died. He nephew Din told me later "he did not want the women crying round him when he was dying". John lead a physical life that was almost ideal. He wore out gradually and consistently and he died at last without a murmur just as an animal does. He had no pains, he was exalted by the church and the only complaint I ever heard him make was when he lost his teeth. Some member of the Doyle family must have been very much trusted by the Hugos and to such an extend that they caused them to act as foster parents to the young Hugo sons, these were boarded out in the Doyle house. The family possessed some magnificent pewter about 40 pieces, which was displayed on a dresser. This pewter was saved when the house was burned about 1934 and was subsequently taken away by Charlie Doyle the Solicitor. Andy Doyle was the last member of the family to die. He felt his end was approaching and told his niece so. The niece scoffed at this idea seeing no change in his usual robust health, but Andy insisted that he must go to Wicklow and pay all his debts. I had to buy 26 wethers from him to make the money available. He bought all that would be required for his wake. His debts paid he came home contented. The niece sent for the doctor who found no cause for alarm but Andy persisted that his spin was very short and sent for the priest. The priest having being primed with the doctor's report tried to encourage him but to no avail. Next morning Andy went out to feed the calf as was his usual practise. When he did not return his niece went out to fetch him. He was dead on the floor of the cowhouse.

Some weeks later Andy's nephew Din came to me in some trepidation to ask my advice. He said that every morning when Andy went to feed the calf he also fed a Robin which used to hop about on the floor and now the Robin persistently frequented the spot where Andy fell. What should they do? Should they go on feeding it? Did I think it was a "right robin" or was it some spirit of Andy's returned in the form of the Robin. I advised taking no chances. "Feed it regularly and watch what happens". After a while the Robin disappeared.

Another family of the DoYLES lived further up the road leading to the Brusher gate, this was the Tommy Doyle family. I imagine that the families were unrelated to the John, Charlie Andy Doyle family until sister married Tommy Doyle. The oldest member I remember was Tommy Doyle and at one time he acted as groom to Henry Childers. He was a fine looking clear-eyed old man very tall and thin. His mother had seen

Harman surrender to Hugo and it nearly broke her heart as she saw him pass down below the house. She never saw him again. He was I think a distant relative. Tommy Doyle's family consisted of four sons and a daughter the eldest known as Tommy Touch (pronounced Tootch). In his early days he worked in the stable yard and used to fetch and carry the post. We always called him "cap over eyes". After a while he ceased to work and sat by the fire, this he did for 26 years when he died. The next son was Paddy. He worked for me as ploughman for many years. The Glan land is very stoney and the plough handles twice broke Paddy's ribs. He always refused to go to a doctor and would walk to Rathdrum, buy a pitch plaster and apply it to his broken rib. He would return to work after nine days with his ribs more or less knit. The next brother was Denis always know as Din and nicknamed Yog. He was my particular friend for 60 years, and was shepherd on the farm all his life. The youngest brother is Mick, he is still alive as I write 1963 December.). He got married and left the district. Din was my devoted friend. He had inherited a very strong nationalist enthusiasm and he gloried in being with Da and me in the thick of the political fight. We had no political secrets from Din, he canvassed the district at all elections and gave sage advice about peoples trustworthiness. Everybody passing the road would drop in at his house (he applied for and got a labourer's cottage built for himself) to hear or give news and if he was away would pass up to his sister Nanie and leave a message. Din hid rifles and ammunition wit me, assisted me to build hideouts and when I was on the run and wished to return home across the mountains, he would meet me at a prearranged time at the middle ditch on Scard and scout ahead of me until we reached the house. I could fill a book with the story of Din – perhaps of all those I have been associated with in the district none has been closer in my affection than Din Doyle. He loved all the Bartons and Childers, and they in return all loved him. Further up the Brusha gate lane live Paddy Byrne and his sister Mary. Paddy died and Mary lived all alone, her house fell and she lived in a propped up portion. At the top of the lane where Johnny MacDonald now lives, there lived another Doyle, no relation of those lower down. He went into the farm a well off man and died a drunkard and a bankrupt. The next occupier was Neddy Devitt, he had a considerable sum which he invested in livestock but he too started drinking and was soon in the same difficulties as Doyle had been. People ascribed the misfortunes of the two families to the fact that the dwelling house had been built on a Fairy passway. The "good people" were taking revenge for human obstruction. Johnny MacDonald bought the farm and turned the

house into a cowbyre. He built a new dwelling house for himself. The Devitts of Birchwood were fairly closely associated with Glan at one time. One of the earliest places of Catholic worship was in a small field at Birchwood. The site was remote and unobstructive. The chapel was a thatched one, and the small field is known as the chapel field. Hugh Devitt a mild blue eyed "full whiskered" man worked on the farm. He was rather characterless. Hugh's brother Mick was quite the opposite. For years he was a groom to the Booths at Lara, and a genius with horses. When Tot Booth married John Watson she took Mick away with her to Bective Co. Meath to be her personal groom. John Watson used to make full use of him in taming any refractory poly pony amongst the many he owned. No horse could resist Mick's blandishments and in no time would eat out of his hand. Alas poor Mick got into bad habits and was eventually dismissed for drunkenness. I took him on and arranged that he should come into see me every Sunday evening for it was on Sundays that he was prone to lose control of himself. My plan worked well for some months but eventually broke down because I feared that he might fall into the reservoir while tipsy and coming down to report his sobriety. I had to put up a fence to ensure his safety. After a while he took to drinking on a weekday, his health deteriorated and he died.

Christy Brennan now lives in the house that my grandfather now built for his kennelman. In the corner where I built a dip trough the Doyles lived, who gave his name to Tom Doyle's ground. After his death my Uncle Erskine Barton took over the land and partitioned the house into kennels. The house where Paddy Curley lives was occupied in my youth by Mary Hawkins, the last descendant of those who gave their name to Hawkins pasture. Her father was old Davy Hawkins, John Doyle the forester told me that he was a comical old man and wore knee breeches.

The Quinns of Shinnagh did an immense amount of draining on Glan. Old Jizzy Quinn (proper name Andy) had two or three sons and the family took on draining and wall building contracts. Another fine workman from Shinnagh was Mick Quinn. He used to do most of the very arduous business of carting from Wicklow. Old Tom Leonard or Lennon as they have always been known was the carpenter in my youth. His son and grandson have both worked for me as carpenters.

Old Tom was a craftsman. He could make quite a good fishing rod doing the tying of the rings himself. He was a famous wheelwright. Someone told me that my father had first employed him as a gamekeeper. He knew him as a good poacher and opined that a good poacher would also be a good gamekeeper. He had a very irascible temper and would throw a hatchet at anyone who came into the shop and might go off with tools or nails. He married a Kinlan, a most picturesque old lady in a crimped white cap. His son Tom was a good rebel and housed firearms for me in a hiding place in the roof of his cottage. His son Tommy is with me now and is one of those on whom you could pin your chance of life in danger.

Johnny MacDonald came to me at the age of 18 to work in the woods with John Doyle. His father was to be carpenter. I engaged them in the Labour exchange in Dublin. The father was at one time a schoolmaster and had a good education but lost his post through intemperance. He worked for me for years, and Johnny joined him as sawyer and carpenter. The father died of cancer. Johnny has been the mainstay of all construction aspects of the estate for 50 years, and is one of the most devoted and valuable employees and friends I have had on the farm. He too was a keen Republican and spent a period in Gaol. Three of his brothers and his sister worked for me for periods, and then went off to get married.

Jack Porter lived on Raheen with his two sisters Mary and Biddy. As a boy I remember Jack as a carter, he had a fine red beard and an intelligent open face. His mother must have been a seeker after knowledge for she had learned some Latin and French from a hedge schoolmaster before there were any schools in the district to which Catholics could go. Jack took after her and was always posing teaching enquiries to me about the movements of the earth and the planets, the composition of gun powder and similar things about which I knew very little. He seemed to know all the lore of the ancients and had a fascinating manner of relating local history of which he knew a great deal. Most of the difficult jobs were assigned to him, and it was while feeding the threshing machine that his torn shirt got caught between 2 cogwheels and his forearm was so lacerated that it had to be amputated. Driven over to the local physician Dr. Garland, Jack sat down, put his arm on the table and said "Dr. I have a bit of a scratch". The Dr. removed his ulna which was severed and then sent him to Rathdrum for surgery. Jack always believed that his arm could have been saved but

that Drs. Wanted practise in cutting off limbs. He died at 82 and worked for me all through my youth and middle life. He told me once that he had no belief in these modern diseases, that, when he was young, men died of only two diseases – “the old age and a knock on the head”. His cure for toothache was either to tie a piece of fishing line around the tooth and a stone to the other end and then throw the latter into a stream or else to put “a drop of Vitriol” into the cavity. Jack’s hand resembled an elephant’s foot. He was most ingenious at making or repairing anything out of material which he would recover out of old dumps. When his sister Biddy died he told me sadly “the prop of our house had gone” and when Jack died I felt that the prop of my family was beginning to disintegrate.

I have referred to the Murphy’s of Raheen and the Jim Murphy who was my steward. He had two sisters Maggie and Bid. After Jim died, I used to go occasionally to see Maggie. The kitchen had a long partition across the door and into the wall beside the fireplace, the usual door draughtscreen. The house however was dark and Maggie placed a chair for me near the door. It was summertime and the fire was low. I was talking away with Maggie and had not noticed anyone else in the room until a movement near the fire caused me to look more intently into the settle corner. There I saw two gleaming white eyes. Bid was sitting in the corner clothed in black and only her eye balls peered out from her dirt blackened face. It was quite an eerie sight. After Bid’s death tom Lannon told me “they coffined Bid yesterday, the vermint on her was I suppose something awful and some of them as big at bumble bees”.

When I was small, we had two carpenters old Tom Lennon and Willie McGuirk of Raheen. Willie was what he called himself “a botcher”. He was not an expert carpenter like Lannon but he could mend lead pipes by tieing the burst with white lead and putty wrapped in cloth. He did all the emergency jobs, the glazing, chimney sweeping (quite a big assignment when every bedroom had a fire). Leaks on the roof were temporarily stopped by Willie until the plumber should come and he replaced any slates blown off. He and Lannon were always more or less at loggerheads. Willie was trusted by everyone as being this soul of humour and my mother used to say that you could see Willie’s soul in his face. His son Johnny proved to be of little use to Willie or himself and so far as I know has never done any work in his life. He is now a very

old man and Tommy Lannon the 3rd tells me that his sister Aggie says that Johnny has "the Halifax" and that when it comes out at his feet he will die.

One of the great characters who has lived in Annamoe in the house occupied in my youth by Mrs. Pierce is William Rochford. He is one of the Rochfords of Castlekevin and has worked for me for many years as gamekeeper, trapper and skilled man at almost all trades, wall building, draining, anything that required skilled thought, gardening for instance and bee keeping. He has taste as well as skill and has that inestimably valuable maxim of living that only when it is to be done well is a thing worth doing. He has taken the greatest interest in remaking and planting the waterworks garden. Bill Rochford like Tom Doyle and Jack Smith has been known to nearly all visitors, he has taken many of them shooting and fishing and his field lore and with have been greatly appreciated. He is now unable to work but his son Dan takes his place as far as he can.

This is the great procession of notable associates that have passed by in my lifetime, a pageant of noble people many of whom, if they had but had opportunity, might have risen to fame and wealth elsewhere. I wish to pay them the tribute that is due to their memories and their stirring worth and to record the fact that they were the personal and respected friends of myself and my beloved sister Dulcie Bella.