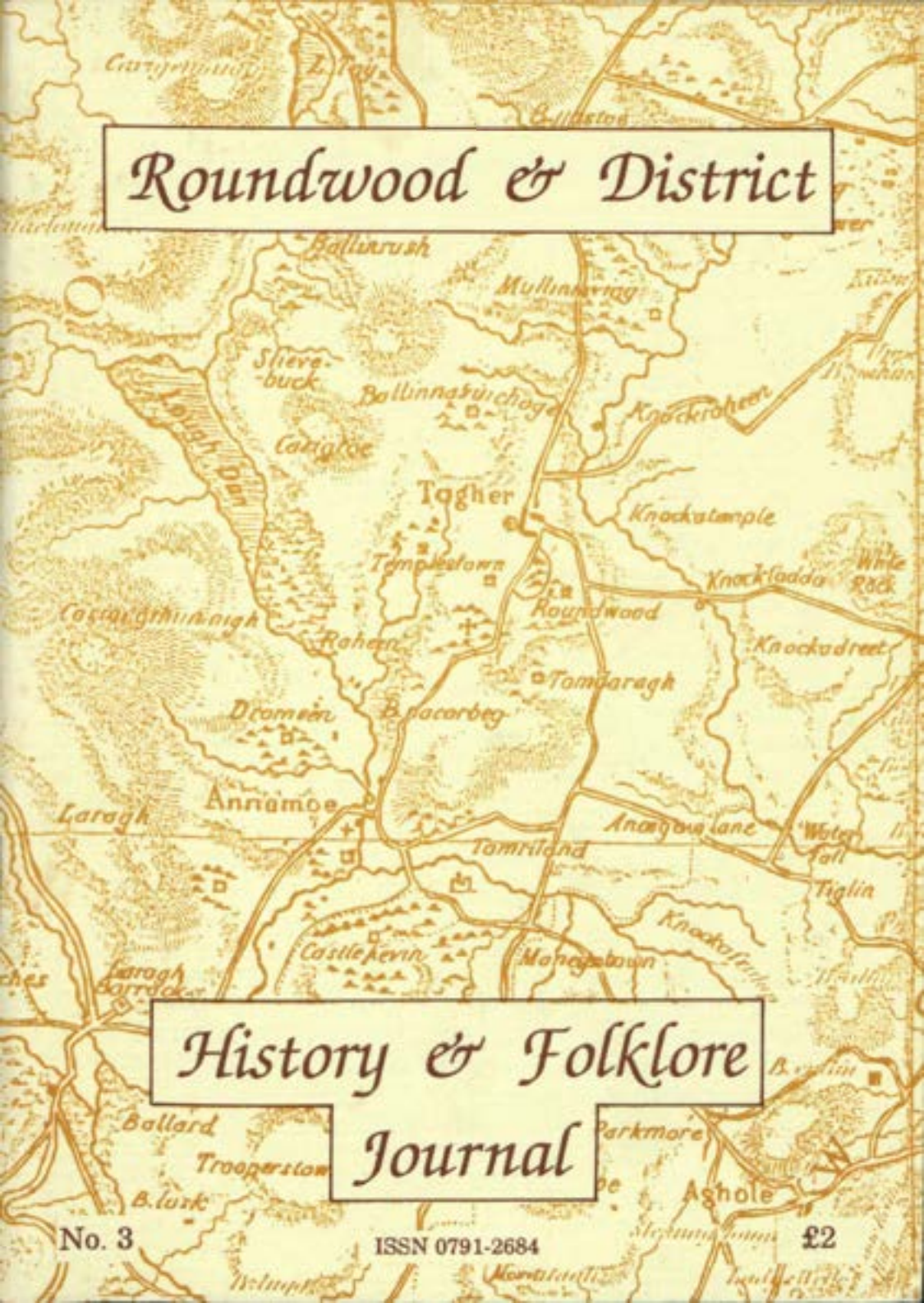
Roundwood & District



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From the Chair

Three years ago our society was formed with the express aim of gathering, recording and disseminating information of an historical nature. Although we represent a large, thinly populated rural area, and with a core membership of just 25 people, I feel we are achieving our aims well.

It speaks volumes of the talent and commitment of our members that in the three years of our existence we have produced a Journal each year.

We could not, of course, have achieved this level of success without the active support of all the people in the district, more especially our Patrons without whose financial support our Journal would not appear. To them we owe a special debt.

Our society is now well established as a part of the cultural and community life of the area. With the changes now taking place in the district, i.e. the advent of the National Park, the continuing increase in the number of commuters and weekenders, and with Dublin city encroaching ever nearer, we intend in the future to play an active role in ensuring that the Historical sites, the customs and traditions of the Roundwood - Glendalough district are preserved and protected for the benefit of future generations as well as our own.

Finally I wish to thank everyone who has contributed in any way to the production of this our third Journal, especially the contributing writers and the Editorial Board. I feel the next forty or so pages will speak more for them than any words of mine. Happy reading.

Sean Kavanagh

Chairman R.D.H.F.S.

December 1990

Roundwood and District History and Folkore Journal No. 3

"A book ought to be like a man or a woman, with some individual character in it, though eccentric, yet its own; with some blood in its veins, and speculation in its eyes, and a way and a will of its own".

John Mitchel
(Jail Journal)

Contents

Front cover: Baldwin, Cradock and Joy's Survey, 1822.
Back cover: From Porter's Post-Office guide, 1910.

One Day in December

If you make Roundwood in County Wicklow your destination during a winter month you may expect anything - and feel lucky if you don't get it. Roundwood: the highest village in Ireland where the Vartry is dammed to give Dublin water: the village that makes news when it is NOT isolated by winter snowfalls.

Up the Long Hill, across the Rocky Valley, out on to the bare mountain, and at noon the village appears.

Monday morning in Roundwood and what is happening? Not much apparently, but Fred Doyle, Roundwood butcher is out with his brush and spanking white overall clearing away snow. A stream of water is rolling down the main street gutter and into the drain - not a small city drain but an iron grille two feet square, like a prison window let into the roadway.

MEET THE PEOPLE

"Good morning gents" says Fred Doyle and his ruddy face breaks into a grin that would melt the snow itself. He sees the camera and waves an arm across country. "You've come too late.....you should have been here yesterday, it was near on a foot deep". "But it's not snow we want; it's Roundwood. How do you find it up here?"

"I like it here" says Fred Doyle leaning on his brush, "it's a grand life. I was 16 years in Shankill and I'm 11 years here now and I wouldn't go back. In 1947 we got it bad though; the snow was out across the fields level with the hedge. We had to cut trenches along the road".

The Wicklow County Council sand wagon swings up the main road with a crew of three and a trail of grey sand falls behind. Fred Doyle volunteers the news that Roundwood is more prepared now than it used to be. They have two snow ploughs ready down in Wicklow town, and were I living in Roundwood this would be comforting news.

As a butcher Fred Doyle distinguishes himself by having as one of his customers His Excellency Sean T. O'Kelly, for the President has a house nearby, Roundwood Park where he often spends weekends away from official duties. Because of this the Roundwood police force is a "five and one" force, five Gardai and one sergeant, two of the Gardai keeping an eye on Roundwood Park.

Walking up the road is Garda Daniel Walsh, attached to Roundwood two years now. He reckons the population to be about 900 odd - 100 or so in the village itself and about 800 in the district. Twenty years in the Force spent mostly in Cork, with a few years in Kanturk, and now Roundwood. The village is no Chicago, but maybe it is healthier that way, snow and all.

DAILY VISITORS

Round about 1 p.m. every day the bus pulls in, Roundwood's own bus, one of a well known fleet which connects Dublin and Glendalough year in year out, and gets through on most occasions when the weather is heavy. William Doyle, the proprietor

of the Wicklow named ST. KEVINS bus service is also proprietor of a Roundwood hotel and gives considerable local employment one way and another.

His bus crew this morning consists of Thomas Timmons, aged 22, conductor on the line for four years now, and a Roundwood man. Driver is Jimmy Lee from Rathdrum way who has been driving the Glendalough bus for 21 years - and no accident despite the Long Hill up past Rocky Valley to the village and despite the ice and snow of winter.

The bus makes a double run daily, but is more than a bus service to Roundwood as one hears elsewhere in the village. If a message is to be done or a parcel delivered or picked up, one of the bus crew will be sure to oblige. You get that kind of thing on country bus routes. In summer there may be seen as many as fourteen or more buses strung along the Roundwood main street, for there is always a short halt en route to Glendalough. This place of pilgrimage overshadows Roundwood itself but I don't know why. Give me the village and its surroundings, Lough Tay and Dan and the reservoir country and you may keep the Glendalough doom.

Willie Doyle is not at home this day to talk of his bus service and life in the highest village, so we cross the road to meet the man who lights up Roundwood when darkness falls. Joseph Keenan, hotel proprietor and power plant owner is also away from home, but in a shed in the yard there is the 22 h.p. diesel engine which generates direct current at a 220 voltage for 43 houses in the village.

PRIVATE POWER

Roundwood had not to wait for rural electrification, it had Joe Keenan's supply years ago, and back about three years the plant was enlarged. Joe Keenan looked after the poles for distributing; householders looked after their own wiring and payment is made on meter readings, at about 1/- per unit. When night falls, the steady thump-thump of the diesel drifts over the village like a benevolent heart beat and lights go on along the roadway, in the houses and the shops.

Directions to the village forge lead across the road and up the hill to a shed where John Darcy, age 63 still hammers an anvil, as he has been doing for 37 years past in the same shed. The wind has turned cold and whips keenly around the doors to be greeted with John Darcy's remark, "You'll never die for the want of fresh air up here". "Did you get up the Long Hill?" he goes on, "We did thank you", although we had some doubts about it back in Dublin.

"Ah, if you had been here three years back....." Ah, if only we had. The winter of 1946/47 about which Roundwood's grandchildren will be hearing in time to come. It was all in the papers, the village isolated for.....ten weeks, was it? Sheep dying in hundreds, frozen solid. Go back further and memory plucks some strange tales from the snow. The woman to be got to hospital in a hurry and lifted chair and all to a car.....the funeral at dusk, its hearse an improvised sledge of corrugated iron drawn by men.

Just how high up is the village? Some said over 1,000 feet. Garda Walsh thought about 800 feet and this seems nearest to official records, which put the height of the water in the reservoir at 700 feet over sea level. From the forge door, you can look out

across the road to the reservoir, which supplies most of Dublin. Roundwood and water are synonmous.

The waterworks was begun in 1863 and completed in 1868. It covers an area of 400 acres and gives employment to a few dozen men. The enclosed water at the breastwork is 70 feet deep and 200 days water supply for Dublin at 12 million gallons daily, is led through 24 miles of pipe, via Stillorgan to Dublin. The cost £500,000.

WATER SUPPLY

Despite its age, 80 years, Roundwood still pipes to Dublin 70 per cent of its total needs, and this, without any major extension in the intervening years. Bohernabreena and Poulaphouca, supply the remainder. Dublin is proud of its Roundwood water supply and Sir John Gray deserves his bust which stands in the garden alongside the filterbeds.....but what of the 14 men working on this December day in the filterbeds.

Fourteen men in rubber waders, some scraping away the spent top layer of the filter beds with shovels; others removing the scrapings in a bogie running on rails. A thin cold rain is falling, up on the bank a fountain is throwing long columns of water twenty feet into the air, and in the fountain waters there are trout, plenty of them. Near the fountain is a small hydrogenerating plant which supplies current to the official waterworks residence above the lake.

IN THE SCHOOL

The high village lives quietly to itself during the winter. School children, 60 or 70 of them, come in to school from round about and learn lessons from Mrs. Elizabeth Brennan, teacher in St. Laurence's National School for 29 years. Dick Stacey, postman, leaves at 9.10 a.m. every morning with mail and covers his 15 mile round on bicycle, or on foot when ice and snow come. Pat, the Alsatian belonging to Mrs. Brennan, plods around and cocks a quaint eye at strangers. Husky Jimmy Murphy from this side of Enniscorthy helps in Joe Keenan's hotel and looks after the diesel most times. David Murphy introduces himself as the oldest man in the village, last member of the four Murphy families that used to live hereabouts.

Dusk falls over Roundwood at 4 p.m. and the last thing you hear going down the hill to Dublin is the thump-thump of the diesel, until the lights disappear and the Long Hill back to town claims attention.

Frank Jeffares

The above article first published in 'Times Pictorial' week ending January 14th 1950.

Grouse Shooting Record

Grouse are now a very rare sight indeed in the wilds of the Wicklow mountains, but this was not always the case. In fact the Irish record of grouse killing in one day is said to be a shoot of 221 birds on the Guinness Estate at Luggala, Roundwood on the 3rd of October 1912.

This, however, is a long way off the world record which stands at 2,929 grouse which were killed by eight "sportsmen" on one day in 1915 at Lord Sefton's Lancashire Estate.

Roundwood in 1798

The United Irishmen of Wicklow were the strongest rebel force in Leinster with a paper strength of 14,000 men on the eve of the rebellion. From April 1797 concerted efforts had been made to organize the county for insurrection. Trusted men formed the nucleus of twelve man cells which elected delegates to parish, barony and county level committees. In January 1798 the county total was 12,800 with 1,800 listed for the Barony of Ballinacor North and the same for Newcastle, a figure which only Arklow bettered with 2,400.

The principal United Irishman in Roundwood was James Kavanagh who kept an Inn and General store. His position in the community and extensive family connections marked him as an ideal person to organize the area. His wife Catherine Byrne was sister to Bryan Byrne of Rathdrum who in turn was related by marriage to the Byrnes of Ballymanus and of Parkhill. She was also a cousin to the Harmons of Killafeen who were among the most determined rebels in the county. The exploitation of such family systems was the method of recruiting most favoured by the United Irishmen as it enhanced security and fostered loyalty to the cause. Kavanagh's significance was not lost on the loyalists who rated him capable of doing 'more mischief than even Dwyer.' Typically, he denied being a rebel but was arrested just prior to the rebellion and spent two months on a prison hulk in Dublin Bay before being released on the intercession of William Hume of Humewood. He was re-arrested on the information of John Byrne of Camera who testified that Kavanagh had associated with members of Dwyer's gang in hiding at Matthew McDaniel's of Castle Kevin in August 1800. He was an intelligent man who was credited by his arch enemy Tom King of Kingston with having 'a good knack at stating grievance.' It is likely Kavanagh was obliged to give a certain amount of information to the authorities to avoid transportation and he ended his days in poverty. R. Myers wrote that 'Cavanagh had been of service' and the influential George Ponsonby helped get him released a second time.

Joseph Holt of Mullinaveigue was almost certainly recruited by Kavanagh in late 1797 or early 1798. He was required as Deputy Alnager and Baronial Sub-Constable to travel through the mountain districts and his knowledge of remote communities there was unrivalled. During the rebellion Holt's military acumen was revealed and he proved himself an able and courageous leader. When in captivity at Dublin Castle he gave information concerning 'a great gang of robbers about Roundwood'. Holt despised criminals and gave their names freely despite the fact some of them were ex-rebels. He named Owen 'Kittagh' Byrne and other members of his family, John and Thomas Harris, Michael and Francis Wafer, Val Browne and William Repton. Byrne was prominent in the local United Irishmen and an early conspirator. He was, however, corrupt and used Holt's name to extort goods from John Smith of Roundwood and others. Smith's testimony secured the death sentence for Byrne but obliged him to seek the protection of the Fermanagh militia and Somerset Fencibles. Holt claimed that Byrne 'used to stay 4 or 5 nights together in Roundwood drinking the money he received for pike heads.' As he was not a blacksmith the implication is that Byrne had

pocketed funds subscribed by the rebels for the purchase of weaponry and the support of imprisoned men. Terence 'Kittagh' Byrne, Owen's son, was executed for the murder of John Mason as was Garret Nowlan of Clohogue who came from another rebel family.

The Bradys of Ballinacor Beg were also deeply implicated in the rebellion although there is no evidence they were involved in criminal activities. Joseph Harding claimed that Edward Brady tried to recruit him at Brocka bridge in December 1797, an overture that ended in a fight. Edward Brady junior was a follower of Michael Dwyer before the catastrophe of Derrynamuck and Holt named William Brady as a captain. Why he did so is unclear as Holt had gone to some trouble before the outbreak to help Edward Brady recover a debt from Daniel Nailor. This apparently led to the downfall of Holt as Nailor denounced him as a United Irishman. In March 1799 there were two local men on the prison hulk 'Brunskill', Hugh Lacey, a twenty-one year old 'Hatter' and forty-two year old James Murray, a Castle Kevin farmer. It is likely that Roundwood men were acting with Cpt. John Neil robbing mail coaches in late 1798 as he issued certificates of safe passage to his victims endorsed 'The Roundwood Cavalry'. United membership was by no means confined to Catholics; Holt asserted that 'At least one-third of the people in the glen were Protestants. One such sworn rebel was Joseph Thompson, wood-ranger to Francis Synge, who refused to turn out when the rebellion began. He was arrested by the rebels in Roundwood on 18 June and taken with other prisoners to their camp near Clohogue. He was permitted to join the Insurgents and remained with them until the battle of Hacketstown on the 25th. David and William Edge were tried at this time on suspicion of being Orangemen but were released on their acquittal. They both joined Lord Powerscourt's Yeomen, a corps noted for its extremism.

The strategic importance of Roundwood in the rebellion was lessened by the existence of strong garrisons at Rathdrum and Newtownmountkennedy but it was nonetheless situated on the periphery of what could and could not be controlled by the Government. Its proximity to the mountain redoubts of the insurgents ensured that it was frequented by them and vulnerable to raids.

The rebel emissary Fr. John Martin of Drogheda was arrested at Cronebane on 11 June having passed 'thro' Roundwood and the mountains to summon all the United Men to the attack of Dublin. Roundwood was clearly an important communications centre for the rebels and John Harmon thought it significant that his 'safe place to harbour' was 'convenient to Roundwood'. Many inhabitants who did not take to the mountains undoubtedly assisted the insurgents by providing intelligence and food. Lt.-General Lake was just one of the many senior military men who visited the village during operations against the mountain rebels. Notice of his presence and the composition of his force was the type of information that the rebels required to avoid encirclement and mount attacks.

Initially the resident magistracy were ill-prepared to meet the industry and organizational skill of the United Irishmen. Andrew Price of Fairview (Mullinaveigue) was unwell and Francis Synge of Roundwood was out of the country. The commander of all military forces in Wicklow and North Wexford was Major Joseph Hardy of the Antrim militia based in Rathdrum. In November 1797 he launched a series of drives

to recover arms and identify rebel personnel. One measure he took to increase security in the Roundwood area was to have Thomas Hugo of Dromeen appointed magistrate. Hugo, a yeomanry officer and 'gentleman of large property & loyal principles', had been active in Hardy's counter Insurgency programme which was at times conducted illegally.

Hardy learned of 29 May that a 'large party of rebels were assembling near Roundwood for the purpose at least of destroying the property of the loyal'. John Edwards of the Ancient Britons was dispatched with twenty dragoons of Capt. Boycott's troop and some of the Newtownmountkennedy corps. The Britons who had run amok in the Bray area in April were incensed by the loss of fourteen men only six days previously. An estimated three hundred rebels were encountered of whom twenty four were killed and they went on to burn Clohogue 'from whence these people principally came'. This reputation was apparently deserved, the court martial of John Nowlan heard in 1801 that 'all the inhabitants' of Clohogue 'were generally considered as disloyal or disaffected'.

On the night of the 13th and 14th June the insurgents burned almost every major loyalist property from Derrybawn to Ballinastoe and Laragh to Tomriland. In Tomriland alone the houses of John Beaghan, a sub-constable, Thomas Rochford, Robert Freeman, Joseph Edge, Henry and Joseph Harding and Alexander and William Scarf were consumed in 1798. This contrasts sharply with the experience of Roundwood village which survived the rebellion relatively unscathed. Of those aligned with the Government only Francis Synge's house was attacked and this was due to his position as magistrate. The extent of damage to rebel owned properties is more difficult to ascertain but it does not appear to have been great.

When the insurgents near Clohogue moved off to Whelp Rock on 19 June they were intercepted at Ballinrush by elements of the Reay Fencible Infantry and Newtownmountkennedy Cavalry. Lt. McLaren of the Reays noted that on coming up from Roundwood the rebels 'formed a regular front (and dismounted their cavalry who were supposed to be about fifty strong) they gave fire from behind a hedge on the top of a commanding hill, which was vigorously returned for about 20 minutes.' Captain Herbert Morrisson claimed twenty rebels were killed on Fancy Hill with no Government casualties.

The scale of devastation increased as the Rebellion dragged on into the Autumn. John Blanchford, a yeoman operating from Powerscourt told Henry Grattan of 'the houses of the peasantry burning in all directions..and in a circuit of eight miles from thence, towards the village of Roundwood, not a human being was to be seen.' People were shot as they fled from their burning homes. Another writer maintained that beyond Roundwood there was a '..scene of desolation and misery...for five miles not a single cabin to be met with, all levelled to the ground..' Roundwood escaped this fate because the politics of its inhabitants was sufficiently polarised to obviate the emergence of extremism in either camp. This was facilitated by the fact it did not field a yeomanry corps which would have forced loyalist elements to take a more violent stance. It was unusual for a village large enough to host fairs not to have a corps. The resident force of Fermanagh militia may have deterred minor raids but far bigger towns with large garrisons were not immune to insurgent reprisal attacks. The experience of

Roundwood in 1798 demonstrates that the Wicklow rebels were not sectarian as the property owned by Protestants was not burned with the holdings of active loyalists in the contiguous townlands. The village and its environs continued to be an important source of men and supplies until the last vestiges of insurgency died out in 1804.

Ruan O'Donnell

Ruan O'Donnell recently completed an M.A. thesis at U.C.D. entitled "General Joseph Holt and the Rebellion of 1798 in Co. Wicklow".

Sunrise over Moneystown

At sunrise over Moneystown,
O'er the bogs the curlews soar,
The daily toil begins again
And life's cycle starts once more

Hills, fields and valleys
Are mantled by the morning sun,
Rugged Trooperstown is astir again
For life's necessities must be won.

Green and brown and purple
Blanket the crests of hills,
Lovely Laragh nestles snugly
Amid mountains, rocks and rills.

Oh, beautiful tranquil Moneystown,
Where the winds that blow strong and clear,
Sweep in from majestic Glendalough
To bring music to the ear.

A place where friendly folk abound
Where handclasp and smile are true,
Dispelling the stranger's loneliness
To bring a kindness he never knew.

Leo Bowes

Going Mobile

The first motor-car registered in the Roundwood District was a Ford model "A" owned by the Rev. Meredith Halligan of the Glebe, Annamoe, (now Boorman's). The Irish Motor Directory of 1916 gives its registration number as NI 18.

The Rev. Halligan who was then Rector of Derralossary Parish also owned the first motor-bike registered in the area and its no. was NI 45. There is no record however, of him starting a Hell's Angel's Chapter in the area.

Djouce Plane Crash

The summer of 1946 was a disaster as far as the weather was concerned. The crops were growing in sodden fields. The turf season was dreadful also, and on the 16th August that year, I, like 400 other workers on the bog that day came home saturated with rain. All the young men of that era were in the L.D.F. so when I came home that evening, I changed clothes and put on my L.D.F. uniform to go to the Parochial Hall in Roundwood for drill.

On my way to the hall, a car stopped beside me and I saw that it was Lord Oranmore and Browne of Luggala. He said that there had been a plane crash on Djouce mountain and he asked me if I would come and help in the rescue. I got into his car, a Ford V.8 Shooting Brake. He collected 4 or 5 other fellows and we then set out for the crash site.

As it is 44 years ago I cannot remember all their names but I do know that Criostoir Byrne was one of the rescuers. According to Lord Oranmore he said he was sitting inside the window of his house at Luggala when he noticed a figure in uniform crossing the lawn. As the war wasn't long finished he was rather concerned in case it was one of the Nazi S.S. men running from justice. Anyway, it was the Radio Officer from the crashed plane and evidently he had followed the "Piper's Brook", (the river that flows under Bolehorrigan Bridge), so that was the spot we made for. By the time we reached the river it was getting dark with a heavy mist and fog.

We followed the river up about half way where it branches off to the right, then instead of following the river we continued on up straight. The higher up the mountain that we went the denser the fog became. When we reached the mountain top the first thing we heard was the wind whistling through the struts of wire on the tail section of the plane.

When we reached the crash site we could immediately smell the petrol and engine oil. Lord Oranmore shouted "no matches or cigarettes". Criostoir Byrne and I lifted up a girl who was lying in about 6" of engine oil.

We noticed that her face was badly crushed and bruised but she was alive. We lifted her up bodily and started the long arduous walk back down Djouce mountain to the road.

By the time we got near our destination daylight was beginning to break and we could see 6 or 7 ambulances parked along the road below. We made for the nearest ambulance only to discover that the driver and helper had locked it and gone up the mountain to help in the rescue. We then went to the next ambulance which had a driver and put the girl into it. As far as I can remember most of the victims were taken to St. Michael's Hospital in Dun Laoghaire. There were about 22 French Girl Guides on the plane, which was a converted Junkers 88 - a former German bomber plane - and thankfully there were no fatalities.

Pat O'Brien

Roundwood and District Historical and Folklore Society are indebted to all our patrons for the generosity and goodwill extended to us, and we look forward to a mutually beneficial association with them in the future.

E.D. File No. 26400

A curious title to a historical essay! Bear with it and a doleful story will unfold concerning a lady who arrived in the Moneystown community in 1887 and withdrew almost thirty years later in 1916 having endured much physical and emotional pain in her latter days there.

The bare facts from this file no. 26400 reveal the cold,clinical attitudes of a bureaucracy pitted against a single, elderly and infirm woman who had spent thirty years in a remote and isolated mountain village in County Wicklow educating the young in the basics of academic learning. It is worth a fleeting glance at this case history and judge for oneself how life can, and often deals a cruel blow to individuals who do so much good to others.

From the onset it will help the reader if he or she could cast the imagination back in time to around 1890 in order to assess aspects of this story which had its beginnings around this time. Since official records concerning the establishment of the National School at Moneystown are almost non-existent or lost we may surmise that the initial steps in this drama took place in or about 1885/1886. The then Parish Priest of Roundwood/Glendalough was the Rev. Pierce O'Donnell who resided at Annamoe. He was the Manager of five National Schools in 1885: - Annacarter N.S., Roundwood N.S., Lough Dan N.S., St. Kevin's Boy's School, Glendalough and St. Kevin's Girls' School, Glendalough. The two Glendalough schools have two different roll numbers so may have been housed in two different buildings with two different Principals.

The people of the Moneystown area must have decided in consultation with the clergy to establish a primary school at Moneystown South under the rules of the then Ministry of Education. There is evidence that a "private" school had been in operation in Moneystown prior to 1886 but this school was outside the jurisdiction of the National School Board. All sides must have agreed to set up a new school. Unlike the other schools of the parish, Moneystown school was vested in trustees for sixty-one years from 1886. The trustees were the Parish Priests of Wicklow, Rathdrum, Ashford, Kilquade and Lawrence Byrne of Croneybyrne House, (a large Catholic landowner). These trustees appointed the Manager as well as the principal (file 7316 Public Archives).

In 1887 the doors of the newly built school were opened to receive pupils for the first time. The names of the first students appear in the school registers dated 1-7-1887. what does not appear is the name of the first teacher and principal - the subject of this article. The name - Rose Madden - eventually was located in an old file in the National Archives at the Four Courts. She was appointed by the new manager, Rev. Pierce O'Donnell early in 1887. She took up residence in the principal's house next to the school itself. This she rented while she taught in Moneystown. There she was to remain as a teacher, principal and member of the community for the next thirty years.

At this point we must allow our minds and imaginations revert back in time to the Moneystown of the 1890's and try to visualise the life and lifestyle of a single educated woman living in this remote hillside hamlet. Today Moneystown still enjoys its own remoteness and solitude. A tiny village with a church, a school, one shop and a

community hall - all nestling on the slopes of Moneystown Hill.

The houses of the inhabitants are scattered as small farmsteads and bungalows encircling the village rather than part of it. There are panoramic views of Castlekevin, Sugarloaf Mountain and Carrig Mountain.

In summer, Moneystown is a place of beauty, tranquillity and solitude. Geographically, Moneystown lies midway between Roundwood, Glendalough, Rathdrum and Ashford with excellent communication links of road and telecommunications. The residents of Moneystown today enjoy most of the necessities of modern living without the hustle or bustle.

This is not the picture of one hundred years ago when Rose Madden transferred from her native Galway and entered this hidden and isolated community. The majority of people were small homesteaders surviving off a few acres of hilly or mountainous terrain - partly badly drained bogland, partly stony unreclaimed sheep pastures.

According to the school registers at that time many of the parents were labourers working for poor wages on the large estates that lay in the outlying districts of Castlekevin, Ashford, Annamoe, Glenealy and Rathdrum. This was not an affluent society by any means. Road links and communications were mere cart tracks and ruts which were nigh impassable from late autumn to late spring.

During heavy snows people were house bound and food supply must have been very scarce. House lighting was probably oil lamps or candles. Heating was from an open fire derived from turf from Moneystown or Parkmore bogs, while sticks and coal were probably a luxury if they could be procured or afforded.

Water had to be carried by bucket from the well or pump. Since the majority of State forests were not planted until after 1922 Moneystown Hill was a bleak bracken covered mountain suitable only for sheep or cattle rearing. It was an area of little movement or travel - in or out - especially in the cold or wet seasons. People only travelled short distances and then only when absolutely necessary. Longer journeys were usually undertaken by horse and cart or hackney car as the rutted roads and byways could be perilous under foot.

It was a period of unrest politically with the land wars and the Parnellite troubles and leading on to the revolution of 1916. It was a time of non-involvement by a single female outside teacher - truly "a stranger in a strange land".

Prior to Moneystown, Rose Madden taught as a substitute teacher at Ballinasloe 1885-1886. She then completed a year's teacher training course 1886-1887. There is no record of her age but she could have been teaching as a substitute for many years prior to her training in 1886-1887. She is mentioned for the first time in file 5557, dealing with Moneystown School dated 16-9-1889 which deals with the recognition of her qualifications as a properly trained National teacher at that particular time. Rev. Pierce O'Donnell P.P. Roundwood replied to the Ministry that all was in order and Miss Madden was confirmed in her position in the school.

While she must have played a roll in the community and the school, it seemed to have been a subdued one. "Friendly rather than familiar" may have summarized her existence over the following thirty years. She probably concentrated on her task of teaching and educating in the narrow academic sense rather than community leadership.

Mr. Willie Murtagh who was a pupil of this good woman remembers her as a gentle soul who cared for her pupils' needs and showed kindness towards each, especially the very young and smaller ones. In very cold weather with poor classroom heating she would rotate the pupils around the poor excuse of a fire in order to give some warmth to all. She would organize "cleaners" and "caretakers" among the pupils so that the class would be swept and cleaned and the fire set, ready to be ignited the following morning.

She tried to ensure that there would be a daily supply of sticks, turf and coal at a time when there were little or no grants towards heating or cleaning. This was her life in Moneystown for all those thirty years - her reward was yet to come!

She never married; the years slipped by; new pupils arrived; senior students departed; the learning process continued on and on. Rose Madden remained like the tiny granite faced school - part of the local landscape. She was an accepted part of the local community to remain forever or so it would seem. She just seemed to grow older, less energetic, but still trying "to keep the show on the road", and then in or about 1912 her health suddenly failed and she seems to have contracted some virus which seriously affected her health, causing her to miss periods from school and coming under the doctor's care. A cure could not be found and most of her few savings were eaten up with medical expenses. She probably began to panic when she meditated on the future - no home, little money and nobody to lean on. The school was no longer running efficiently as it used to. Substitutes would come and go. The pupils' progress was no longer satisfactory.

Parents became anxious and fearful for their offspring's futures. Many children were removed to Trooperstown National School, the other side of Moneystown Hill. The roll numbers fell. In 1913 there were 33 pupils registered. In December 1914 there were only 27 pupils on the rolls and in December 1915 there were 28 pupils attending classes.

Crisis had struck Moneystown School and community by 1915 and something should be done to alleviate the problem. Rose Madden medically speaking shows no sign of recovery to normality and she is also showing symptoms of mental stress as well. An honourable and fair solution should be found relieving Miss Madden from her obligations as teacher and allowing her to retire in peace of mind and dignity after so many years of dedicated service - so one arrives and opens file no. 26400 dated 18-6-1917 (closing date of file!). This is available to the public in the National Archives and it makes interesting and sad reading.

Basically this file consists of a series of written letters, memos and communications between the then Parish Priest of Roundwood, Rev. Dr. M. Butler (Manager of Moneystown N.S.) and the senior civil servants at the Ministry of Education in Dublin. The Manager was demanding that Miss Madden should receive her pension increments in order that she might retire with enough money to live out the remainder of her days with some form of dignity. The bureaucrats in the Ministry decide to take a hard line here and hide behind some obscure rule suitably resurrected to back their stance. They play the usual numbers game with the normal long delays between replies; always polite, logical but never yielding an inch. The to-ing and fro-ing of polite meaningless communications continued for three years culminating each time in stalemate.

What must be remembered is that even today in 1990 a teacher must complete forty years of teaching service in order to qualify for a full pension. Presumably the terms were more stringent in 1916. Miss Madden at best, would only have thirty years teaching service towards her pension as the teaching years before training would not be credited for pension. Even the thirty years she had a right to were being curtailed because of her low roll numbers in 1913, 1914 and 1915. These loyal stewards of the system were making sure that no old broken spinster teacher was going to fiddle the government coffers of its pieces of silver. These were honourable men indeed, quoting ad lib, rule after rule, sub-section after sub-section, paragraph after paragraph and always justifying themselves. The final irony of this infamous file is seen in two letters from Miss Madden's pen pleading in the name of God and humanity for one thing only - justice and not a penny more. The final letter in the file informs the Manager and teacher that His Majesty's Ministry of Education cannot accept any further arguments, refuses the pension increments demanded and the file is finally closed.....

Epilogue:

At 9.00 a.m. on a school morning at the gate of Moneystown School playground in 1916 consternation broke out. Poor Miss Madden's little goat went missing from the back garden of her house adjacent to the school. The old teacher was very distraught and loudly enquired from the assembled children if anyone had seen the missing goat. While this commotion was in progress a hackney car stopped outside the school gate and a fine gentleman who earlier arrived in Rathdrum by train from Dublin and then hastily journeyed to Moneystown stepped down. He witnessed what was happening and "innocently" enquired if this was a common occurrence. One pupil without guile, and not knowing the stranger's identity replied jokingly that it was a daily ritual, whereby the gentleman retorted that it would be the last such exhibition at Moneystown School. Being an Inspector he immediately ordered the pupils to their classroom while he had a serious conversation with the unfortunate Miss Madden.

Shortly after this fateful encounter a new teacher - a Miss O'Sullivan - arrived at the school to take up duties of Principal and teacher. A sister of Miss Madden arrived from Portumna to remove this health-broken, impoverished and surely disillusioned woman from the community where she had laboured and toiled. She had given all she could to develop the young minds and intellects of the boys and girls over those hard years in that hillside school. If the name Rose Madden was mentioned today in Moneystown, Parkmore, Ballycullen, Tomriland or Knockafrumpa who would know or guess what lay behind it - a sobering thought for us all associated with this area. She has gone from us all these many years, maybe it is time to revive her memory.

Frank McGillick

If you wish to become an associate member please write to the Secretary, R.D.H.F.S., The Old School, Roundwood, Co. Wicklow. All other enquiries should be sent to the same address.

Joe Malone Remembers

Text of interview with Joe Malone conducted at his home in Baltinanima on Monday 25th January 1988 by the Rev. Enda Lloyd C.C. Roundwood.

Fr. Lloyd: Now, maybe you could cast your mind back and tell us something about the "Old" Reservoir that you heard from your father or your grandfather.

Joe Malone: Well, my grandfather came from up around Greenane. He was already married when he came here, and that was in 1842. My father was born in 1847. My grandfather worked the farm and then the Corporation bought the rights to the land and my grandfather continued to work the farm until they eventually took it over. Then they were ready to flood it. That was in about 1864 or 1865 when it was finished.

Q. Did your father and grandfather work on the reservoir?

A. Yes. My father worked with a horse and dray and my grandfather did too for about thirteen or fourteen years, and he was glad to get the work.

Q. Did your father go to school in Roundwood?

A. My father went to a Hedge School in Knockfadda, over on Mitten's ground there.

Q. Did he do Greek or Latin in the hedge school?

A. No, no, just reading, writing and arithmetic. He was well educated and he could read and write and state a letter, probably better educated than some who are leaving now at fourteen or fifteen years of age!

Q. And did your grandfather leave then and come here to Baltinanima?

A. Yes. He came here and bought the farm from Flemings. There was only one old bachelor living here on his own and he sold the place to my grandfather.

Q. Where exactly was your farm before the reservoir flooded it?

A. It was over there where the filtering beds are now, and on the other side where Roches and Lawless' are - at the back of that.

Q. And were those filtering beds at the same level as they are now, or was that dug out? Was your land as low down as that?

A. No. They were dug out and the soil from there went into the making of the embankment. In a dry summer, when the water goes down, you can see the walls of Malone's old house down in that Field on the left of the bridge.

Q. Did your grandfather have sheep too?

A. No. We only got into sheep in my time. I think there was a Father Lowe in Roundwood as Parish Priest at the time we came to Baltinanima, and my father and grandfather worked on the building of the church. It was all voluntary labour, all stonecutters and tradesmen. The stones were raised from the bog at Larry Murphy's and the miners from Glendalough worked on it as well. My father and grandfather and Fr. Lowe worked together with iron bars raising up the stones building the church and I remember hearing my father saying that Fr. Lowe said to them, "if everyone worked like us, the chapel wouldn't be long going up!" Then when Fr. Butler came, he would wait for the navvies coming out from work on pay day, and he would ask them to donate something for the church, and they did, although they had no religion and they didn't go to Mass. Then the navvies didn't stay until the Waterworks was finished; they left and then locals started working on it.

Q. Could you tell us something about the "New" Reservoir that you yourself remember?

A. Well, my experience of it goes back to when I was at school. Coming home from school in Roundwood about 1908, I saw carpenters preparing to erect huts in the field where Fannings' houses are now.

Q. Would that be Pat Fanning's?

A. Yes, on the Glendalough road. They erected two huts, the length of the field there. They were to house the "Navvies". Navvies at that time followed Public Works like that and they came from England and Wales. A hundred or so came over at that time.
Then work started on the excavation of a tunnel to conserve water.

Q. How big was the tunnel?

A. It was about twenty feet deep and maybe twenty feet wide, and it was dug with pick and shovel. There were no machines that time.

Q. Where is the tunnel?

A. It goes in at Mullinaveigue at the embankment. They had to dig a tunnel first in order to make the embankment.

Q. What materials did they use?

A. It was made from "Puddle", a marl-like putty - it never sets while it's covered in the ground. It had to be loaded with shovels too and every layer had to be kept watered.

Q. Where did this puddle come from?

A. It came from Knockraheen. It was carried in trucks and it was emptied into the cutting. I think they got some of it on Carr's ground over there.

Q. And what happened then?

A. It was covered in and they built the embankment.
Towards the end, there were a lot of locals working on it as well.

Q. Who sold land to the Corporation at that time?

A. There was Paddy McGuirk. McGuirk's of Tomriland - their father, and Mrs. Keenan.

Q. Was she any relation to the Keenan's in the village who have the pub?

A. No. She was a widow woman. She came from out the West, from Blessington or somewhere. The farms were bought out eventually by Dublin Corporation.

Q. Who was the first contractor?

A. The first contractor was Kinlan from Greystones. But he didn't stay that long. I think his money ran out and then McCabe and McNally came.

Q. What sort of men were the men who were working on the scheme? Were they quiet men?

A. They were quiet enough, but they were terrible men for the beer!

Q. Where did they go to drink?

A. They went to Keenan's and Willie Murphy's.

Q. No bona fides?

A. I don't think so.

Q. Were there any other public houses in the village then?

A. There was Larry Murphy's where Fanning's or Tochar House is now, there was Will Doyle's where Sean Kavanagh's is and he had a grocery shop in it too. Sometimes you would have to wait up to half an hour before you'd be served because the bar would be full of men - workers from the Waterworks.

Q. Who fed the men? Who looked after them?

A. They looked after themselves. They bought their own food and they brought their own lunch with them to work. They would fry rashers down there on their shovels, some of them!

Q. How many shops were there in Roundwood then?

A. Well, there was Keenan's and Will Murphy's and Will Doyle's and there was Mrs. McCormack where Doyle's house was, and Mag Pierce where Mason's is now.

Q. You say there were locals working on the Waterworks too. Can you remember any names?

A. Well, there were small farmers, and some from Blessington and places like that.

Q. The Struggle for Independence. Can you remember anything about that? Was there any trouble around here in those years?

A. No, not much, although I myself was in the Old I.R.A., but there were no ambushes or anything like that. But I was arrested, or questioned by the Black and Tans. They were searching for arms and they wanted to know if I had any arms in the house. So they searched the house, but they didn't find anything.

Q. And did you have any arms?

A. I did, but not where they could find them! I had them out buried in a ditch! There was a British Army officer who lived in Castlekevin at the time and he met me on the road. I was only about eighteen years of age at the time and I acted the fool, acted the innocent. "Sure I know your father well" he said when I told him my name, and I was released!

NOTE: The walls of Malone's old house were clearly visible during the recent dramatic drop in the level of the reservoir. This was also once the site of a mill.

Pigeon Shoot

One of my pastimes is reading old newspapers as one never knows what one will come across and recently while reading some September 1939 issues of the 'Evening Mail', which ceased publication in the 1950's, I came across the below item which was captioned 'Roundwood' and reprinted from the 'Freeman's Journal' of April 30th 1832.

The item read as follows -

'On Tuesday 10th inst. 3 pigeon matches were decided at Roundwood, the seat of the Flood Sharpe estate. The first, a sweepstake of 10 birds, 21 yards from the traps was won by W. Scott Esq., Annegrove, at the 9th shot, he having killed 8 birds. Several ladies were present for whom refreshments were laid in a marquee; and it is supposed not less than a thousand of the peasantry were assembled, who conducted themselves with propriety and were supplied with beer in a tent pitched for that purpose.'

Some 160 years later I wonder how the local inhabitants at the time would have reacted if they had known that this unnamed correspondent had described them as 'peasantry'. Today the more modern sport of clay pigeon shooting has replaced this type of event.

James Scannell

St. Kevin's Bus

William Doyle moved from Greystones to Roundwood in the 1920s where he started a garage, then he ran a taxi service. In 1927 he started the St. Kevin's Bus service. The business is 63 years old and is now being managed by John Doyle, the 3rd generation; it has also gone through 32 buses. The roads were not tarmacadamed in the early days and at the bog in Calary the potholes were very bad so William carried a saw so he could cut down bushes to mark them and not drive into them on the way back.

In 1932 the Irish Omnibus company attempted to compete when it had the contract to carry the mail from Greystones to Roundwood. William Doyle had a pamphlet distributed at the Church gates asking people for support and noting that tax, insurance, wages and expenses would be over £1,800 per annum.

In 1947 the big snow hit Roundwood. Their G.M.C. 20 seater had a heavy steel bumper which was like a snow plough. It was bolted to the chassis. It was sent to the rescue of a Bedford coach stuck in Calary. The bus was unable to run from the end of January to St. Patrick's day because of snow drifting.

The G.M.C. was also used as a hearse to Glendalough and an ambulance to Wicklow. This same bus was used to rescue people from Little Bray during the 1933 flood when it was owned by Mr. O'Toole who had the Bray-Enniskerry route.

Tadgh Cantwell (13)

(I wish to thank Mr. Pat Doyle who gave me this information.)

Knockatemple Church

The townland of Knocktemple is situated on the eastern side of the Vartry reservoir's south lake about two miles from Roundwood. The name means literally the "hill of the church" and it was here about 100 yards from the lake shore in what is now covered by a small grove of thorn trees that a church once stood.

The Archbishop's manor of Castlekevin which included all of the Roundwood district contained three churches - Derralossary, which still stands, Dergory and Villa Harpe or Cytharae.

The location of the latter two churches has not been firmly established but Liam Price concludes that the ruins of Knockatemple are those of Villa Harpe or Cytharae and that the ruins of Ashtown - west of Roundwood - are those of Dergory.

There appears to be no reliable documentation on the foundation or destruction of Knockatemple Church. However, what was described as a "careful exploration" was carried out on the site circa 1879 by Mr. Henry Keogh of Roundwood House (now the site of John Keenan's residence).

A detailed description of these excavations was read to the Royal Irish Academy on the 26th of May 1879, by Mr. W. Frazer F.R.C.S.I., M.R.I.A. At the time of the excavations the destruction of the Church was so complete that its walls were level to the ground, and what remained of it required to be cleared out of clay and rubble for a depth of two or three feet before the flooring was uncovered . It was described as being a large building, 50 feet long and 26 feet wide, with two side aisles 9 feet wide in the clear and 26 feet in length. These may have been of later erection than the church itself. It was disposed east to west, and the door which was on the southside was four feet in width. The aisles and the central area of the church were paved with large flat stones, and in one of the aisles was what was conjectured by Keogh to be the remains of a stone altar. No trace however, could be found of an altar in the main body of the Church.

Underneath the pavements of both aisles were found rude stone enclosures for sepulchres, composed of flagstones containing human remains, and one of them also contained a rough stone hammer.

The church walls were composed of undressed field stones imbedded in hard mortar, some of the stones having three corners roughly hammered.

The doors and windows appeared to have been dressed with a yellowish freestone. Keogh thought that the freestone work might possibly be later than the original building, but Frazer thought that doubtful.

Bell

A Square shaped bronze bell 12 inches high and 8 inches across was found at the east end of the church, about two feet under the surface. It had a handle which was broken off by the workmen in excavating it, and they also damaged one part of the top of the bell with a pickaxe. Keogh had polished a corner of it and found it consisted of fine bronze made in two sections, the halves being riveted together.

Also found was a sculptured head carved in freestone which was described as

being a work of good execution and very interesting from the disposition of the hair and tonsure. It was found in the east end of the church and north of the situation of an altar.

In front of this altar site two bodies were discovered with their heads to the south and limbs northward, their skulls touching, interred about four feet under the pavement and covered over with a layer of lime.

Mixed with the clay and rubbish that lay over the pavement of the church floor were several portions of human skeletons confusedly interred; with them were some broken pottery, and low down on the floor were irregular heaps of charcoal scattered about. On the skeleton of one man whose bones were of large size lay a stone of about 2 cwt., his body and limbs appeared doubled up, and about the vicinity of the thigh bone two coins were discovered, one of these an English penny of Henry III, mint mark 'Robert of Canterbury'; the other a Scottish penny of Alexander II.

Other finds shown to the Royal Irish Academy at that time were as follows:

(1) A portion of a glass patera.
(2) A button core of mica-schist.
(3) A fragment of copper and wood, evidently part of a book binding.
(4) A polished elongated bead of bone or ivory.
(5) The bowl of a bronze spoon.
(6) A bronze clasp or hook of remarkable construction of fish hook shape with a bronze tongue forming a spring.

Cholera

In 1832 a very serious outbreak of cholera occurred in the area, and as a result, a fever hospital was built in Newtownmountkennedy. The Parish records of Newcastle record that there was opposition to the burial of cholera victims in local churchyards so it was resolved "that the burial ground of Knockatemple be appropriated for those persons who may die of the malignant cholera". This may be a possible explanation of the finding at Knockatemple of skeletons "confusedly interred".

There is a local oral tradition that after the "Battle of Newtownmountkennedy" - which took place in May of 1798 that a number of rebels returning from the battle were captured and killed by Yeomen on the old Vartry bridge. This is the old bridge which can still be seen underneath Water's Bridge when the level of the reservoir lowers in summer time. The bodies of the rebels were reputedly hurriedly interred by locals in Knockatemple. Could this be a possible explanation of the two skeletons discovered in Knockatemple "with their skulls touching and covered in lime"? It is also said that during the construction of the reservoir in the 1860's that the workmen refused to dismantle the old bridge because of this.

A more fanciful oral tradition was recorded in the 1830's by O'Curry in his Ordnance Survey letters from County Wicklow in which he tells of meeting "an ancient of the place" one Jemmy Byrne who stated that Knockatemple was one of three churches built by St. Kevin's sisters, namely Keene, Kine and Kellagh.

The bell from Knockatemple is thankfully preserved in the Archbishop of Dublin's house in Drumcondra, and a font believed to be from the Church is now kept in a farmhouse in Knockraheen. The whereabouts of the sculptured head of stone I

have been unable to ascertain. The remains of the church itself are now but a heap of stones overgrown by thorn trees, but the site affords a splendid vista of the Vartry valley, the reservoir and the surrounding mountains. Perhaps the cholera victims of 1832 who were unwanted in other local burial grounds inadvertently found a more tranquil and dignified resting place at Knockatemple. For this reason perhaps more than any other, the ancient church of Knockatemple deserves to be remembered.

Martin Timmons

The Corn Drill

Good people all on you I call
I hope you'll me excuse
I am a simple country chap
That wishes to be amused
I mean no harm to anyone
Or to anyone no spleen
Now to begin I mean to sing
Of a corn sowing machine

It is my whole intention
In writing of this song
To give a full description
And I won't detain you long
Of this machine the work it done
Each place it has been to
If you await my pleasure boys
I'll tell it all to you

For this machine it can be seen
Of it there is great speed
It has eleven drills with points
And also has force feed
As it goes round it covers ground
There will be even crops round here
It's on the map it's called the "Knapp"
And it's out for hire this year

The first place we worked our machine
Of course it was for hire
We sowed for our Landlord
W. Frizelle Esq.,
From Glendalough that place of fame
To Ballycullen Hill
From Clara Vale to the Vartry wave
I have followed this corndrill

Cool Harbour I did visit next
Beside the Vartry shore
And in Tomriland I sowed the land
For a couple of day's or more
I next went down to Moneystown
For another couple of days
To Annamoe I next did go
It was there I got great praise

In sweet Lickeen I next was seen
Tis there I made them smile
And lots of work sure I have got
In a place called Cooladoyle
Knockaphrumpa and Kilmullen
In those lands I got no rest
Through Slane and Park all in the dark
That was my next address

I returned home again my boys
To Castlekevin Hill
And having finished all my work
I put up my corndrill
Now to conclude and finish
I take my pen in hand
Hugh Fitzpatrick is my name
From Glendalough's sweet strand
I'm employed by Michael Kavanagh
To follow his corndrill
He resides in a mansion
On Castlekevin Hill

The above lines celebrating Mick Kavanagh's Corn Drill - which were supplied to us by Bride Kenna of Lickeen - were almost certainly written by the late Jack Timmons of Moneystown and Rathnew, with the possible help of Matt Kenny (Castlekevin) and Hugh Fitzpatrick (Glendalough). It was probably written about 1910.

From Porter's Post Office Guide 1910

General Joe of '98

Thomas Hugo & Thomas Crofton Croker

The summer of '98 seemed miraculous. It was not merely that the sun continued to shine with a persistence quite untypical of the usual vagaries of the Irish climate; on many occasions of acute danger, Joseph Holt tells us that he woke abruptly as if God had leant in on his sleep, as He did to Jacob, and sounded an alarm. 'Hair breadth 'scapes' - Holt had many of them. 'God was surely blessing the United Irish cause', and Joseph Holt trusted in God. Like many a commander in battle he was convinced that God was on the United Irish side. By the time the autumn mists had begun to fall he had changed his mind.

Joseph Holt may not have been a victor but, in his time, he had seen all of the other celebrated commanders in the field fall by the wayside (not Michael Dwyer but then, contrary to popular opinion, Dwyer was a minor leader in '98, holding the rank of captain. His time would come later): Esmond Kyan (executed), Bagenal Harvey (executed at Wexford), Father Michael Murphy (killed at Arklow), Fr. John Murphy (executed at Tullow), Father Kearns and Anthony Perry (executed at Edenderry), General Roche (suicide in prison), Garret Byrne and Edward Fitzgerald (exiled to Hamburg for the rest of their lives).

In Myles Byrne's memoirs he tells us that when Humbert landed at Killala Bay on August 22, 1798 Holt boasted that he was the only rebel leader left in the field. It was true enough. If '98 had a Pantheon there would be a case for putting Holt, the man of action, well to the fore, perhaps next to Wolfe Tone, the man whose philosophy helped to fire that rebellion; just as William Smith O'Brien stands immediately to the rear of the Liberator in O'Connell Street - but then who these days can identify Smith O'Brien?

If Holt had died in battle just after the capture of Wolfe Tone his fame as a tragic hero might have shone down through the ages, as the archetype of the Irish rebel in action; and, in addition to the annual trek to Bodenstown, another pilgrimage from Dublin might have been directed to a boreen in Mullinaveigue, Roundwood where, in the 1930's, a half-hearted attempt was made to erect a memorial to Holt on the site of his burnt-out farmhouse, and then abandoned ('Michael Dwyer's our man. Holt was a Protestant.') But Holt survived.

As a rebel Holt invites comparison with the two rebel leaders in Shakespeare's 'Julius Caesar'. Like Cassius, Holt was hot-headed, courageous, canny, opportunistic and dogged by a sense of social inferiority. If we were to match him against a Patrician Brutus it would surely be Garret Byrne of Ballymanus, a man of ancient Gaelic stock, Taoiseach of the Byrnes.

Holt seems to have vied with Byrne for leadership of the forces at Ballyellis, and later at Clonard in the Midlands, and yet Luke Cullen suggests that he could not help deferring to Byrne and that the forelock-touching habit was ingrained in this Protestant yeoman who did not qualify for the Ascendancy league, nor belong in the ranks of the Gael. Cullen says:

"After the great victory of Ballyellis, as the detachment returned from the slaughter and Joe Holt advanced along with them, Mr. Byrne observed to him: "Well Holt, none of them got to make that side?"

"No, your honour," said Joe, "we never looked to danger but rushed on them and cut them down."

"You need not have exposed yourselves to combat with them", said Mr. Byrne, "they would have surrendered."

During the disastrous siege at Clonard, a few weeks later Byrne, judging Holt's conduct to be foolhardy, rebuked him: "Holt, is there any use for you to get yourself and the men killed?"

After the disaster of the Midlands campaign, Holt limped and straggled and halted and finally zigzagged his way through the streets of Dublin, had his Epiphany on the summit of the magic mountain of Montpelier, near Mount Venus, and then threaded a perilous path to the great redoubt of Glenmalure where, more than two centuries before, the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes had held the Sassenach at Bay. Thenceforward, until his surrender on November 10,, Holt would be the only United Irish leader accorded the rank of 'General'.

Of Plantation stock, Holt was a Protestant. To which political faction, which race did Holt belong? The extraordinary transmutations wrought by the Rebellion of '98 faced many Irishmen with that dilemma and it was a dilemma which would bedevil much of Holt's life.

I have suggested that he might have had what Yeats called the 'fanatic heart' but that would not do justice to Holt's complexity for, despite his ruthlessness, his Prussian sense of discipline, he was, according to Myles Byrne, a warm-hearted man who smiled on adversity. He was a man who liked to - nay needed to - tipple, to hold forth in a shebeen, to change sides in an argument if to do so would provoke a debate. And he was given to self-dramatisation. Irish historians and mythologisers have distorted the character of Joseph Holt but, in reading Holt's 'history', we need to remember that we cannot always take his word either.

We live in an age where, quite properly, we insist on dragging heroes down from their pedestals and scrutinising them 'warts and all'. The 'contradictions' in Holt's character reflect the changing complexion of the United Irish movement itself. Instead of gazing up at our 'hero' on 'the Olympian heights' of Lugnaquilla, our 'close ups' of Holt might reveal a man who never looked much beyond immediate perspectives and surveyed the national field (this is at least true of his retrospective view as reflected in the memoirs, written in 1818). In those memoirs Holt makes no mention of Humbert's landing at Killala Bay, nor of Wolfe Tone: on November 10, Holt was brought to the Birmingham Tower in Dublin Castle. A week later, Tone, half a mile away in Kilmainham jail, had elected for oblivion and committed suicide. Not a word from Holt about that!

If this lion-hearted, vainglorious, loud-mouthed braggart sometimes did not tell the truth, his evidence is sometimes the most authentic account available to us. And, in reading his 'history' we sometimes warm to the man, to his occasional Robin Hood-like magnanimity and to his most endearing characteristic - his intense love, and loyalty to, his family.

Holt did not give a fig for Tone's 'philosophy'. He tells us that he was a reluctant rebel and that greatness was thrust upon him. In an act of personal vengeance, Thomas Hugo had 'named' him as a United Irishman and burnt down his farmhouse on May 10, 1798.

That is Holt's story but, by omission, it is simplified and misleading, for documents lately come to light prove that Holt was enlisted as a United Irishman many months before Hugo - together with Major Hardy, Thomas King and a detachment of the Fermanagh militia, burnt down his farmhouse at Mullinaveigue.

Hugo was the squire of Drumeen, Annamoe, three miles from Roundwood. In 1838, the Barton-Childers family purchased Drumeen; since then it has been known as Glendalough House (At the time of writing it is up for sale). Thomas Hugo, who died in 1809 at the age of 57, is buried in Derralossary Churchyard one mile from Roundwood, close by the north west door of the church where the Reverend Synge, brother of John Millington, was minister in the early 1900's.

Holt's daughter, Marianne, lies buried with her parents in the north east corner of Carrickbrennan Cemetery, Monkstown. Just by the entrance to that graveyard is the grave of Sir William Betham, who held the curiously described post of Ulster King of Arms. Those graves came to light only a few years ago when a zealous schoolteacher of Dun Laoghaire, Mrs. Valerie Smith, set her students to work, with rakes, hoes, shovels and clippers, clearing the graveyard.

Posterity and Joseph Holt owe much to Sir William for the two men knew each other well. Arriving back in Dublin, in 1814, Holt set up as a publican, host of 'The Plough Inn' - at the corner of Kevin Street and Redmond's Hill. That tavern known later as 'The Good Times' was only recently demolished. "So here's the Croppy Boy" was the taunt of some of the customers who came to gawp. "Holt's a bloody Orangeman" was the snide gossip circulated by rival publicans, "what's got into you that you'd sup at a place like that?". And indeed it is curious that Holt should have chosen, at first, to live in a part of 'The Liberties' which was notorious as a redoubt for the Wicklow and Wexford veterans of '98. Perhaps 'The General' had hoped for a hero's welcome but people may have been better informed than he expected, for the State papers in the Birmingham Tower at Dublin Castle do reveal that Holt "informed" after his surrender on November 10th 1798.

Eventually life for Holt, as a publican, became intolerable and he moved to an Anglo Irish enclave, among the 'West Brits' of Dun Laoghaire, quite close to the territory which had once been under his command, in the days of '98. But even there, as his neighbour Sir William recounts, he was sometimes suspect. In Dun Laoghaire he built several houses, which still stand. One of them, No. 72 York road, is where he lived for the latter part of his life and where he died(At the time of writing it is up for sale). The other adjoining houses he rented to tenants.

In 1818, Holt, who might be described as 'semi-literate', began to write and partly dictate his memoirs, his 'history' as he calls it, probably referring to copious notes he had made during his trials and adventures.

After his father's death in 1826, Holt's son, also called Joseph, who had been born on a prison hulk in Cork harbour in 1799, departed for New South

Wales, leaving the manuscript in the custody of Sir William.

Betham later passed it on to the astonishingly versatile Thomas Crofton Croker, antiquarian, collector of Irish folk tales (they were translated into German by the the brothers Grimm) and withal, for thirty years, a very senior clerk in the Admiralty offices in Whitehall, London.

Croker published his much revised version of Holt's 'history' in 1838. In that book he suppressed the name of Thomas Hugo who, Holt, claimed, had bedevilled so much of his life. In a letter, written to Croker soon after its publication, and to be found in the Cork County Library, Betham gives his reaction to the book:

Dublin Castle *20th January 1838*

"Mr dear Croker....Yours of the first relieved me much from anxiety as to your safety for as you were silent, I feared all manner of evils...a copy of Holt came over to me but not until I had seen it at my bookseller, it is a very respectable looking book and the portrait quite equals my expectations. I am satisfied also with your notes which add very much to the interest of the whole. The clean beast gives a Jewish appearance and as the Irish are descended from the Phoenicians, neighbours of the Jews it matters little, they may be connected with that ancient and dirty people...I may preserve my portrait of Holt and the manuscript until I have the pleasure of seeing you in the spring...."

What, it might well be asked, became of that portrait? With the help of Sean Holt, of Aughrim, I was able to trace it to the possession of a gracious lady who lives at Ballynafad, near Coolgreany in County Wexford. She inherited it from her father who died only a few years ago. How did it come into his possession? She thinks it may have been passed on to her father by John Redmond of The Irish party, who lived in County Wicklow. Where then is the missing link? Between Betham and Redmond? That minor mystery remains unsolved.

And Holt's original manuscript? Fifty years ago, the Irish government, who in those days were careless enough of much of the material heritage of the country they governed - and perhaps especially the memorabilia of a Protestant rebel - sold it to The State Library of New South Wales, who would naturally have shown interest in that section of the 'history' dealing with Holt's stay in New South Wales - 1800 to 1813.

But to the heart of the matter: why should Thomas Crofton Croker have suppressed the name of Thomas Hugo in his much revised version of Holt's history? Perhaps because Hugo's son Thomas had died in 1837, only a year before the time of publication and to have named his father as the villain of the 'history' might have been given great offence to the Hugo family and provoked recriminations. Then Croker may have sensed the danger, as did Betham when he feared for Croker's safety, that Croker might be accused of glorifying a rebel. Croker might have tried to cover himself in that respect by endowing his 'hero' with the speech of a gentleman and raising him up a few notches in the social scale. Just before the publication of the book he wrote the following to Lord Strangford with whom, Holt relates, Holt had had a meeting in Rio de Janiero:

Admiralty *4th January 1838*

"....I trust your Lordship will perceive that I have most cautiously avoided identifying myself or my opinions, in any particular, with my hero...early in my editorship I made the discovery that Holt was not to be trusted and this involved me in considerable difficulties as to how decently I could accept the task I had undertaken.

I have the honour to be
My Lord
Your Lordship's most obedient
And obliged servant

T. Crofton Croker"

Croker's precautions (should I say his whitewashing of the 'General') may not have had the desired effect. The Dublin University Magazine dismissed the work with contempt and indignation. Curiously, the review was written by Isaac Butt who, in later life, would become such a staunch advocate for the 'Young Irelanders'.

If Croker had been less secretive and more forthcoming, historians (Madden, Lecky, Dickson) might have been less inclined to quote from 'Holt's Memoirs' for sometimes they are, in fact, quoting not from Holt but from Croker's interpolations and revisions.

Holt tells us that Hugo burnt down his house at Mullinaveigue because Hugo who, according to Charles Dickson was often financially embarrassed, refused to repay Holt money he owed to him for work done in making a road between Roundwood and Newtownmountkennedy - this after Holt had visited him nine times and finally threatened to take legal action. As I have shown, Holt was being disingenuous in his account and yet I am inclined to believe that Holt had suffered personal injustices at the hands of Hugo.

In the hectic days of May, 1798, the dogs of war had been let loose and many an innocent man feared for his property and his very life.

Was Thomas Hugo the villain Holt made him out to be? Allowing for a certain amount of mythologising I think he probably was. According to Robert Childers, who warned me that he was 'no historian' and was largely relying on hearsay, Hugo was notorious in the Barton-Childers family. "I'd heard that he was no gentleman" said Mr. Childers "and that he gained his estate - about 15,000 acres spread over various parts of the district - by informing. To my knowledge he had four separate estates. He was reputed to have had many mistresses and to have made free with the daughters of his tenants."

Mr. Childers took me out of doors and pointed to a small square window set high off the ground. Why? It was said that Hugo used to sit in the room within. If set at the normal height Hugo would have been a sitting shot for his many enemies. Mr. Childers pointed to a building known as 'the slaughter house'. Then he showed me the site of 'the murdering tree'.

"This I can tell you for a fact" he said: "I'd heard that Hugo would bind the men he intended to shoot to a tree which stood on that spot. My uncle, Robert Barton, had several trees out there cut down because the roots were causing seepage from the pond. After the trees were taken to the sawmill to be cut up,

the trunks proved to be riddled with iron bullets."

"One of his properties sold in my lifetime was the old mill at Laragh", he said. When I visited the present owner of the building, Mr. Carstairs, he told me that he had heard of the dark doings of Hugo but, at first, was reluctant to name any of them:

"Well I'd heard that he had various molls in cottages spread about Drumeen."

"A savage exterminator." said Leo Bowes of Castlekevin.

"I never heard a good word about the man" said that legendary seanchai and historian, Billy Byrne, of Glenmalure, (R.I.P.) "I believe the family were connected with the Synges", he added.

"I think the family later intermarried with the Stewarts and were connected with Parnell." said Joan Kavanagh, the frantically busy and dedicated curator of the new Wicklow Heritage centre.

Other tales told about Hugo: He had a mistress called Sal Lindsay who was reared in the gardener's house. He shot a man called Mooney whose widow became a beggar. If you travelled up the drive at dusk, the ghost of a grey woman might reach out and clutch you by the sleeve. That he had many illegitimate children, among them, Mary Healy, Neal Devitt and Andrew Thomas - the latter two afterwards serving in Holt's army. Andrew Thomas was finally ambushed at Castlekevin, shot and decapitated, then his body strung up and displayed outside The Flannel Hall at Rathdrum where, in more peaceful times, Joseph Holt had been employed.

Others in the district spoke of Hugo's ways of forcing tenants to yield up their wives to him.

"Owen Byrne, a herdsman on the estate, was shot because he resisted that and his house was burned", said Shane Bisgood, until recently manager of the erstwhile Childers' estate.

"I think he was a Huguenot", Mr. Childers told me.

"I think his real name was Hugh Gowan" said Mrs. Sheila Holt. "A smith. The only one ready to shoe the horses of the English troops. For that he was given grants of land and began to make his way up in the world. Later, Hugh Gowan was shortened to Hugo."

"He may have been decended of the MacHugos, a sub sept of the Bourkes of County Galway" said Martin Timmons, of the Roundwood Historical Society, formed about two and an half years ago.

Tom O'Neill, Emeritus Professor of Modern History at U.C.G. was inclined to agree with Martin Timmons and thought that more likely than that Hugo was of Huguenot origin.

When Holt left Ireland in 1799, his favourite child, Marianne, was taken into care by the much celebrated Mrs. La Touche, of Bellevue, Delgany.

In his book 'The grand Irish tour' Carr gives his impression of Mrs. La Touche: "a lady who in a country remarkable for its benevolence has distinguished herself for the great extent and variety of her goodness." He was shown the schoolhouse where twenty eight girls received a good liberal education. When

any of the girls came to marry 'honest labourers' Mrs. La Touche would provide them with a dowry.

Having been granted an unconditional pardon in New South Wales, by Governor Macquarie, Joseph Holt debated with himself whether or not to stay on in the new colony where his eldest son, Joshua would remain. I think it was probably the thought of being reunited with Marianne that caused him to decide on a return to Ireland.

Marianne married Mr. William Shaw. Who was Mr. Shaw? What was his social standing? Was he 'an honest labourer?' Was he perhaps - and this is the wildest speculation - related to, or even identical with, that Mr. Shaw who was one of the United Irish leaders who came to Dublin on November 4th, 1798, and held a meeting at the Elephant Tavern in Eustace Street, to decide whether, now that all hope of French assistance had faded, to make a last ditch stand or surrender? Joseph Holt chaired another meeting in a room off Thomas Street on that same night. According to an informant "Holt slept last night but one in the back house of a poor widow who lets beds in Dirty Lane - now Bridgefoot Street." On November 10th Holt would surrender to Lord Powerscourt.

Joseph Holt has many descendants in New South Wales. I have met some of them. And in Ireland? Are there any descendants of Marianne, the daughter of Joseph Holt living here today and perhaps reading this article?

Peter O'Shaughnessy

Peter O'Shaughnessy is the author of "A Rum Story: The adventures of Joseph Holt. Thirteen years in New South Wales". (Kenthurst 1988)

No H_2O

The recent water shortage at Roundwood Reservoir caused some headaches for Dublin Corporation officials, with the water level dropping to an all-time low of 27.3 feet below high water mark, on Sunday 21st October, 1990.

It may surprise some people however, to find that there was a precedent to this crisis. For in 1892 the reservoir also dropped to a dangerous level, causing the engineers of the day to go to extreme lengths to try and solve the problem. These learned gentlemen decided in their wisdom, that the best solution to the problem would be to make it rain. To this effect they are reported to have sent up balloons into the sky with special equipment to make it rain. When this plan failed the engineers then fired rockets into the clear blue skies over Roundwood, but this plan also failed for some unknown reason.

Eventually, mother nature came to the rescue of the beleaguered engineers, and a simple plan to build a second impounding Reservoir (at Mullinaveigue) was immediately put in train.

Martin Timmons

Derralossary Parish

For the medieval parish of Derralossary the Cromwellian invasion and plantations were a major historical watershed. The power of the Gaelic chieftains was finally broken in an area that was one of the last strongholds of the Irish who had been a major threat to Dublin and the Pale. The Parish boundaries were lost to the Catholic church who subsequently developed their Parishes on the basis of population. The Parish became a Church of Ireland Parish and a civil unit for the purposes of administration. In the latter case it survived until it was superseded by Poor Law Union/Registrar's District and electoral divisions in the latter half of the last century. There was a minor change in 1832, when Calary Parish was formed out of townlands from Derralossary and others.

The Hearth Money Rolls of 1666 give the first definite information on the area after the Plantation. Hearth Money was an early form of taxation based on the number of hearths each house had. It is difficult to discover what proportion of the population was liable. Of the 253 people listed as heads of households about 40 (16%) were of planter origin from England, Scotland, Wales and possibly Ulster. Of the Irish the great majority were of Wicklow origin. The one major exception was the area of Clohoge and Carrigeenshinnagh which had a settlement of about 30 households from south Ulster with surnames of Brady, Reily, Crowley, Sheridan and Teevane. Bradys survived in Clohoge until the 1830s and were involved in the 1798 rebellion; the townland was cleared pre 1850. It is possible that they were granted lands in the area in lieu of military service or that they were refugees from earlier Ulster wars and plantations.

It is interesting to see that only one person, James Doyle, is listed for Castlekevin which had previously been the major power centre for the area and must have been the site of a major settlement surrounding the castle. This indicates that the area remained cleared as a security measure though perhaps the population was also underrepresented but if so only the poorest of cabins would have been there.

The Rolls mention how many hearths each house had. The vast majority had just one hearth, 2 had 3 hearths and 7 had 2 hearths. Both 3 hearthed houses in Moneystown and Annamoe belonged to planters while the 2 hearted houses were evenly divided between planter, Cronybyrne, Annamoe, Drummin, Roundwood; and Irish, James Farrell in Mullinaveigue, Laurence Toole in Ballinastoe and Derby McDaniel in Tomriland. One of the planters was a Doctor Edmond Morrow at Cronybyrne, the others will be discussed later.

The Cromwellian planters settled in 4 areas: Annamoe, Laragh, Moneystown and Roundwood. In the main these would have been officers and soldiers who would have been paid in land. Many of these would not have lasted in a country that was alien to them and sold out to those who were building up estates. The Williamite wars would have probably dispersed many and it appears that none of the 1666 settlers survived into the 1700s with a few exceptions, i.e. the Whaleys of Moneystown could be the ancestors of those that settled in Whaley Abbey.

Annamoe was probably the most important settlement at that period extending

into Drummin and Tomriland with 12 households. It probably derived it's importance due to the proximity of Castlekevin and might have had an army base there. The owner of the 3 hearth house was a Robert Meldrum who was a merchant. He also minted his own penny copper tokens which was not an uncommon occurrence through the copper coin shortage of the period; it does indicate the then importance of Annamoe. From then the importance of the village declined. This was due probably to a variety of factors, i.e. flooding, the lack of suitable land for building, the proximity of Roundwood and Laragh which were also developing, the emphasis of local landlords to agriculture development. The flour mill in Ballincorbeg was one of the focal points of the village. It is known to have been active in the 1720s but seems to have had a chequered history. In 1764 it was completely rebuilt at a cost of £111/8/9. The complete accounts of its construction survive and some of the local people employed can be identified. These are James & William Brien, stone masons; Thomas Smith, blacksmith; Isaac Delemor, slater; labourers were Pat Coleman, Michael Carthey, Andrew Doyle, Bill Haily, Mr. Langral, Pat Byrne, Morris Carthey, John Healy, James Bryan, and Daniel Carthy. These were paid 8d @ day. However in 1780 it was described as being "in very ruinous condition and likely to fall if not repaired before winter". The miller at that time was James Smith and in 1764 James Foster. Around the 1820s it was probably not in use and appears to have been repaired and put into use by James Murphy (probably from Mullinaveigue) in the 1830s. He held about 50 acres in 1831 and died in 1878 aged 68 leaving an estate of £800. The mill lost out in the 1890s with the mass importation of cheap flour and finally stopped before 1911. The village has seen a slow decline since the 1700s. In the last century it lost its pub (pre-famine) and its church in 1879. In this century it has lost the mill, the forge, the pound, the dispensary, and post office. About the only thing it has gained in recent times is the fish farm and leisure park. Another sign of its importance was that it was for at least 200 years the residence of both Roman Catholic and Church of Ireland clerics - the former moved to Roundwood in the 1890s and the latter Parish was deconsecrated in 1985.

Laragh village had 5 planters in 1666. It is interesting to see that the Constable was a Tirlagh Byrne which indicates that there was compromise of power between the 2 communities even at that stage. It was probably not the safest place for the planters given that the mountains probably held rebels and tories. Even when the pilgrimage to St. Kevin was disrupted in 1714 it took a troop from Wicklow to do it, local protestants probably left it alone as they had to live there. 1798 again showed the ease the rebels had in hiding out in the valleys, at one time up to 3,000 were in Glendalough which included parties from Wexford. Security considerations dictated the building of the barracks at Laragh and the military road through it around 1800 in an attempt to hold the mountains free from rebels, highwaymen and Whiteboys. The company that mined the Glendalough valley was formed in 1809 indicating that geological exploration must have pre-dated that. It is taken that the mines opened in 1824 and closed in the 1880s. Other local mines lasted longer. Since the closing of the mines the economy has taken a turn for the better with the tourism industry. Its most famous present landmark is the headless waiter. The school opened in the mid 1830s as a national school and the church was built in 1846.

Moneystown had 6 planters one of whom, Robert Thackery, had a 3 hearthed

house. The name of this area was originally anglicized as Munny and other variations so it would appear that the present name Moneystown came about as a result of the plantation. It is not clear why a village was put there. Perhaps it was due to its nearness to Castlekevin and also it was much nearer the original Roundwood to Rathdrum road. This village does not appear much in history which makes it difficult to plot its history. It seems to have always been an agricultural hamlet. It appears to have developed in the latter half of the last century as a new national school was opened there in 1887, possibly as an extension and then replacing Trooperstown school. A new school was built in 1965-68. A chapel was first built in 1911 and rebuilt in 1969.

Roundwood is now the most important of the 4 original settlements and probably has been since the mid 1700s. Togher is normally given as the original Irish of the area. This is almost certainly wrong as in the early 1700s it is normally called Leitrim or Roundwood. Togher was taken to be to the north and part of Baltinanina. The village had 5 planters headed by a Hugh Vaughan in a 2 hearthed house. There were already fairs there by 1713 and these were doubled in 1822 to about a dozen per annum which included 4 frieze fairs (3 after the Famine). The licence to hold fairs was held by the Eccles family in 1822 and they also held a weekly market. While inns must have been a feature of the village from the early 1700s the first innkeeper that can be identified is a Richard Fleming of Roundwood in 1759. The village was ideally suited as a stopover for coaches on the way south. It is known that the Charter School lasted from 1737 to c. 1776. Its purpose was to educate the Protestants and convert Catholic children while learning agriculture and linen making. The original lease for the property and its 41 acres was 1736. Two teachers so far identified are Samuel Mercer in 1756 and Phelim Doyle in 1765/6. There was a mill in the village in the 1760s and a field adjoining called millane field. This appears to have been close to Blackford meadow. These two are examples of defunct place names.

Plotting the land ownership in the Parish is a complicated mosaic of primary owners leasing land on long leases to large landholders who leased to smaller ones on shorter leases, i.e. 31 years who again re-leased on yearly leases. It appears that the 2 primary landowners were the Church of Ireland Archbishop of Dublin west of the Avonmore River and Sir John Temple to the east. Temple lived in England but leased out his land to a wide variety of people probably through his land agent Henry Hatch. As there were no banks or industry land was the major source of investment in the past. Many never resided in the area using agents i.e. Luke Gardiner. However many who became wealthy became landowners as the next step from being merchants or in the professions was to become gentry, a process which is still alive in the area today. Examples of this are Samuel McCracken, peruke (wig) maker; Joseph Nuttall, merchant; Samuel Morgan, civil service; Charles Frizelle, land surveyor; La Touche family, banking; Beresford family, parliamentarians. Some like the Freemans of Roundwood and Tomdarragh rose from being small farmers.

For the Catholic peasantry life was a lot tougher and much less recorded. They would have suffered from the weather primarily which was a lot worse than at present, the 16th/17th centuries were called the mini Ice Age. This was on top of the vagaries of local landlords, the unstable wool markets which were a factor in the 1798 rebellion, the constant subdivision of land, evictions, Tithes to the Church of Ireland, etc. A

typical lease from 1764 in Ashtown leased 22 acres of mixed pasture and heath at 10/- and 6/- per acre; it also allowed the tenant to draw enough turf to build a cabin. Another lease from the same period required the tenant, a labourer, to provide four horses to the landlord for the harvest. Yet another allowed the tenant to draw 50 kish of turf per annum.

The population dropped by one third between 1841-1851 and since then has decreased through emigration and the flight from the land. There have been some exceptions for example during the mining and the reservoir building. In the last 10 years with the expansion of Dublin there has been an increase of houses as more people commute to Dublin/Bray and Dubliners now treat the village as an outlying suburb with perhaps a 50% turnover every 5 years. With the development of better roads out of Dublin and the continuing mild winters this is likely to increase. Is it the fate of the area to have a postal address of Roundwood, Dublin 38?

Ian Cantwell

Laragh

Luxuriant, lustrous, lovely,
Gateway to Glendalough,
A rose in the Garden of Ireland
Set amid rich verdure and rock.

Lavished with God-given splendour
A scene inspiring to meet;
Bounded by purple-capped mountains
Where the air is bracing and sweet.

Where rich foliage and lush meadows
Blend with green fields and tall trees,
And song-birds warble sweetly
Their notes wafted along on the breeze.

From its lofty eminence
Brocagh's House of Prayer
Tools out an invitation
To praise Him who put it all there.

When night's mantle envelopes quaint Laragh
And silence and peace reign supreme,
Its freshness and breathtaking beauty
Are highlighted by the moon's silvery beam.

Leo Bowes

Who was Burnaby?

Who was Burnaby? After whom quite a lot of Greystones places, roads, etc. are named. Well you may ask for most people do not know the family background. Well to begin, about the year 1641 what is now known as the Burnaby Estate was known as the Hawkins Estate. This estate was owned by a Colonel Hawkins. This man had an only daughter who after her father's death, was made a ward of court as she was then only 18 years old. She was very beautiful and quite wealthy. After being presented at court during the London season she married a Colonel Frederick Burnaby, a Colonel of the famous Blues Regiment. He was a native of Bedford in England who spent most of his active army life soldiering in the British Colonies. He was a noted writer, linguist and balloonist. After the marriage their home was what is now known as the Woodlands Hotel in Greystones, while their Farm Manager lived in the old Manor House - soon to become the new Greystones Golf Club Centre.

Colonel Burnaby was one of the true blue British bulldog imperial type, very brave, adventurous and just loved a good fight for the Queen and Empire.

In 1885 just the opportunity arrived, now General Gordon at that time was cooped up in Khartoum surrounded by the fanatical Mahdi followers who had declared a holy war against the British army of occupation. Colonel Burnaby applied and was granted a transfer to the army of the Nile which set out to raise the siege of Khartoum. Now en route, his detachment was attacked by a huge horde of Mahdi warriors in the Soudan Desert. A fierce fight ensued in which Colonel Burnaby was slain, fighting to the last. Below is a graphic description of his last moments described by a colleague who fought by his side.

"In the advance to Omdubman at a place called Abou Klea the battle was fought.

The night was very dark, cold and miserable; enemy riflemen crept up to the hills and began sporadic firing with rifles and the sound of tom toms kept the men from sleep. Came the dawn, which was to be Burnaby's last fight.

A force of three to four thousand Dervishes advanced at speed and charged the left face of the defensive square. I could see Colonel Burnaby riding on his pony in front of his men. Now the fight was on; I caught a glimpse of Burnaby, his arm outstretched and his four barrelled Lancaster pistol blazing away. Our men poured a terrific hail of bullets into the charging masses. As the tide of battle turned in our favour a tremendous cheer went up from our men as the Dervishes slowly and sullenly retired.

I made my way as best I could through the smoke to the spot where I had last seen Burnaby, foreboding in my heart. I found him dying for a huge spear had inflicted a terrible wound on the right side of his neck and his skull had been cleft by a blow from a two handled sword. Amid the slain Arabs he lay, a veritable Colossus and life was ebbing fast and he died soon after."

Colonel Burnaby left a widow and one son, five years old. Mrs. Burnaby was afflicted with T.B. and retired to the Alpine Hills in Switzerland where she wrote some books on the Alpine Flora and Fauna. Later she married a Frenchman, Mr. Le Blond and returned to Greystones where they started a milk farm. Colonel Burnaby's son emigrated to the U.S.A. and married a Canadian lady. The whole Burnaby family is

now extinct. Quite recently the whole Burnaby Estate was sold, some to the Greystones Golf Club and some to Wicklow County Council.

Eamon O'Brien M.P.S.I.

Some Old Folk Remedies

While doing no harm, many of the old remedies which have been handed down from generation to generation did no good either. However, many people thought that these remedies worked - so perhaps they did. Here are a few of such remedies:

Hives:- Sprinkle cigarette ash or bread soda on the hives to relieve itchiness.

Bee/Wasp Stings:- Remove the sting and put a slice of raw onion on the spot, this will bring quick relief.

Ringworm:- Cigarette ash and water - moisten finger and place it in the ash and rub on ringworm marks.

Insomnia:- Eat a boiled onion at bedtime.

Pimples/Blackheads:- Mix sulphur and treacle in a bowl and take a spoonful morning and evening between February and May to cure blackheads, pimples and acne.

Hangover:- Peel and slice thinly one large onion, melt a tablespoon of butter in a pan and cook the onion in it without browning, add one cup of hot milk and strain - serve immediately.

Warts:-Rub a raw rasher of bacon over the warts and then bury it in a match box in the garden. As the rasher rots so do the warts.

Chilblains:- Cut a onion in half and dip in salt and rub it on the chilblains twice daily.

Nagging cough:- Mix a half finely chopped onion, a teaspoonful of Demerara sugar, a teaspoonful each of lemon juice and honey in a bowl with a little hot water, cover and leave overnight. Take two teaspoonfuls when necessary.

Whooping Cough:- Bring the child into a Graveyard, for any child that gets a bout of the whooping cough in a graveyard will never cough again.

Teething:- Put a lump of coal in water and leave overnight. Next day rub the baby's gums with the water to ease the pain.

Bleeding:-In the case of a deep cut pinch the wounds together. Take some cobwebs and roll lightly into wads, and pack the wads against the cut. Take the last handful and spit into it and make a kind of a plaster and put it over the wound. Cover with a clean bandage. Remove the cobwebs the next day.

Nosebleed:- Stuff the nostrils with bacon fat.

Hair Restorer:- Mix together the following:- freshly churned butter,freshly picked blackberries, fresh cow manure. Rub on head daily.

Joe Timmons

Anne Devlin – The Heroic Housekeeper

In Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, in which are interred the remains of many noble and gallant Irishmen and women, there is a grave over which stands a tombstone, beneath whose cross is sculptured an Irish wolfhound. It is a fitting symbol of the faithfulness and loyalty of the heroine it guards...a young Wicklow woman named Anne Devlin who became a symbol of inspiration to many Irishmen and women, of her own generation and of those that followed.

The times into which Anne was born were both exciting and sad, full of high hopes and pregnant with despair.

In 1803 - little did she know the events that were to happen before the year ended - Anne found herself acting as housekeeper to a Mr. Robert Ellis who had rented a house in Butterfield Lane (now re-named Butterfield Avenue), Rathfarnham, Dublin.

Her employer, however, was none other than Robert Emmet, who was even then laying plans for an armed rebellion, the attack on Dublin City and its barracks. He needed a house, and the Devlins, cousins of Michael Dywer, the Wicklow patriot, and themselves, steeped in the fighting tradition, found him one in Butterfield Lane.

Anne's father, Bryan Devlin, living at the time in Rathdrum, had spent over two years in gaol for harbouring rebels after the 1798 Insurrection, and twice a week Anne had ridden over the mountains to bring him food.

Into the Butterfield Lane house came the slim Wicklow girl in her twenties, to find herself in a position that was by no means easy, to say little of being strange. The house was sparsely furnished. Men came to visit her "Mr. Ellis" at all times, frequently at night, and always after dark unexpectedly.

All through the stillness of the night until the next morning Emmet (who was about Anne's age) would discuss various things with these visitors, after which they would snatch a few hours' sleep on mattresses on the floor. Anne also shared these rough-and-ready facilities, but after she had been taken into her employer's confidence she did not complain about her discomforts.

The rebel leader trusted her implicitly, and this trust was never betrayed. Among Anne's principal tasks - aside from her household chores - was to allay the suspicions of neighbours who were curious about her employer, his business and background. She also carried letters to and from Emmet to his lover, Sarah Curran. She was, in fact, a vital link between them. She knew all about Emmet's plans for his rebellion, and she helped to gather stores and equipment and transfer them from Rathfarnham to designated points.

So the spring of 1803 lengthened into the summer. Then, on July 16, there was an explosion in Emmet's Patrick Street arms depot. As a result Emmet left Butterfield Lane, and in the days that followed speeded up his preparations for the insurrection. Anne Devlin found herself alone in the Rathfarnham house.

Emmet's rising, which took place a week after the arms depot explosion in Patrick Street, proved abortive, and with some others he headed back to Butterfield Lane. He stayed the night in the house, but, on hearing that the military were to search it, he and his companions fled to the hills where they hid for a time.

The report turned out to be true, for a couple of days after the fugitives had left a magistrate and a party of yeomen descended on the house. They seized Anne, and, pointing their bayonets at her, they demanded to know the whereabouts of the tenant, Mr. Robert Ellis. The soldiers prodded her with their bayonets, but she remained tight-lipped and refused to answer any questions.

Furious that a slip of a girl could defy them, the yeomen inflicted on her one of their favourite forms of torture - half-hanging. They dragged her into the yard of the house. There they forced her against a wall and prodded her with the sharp points of their bayonets. Soon the unfortunate Anne was covered with blood, but in spite of the pain she still refused to tell them anything.

They dragged her to a cart which stood in the yard, and, tilting it up, they tied a rope to one of the shafts. The other end of the rope was fastened round Anne's neck. Four or five times the yeomen tilted the cart and each painful time the courageous Wicklow woman was lifted off the ground by her neck and strangled until she became unconscious.

As soon as this happened, the soldiers would lower the shafts of the cart, revive her and question her. But she refused to speak. Then she was half-hanged again.

Baffled and astonished at her incredible endurance, her torturers left Butterfield, leaving her half-dead.

Emmet and the remnants of his rebel army were now "on the run", and when Anne had recovered sufficiently from her awful ordeal with the yeomen, she went to her father's house. In order to be safer, however, she moved to the home of John O'Neill, in Newmarket in the city. O'Neill himself was with Emmet in the Dublin mountains. Anne continued to bring letters and other messages to Emmet in his different hiding places. Her freedom, however, did not last. She was arrested and brought before "The Terrorist of Dublin", the infamous Major Henry Sirr, whose bribes, threats and a promise of a £500 dowry and her freedom, also failed to extract the information about Robert Emmet and his whereabouts that he needed so terribly.

Furious at the failure of his interview with Anne Devlin, Sirr had her thrown into a cell in Kilmainham Jail. There she spent thirty days in solitary confinement, and there she experienced all the misery and hardship which Sirr had described to her. There were many more "interviews" with "The Terrorist of Dublin", but Anne's unswerving loyalty remained unshaken to the end.

For five years she endured the appalling rigours of the gaol, and the anguish of knowing that her mother, father and family were also imprisoned.

When, eventually, the gaol gates were opened for her, she stumbled out, half-blind and crippled with rheumatism, into a world oblivious of her loyalty and heroism. She was, it would seem to a great extent, deserted even by those who had been supporters of Emmet.

From the day she turned her back on Kilmainham Jail, Anne Devlin was poverty stricken and forced to eke out a miserable existence by health-wracking toil.

These terrible conditions might have prevailed until her death but for Dr. Madden, the noted historian and author of the authoritative "United Irishmen" and "The Life of Robert Emmet. One day in 1843 he discovered her in a Dublin slum, living in appalling conditions. He did all he could to help her while he was in Dublin, and was able to

ensure that the brave woman, old and infirm though she was, was able to enjoy some small comfort in her last days.

On September 18, 1851, Anne Devlin, one of the most loyal and faithful women in Irish history died aged seventy years.

Dr. Madden set up a monument over her grave in Prospect Cemetery, Glasnevin, to her memory: "...the faithful servant of Robert Emmet who possessed some rare and many noble qualities, who lived in obscurity and poverty..."

When in Dublin, Wicklow people should make a point of visiting this last resting-place of a dauntless patriotic young woman of whom they can well be proud, and perhaps, may well be inspired by her remarkable loyalty, determination and endurance.

Leo Bowes

Roundwood of an Evening

Here they come, straggling home like soldiers from the din,
Reapers from the field, weary and worn.
In one voice they arrive; a thousand throats screaming,
And for a moment the answer is there...and is lost...
Look! Look at them circling and twisting and teasing;
Humble now are the hands of the weaver.
From the West they are come, like magical beings,
They appear over the horizon,
Oozing from those mythical cloudmade crags and peaks
Which loom, then disappear.
The travellers seem aware of the beauty that acts like a foil
To their stark silhouettes,
For they are reluctant to roost, like children on a warm evening.
The western sky has cooled now.
A few reddened embers still lie scattered,
But their glow is fading with the travellers' song.
I moisten my lips to swig the village air,
And through mouth and eyes breathe deeply...
In Roundwood of an evening.

Paul Byrne

Our thanks to Ian and Wendy Mullen for their invaluable assistance in the production of this booklet.

Letter from an Associate Member

443 Woodbridge Rd.,
Ipswich,
Suffolk.
9th January, 1990.

I would like to thank you for sending on my copy of your Journal so promptly. I was delighted to receive it and indeed I couldn't put it away until I had read it avidly from cover to cover. It was a very professional job and would put quite a few of the large national publications to shame. I have passed it around my family and friends and all were very lavish in its praise. Each and everyone concerned in the publication is to be congratulated and can look with pride on a job well done.

Your Christmas card was also a credit to your committee and the choice of picture excellent. It must have brought back many happy memories to all who received it and perhaps a tear to the eye of the exile.

Yours faithfully,
Tom Lawler

The West Wind in Wicklow

Across the Wicklow Hills he came,
The herdsmen felt his great wings beat,
The waves of Lough Nahanigan
Were ruffled by his flying feet.
The Vale of Clara felt him pass
Swift-foot across the meadow-grass;
They heard him where the Waters meet;
He made the pines and larches sway;
He crossed the stream at Glenmacnass,
and blew the Falls to silver spray.

They heard his pipes in Glenmalure,
He sang a song in Western seas;
The withered leaves of Glendalough
Rose up and rustled round his knees.
He shook the beeches of Glendhu
To golden rain as he passed through.
He bent Glencullen's tallest trees;
His breath was rough on bird and beast
Across the mountain tops he flew,
To take his pleasure in the East.

Oh wild wind from the distant West,
Be still again and give us rest.

W. M. Letts

Our Patrons

Avonmore Gun Club, Roundwood
Avonmore Stud, Annamoe
Bank of Ireland, Rathdrum
John Boorman, Annamoe
Brady's, Rambler's Rest and Baker's Corner
The Hon. Garech Browne, Luggala
John Byrne, Heating & Plumbing, Moneystown
Byrne's Newsagent, Roundwood
Sean Byrne, Building Construction, Roundwood
Mr. R. A. Childers, Annamoe
The Coach House, Roundwood
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Tommy Healy, Sand & Gravel, Roundwood
Kavanagh Construction, Roundwood
Noel Kavanagh Motors, Roundwood
Terry Kavanagh, Butcher, Roundwood
Dr. John Keating, Newtownmountkennedy
Kinsella's Shop, Roundwood
Lynhams of Laragh
Joe McCabe Motors, Roundwood
Johnny Price Motors, Roundwood
Red Rose Cafe, Roundwood
The Reservoir, Coffee Shop, Roundwood
Roundwood A.F.C.
Roundwood Home Producers
The Roundwood Inn
Roundwood Park Farm
Royal Hotel, Glendalough
St. Kevin's Bus Service, Roundwood
The Tavern, Roundwood
An Tochar G.A.A. Club
Tochar House, Roundwood
Vance & Wilson, E. & M. O'Brien, Bray
Vartry House, Roundwood
W & D Motors, Sallynoggin
Whites Foodmarket, Roundwood
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