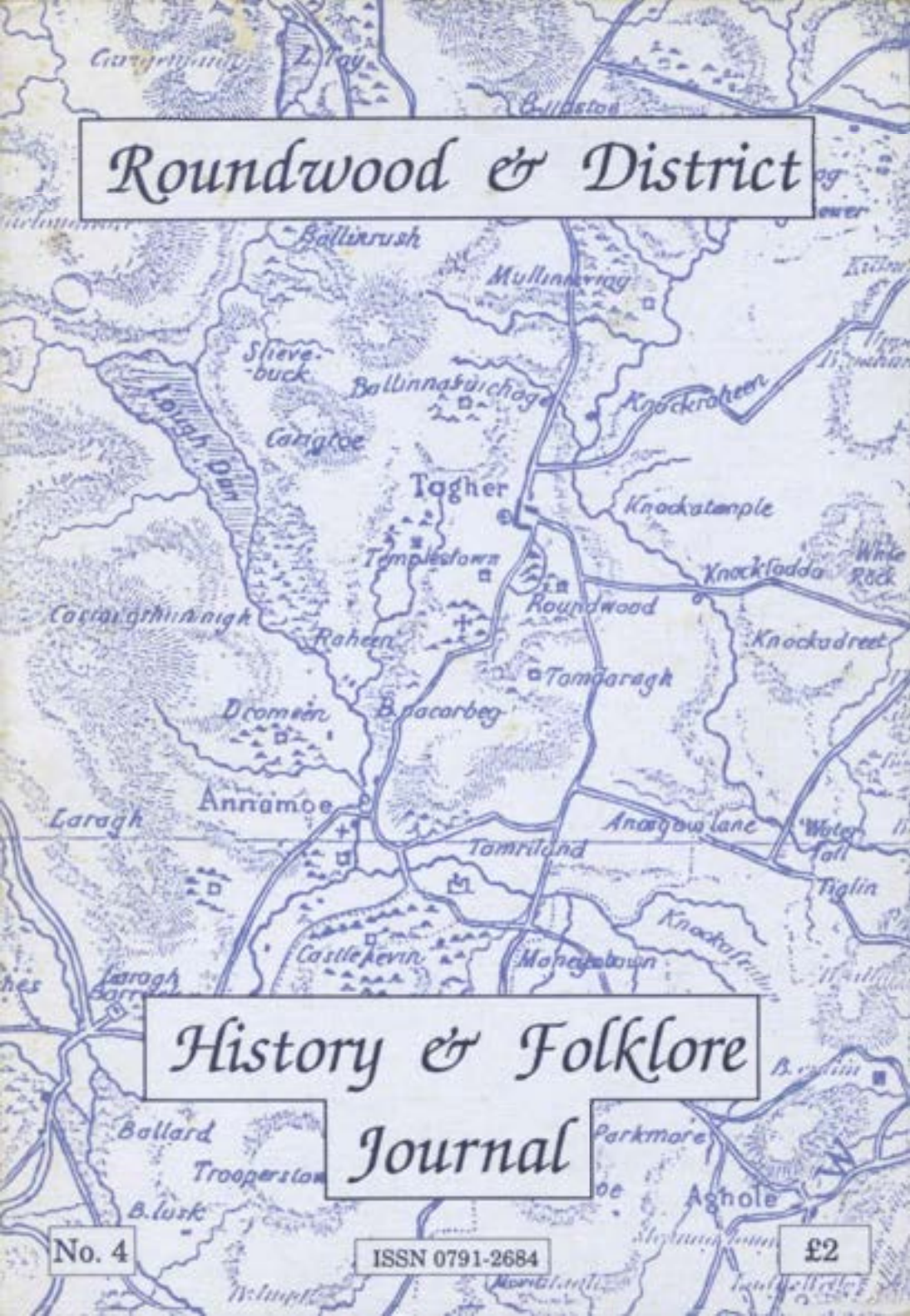

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(Continued inside back cover)

Roundwood and District Historical and Folklore Society

Officers 1991

Chairman	Sean Kavanagh
Vice-Chairman	Michael Larkin
Secretary	Monica Farrell
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P.R.O.	Joe Timmons

From The Chair

The past year has been a very successful one for the Society on many fronts. We had a very interesting and enjoyable outing to the National Heritage Park, Wexford, and also visited the Enniscorthy Museum.

We purchased a video camera for the Society's use and organised a number of interesting lectures during the year.

The display of old photographs and memorabilia at the launch of last year's Journal again proved very popular, and plans are now afoot to have a more permanent display of local history items in the area. We feel this would be of great interest to tourists and returned emigrants during the summer months especially. If you have any items you feel may be of interest for such a project please do not hesitate to contact us.

Now, once again, I have the pleasant task of introducing this, the latest edition of our History and Folklore Journal. The success of our previous Journals can be easily judged by the fact that other local history societies have now adopted our editorial style in their journals. It pleases me greatly that almost all the articles in the previous journals - as in this one - have been written by members of the society, and that most of the articles relate directly to the Roundwood - Glendalough area.

The publication of this Journal is, as ever, totally dependent on the Patrons who continue to support and encourage us. Without their support the heavy cost of printing would be beyond us.

We are also deeply indebted to the local shopkeepers of Roundwood, Annamoe and Laragh who sell the Journal for us, a special word of thanks to them.

Finally, thanks to all the writers who took the time to write and research the articles, and to Martin who co-ordinated the project, ably assisted by Michael and Monica. Enjoy the read.

Sean Kavanagh
Chairman R.D.H.F.S.
December 1991

Roundwood and District History and Folklore Journal No. 4

Editor	Martin Timmons
Assistant Editor	Michael Larkin
Typing	Monica Farrell

'History is philosophy from examples'

Dionysius

Contents

Front cover: Baldwin, Cradock and Joy's Survey, 1822.

Be Your Own Weather-Man

One of the most widely and frequently discussed topics is undoubtedly the weather. Spring, summer, autumn, winter - it makes no difference - the same old queries, opinions and complaints are trotted out ad infinitum about it.

Did you know that before a storm, flies and wasps become troublesome, and that a stray bee in the morning is another bad sign? These are but two examples of a rich stock of weather lore that farmers, naturalists and anglers in particular have accumulated over the years from the observation of their surroundings.

In spite of modern weather forecasting these people still put their faith in the simple signs they have known since childhood. They will listen intently to radio or television weather forecasts, then stroll outside, scan the sky, squint at the distant hills or cock an ear for the rumble of the surf. "The mountains look near this evening", they'll say. "We'll have rain before morning", or "There's no roar in the bar. It'll be fine tomorrow."

Since I came to live in the picturesque Castlekevin area of Co. Wicklow, I have met many of these amateur weather forecasters . . . and surprisingly, they are more often than not, fairly accurate in their predictions.

There's usually a sound natural reason for trusting in the weather lore that's handed down from father to son in rural and coastal areas.

It is based on long observance of the elements of particular local knowledge of weather vagaries.

My late father-in-law, Christopher Stacey, a proficient farmer, was a very good "weather-sign" man. He always contended that if a local mountain in the district where I live is capped by mist early in the morning the day will be rainy. Also if a flock of crows wheel noisily overhead it's a sure sign that a storm is brewing. With very few exceptions these predictions have proven correct.

Most people know the rhyme, "Red sky at night, the shepherd's delight."

This rhyme, they say, is based on accurate weather lore. A red dawn is usually followed by rain and a red sunset indicates fine, warm weather. Yellow skies are certain harbingers of rain, as any farmer or naturalist will tell you. And, if you wish, they'll give you another 100 different signs of the same thing.

Some amateurs find it worthwhile watching the insects and animals for their weather reactions. Like a spider, a bee is never caught in storms. Both wild and domestic ducks are restless prior to storms. If a cock crows at night he usually wakens to a wet morning, I'm told. An old friend and neighbour, Edward ("Ned") Kavanagh (R.I.P.) of Castlekevin, once told me that cows do not lie down before rainfall, and a better guide to a storm is a cow thumping its ribs with its tail! Another weather-sign I gathered in this lovely part of Co. Wicklow is that pigs, too, sense rain and often retreat to their styes before it falls.

Other signs of rain I've learned by keeping my ears cocked are when crows fly wildly, worms come up out of the ground, the cricket sings on the hearth (not many of

these left now), the goat makes for the hedge, the dog eats grass, cobwebs are on the ploughed field, soot falls down the chimney - and, of course, when Granny's corns ache.

According to a Bray Pharmacist to whom I spoke, these aching corns are not to be scoffed at. The human system is acutely sensitive to sudden atmospheric changes, he said, though more favour should be placed in the behaviour of Granny's rheumatism than in that of her corns. A sudden fall in barometric pressure gives many people headaches as well.

The farmers and naturalists, I discovered, also look for the signs of fine weather; swallows flying high, smoke rising straight, midges dancing in the sunset, sounds carrying long distances. Incidentally, there are good scientific explanations for these portents.

Chickweed, daisies, dandelion, wind-flowers and scarlet pimpernel, all close their petals if it is going to be wet and stormy. Did you know that before a storm the leaves of the poplar, lime, plane, maple and sycamore trees tremble and show their undersides? I got that info from a Forestry official.

These indications may not be 100 per cent reliable, but one can derive great satisfaction when, after observing them for a while, it is found that sometimes your local weather forecast is more accurate than the latest radar and electronics weather machines.

The weather lore of farmers and naturalists may not be as essential as it was in pre-radio days, but it can still provide a good rule-of-thumb to local conditions. Sometimes this proves to be much more accurate than that offered by the professional meteorologist.

Leo Bowes

Search at President's Burned Out Country Home

Evening Press Tuesday October 8th 1957

Local Gardai and the household staff were to-day searching through the debris of Roundwood Park, the President's burned out country residence at Roundwood, Co. Wicklow, in the hope of salvaging some of the valuable property which was housed there.

Lost in the fast spreading flames which began yesterday between 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. were priceless documents of national interest, treasured souvenirs of the 1916 period and a very valuable library, as well as a collection of furniture and other personal property of the President and Mrs. O'Kelly.

Today crowds of people from Co. Wicklow and some from Dublin visited Roundwood to view the ravages caused by the outbreak.

Keeper Of The Flame

The road takes us across the mountains from the valley of Glendalough where Saint Kevin founded his world-famous monastery in the sixth century, along the shoulder of Tonlagee Mountain. Over the summit on the western descent, a deep ravine of bogland in its winter browns opens into the valley of Ballinagee. The "Gap" road has always been fraught with dark possibilities. Some believed that gloomy Loughnahanagan brooding in the shadow of Turlough Hill was haunted; others more accustomed to the vagaries of Nature swore the strange sounds emanating from the direction of the lake on amber evenings were made by the trout "squealing" in the inky waters. Whatever they were, they are heard no more. Danger of a more mundane kind presents itself in the form of thick mountain mists rolling down from the crags to cling to the road, reducing visibility to a few feet.

It was on a black wet night in 1955 that news of the death of my father's older brother, John (Jack) Conway reached us. My father immediately hired Rog Miley to drive him to the little farm near Hollywood and Jack Conway's wake. As the car climbed the "Haro", floating patches of mist thickened to a white wall in the beam or the car's headlights. "I think we'll turn around and go back, and we'll chance it again in daylight" my father said. Realising he would have to reverse about a mile before finding a place to turn Rog declared, "No, by Jove, we'll press on!" Holding the car doors open and watching the grass verge on either side of the narrow road, my father with the aid of a flashlight, and Rog steering with one hand, they inched their way across the summit. As they descended towards Glashawee Bridge the fog began to disperse into ghostly wisps whisked about by currents of air too insignificant to be called a breeze. They continue on their mournful journey, the danger past.

With the acquisition of Loughnahanagan and Turlough Hill by the ESB in 1966 for the purpose of constructing a power station, work began on improving the road. It was slowly transformed from a dirt track in order to carry the heavy machinery coming to excavate the site. My father believes that his friend, Rog as a local County Councillor played no small part in bringing about the change. Nevertheless the Gap road, despite the improvement holds little attraction for my father. On foot, on horseback and on a bicycle he has travelled this way, herding sheep, drawing loads of hay or turf with a pony and drey or visiting family. The Conways hailed from a townland called, Conthae near Valleymount. Two large families, the issue of two brothers, John and James Conway were reared on neighbouring farms in the lee of a barren hillside overlooking the valley that is now the Blessington lakes. My grandfather, one of eleven of John Conway's children married into a farm in the Glendassan valley near Glendalough and so the connection with this side of the "Gap" was established. Today our journey is one of remembrance as my father makes his annual visit to the family graves.

As we cruise along he points out the old familiar landmarks as he does on every trip. "There's where poor Rose Windsor used to live" he says indicating the last ruined cottage before the "Haro". A stream hurries down from the slopes of Tonlagee on our

right. "There's the Soldier's Brook". I wonder briefly where the name originated. A crisp frost sparkles in the bright morning sunlight and as we cross the summit I am once again struck by the view. The valley extends forever into the horizon, a patchwork of little fields, peat bog, forests and the Blessington lakes like sapphires reflecting the clear blue sky that melts into haze in the distance. I let the car roll slowly down the hill, soaking in the beauty. "Many's the time I cut turf down there". Father is reminiscing again, announcing the fact in case it be forgotten. A good turf harvest ensured that we would be warm and our meals would be cooked and winter could do its worst. As children we clamoured to come to the bog to "help". Roused from a sleep restless with excitement we would wolf down breakfast in what seemed like the middle of the night before Rog or Paddy McCoy, who at the time provided a local hackney service, came to drive us to Ballinagee for the day's labour. The work was attacked with ferocious energy and then, arms and legs aching we would slink away to a remote corner to collapse and lie in the sun. We would be roused by the grown-ups for the ten o'clock tea break after which another great display of energy until lunchtime when we dined on sandwiches and tea flavoured with smoke from the fire of gorse bushes, small pieces of turf and dried sprigs brought from home. In the late afternoon the midges would attack and it was with great relief that we would see the car, chrome glinting in the evening sun coming along the road to take us home. There was always a great sense of triumph as we rode home weeks later with the harvest in the lorry, its creels creaking and swaying under the load.

"There's Phil!" Father has sighted a man up ahead. He has a bale of hay skewered to a pitchfork over his shoulder. He swings round at the sound of the car approaching. Phil Reilly recognises my father in the front passenger seat and waves as we pass. A couple of miles further along we creep into the sleepy village of Hollywood, our first stop. The name on the roadsign conjures up an image of tinseltown on the other side of the world. The scene before us could not be more different. Some kind of construction work is in progress as is evident from the large drainage pipes, sand and other building materials lying in the car park outside the church. Shouts and screeches of schoolchildren playing in the school yard opposite fill the morning air. Jim Guirke, proprietor of the shop and petrol station across the road waves as we slide in through the half-open gate of the churchyard. "Poor Jack used to love this little church" my father murmurs solemnly, raising his hat as we pass the open door. A man leans on a shovel amongst the headstones and nods a greeting. We head for the familiar grave. Father removes his hat, crosses himself and drops on one knee. I kneel on the cold coping stone. A silent prayer, and as on every other occasion he informs me that the man who dug Jack's grave is now buried alongside him. Inside the little church Father selects a pew and whispers the familiar invocations into the silence. I kneel opposite. A few minutes later we emerge into the sunlight. Jim Guirke is leaning against the wall of an outhouse. My father strides over to him and greetings are exchanged. We exchange in a brief chat and then set off.

Our next call is Baltyboys, a couple of acres of ancient burial ground on whose pitted slopes the bones of my ancestors rest. My father removes the shovel, the little

garden fork and the privet shrub which he had loaded into the boot of the car before leaving home. I pull on a pair of rubber boots and follow him over humps and hollows through thick clumps of sedgy grass, furze and bracken. Granite rocks buried in the hollows turn out to be old tombstones now completely submerged. He has reached the grave and is already wrenching the long grass from around the headstone. The inscriptions have long been eroded. Only he and I know this is a family grave, although I doubt if ever I will find it alone without him or without the shrub. My father picks up the shovel and slices the unyielding earth like a knife cutting butter. Within minutes a gaping hole about a foot deep is ready to take the privet. He places it firmly with one hand and scoops the earth back in around it with a shovel, finally replacing the first sods and pounding them into place with his heel. He cleans the shovel with a handful of grass, drops it on the ground, lifts his hat. He crosses himself and kneels. I stand this time, there being no suitable prie-dieu. A prayer for Morgan, an uncle of my father's. Other relatives occupy this grave: Morgan's sister, Sarah who was a nurse in Belfast for a time, a brother, John who died at eighteen, and their father John Conway and his wife, Anne. Morgan's was the last interment and it is now referred to as Morgan's grave. Nature has slowly been reclaiming this part of Baltyboys cemetery. Headstones recline at precarious angles; a few stand defiantly upright. A brand new monument marks an old grave brought back into use. Such is the cycle.

We proceed to the "new" graveyard, an extension of the old; another slope surrounded by stone walls, just like the first. Paths heroically strewn across the undulating hillside offer access to the burial plots. A plain white headstone marks the final resting place of Myles (Miley) Conway, another uncle whose name my father bears. "It's over a year since we were here, and his grave must be met in!", Father laments as we approach. A remarkably weed-free plot awaits us. Growth is sparse in this bleak spot overlooking the Blessington lakes. Nevertheless he is on his knees way-laying the brown wisps that encroach on the gravelled surface. I take myself on a tour of the other tombstones. Some of the names I know. I often heard Miley talking about these people when I was a child. Miley was the last occupant of the family farm, and when Morgan died he abandoned the crumbling dwelling and came to live with us. Cattle bellow in a nearby field. Two little dogs yap and scamper about in the garden of a house opposite and a flock of wild geese screeches an arrow formation across the sky. I return to where my father is still working and watch in silence as he rakes the gravel with his fingers, loosens the little tufts of grass with the garden fork and plucks them effortlessly from the earth. Finally he lifts his hat again, crosses himself and prays. "Twenty years last May. The Light of Heaven to him", he says afterwards. The lakes shimmer in the winter sunlight. The wind bends the bracken and the long grass, even the headstones seem to have succumbed. Father replaces the tools in the boot of the car and advances towards a puddle of rainwater on the road where he washes his rubber boots. I sit in the car for a couple of minutes, then overtake slowly, giving him time to walk a bit to let the boots dry off. He dries his hands with a large handkerchief as he walks. A couple of cars pass by and he salutes each one.

Coming into Valleymount village I anticipate the announcement that "poor Morgan and Miley used to go to Mass in there". Sure enough the statement is issued solemnly as if for the first time as we drive past the church.

A blinding glare from the wet road slows our progress as we drive into the midday sun. The narrow road which takes us up to the Tochar has fallen into bad repair. Father is disgusted with the shape it is in. "Desperate", "dangerous", "a fright" he complains as I negotiate the potholes. Soon the familiar gable of Mrs. Fitz's house is in sight. Mrs. Fitzpatrick has been a good friend for many years, but Father, being a great observer of protocol still calls her "Ma'am". The Fitzpatrick home was one of the "half-way houses" where the bachelor Conway brothers joined in many a music and dancing session or played cards till the early hours. The door opens as we drive into the yard and she comes out to greet us. "How are you, Miley?" she enquires, shaking my father's hand vigorously. I am engulfed in a warm embrace. Inside the big kitchen we are offered seats up beside the fire and plied with refreshment. "You've been to the graves, Miley?" "We have. God rest them all". He raises his glass of Guinness. "Good health, Ma'am". He takes a long draught, places the glass carefully on the table beside him and settles back in the armchair. The conversation takes the usual pattern. Bits of local news are exchanged, the members of both families are enquired about; reminiscences dot the flow. Father reclines, hands clasped across his middle, his task accomplished - for another year.

Imelda Duffy

Lacking Sufficient Authority

Prior to the enactment of the Local Government (Ireland) Act 1898, the Local Government of the counties of Ireland had been in the hands of the Grand Juries, bodies nominated by the Sheriffs for the different counties and drawn mainly from the landed gentry class.

Wicklow County Council was set up under this Act and also constituted were subsidiary councils called Rural District Councils which administered areas called rural districts. These Districts were, in fact, the same areas as those designated 'Unions' under which they were utilised for the administration of poor relief.

Roundwood came under the Rathdrum Rural District Council and in 1914 the Council decided to take into their charge the fair green at Roundwood and duly informed the Local Government Board about their course of action as the L.G.B. has the power of veto over all decision taken by Local Authorities and kept a close eye on their activities to ensure that they conformed to the Law and to the rules and regulations of the L.G.B.

Among those present at the Monday July 13th 1914 meeting of the Rathdrum Rural District Council which was presided over by Mr. P.J.Carey, JP, Chairman, were R.C.Barton - Annamoe, John Storey - Moneystown, Joseph Byrne - Ballinderry and P.W.Sheehan, Clerk to the Council.

In due course the meeting arrived at a letter from the Local Government Board on the proposal of the Council to purchase the fair green at Roundwood in which the L.G.B. stated that the Rathdrum Rural District Council had no powers to make the purchase as such powers were only held by Urban District Councils and cited as the basis for this ruling Section 104 of the Public Health (Ireland) Act 1878, and Section 31 of the Local Government (Ireland) Act 1898.

In the discussion that followed, Mr. Barton said that he had spoken to the Local Government Board on the matter who had informed him that they had written to the Council and that if their Council's solicitor could find a way round the ruling, then they would be prepared to assist the Council.

At this point the members disagreed over what had been previously decided. Mr. McCarroll considered the matter finished while Mr. Byrne thought that the resolution had not been passed and he was at a loss to understand how it had gone to the Local Government Board. Clerk Sheehan said that the resolution had been adopted by the meeting and that a copy had been forwarded to the Local Government Board. Mr. Storey said that he could not remember the resolution being adopted but that there was one adopted whereby the Clerk was to seek the views of the Local Government Board on the matter.

Mr. McCarroll said that there was no way around the matter and Mr. Barton brought the issue to a close by starting that nothing further could be done about it. Interestingly enough, during this debate, no-one seems to have asked the Clerk to go back through the Minute's Book and read about what was decided at the original meeting when the resolution was proposed.

Thus the heavy hand of bureaucracy killed off a very good and worthwhile proposal by local representatives who had the interests of the community at heart. In

1925, the Rathdrum Rural District Council in common with district councils all over Ireland, was abolished, with some its functions being discharged by the Wicklow County Council and others by the County Board of Health.

Some 70 years later the proposal first muted in 1914 was finally achieved when in 1982 after much legal wrangling Fr. Breen P.P. Roundwood succeeded in acquiring Roundwood Fair Green, for the purpose of building a New National School. Ironically, by this agreement the right to hold fairs still exists on part of the Fair Green.

The school opened in September of 1984 and will no doubt serve the Roundwood Community for many years to come.

James Scannell

Legends of St. Kevin

St. Kevin is famed for founding the monastic city of Glendalough and for his legendary association with the infamous Kathleen. There are many legends and stories about St. Kevin. Here are a few:

Friend to Birds - When King Brian Duff was out hunting once, he followed his prey into the valley and came across Kevin praying with birds perched on his arms and his hands.

Miracle of Loaves – Kevin met a woman carrying a basket one day and he enquired what she carried, she lied saying "stones". The Saint knew she had loaves so he replied "if it is stones may they be bread and if bread may they be stone". The woman flung her new load and it is said that these are the stones of the lower lakes shore.

Royal Burial Ground – Kevin was instructed by angels to build a church, this task was difficult because of the ruggedness of the site, but with some heavenly assistance and the help of a local king, Dimma, the church was built. In return for Dimma's help he is said to be buried under the altar hence the name Righ Feart (Reefert) Church meaning Royal Burial Ground.

Silencing the Larks – Kevin noticed the workmen looked weary and the work on the Cathedral slowing. They lived by the motto "rise with the lark and lay down with the lamb". Kevin felt that this was too long a day and so he banished the larks from singing in the valley. Even now these birds remain silent over Glendalough.

Vision of St. Patrick – Once in the Reefert Church Kevin ordered the monks to sing a hymn three times, in praise of St. Patrick, whereupon Patrick appeared to the congregation and gave them his blessing.

Miracle of the Blackbird – A blackbird searching for a nest saw the saint praying with outstretched hands and laid her clutch in his palms, not wanting to disturb her Kevin remained unmoved until her eggs had hatched.

The Otter – This legend tells of Kevin reading from a precious psalter but the book fell into the lake, he prayed for help and an otter came to him with the book. The vellum on which it was written was dry and undamaged as if it had not been in the water at all.

Walks on Water – It is said that Kevin crossed the lake each day to say mass at the village across the water, without the aid of a boat. Finally when the saint died the valley was filled with angels and since then people of Ireland have desired to be buried in the peaceful valley of Glendalough.

Dick Massey

Johnny McDonald Remembers

The following is a transcript of an interview with Johnny McDonald of Drummin, conducted on the 7th September 1988 by Sean Kavanagh, Michael Larkin and Shay Hyland. The transcript has been condensed and edited from the original taped recording in the archive of the R.D.H.F.S.

Q. Where did you go to school, Johnny?

A. In Goldenbridge, Inchicore in Dublin.

Q. What did you do when you left school? Did you work in Dublin?

A. I did. Things were very hard then. My father had lost the job he had taken on as a teacher. He had succeeded his father in Ballyellis National School, Co. Wexford. My father was a very popular man with the people, very outspoken, and for this reason had lost his job. They also had a little farm, and he built his own house. They then sold for about £300 and he came to Dublin and worked for Findlaters for about 15/= a week.

Q. What was your first job?

A. It was going round the houses on Tyrconnell Road asking what messages they wanted, and then delivering the messages to the people, and I was paid 1/6d a week. I left school when I was about 10, but my father, being a qualified teacher was able to teach me at home.

Q. Where did you live in Dublin?

A. We lived in Goldenbridge, right beside Richmond Barracks, which at that time, was the most up to date barracks in Ireland. In addition to being a barracks it had about 9 acres of waste land where the soldiers practised digging trenches. There was a Highland Regiment there at the time, with a deer without horns, and when they went on their daily route march, this deer was brought with them as their mascot, but they were a respectable regiment. They didn't bother about women like the ordinary soldiers! Very respectable men.

Q. What church was near to you?

A. Goldenbridge, which had a very remarkable priest, a Fr. O'Ryan. He was a qualified doctor who became a priest. He would go to the school every day to see what children were absent and would then go to their homes to see why. He had an uncle who had been killed in 1798, and he had a special Mass said every year for this uncle. He would call to the Protestant houses and get any clothes he could for the poor people.

Q. What work was there in the area?

A. At that time the most prosperous organisation was The Grand Canal Company, it was a hive of industry - lots of turf coming up from the Bog of Allen - the Lock Keeper always expected some turf for himself!

Q. Was there a doctor around?

A. There was the South Dublin Union, and there was a doctor in the dispensary.

Q. When did your family move to this area?

A. Well, my father was out of work and went to the Labour Exchange in Dublin. At that time I was working with Archers Saw Mills for three years. When my father went to the Labour Exchange he found that Mr. Barton was looking for an Estate Carpenter, and so he took the job and started on the first Monday in August 1911.

Q. Did you live in Oldbridge, where Wolohans lived a few years back?

A. Yes, we lived in a house belonging to Mr. Barton. I was about 19 years old when we came to live in Oldbridge, and I worked for Mr. Barton for 64 years. My father died three years after we came here and then I got his job.

Q. Were you working for Bartons at the time of the Rebellion?

A. Yes. We had a Sinn Fein Club in Drummin. Mr. Barton was a great man. He started the Pipe Band, and bought all the instruments. It broke up because of politics.

Q. When you say it broke up because of politics was that to do with the split after the Treaty. Although Barton was the last signatory he then went against the Treaty afterwards. Isn't that right?

A. That's right. Mr. Barton had two brothers. One was killed in the War. He was a professional soldier. He had a farm in Wexford, and married a Bank Manager's daughter, and the family looked down on him because of that. He used to come to shoot. Barton at that time had all the hill rights.

Q. Going back to the troubles. You were active weren't you?

A. We started a Sinn Fein Club in 1918 in Drummin Hall and called it The James Harmon Sinn Fein Club. James Harmon was born where Kevin Merrigan lives now in Killafeen. He was one of Dwyers men in 1798 and his health broke down and someone advised him to surrender. Hugo then met him at the end of this lane (Drummin) and took him away and is supposed to have shot him then. He is buried somewhere in Calary. Dwyer had a hideout up here on Scarr mountain, and a Kathleen Doyle, Din Doyle's grandmother who was about 16 years old at the time used to bring food up to Dwyer every day.

Q. Did you take part in any ambushes, or blow up any bridges?

A. We could have. We had rifles. Paddy Rigney was in charge during the Civil War. At one time we attacked the Royal Hotel in Glendalough, there were Free State soldiers in it. Dr. Clone was wounded and taken prisoner. There was nearly 100 men in the Roundwood Company that time.

Q. Did De Valera ever come to see Mr. Barton?

A. Every month. Mr. Barton looked after Erskine Childer's wife, she was the President's mother.

Q. Were there many 'safe' houses around?

A. Yes, but many stopped at Bartons. There was a column from Tipperary staying there, and we were on duty every night in case they would be surprised.

Q. Did anyone stay at Gilberts in Roundwood, or Mittens of Slemaine?

A. Yes, they were safe houses.

Q. Did anything ever happen to the R.I.C. Barracks in Roundwood?

A. Well, you know, they were very nice men. One of them was married to a Kavanagh, his name was Willie Murphy. They were very popular. The place was fortified, but it was never attacked.

Q. Was Charlie Brien arrested?

A. He and one of the Murphys read the Proclamation in Bray and Charlie was arrested for that. Charlie's widowed mother lived in Slemaine. He worked in Crinken as a carpenter. He was imprisoned in Ballykinlar.

Q. Is it true that there was a tunnel in Barton's house?

A. Yes, it was specially built for anyone who needed it. I worked on it myself every night until 3.00 a.m. in the morning. The bottom was cut out of a press and a passage was then made, it was even electrified, but it was never used.

Q. Well, was Mr. Childers arrested then in the house and did he not use the tunnel?

A. His health had broken down by that time and he wasn't able to use the tunnel.

Q. Who was your chief?

A. Mick Rooney was, and Pat Rochford of the Hill. When Rooney was arrested I was then appointed O.C.

Q. Who was on the Pro Treaty side?

A. There was Capt. Pat Byrne, Jack Fortune and a few others joined the Free State Army.

Q. Did you ever meet Michael Collins?

A. Yes, he was often in Annamoe, with Dan Breen, Sean Tracey, Liam Lynch was convalescing there. I think Liam Lynch was the greatest man I ever read about.

Q. What did you think of Michael Collins?

A. Well, he broke the British Empire. I had a cousin Jim Doyle who was a Quarter Master in the No. 3 Dublin Brigade. Dev. was the captain and my cousin, Jim Doyle, was in Clanwilliam House in 1916. He escaped in the smoke and dropped into a garden. The people in the house dragged him in and burned his uniform. The G-men in Dublin used be after his people to know where he was, but they didn't know. He had an uncle, Tom Doyle of Coolroe, and that's where he went and he was never arrested. His name is never mentioned because he escaped. After the trouble was over he was given a job by Joe McGrath. He was a Free State Minister, but a very fair man - he divided the jobs between the anti-treaty and pro-treaty men, and Jim Doyle got a job burning whatever papers should be got rid of. He became partially deaf after Clanwilliam House. Michael Collins put him on extra service duty after Clanwilliam. Collins was a remarkable man.

Q. Were you sad when you heard Michael Collins had been shot?

A. Yes, I was in jail in Mountjoy at the time. When we heard the news there was a 'stand to' and the rosary was said.

Q. What were the conditions like in Mountjoy regarding food and your treatment in general?

A. Very good. Any trouble we had was our own making. We had our own officers you see. We had country butter brought in one day. We weren't allowed a letter. There used to be lovely 4" square loaves. Eoin Shortt of Kiloughter was in prison

also and when we were brought to Mountjoy, Eoin Shortt met this captain in the Free State Army who started to curse and said "We'll give you what we gave Lemass".

Q. Were there any informers about?

A. Ah yes, when I was in Wicklow Jail. There was a fellow McCormack was his name, he was a Free Stater. He had been in the Republican Army, he was telling us that everything we did was known to them.

Q. You had some activity up around the Military Road around Coute House.

A. Paddy Rigney was in charge, he came to Bartons one time to look for Volunteers, so they had about 20 or 30 riffles there and they were waiting for a crowd from Tinahely to come. I happened to be doing guard outside when Paddy Byrne brought a crowd across Shinagh, right down the mountain. I saw them coming. So we had a shoot out then for a while. We had to climb the mountain then to get away. I was the only one to know the country. When we were going up the high part of the road between Laragh and Granabeg, we saw Free-State soldiers on the road with Jack Fortune in charge. So we came back down then to a hollow and went up a couple of miles and came out in Granabeg. We went into 3 houses there and got a feed.

Q. Who was shot in Wicklow?

A. This policeman was shot on the Murrough. I was with the crowd, we had to go through the town, past the Military Barracks. At that time it was the Cheshire Regiment, they were in the old jail. He was a young man, it was a pity.

Q. Were there ever any Courts held in Roundwood?

A. Yes, we had Republican Courts there. In the hall.

Q. Who would have acted as Judge?

A. I was one of them, Joe Healy was another. There was another one, McCormack of Knockraheen, he was a stranger.

Q. What were the suspects generally charged with?

A. Mostly land trouble, this McCormack had been with the British Army the time they were doing the land. He was a very useful man in the I.R.A. There was a dispute in Glenmacnass between the Merrigans and other people. We sent him to investigate it. They recognised the Republican courts.

Q. Did you ever find it necessary to send any of these culprits to jail?

A. We did send one fellow to jail.

Q. Did you ever make them pay up money?

A. Yes, the Courts used to fine them, but it was mostly land disputes.

Q. Did you have some fellow, a prisoner, at the back of Kennas house?

A. We had him in Paddy Pierce's house, he didn't live in Raheen at that time. His uncle had left it to him. He had a place at Balislam as well, and my brother Tommy had two prisoners there. Tommy and Peter Kinlen were guarding them. Kinlen was in the I.R.A. at that time.

Q. Did you collect money for Michael Collins?

A. Farmers gave money. At that time our Sinn Fein meetings were in Annacurra and

they were a very loyal crowd. Collins expected £2,000 in West Wicklow and £2,000 in East Wicklow, but he got £3,000 in West Wicklow because of the loyal men.

Q. Did you collect the money?

A. I used to bring the money to Mrs. Childers in Bushy Park Road and from there Collins would collect it. There was a man in Hollywood came with 100 sovereigns.

Q. What about Mick Smyth of Laragh?

A. Mick Smyth was a great man. Him and I got the job of going around cutting telephone wires. We had the spikes for going up the poles, we collected all the wires and threw them into a pond, then there was no communication.

Q. Did you blow Laragh Bridge?

A. Yes, I was with Paddy Rigney and the crowd.

Q. Was Mick Rooney arrested when taking part in a sports at Keenans field, or was he arrested out of the hall?

A. I'm not sure about that. I think it was some class of a meeting.

Q. Was the RIC Barracks, which later became the Teacher's Residence blown up at any time?

A. No, Sergeant Reid I think was the last man there. He was moved to Bray and then had a lot of Black and Tans under him. Every rate collector was an offender against the British state at that time. Johnny Murphy of Mullinaveigue was a rate collector and Reid was sent out to arrest him - he passed him on the road, searched the house and went off! Paddy Mulligan was arrested for being a Rate Collector. When the Republican Councils were elected they brought the money to them instead of the British Local Government. I was a member of the Rathdrum District Council at that time.

Q. Hadn't you a little bank in Annamoe one time?

A. That's right. Mr. Barton started that, The Irish Agricultural Organisation Society. My father was secretary, Mr. Barton appointed him, and when he died, Mr. Barton taught me to be secretary. Every week there was a call on the bank, mostly amounts of £10, £50 was the biggest loan. The interest rate was 6.5 %, there was a lot of money in the country at that time and they weren't able to use it on loans, any money they didn't want they invested at 5%. I was Secretary when I was arrested. Mrs. Barton said she would do some of the work and she had some dispute and it broke up then, but I re-opened it when I got out of jail. The bank was where Nurse O'Brien was. We paid her 10/-d a year and after she died we used Hawkins.

Q. When did you get out of Jail finally?

A. I was released in 1924 and then came back to work in Bartons.

Johnny McDonald died on the 28th October 1988 (six weeks after this interview was taped) aged 96 years and lies buried in St. Kevins Churchyard, Laragh.

Is There Gold In Them Thar Hills?

Wicklow is identified in a recent survey as the county with the greatest gold exploration potential in the entire country.

Not only has the only gold mining ever in Ireland taken place in Wicklow but twenty-seven locations are earmarked as high potential deposits in the Geological Survey of Ireland report.

While Ireland is noted for its prehistoric gold ornaments it has never been established if the gold was mined in Ireland or imported.

The latest survey has been undertaken to provide an evaluation of the gold potential of the county, based on a comparative analysis of its geology with the geological setting of known gold deposits of the world.

Top of the list of high potential sites is the Goldmine River at Ballinvalley, which already has a history of gold mining.

Gold extractions from the Goldmine River over a two-kilometres stretch dates back 200 years, and a placer or water-based mine was worked extensively at the end of the 18th century, initially by individuals and subsequently by the government.

The gold appears as free particles in the form of minute scales, although grains and nuggets, exceptionally as large as .75 kilogrammes, have been reported.

Among other areas mentioned as live possibilities are Ballinglen, near Tinahely; Ballintemple, near Woodenbridge, and Ballykillageer Lower, also in the Woodenbridge area.

The Avoca River and mining district is also listed, including Ballygahan Lower, where 19th century mining is reported; Castlemacadam, south of Avoca village; Cronebane, in the Avoca mining district, where gold traces were found in 1901. Drilling has already been carried out at Kilmacoo, in the Avoca area.

Ancient records and legends tell of rich finds of the precious yellow metal. The ancient Gaelic artificers produced magnificent examples of craftsmanship in gold like the Tara Brooch, the Ardagh Chalice, etc., etc., and a very old record tells of gold being smelted in Foithre-Airthir-Liffe, by an Irish king, Tighearmas. The king's artificer, Uchadan, was the first man in Ireland to cover goblets and brooches with gold and silver.

The Foithre-Airthir-Liffe was the ancient name of the land east of the river Liffey, now County Wicklow, and in which Tighearmas's goldsmith, Ugden, made beautiful gold and silver pins which were worn near the necks of garments of both men and women.

The first gold "strike" in County Wicklow, we are told, was made by a schoolmaster named Donaghoo. He apparently told one of his former girl pupils with whom he had fallen in love of his good fortune. Annoyed, however, at her later covetous behaviour and anxious to prevent her from gaining anything from his good luck, he publicly divulged his secret. The result was explosive. There was a mass exodus to the site of the find, in a place that was once known as Cruachan (Croghan)

Kinsella, a 2,000-foot mountain dominating the Wicklow-Wexford border, some six miles from Arklow. Gold, it was alleged, was found there at various times during the centuries.

Two years before the 1798 Rising, a minor tributary of the Avoca River produced some minor finds of gold. When news of this leaked out, local people spent much of their time "panning" the stream at Ballinvalley. That their efforts brought some results may be gauged from the fact that in two months of 1796 some 2,500 ounces of gold, which were later sold for £10,000 were gathered by the local inhabitants. Even labourers left the farms to try their hand at "panning for gold" in this "chance of a lifetime" The outcome was that the crops were left unharvested, and, in desperation, the landlords asked the government to intervene before the crops were lost.

The great Charles Stewart Parnell, "Ireland's uncrowned king," was also among those who caught the gold fever. When free from parliamentary engagements, he spent a good deal of time and money trying to locate the chief source of the gold, small quantities of which had been taken from parts of the streams which flowed through his estate at Avondale. But he failed to make a "strike".

The government acceded to the landlord's requests...by sending two companies of the Kildare Militia to take over the area. The "prospectors" offered no resistance, but simply bundled their gear together and went quietly to their homes. Further prospecting by the locals was banned under penalty of prosecution.

This occurred on October 15, 1796, when the government decided that they would like to share in the possible wealth themselves. They invested large sums in a works to mine the area, but over a period of five years all they got was gold worth only about £4,000. The workings were then discontinued. Incidentally, the largest gold nugget, found near Woodenbridge, weighed 22 ounces, and can be seen in the National Museum.

After the withdrawal by the government from gold mining in the area, local people continued to try their luck for many years, some of them discovering tiny amounts of the precious metal. Eventually the search for gold stopped altogether until 1840, when a London-formed company took a lease of the district. This company employed about sixty girls over a number of years, who were supervised by a practical miner from Cornwall, to search for gold. The search, a haphazard one, was discontinued when the company had found sufficient gold to cover their expenses. A statement issued said: "There is no regular vein in the mountain, and that fragments had probably existed in a part of it which time had mouldered away and left the more permanent treasure as the only monument of its existence."

Some experts believe that there still is some of the precious metal hidden away in the mountains of Wicklow. The trouble, they say, is that the lower slopes are covered over with gravel which hides any rich veins there might be.

Strangely enough, gold was found in the Welsh mountains directly opposite the territory where it was mined in Co. Wicklow. This led experts to discuss the possibility that in the age before the two countries were separated by water, a large reef of gold

stretched from one country to the other.

Another story about Wicklow gold is that when George IV visited Ireland in the 1820s he stayed at Ballycoogue House, about two miles from where Donaghoo, the schoolmaster who had discovered gold, lived in the townland of Ballinagore. The king was shown a fairly large gold nugget which had been found in the area, and, greatly admiring it, he kept it for himself. Protocol forbade the unfortunate owner to seek its return.

There are two ways to get raw gold. One can dig underground, that is, mine for it. Or it can be sought for in river water, washing and sieving it out.

Perhaps even today it might be worthwhile paying a visit to Wicklow's rivers with a sieve and a pair of waders. How about the Vartry River...or is this just wishful thinking?

Leo Bowes

50 Years Ago

During the 'Emergency' years 1939/45 the backbone of the civil defence organisation known as A.R.P. - Air Raid Precautions - were the members of the Irish Red Cross Society who gave classes in first aid, made up first aid kits and were prepared to turn out in the event of invasion or any war type action.

On Monday March 31st 1941, the AGM of the Annamoe sub-branch of the Irish Red Cross Society which included Roundwood, Moneystown, Laragh and Glendalough was held.

The meeting was described as a general re-organising meeting of the sub-branch and the person who called for a large turn out was Dr, D.J.O'Sullivan.

Unanimously elected by the very large turnout were -

Chairman:	Very Rev. Fr. Costello, P.P.
Vice-Chairman:	Mrs. Iveors, Avonmore House
Hon. Treasurer:	Miss Edith Synge, The Glebe Annamoe
Hon. Secretary:	Mrs. Catherine Redmond, N.T., Moneystown
Committee:	Nurse Hayes - Roundwood, Nurse Porter - Annamoe
	Miss Wilson-Taylor - Laragh, Mrs. Saunders - Laragh

Delegates to represent the sub-branch on the County Committee were Mrs. Iveors and Dr. D.J.O'Sullivan.

The meeting closed with the good news that the Annamoe work party had sent large quantities of dressing to headquarters and had presented 2 well stocked first aid boxes for use at Glendalough and Moneystown and that similar arrangements were in hand for the Roundwood and Annamoe districts.

James Scannell

Headstones of Glendalough

The majority of visitors to the historic and beautiful valley of Glendalough see the Round Tower, the High Cross and monastic ruins, and that is the extent of their interest. For me, however, the great interest lies in the varied types of 18th and 19th century memorials and their carvings.

The truly magnificent carved headstones depicting symbols of the Passion are worthy of a special study. Most of these are from the Cullen (Monaseed, Co. Wexford) or Byrne/ O'Byrne/ Brien (Enniscorthy) atelier. The carvings usually include, around the central crucifix, a centurion on horse back, soldiers and female figures. The latter can be identified as the Blessed Virgin and Mary Magdalen. Other carvings include the hammer, pincers, three nails, ladder and 30 pieces of silver. The figures are shown in contemporary dress, i.e. the centurion in a frock coat and tricorn hat.

Ada K. Longfield (Mrs. H.G. Leask) who made a life-time study of decorated headstones, suggests that some of the close-grained stones came from Slieve Bawn. One headstone, that to Elizabeth Roach (1775) is most detailed in its composition. I quote her note in *Some Irish Churchyard Sculpture* (1974): 'The scene includes not only the three crucifixions, Stephaton thrusting his spear into the side of Christ, the centurion (Longinus) mounted on a horse, several attendant soldiers and a large church or temple, but also the hammer, pincers and nails, the Virgin of the Rosary (symbolic of the New Testament) and David as a harpist (symbolic of the Old Testament)".

Memorials of a different type include the Johnston headstone, covering the period 1878 - 1983. The inscription includes a curious 'verse': **'May his soul rest in heaven with the Blessed, where neither landlord nor tyrant can ever possess'.** This, on the instructions of the landlord, was obliterated, it was recut in 1986. There were landlord problems here which do not concern me for the purpose of this short article. A very good example of the re-use of a headstone can be seen on the Lawler (1855 - 1871) memorial, here, the original inscription was on the back, reading upwards! This to the Byrnes of Cronybyrne (1826 - 1857). The Lawlers came from 'Montaigh'. That the Byrnes' inscription was the original one is evident from the fact that part of the inscription was cut away to shape the headstone for the Lawlers, also, the lettering had been filled in with cement or plaster, which over the years has fallen out.

At St. Saviours Priory (The Monastery) there are two headstones side by side commemorating the brothers Michael and Joseph Meagan. Both were hanged on April 26th 1765, aged 30 and 28 respectively. Lord Walter Fitzgerald *Memorials Association (1914)* identified them as highwaymen.

In all, I transcribed over 550 memorials from the older part of the graveyard, of these no less than 134 had references to the Byrn / Byrne families. Next in the 'popularity stakes' came the Doyles (33), Cullen / Cullins (23) and the Murphys (22). The earliest memorial, other than the medieval types, noted by me is to Mucklaugh Doyle who died 6th July 1697 aged 4. (Terminal figure not clear) Another old stone is to Dudley Costolo (1717). It is unusual to find headstones dated prior to 1730.

Another interesting feature in the older graveyards is the number of trades or

professions mentioned on memorials. Considering the size of Glendalough and the number of memorials, there are comparatively few occupations, etc. noted. Amongst those were a shoemaker (sic) (Murphy 1812), constabulary (Reddy 1874), servants (Lawless 1884 and Rafter 1857) and seven clerics. The Roundwood Water Works is represented by Domenick O'Hara who erected a memorial to his wife, Mary, who died in 1863.

To me, a graveyard, such as Glendalough, is an art gallery, as there is always something interesting to see.

Brian J. Cantwell
F.R.S.A.I. F.I.G.R.S.

Log Fire Greets Eisenhower at Roundwood

Evening Herald 23rd August 1962

A blazing log fire greeted President Eisenhower when he and his party stepped into the drawing room this morning of former President of Ireland Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly's home at Roundwood, Co. Wicklow.

Thirteen minutes after take off at Baldonnel at 8.30 a.m. the two U.S. helicopters dropped down from murky skies onto the lawn at Roundwood where 200 villagers waving miniature Tri-colours, cheered the former American President's arrival.

Standing on the lawn to greet him was Mr. O'Kelly who is celebrating his 80th birthday next Saturday and his wife Mrs. O'Kelly.

The perimeters of the tiny landing area were marked with white sheets to guide the pilot, while a large banner bearing the inscription "Cead Mile Failte" hung from a hedge leading to the main entrance of the house. Overhead Irish and American flags fluttered in the misty morning air.

The helicopters swooped down from behind a line of trees on the lawn. A second later General Eisenhower stepped out of the helicopter and with his hand outstretched went to greet Mr. and Mrs. O'Kelly.

Also there to welcome General Eisenhower and his party which included the American Ambassador, Mr. McCloskey were the Minister for Transport and Power, Mr. Childers, and the Bishop of Galway, Most Rev. Dr. Browne, who is spending a few days holiday with Mr. and Mrs. O'Kelly.

An address of welcome on behalf of the people of Roundwood was given to General Eisenhower by Very Rev. E.L. Collier, P.P. Roundwood.

Wicklow County Gaol

The close of the 17th century in Ireland had seen the traumatic Williamite Wars and the Flight of the Wild Geese followed by the Penal Laws of 1692. These Laws were enacted so as to keep the majority of the Irish people ignorant and illiterate. In order that these Laws were seen to be enforced gaols were constructed to hold offenders against these Laws. These gaols were a symbol of English Law and Order in Ireland.

Wicklow was the last area of the country to be formed into an administrative unit of a county, this occurring only in 1604. This was due mainly to the continued presence of two very strong clans, the O'Byrnes and the O'Tooles, who constantly harassed and indeed played havoc with the English forces based in Wicklow. They often carried out successful raiding parties into Dublin using guerrilla warfare tactics. The demise of the O'Byrnes came after the murder of the renowned Fiach MacHugh O'Byrne in 1597. Their position was gradually undermined until finally in 1604 the authorities were sufficiently in control as to establish Wicklow as a county as they had done throughout the country.

Much settlement occurred in Wicklow after this with large estates being established, industry being set up and specialised craftsmen being brought into Wicklow from England. Towns and villages were designed and developed using the English model.

The building of Wicklow Gaol commenced in 1702 and was completed within a few years. The earliest reference to Wicklow Gaol appears in the Wicklow Town Urban District Council Minutes in 1702 where it is recorded that it cost 2s 6d to provide candles and straw for a party of French prisoners. [1]

Nothing remains of the early structure of Wicklow County Gaol with very little documentation relating to the 18th century uncovered as yet. One of the 18th century documents which has come to light is a declaration signed by all the notable people in the county. They were obviously apprehensive about the conditions of the County Gaol as they issued a proclamation stating the insecure nature of the building. They each agreed to pledge varying amounts of money to upgrade the building. These included such noteworthy people as Lord Powerscourt, Lord Meath and Earl Fitzwilliam who each pledged £50 and Mr. La Touche who pledged £5 13s. 11d. [2]

Conditions within the gaol at this time can only be imagined as appalling. The gaoler of a prison was paid a wage by the authorities and he was expected to provide food, lighting, bedding and other human necessities from his own income.

Many of these gaolers were themselves unsavoury characters and were open to bribery and corruption. At this time there was little, if any, supervision of the Penal system; the gaoler was responsible to no overseeing body. It was, therefore, the norm for prisoners to bribe the gaoler in order to receive preferential treatment. This could mean anything from very basic requirements of food, lighting, bedding, to even allowing the consumption of alcohol and gambling. For those poor creatures who were imprisoned as debtors with no money, no means of paying the gaoler, life in gaol must have been extremely harsh. To be incarcerated in a very grim building with very poor

hygiene and sanitation facilities must have seemed like punishment enough without the added misfortune of having to mix with prisoners charged with all kinds of offences varying from burglary, larceny and assault to murder, and all dependent upon one man, the gaoler, for their well being.

By the end of the 18th century the authorities, whose conscience had been pricked by such prison reformers as John Howard, were beginning to see the need to establish standards within the Penal system. These standards were to be far reaching and were to cover all aspects of the Penal system including the gaol structures themselves, the day to day running of the gaol, the kind of people appointed as gaolers, to the method of annual scrutinization of the gaols in the form of the Inspectors General of prisons. It was realised that some form of criteria was necessary for assigning gaolers, or governors as they came to be called. The appointment of former military men as governors, it was felt, would add much to the general uplifting of standards, especially discipline, within the gaols.

The first Inspector General of the Prisons of Ireland appointed was Rev. Foster Archer in 1796. The early annual reports of this body are very irregular and it is not until 1823 that reports begin to appear on a regular basis up till 1876 when the General Prisoners Board took over this role. Wicklow Gaol was soon demoted, along with 11 others from a county gaol to a bridewell, a mere holding centre for prisoners for approximately 7 days. By this time many of its prisoners were being removed to Mountjoy, the main criminal prison in Dublin.

In the Inspectors General Report of 1799 it is stated that a prisoner, a William Byrne, was enjoying great freedom within the confines of the gaol. His fellow inmates were either locked in their cells or were manacled while Billy Byrne's cell door remained open all day. Visitors, it was reported, were allowed to visit the rebel leader anytime of the day or night. The Inspector General was not pleased with this situation and recommended that the gaoler be dismissed. [3]

With the rising of 1798 the reports of the Inspectors General remarked upon the impact on the gaol of the large number of prisoners held within its walls. It was feared that the very walls would collapse. In the early reports of the Inspector General in the 1820's it is stated that a new building had been erected but that the authorities were unhappy with the quality of workmanship. Apparently it was felt by the Governor that lower quality materials had been used by the builder. It was recommended that payments should be withheld until matters were rectified.

With this new addition Wicklow County Gaol could than boast 6 yards, 5 small day rooms, and two work rooms., 34 cells, 2 solitary cells, a chapel, infirmary, and a marshalsea. However, it soon became obvious that the method of controlling prisoners, the system of silence and separation, was unenforceable due to the confines of the gaol structure. From as early as 1836 the Inspectors General were advocating that another addition should be built onto the gaol. By 1838 the board of superintendents had agreed and in 1840 the Grand Jury had placed £10,000 aside for construction work. By 1843 it was completed adding 77 cells, 6 day rooms, 4 yards, 1 public kitchen, 1 chapel - "minutely divided for 70 prisoners", 1 treadwheel, 1 hospital, 1 laundry within the gaol complex. [4]

As already stated it was not until the turn of the 19th century that the authorities became conscious of the need for appointing qualified people as Governors and Wardens, or turnkeys as they were better known, to work within the gaol system. The appointment of former military men as governors, it was felt, would ensure that discipline and organisation within its walls would be present at all times. It must be remembered that the authorities viewed prison as a means of rehabilitating the individual and making him fit to re-enter society, but that he was also there to be punished. What better way to ensure this than by appointing military men as governors to oversee this philosophy.

It was seen therefore that the prisoners should be silent and separate from each other so as to avoid "moral contamination" from each other, thus avoiding all forms of communication. A cell per person was thus viewed as essential to the enforcement of this system but the reports of the Inspector General particularly in the early years, showed how difficult this was to enforce. The authorities however, took it very seriously to the extent that each prisoner had his own stall in the chapel which prevented him from speaking to his fellow inmates. By 1873 stalls were also erected on the treadwheel with each man separate from the next prohibiting communication.

The presence of lunatics within the prison created problems for the authorities as it was deemed necessary to have them accompanied usually by fellow prisoners at all times. This requirement meant that the penal system of silence and separation was unenforceable as two prisoners would have to sleep with a lunatic in a cell and wash, dress and feed their charge. The form "lunatic" covered those who were mentally handicapped, epileptics and those who were insane. There is an account of a prisoner punished in 1865 for attacking a "lunatic". It appears the "lunatic" was an epileptic.

It was also viewed as being important by the authorities that prisoners should leave the prison a better person, morally and better equipped to cope with life. From the gaol registers of Wicklow it is obvious that the authorities viewed crime as a means of supporting "an idle way of life". If criminals could be shown a different way of life, then surely they would cease committing crime and follow an industrious life instead. Thus it was seen as essential to have turnkeys who were tradesmen who would pass on their knowledge to the prisoners and help them rehabilitate themselves into society on release.

As already stated prisoners were seen in the 19th century as places of correction where prisoners were shown the errors of their way, and given the benefit of learning a trade which would enhance their opportunities of obtaining gainful employment once they had served their sentence. Prison was also a place where punishments were meted out to those who overstepped the mark. Very often this mark was sometimes a relatively innocent offence such as "shoving and making signs at another prisoner and constantly looking about, blowing his nose out in an improper place", "taking his wrong place in the rank" and "stopping too long in the privy". [5]

Prisons were expected to be self-sufficient and so turnkeys were normally men who were tailors, shoemakers and painters who could instruct the prisoners in their craft while at the same time ensuring that the prisoners were industrious and hard

working, producing the uniforms and shoes worn by all the prisoners. The turnkeys were also responsible for ensuring that the upkeep of the jail was always in hand and again it was the prisoners who painted it under the instructions of the particular turnkeys of that trade. It was of particular pleasure to the governor to report to the Inspector General in the 1840's that one male prisoner had left Wicklow Gaol, having being instructed by the shoemaker/turnkey, and was able to open his own shoe repair shop in Stephen Street in Dublin.

In the early years of the 1800's the prisoners were also engaged in productive work which was sold outside the prison. As Wicklow was a coastal town the prisoners were engaged in making fishing nets and picking oakum, rope used as insulation between boards on a ship. This proved lucrative at first with the prison authorities receiving money for these goods and some of the profits being distributed between the prisoners. The making of the fishing nets was abandoned after a short time however, as it was felt that they could be used as a means of escape by throwing them over the walls and it appears that industry within the prison ceased soon after.

This fact was greatly lamented by the Inspector General who viewed a correct system as one which worked prisoners hard each day. The problem in Wicklow was that were never enough prisoners available for productive work to warrant establishing a "business". Instead they were engaged in making the prison uniforms, shoes, painting and kitchen duty keeping the gaol going. The female prisoners were engaged in knitting, sewing, mending, weaving and washing. It was not until the 1860's that a further proposition of a business nature arose. The yards within the gaol required new stone and it was the prisoners who broke the stone to repave the ground. The Inspectors General felt it would be an ideal opportunity to set up a money making operation whereby the prisoners would be engaged in stone-breaking which could then be sold outside the gaol for road building. This idea, however came to naught.

In Wicklow Gaol the treadwheel was the most common form of punishment inflicted on the prisoners. It had been invented by William Cubitt in 1818 purely for punitary purposes, with no benefits such as water being pumped or wheat grained, accuring to Wicklow Gaol. According to the early Inspectors General reports a treadwheel had been installed in the early 1820's in Wicklow but because of concern over the legality of the treadwheel it was not put into use for several years. Once this situation was defined the authorities put it into full use with male prisoners only required to work the treadwheel for five hours in summer and four hours in winter with breaks of 20 minutes allowed from time to time.

By 1876 the shot drill was brought into practise as another form of punishment, the prisoners carrying out this form of hard labour for 4 hours in the summer and 3 hours in the winter. By then the treadwheel had been relegated to only 1 hour. The shot drill took the form of stooping down, with bending the knees, and picking up a 24 or 32 pound shot, bringing it up again until it was level with the chest, then taking two steps to the right and replacing it on the ground again. A break of 5 minutes every half hour was allowed to rest "the strained and tortured muscles". [6]

In 1867 one inmate threw his shot at the governor of the gaol. He was sentenced

to 30 days solitary confinement on bread and water but was released after ten days on the order of the medical officer. [7]

The whipping of boys was another form of punishment meted out to prisoners in Wicklow according to the Inspectors General reports with the governor responsible for overseeing that all punishments were carried out and administered correctly. 109 punishments were recorded in Wicklow in 1851 with the Inspector remarking "their frequency only produces irritation without having any deterring affect". [8] By 1855 juvenile crime had decreased sharply, the governor claiming that this was due to the whipping of boys. Five years after 1851 it was reported that punishments were down to 21 for the year with only 3 being whippings. [9] There is no record of any punishments being carried out on any female prisoners in Wicklow.

The daily routine in prison could be very monotonous for the inmates. Each prisoner was in his or her cell from 6 o'clock each evening till daylight next morning, 6 o'clock in summer and 8 o'clock in winter. If no work was available for the prisoners they were often confined to their cells for long periods of time during the day. The male prisoners were required to eat in their cells whereas the female prisoners were allowed to eat communally.

A matron was appointed to supervise all aspects of the female prisoners welfare at all times. With responsibility for their medical wellbeing, their prison work, their treatment and their schooling. As well as eating communally female prisoners were allowed to work together, knitting, sewing, weaving and spinning hemp. Classes were held in a refectory type room. A school master was employed to teach the men and this was carried out in the chapel until the Inspector General objected saying that the chapel should be retained for religious worship only. In the Inspector General report of 1823 it was reported that a woman of 60 years came into the gaol "wholly ignorant of letters" but could read before her discharge.

According to the Inspectors General women frequently committed crime for the express purpose of being sentenced to the gaol and thus being assured of receiving treatment for their social diseases. This was the case in 1845 when 7 females, "the worst and most abandoned characters in the town" committed crimes for venereal disease treatment. That same year two children were born in the prison, one being stillborn.[10]

The cost of running the gaol in 1824 amounted to £370, with the Gaoler receiving £150, the local Inspector £60, Turnkey £80, and both Church of Ireland and Roman Catholic chaplains receiving £40 each.[11] By 1874 the salaries amounted to £790 with a total cost of running the gaol totalling £1770. The Governor was paid £200, the local Inspector £199, the chaplains £46 each, the Turnkeys £40 down to £35, the surgeon £100 and the matron £40. [12]

The Inspectors General of the Prisons of Ireland reports give a very substantial insight into Wicklow Gaol, particularly from 1823 to 1876. Using these reports it is possible to view the changes that occurred over a period of 53 years in the area of prisoner treatment, conditions within the prison for both prisoners and wardens and the various alterations which were carried out in order to make it a secure and effective corrective institution. The Gaol Registers dating from 1848 up to 1888 give a very

detailed record of the inmates in the gaol including a physical description and previous criminal record. In theory it is possible to locate a convict record file on each prisoner, which often includes all relevant information pertaining to the present circumstances.

The history of Wicklow Gaol reflects the history of County Wicklow and indeed of Ireland as a whole. During each period of turbulence in the social and political history of Ireland Wicklow Gaol provides us with invaluable information on human actions and suffering.

Joan Kavanagh

Acknowledgements

Special thanks to Catherina Flynn, Claire O'Toole, Sean O'Connor and Marguerita Shannahan for their help and patience and all at the County Wicklow Heritage Project.

Notes

1. Urban District Council Minutes Book for Wicklow (1709), courtesy of Wicklow Urban District Council.
2. National Library of Ireland, Mss. Department.
3. Report of the Inspector's General on the General State of the Prisons of Ireland (1799) Dublin, Alexander Thomas.
4. Ibid., (1824), (1836), (1838), (1840), (1843).
5. Fourth Report of the Inspectors. pp (1839) 11, pp 112 - 114.
6. Griffiths, Arthur (1904) Fifty Years of Public Service, London, Cassell, p. 7.
7. Inspectors General Reports (1867).
8. Ibid., (1851) 9. Ibid., (1856). 10. Ibid., (1845). 11. Ibid., (1824). 12. Ibid., (1874).

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.

Mabel Purser – An Irish Suffragette

Women were granted the vote in Ireland if they were over 30 and owned property in 1918, and by 1922 all women over 21 could vote. Curiously, in Great Britain where the agitation had been much more violent, it was 1926 before women could vote.

My grandmother, Mabel Purser, was brought up in Co. Limerick but went to London in 1897 for four years to train as a nurse. The poverty and misery of the east end of London made a lasting impression on her. She used to say that Florence Nightingale did more for women, through opening up the nursing profession to them, than she did for the soldiers for whom she worked.

Mabel Purser lived in Knockraheen, Roundwood from 1934 until her death in 1957 and recently I came upon a reminiscence written by her in 1956, which recalls her experience in the Women's Suffrage Movement and her imprisonment in 1913. I have copied most of it:

"One day two very fervent anti-feminists of my acquaintance turned up with papers expecting me to sign them protesting against the vote for women. 'What' I said, 'do you mean to tell me there is a movement to get votes for women? Well I am for it and anything else they can get as well.' They left hastily, having made me a firm convert against their convictions. From then on I was heavily involved in The Irish Women's Franchise League and also The Women's Social and Political Union, which was led by Mrs. Pankhurst.

At first there was a lot of poster-parading and speeches. One of the most important things that occurred was the imprisonment of Mary Leigh for throwing a toy hatchet at John Redmond during his triumphant entry into Dublin proclaiming that Asquith had promised to introduce a Home Rule Bill. All the Irish members of the House of Commons had abstained from voting on the Votes for Women issue so as not to prejudice the Home Rule Bill, though they had pledged to do so. Mary Leigh was imprisoned in Mountjoy, where she went on hungerstrike. To the disgrace of the Irish doctors she was forcibly fed, but it was no use as she fought them all until she became so ill that she had to be released, only to be imprisoned again when she had regained her health.

I, myself, feeling the Irish women had not made half enough row about getting the vote and angry that Mr. Law, and Irish member, had said in the House of Commons that there was not a sufficiently noisy demand for the vote in Ireland, determined to make some noise. So I took a bag of stones with me one afternoon and broke all the windows on the west side of the Custom House. There was a policeman looking on - I thought he was never going to arrest me - he must have been daydreaming, at last he came and put his hand on my shoulder and said 'You mustn't do that you know' - 'Votes for Women' said I and threw my last stone! He took me to court where a magistrate was presiding, an elderly English gentleman, and all he said was the same as the policeman - 'You mustn't do that kind of thing you know.' I explained that it was all Mr. Law's

fault. I was taken to Mountjoy Prison where I started a hungerstrike. There were already five suffragettes at Tullamore on strike and next day I was taken there to be with them. Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington, the leader of the Irish Suffrage Society, explained that we would remain on hungerstrike till we got the treatment due to political prisoners and so we did. However the other suffragettes had got shorter sentences than I had, I suppose they had done less damage, anyhow they were let out a good while before me. My sentence was for three months hard labour, which of course I didn't do, so I kept on with my hungerstrike for 8 days when I was given all the privileges of a political prisoner - an armchair, a table and writing materials and I was allowed to have visitors. All was well except for my anxiety about my four children.

Anyway we got our vote in the end and now the position of women is so unlike what it was before we got the vote that it is hard to believe how different it was."

Elinor Medlycott

Further reading: 'Smashing Times' by Rosemary Cullen Owens

James Byrne's Motor Car

(Air: Wearing of the Green)

In the 1930's James Byrne of Knockafrumpa had a hackney car and the following lines written by Patsy Timmons and Ned Kenna tell of one of the many successful rescue missions undertaken by him. James Byrne was an uncle of our present postman, Jack Byrne, and Tom Fitzgerald was leader of the "Famous Moneystown Band". Mike Kenna who supplied us with these lines has been unable to identify the Billy Kenna referred to.

One glorious summers evening I was walking up and down
As the golden sun was setting over lovely Moneystown.
I met with Billy Kenna, said he, "what about the spree?
If we have got no girls there, they'll laugh at you and me.
We could get those girls from Clara, but they could not walk so far.
We will send a message to James Byrne, and hire his motor car".

When James got this message, he hurried on his shoes.
Says he" This case is urgent, I've got no time to lose.
For those are two good pals of mine, and I'll not let them down.
I'll fill her up with petrol, and I'll soon be in Moneystown".
Then putting on his overcoat, and in his breast his star,
You could hear it plain, coming out the lane, the buzz of James' car.

When he got down to Moneystown, the lads were ready there.
All dressed up in their best. Most lovely, I declare.
Says Bill "It is to Clara we want you for to go,
And I think the nicest route for us is around through Annamoe,
Where we can view the scenery, likewise, the hill of Scarr,
And we can sing a song, as we roll along in James' motor car."

Now we arrived in Clara, just at the close of day.
Our girls they were ready, so we had no delay.
We travelled back to Moneystown in a joyous mood you see,
For we knew they could not laugh at us, that night at the spree,
For prettier girls you wouldn't find, from here to Mullingar,
Than the four we brought from Clara, in James' motor car.

Now the dancing it was excellent, and the supper really grand.
We can't forget a word of praise for the famous Moneystown band,
As it played the sweetest music that ever you did hear,
And kept us gaily dancing, 'till daylight did appear.
When the shades of night had gone to flight, a bright sun appeared in view.
The dancing being all over, the band it had withdrew.

We started back to Clara in the morning's balmy air,
With nothing now to worry us, but paying James his fare.
The amount being thirty shillings, as the journey was so far,
But I think we got good value, in James' motor car.

RICHARDSON'S LAKE HOTEL, GLENDALOUGH.

Under Surveillance

On June 28th 1914, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria and his wife were assassinated by Gavrilo Princip while on a visit to Sarajevo in Serbia, (which has recently been in the news again) and when he was arrested by the police little did Princip realise that his act would lead to World War I. Within a month Austria declared war on Serbia on July 28th 1914 and due to a series of mutual aid treaties this set off a course of action which could not be stopped. On August 1st Germany declared war on Russia, and then on France on August 3rd. The German plan to defeat France involved violating Belgian neutrality under an 1839 treaty and indicated to the Germans that any violation of this neutrality would be taken as an act of war. However German troops entered Belgium on August 4th and Britain declared war on Germany.

In Roundwood the events of that summer had been followed with interest by newspaper readers and once war was declared, the military moved into Roundwood Reservoir to protect it against sabotage from German spies who it was feared might put poison in the water.

Anyone acting in a suspicious manner at times was kept under surveillance by the police in case they were a German spy and in Dublin a Mr. William Petit, who was the son of a London wool merchant, while on holiday in a hotel in the Kingsbridge part of the city somehow aroused the suspicions of the authorities who placed him under surveillance.

On Thursday August 16th 1914 he left his hotel and cycled through the streets of Dublin to Harcourt Street railway station, unaware that he was being kept under observation all the time by the police. At the station he purchased a ticket to Bray, Co. Wicklow, and boarded the next available departing train. The police having obtained information on his destination from the ticket office, sent word to the police in Bray who commenced their surveillance of him once he alighted from the Dublin train.

He cycled along the Enniskerry Road and during this part of his journey he stopped to ask for directions to Roundwood. This was very suspicious to the police who were keeping him under surveillance so they accosted him and not satisfied with the answers to their questions, they took him to the nearest police station, possibly Bray, so that further inquiries could be carried out.

While this was in progress rumours began to circulate that the police had arrested a German spy on his way to poison the water in the Roundwood Reservoir but within a few hours it was announced that the man arrested, Mr. William Petit, had been released as the police enquiries revealed that he was who he said he was and was spending some holiday time in Ireland. Like many others he was the innocent victim of public hysteria about German spies and he accepted the whole incident with good humour and considered the incident something to tell his family and friends about on his return to London, and attributed no blame or complaint against the police for their actions.

James Scannell

More Old Folk Remedies

Folk Medicine reaches very far back in time. Nature opened the first drugstore, because man and animals were constantly on the move Nature's drugstore had branches everywhere, you could find in the fields its medicine to cure you. Here are a few remedies:-

Chilblains	Cut an onion in half and dip it in salt and rub it on chilblains twice daily.
Arthritis / Rheumatism	Peel a raw potato and halve it. Keep it in your pocket until it dries out, then replace it with a fresh one.
Anaemia	People who are anaemic will benefit from prunes as they are excellent for increasing ones vitality and improving the blood circulation.
Burns	Honey has long been used as a very successful treatment for skin burns. When applied it relieves the painful smarting and prevents formation of blisters. It produces rapid healing of the burned area.
Headaches	Peel a large onion and slice thinly, place on the soles of the feet from heel to toe, bind tightly on both feet and leave it on overnight. **This cure is recommended for SEVERE HEADACHES only.**
Hayfever	Chew Honeycomb three times a day.
Insomnia	One tablespoon of honey taken after the evening meal each day, you will soon discover that you are beginning actually to look forward to bedtime.
Muscle Cramps	Muscle cramps can be controlled by taking two teaspoons of honey at each meal.
Sore Throat	A sore throat can usually be relieved by first drinking a tablespoon of lemon juice, followed by gargling with a solution of half lemon juice and half water every hour during the day for a day or two. Symptoms of influenza may often be relieved in the same way.
Warts	Paint warts with iodine at regular intervals.
Whooping Cough	Cut off the bottom of a yellow turnip, scoop out a hole in the middle, pour in 1/2 lb Demerara sugar and leave overnight. A spoonful of syrup taken every four hours brings up the phlegm.
Hair	If little children fail to show a proper growth and development of the hair on the head, castor oil should be applied to the head twice a week at bedtime. The oil is rubbed thoroughly into the scalp, is allowed to remain overnight, and in the morning removed by a shampoo. By the use of the oil twice a week a satisfactory change in the hair is established, the health of the hair can be maintained by applying the treatment once a month.
Sore Eyes	If the eye develops redness and irritation, one drop of castor oil dropped in the eye makes it more comfortable and relieves irritation.

Joe Timmons

Glendalough Estate And The Hugo's

The Glendalough Estate in it's original state was bounded on the east by the Avonmore River, on the north by the Sally Gap, on the west by the Wicklow Gap and on the south by the Glendalough valley. This area has been part of the Church lands of the Archbishop of Dublin since the dioceses of Glendalough and Dublin were amalgamated in the late 12th century. In the Reformation these lands would have passed to the Church of Ireland in the late 16th century in the general confiscations. This ownership would have been theoretical as the area was controlled by the O'Toole and O'Byrne clans until the Cromwellian confiscations and plantation of Protestant settlers in the area.

It is not known who were the tenants in the late 17th century. The practice of the Archbishop of Dublin was to grant leases for 20 years. It appears that in the 1704-14 period the Earl of Blessington was a primary tenant. In 1718 a Samuel Price was living in Drumeen. From 1727 Thomas Sherwood lived there. He was possibly descended from Thomas Sherwood who is listed in the 1666 Hearth Money Rolls in Rathnew and related to the Sherwoods of Tinnehusk, near Arklow, and later of Killehurler. He appears to have got into financial trouble as he mortgaged his lease to a Garret Byrne which was sold to Thomas Byrne in 1747 through Rev. Jon Heighington, Rector of Callan.

It is not clear if Garret and Thomas were related or where Garret came from. One of the Deeds relating to the transfer has Ally Byrne a witness who was a sister of Garret Byrne of Ballymanus. However there was also a prominent Byrne family living in Lugduff at the time. Before moving to Drumeen he lived in Derrybawn in 1726 but was in Laragh in 1747. He died between 1750 and 1754 and the legatees of his estate were his wife Elizabeth, his nephews John, Simon & Thomas (executor) Hugo and nieces Jane Hethrington, Margaret Robinson and Sarah Simpson. The Hethrington/ Heighingtons probably came from Donard and the Simpsons from Wicklow (with Cork connections). A Jane Simpson, widow of Wicklow, left her Estate to Daniel Byrne and 3 sons Charles, John and James in 1691. It should be noted that it is not clear how the 3 nieces are related and if they bear spinster or married surnames.

There are many colourful stories as to the origins of the Hugos all certainly incorrect. First the family spelled their name Hugou up to the 1790's which point to a French origin. The surname derives from Hugh a common French saint's name. The families immediate origins are not known. In Ireland during this period Hugos were found near Mountrath and Galway. A search of the 1666 Hearth Money Rolls, surviving Irish Huguenot Parish Registers, Dublin Freeman lists, Wicklow Freemen of 1745 proved negative. All that can be said is that before 1730 a Hugo married a Byrne and his son Thomas Hugo inherited the Estate of his uncle Thomas Byrne.

While Thomas Hugo lived in Drumeen he did not farm the whole estate himself leasing it out to local yeomen. For instance Clohoge was leased to the Shiles family, the founders of the Luggelaw Estate, Brockagh to George Tyrell, Lugduff to Garret Byrne. In 1757 he was taken to court when a Grant of Discovery was taken against him,

a Catherine Byrne and 'others' over leases of lands in Laragh and Glendalough. As Catholics under the Penal Laws were unable to lease lands for longer than 31 years there appears to have been some arrangement between Thomas and Catherine that attempted to circumvent this and that they were caught out. Thomas's first wife is not known but they had Thomas, Anne (who married John Keegen of Glassnamurry 1791) and possibly others. He married secondly Elizabeth Neal of Dublin in 1754, they had twins John and Esther baptised 29/4/1755. Elizabeth died 8/5/1755 and the children did not appear to have survived much longer as John was dead before 1773 and Esther before 1788. Thomas died between 1788 and 1791.

Thomas Hugo, the second, was probably born before 1750. He married Anne, daughter of Rev. Michael Sandys, Canon of Powerscourt, in 1773. Thomas gained an infamous reputation during the 1798 Rebellion due to his savage behaviour against rebels, real and imagined. While he was appointed a magistrate in 1797, during 1798 his house was raided for arms, his servants deserted him and his cattle stolen to feed the many insurgents hiding out in Glendalough and Clohoge. Up to 2,000 were in Glendalough at one stage some of who nearly carried out a general massacre of local Protestant farmers. Even protected as he was by the Fermanagh Militia he never knew if he would not be a victim himself. It is common that those that felt under most treat were responsible for the worst behaviour. On the Catholic side while property was not safe they were generally moderate towards people. Another set of myths relating to Thomas is that he had lots of mistresses, raped other women and had illegitimate children. All this is doubtful. Don't forget he was married to the daughter of a rector and had a daughter married to another, he would almost certainly have been boycotted by his peers for such behaviour. Many landlords did have illegitimate children but these normally bore the surname of the father, around Ireland certain uncommon surnames became common amongst Catholics because of this. None of the reputed children bore his surname and would they fight against their father? In those days such issue were called natural children and bore none of the shame and disgrace of the late 1800s under an increasing conservative Catholic Church and fear among farmers of losing their lands. It was normal for a landlord to set up his 'families' with a cottage, provide sons with trade apprenticeships and the daughters with dowries. They were often mentioned in Wills or land settlements, and sometimes access to the burial plots. The advantages for the mothers were obvious as it provided security against the times that the peasants were on the edge of malnutrition, disease and other disasters. However the origins of Patrick Hugo who lived in Aurora, near Enniskerry, with a cottage and 6 acres in the mid 1850s need to be explained. Thomas died in 1809 and is buried in Derrylossary, we know of 4 children: Thomas, William, Elizabeth and Cherry.

Cherry married Rev. Robert Longfield of Longfield in Co. Cork in 1811, Elizabeth married Captain John Armstrong, Fermanagh Militia in 1800, so even among the blood and brutality a romance was flowering. At this stage the family moved to live in Dublin and elsewhere, though some were buried in Derrylossary, and they maintained their interests in land and mining up to the Land Purchase Acts of the 1920s. Thomas, a

Captain in the 91st Regt, had some involvement in 1798, he died in 1856. I don't know who he married but he left issue: Thomas Mandeville, 36th Regt, died in 1888 (married Cherry Anne who died 1898); Lettitia died 1898 in London and left her Estate to Dr. Barnardos, South London Home for aged poor, Muller orphanage and Bible Flower Mission; Eileen Marbella who married Henry Briscoe, 1843; Marion died 1888 in Edinburgh; and Sarah who married a Daniel Peyton Sullivan in 1850, and moved to London.

The children of Thomas Mandeville were Thomas Noel who died 1908 in London. In his will he made every tenant on his estate a tenant for life and left £2,000 to his tenant's younger children, the total value being £6,000. The other children were Richard Mandeville M.D., William Stuart, Cherry died in Dublin 1932, and Frances died in Dinant, Belgium 1901. Fr. Nevin relates an oral tradition that the last of the Hugos died poor but happy in the 1840s, the above show that this is incorrect as the Estates were usually worth between £1,000 and £5,000 and Thomas who died in 1856 was worth £30,000. Did any become Catholics? Unproven. Are there any descendants still alive today? If so then you are invited to become members of our society.

Ian Cantwell

For further information on the estate (and the Bartons) after 1837 see Issue No. 2 of this Journal.

Appreciation

Recently the Society lost two of its founder members, Larry McAllister and Sheila Holt.

Larry McAllister had been resident in the area for some 25 years and made an important contribution at early meetings of the Society. He was a colourful character and enlivened many a debate.

His part in backing the idea of seeking patronage from local business people to finance this journal was vital to its subsequent success.

Sheila Holt had an interest in local history long before our Society came into being, and indeed her little articles in the old "Roundwood News" of the 1960's and early 70's kept interest in the old ways alive when it was less fashionable than it is today.

For many years she compiled the "Roundwood Notes" for The Wicklow People and these articles will no doubt prove to be invaluable sources to the local historians of the future.

She was writing the "Memories" column in the Parish Newsletter until shortly before her death, and took great pride in the success of the Historical Society. She was a true Local Historian.

To the families of Larry and Sheila we express our sincere sympathy and dedicate this publication to their memory.

The Editor

Roundwood Ploughing Match 1891

Come all ye jolly ploughmen
Of every class and creed
Come listen to these simple lines
That lately I have made
And if they do not suit your taste
I hope you won't me blame
For the want of education
The truth for to explain

Being in the month of February
In eighteen and ninety one
The day it was most glorious
And the sun it brightly shone
A ploughing match it did take place
On Willie Murphy's ground
Convenient to that village fair
Entitled Togher town

When the day appointed did arrive
Recorded it might be
I bid adieu to labour
This ploughing to go see
I went straight away into that place
With nothing to annoy
In peace, content and happiness
Myself for to enjoy

While waiting for the contest
All on that glorious day
I stood awhile admiring
The country so gay
And indeed it was no wonder then
For more than paradise
To title the County Wicklow
The Garden of our Isle

The scenery upon the field
Was grand I really vow
The looks of no surrender
On horses, men and plough
Surrounded with spectators
Of every creed and class
From Sugar Loaf to Glendalough
And around by Bolanass

Between the hours of 12.00 and 1.00
The tell tale of the time
They started from the headland
In numbers 29
They ploughed for 3 long hours
With courage, strength and skill
Every man his utmost doing
His comrades to excel

When the ploughing it was finished
And every man was done
With tape book, rule and pencil
The judges then began
Commencing on the first class work
And ending on the third
And until that day was finished
We never heard a word

Then up spoke Larry Murphy
With accent clear and high
Now boys assemble unto us
Till we the winners cry
As quick as a flash of lightning
We all then did draw near
And stood awhile in silence
The verdict for to hear

In Class the 1st, our Number 1
As plainly you may see
The first prize it was taken
By Fox of Calary
John Darley won the second prize
As everybody knows
And the third it fell to Dowlings lot
That lives in sweet Croneroe

After the cheering had abated
All for the first class men
The winner of the second class
Was next reported then
It was to be Big John Magee
And Gilbert of great fame
And Doyle's a man I understand
From Kilmacanogue came

In the 3rd Class William Keenan
That lives in sweet Shramore
Was kindly rewarded
Half a ton of potato manure
Jos Cooley won the second prize
The way he hid the grass
And Roche from Carrigower
Sure he carried home the last

So as now to conclude and finish
My divarsion song
Immediately we started down
To Murphy's restaurant
The prizes they were given out
By big Willie Auctioneer
And the most of it was freely spent
On brandy, ale and beer!

The above lines of song were recently sung for us by octogenarian Ben Brady, Upper Ashtown, who learned the song from his father. We are not certain if this ploughing match of one hundred years ago was the first ever held in Roundwood but Ben thinks it may have been. The field concerned is now the site of the Brady & Jackson family homes on Lough Dan Road. In 1891 the field was owned by Willie Murphy, who was also the owner of "Murphy's Restaurant" which is now The Roundwood Inn.

Ploughing Match in Healy's Field circa 1900

The Legless Ghost Of Calary

The kernel of this rather grisly folklore tale came from that effervescent rambler of the picturesque highways of the "Garden of Ireland", J.B. Malone - a lover of nature whose knowledge of the history and topography of County Wicklow (especially North Wicklow) was equalled by few of his contemporaries.

At the outset I might mention that in order to make this tale more interesting and colourful I have embellished it purposely with descriptive details.

Some time ago I had the pleasure of chatting with "J.B.'s " widow (who usually accompanied her late husband on many of his wanderings in the country), when she told me many interesting facets concerning his cherished hobby as "a stroller of hill and dale."

"J.B." died at the age of 75, but I can still see him in my mind's eye as he set out on one of his countless journeys through Wicklow, cap tilted at a comfortable angle, haversack slung across his right shoulder, his heavy boots laced to within three eyelets from the top (for comfort and ease of movement, he claimed).

"J.B." trips through the lush and rugged countryside of his favourite county were not just haphazard affairs. The "treks", as he sometimes called them, were meticulously planned and mapped (he had spent his working life as a draughtsman in the old Department of Posts and Telegraphs), and were aimed at recording the most striking physical features and the historical connotations associated with them. And he also never failed to pick up a little story or two about the area through which he journeyed.

Calary, that windswept stretch of countryside which lies between Roundwood and the top of the "Long Hill", which descends to the village of Kilmacanogue, was, according to "J.B." even more desolate and rugged in the late 18th century. Access to Kilmacanogue from Roundwood was via little more than a borheen-type trail. On either side, as far as the eye could see, lay vast stretches of flat land, with houses dotted here and there across the landscape.

The story of the legless ghost of Calary goes back to a time when life in rural Ireland, though hard, was leisurely, and roving bards and peddlers were to be met quite frequently.

These nomads were usually friendly men who were always willing to sing songs or recite poems, or do odd jobs for a few pence, or in return for something to eat and a place to lie down for the night.

One of these wandering peddlers was a tall, thin fellow with a stooped back, whom the local people called "Tom the Toiler". Besides being a bit of a bard, Tom also pedalled lucky charms and trinkets which he had fashioned from copper, silver and gold. He built up a thriving business, and it was rumoured that he became a wealthy man.

The story goes that he carried a small fortune in gold coins in a black bag which hung around his neck. His other possessions he carried in a large canvas bag slung over his shoulder.

Distance was no problem for Tom, for his long legs could carry him many miles

each day, and he seemed to be always full of energy. At night he could sleep soundly anywhere. He was, in fact, a healthy, industrious fellow, and by no means easily duped.

One night, it is said, as he walked along the Calary road, eating up the miles with giant steps, a great thunderstorm rocked the district and the rain came down in torrents. Seeing the light from a farmhouse up a borheen, he hurried there and was soon hammering on the door.

The door was opened by a big man who lived there with his wife. He admitted the peddler who offered to pay for food and shelter for the night. A price was agreed, but as Tom was taking a coin from his bag the contents spilled out on to the kitchen table. The farmer and his wife stared at the hoard of shiny gold sovereigns.

That night as the peddler slept on a makeshift bed beside the fireside, his bag of gold sovereigns tied securely about his neck, the farmer and his wife made their plans. Goaded by his greedy wife, the farmer crept out to where the peddler lay asleep and killed him with the blow of a heavy stick. He then tore the bag of coins from around the dead man's neck.

They emptied his large canvas bag and stuffed his body into it. But in spite of all their efforts the peddler's long legs dangled from the bag. They decided to saw them off.

They finished their gruesome task, shoved the legs into the bag with the rest of the body and buried the lot in a nearby wood.

Back in the farmhouse they rubbed their hands in glee as they counted and fondled their ill-gotten gains. They looked forward to many gay nights in the nearest tavern.

One night, about a week after the murder, the farmer and his wife were sitting at the fireside drinking ale, when there was a loud banging on the front door. It was followed by some dreadful cries and shrieks.

Then strange things began to happen. Windows rattled, doors opened suddenly, hissing sounds filled the room and the fire went out. They both jumped up in terror. The dog scurried into hiding under the bed.

The moans and groans continued for a while. Then the front door burst open and into the kitchen came the ghost of the murdered "Tom the Toiler", hobbling on gory knees. It was a terrible sight.

The farmer and his wife fled in terror from the scene and did not return to the house until the next morning.

Many times in the weeks that followed the frightful scene was re-enacted until the pair had been reduced to nervous wrecks. They eventually sold their farm and moved elsewhere, but it made no difference. Wherever they settled "Tom the Toiler's" ghost turned up to terrify them. He continued to haunt them for the rest of their lives.

When asked if he had ever seen a "legless" man in his wanderings about Calary, "J.B." replied, with a twinkle in his eye: "Only once, but he had a half-empty bottle of whiskey in his hand!"

Leo Bowes

The Vartry Reservoir - A Concise History

Although Dublin City is built on the River Liffey the early settlers there relied on the Poddle River for their water needs, as the Liffey was tidal far to the west of the original settlement.

By the 13th century the Poddle was proving inadequate and the Dodder River was then utilized. A weir known as the City Weir was constructed across it, and the water transferred into an artificial water-course known as the City Water course. For many centuries after this supply served Dublin.

By 1775 this supply was proving inadequate and the Corporation obtained an Act of Parliament to enable them to levy a water rate, and in the same year entered into a contract with the owners of the Grand Canal for "an ample supply of water".

In 1806 this supply was proving to be "totally insufficient", the Corporation then entered into contracts with both the Royal and Grand Canals securing - as far as could be calculated then - an ample supply for the City.

The supply from the Canals gave very low pressure and could not supply houses at high level or outlying areas, and periodic outbreaks of waterborne disease had also occurred.

In 1846 a Dublin Improvements Bill was promoted by the Corporation, the main object being to obtain a better supply of water for the City, and in 1847 the bad state of Dublin's water supply was proven by an Inquiry, but nothing was done.

The Dublin Improvements Bill was passed by Government in 1849 and immediately the Corporation directed their attention to improving the water supply. In 1858 negotiations were started with the Canal companies to fix a rate at which they would undertake to supply a guaranteed quantity of water sufficient to supply the City and from such high levels as would secure high pressure. When the Canal companies declined to enter into any such agreement the Corporation decided to go to Parliament for an independent supply. Plans were adopted for obtaining water from the River Liffey - the Coyford Scheme - and placed before parliament.

When the Canal companies found the Corporation were seeking an independent supply they opposed the scheme saying there was no supply like theirs for quality and cheapness. When the Canal companies succeeded in getting rid of the Liffey Scheme, they again declined to guarantee the necessary quality of water at high pressure. Eventually, both parties agreed to the appointment of a Royal Commissioner to examine all the schemes proposed for improving Dublin's water and to support whichever scheme he favoured. The proposed schemes examined were:

The Grand and Royal Canals, the Dodder River, Lough Owel and Lough Sheelin, the Dargle and Lough Bray, the River Liffey and the Vartry River.

In his report dated October 20th 1860 the Commissioner, Sir John Hawkshaw, gave as his opinion:

1. That the present supply of water to Dublin is bad
2. That there is an urgent need for a new supply
3. That the best source from which an improved supply can be obtained is the River Vartry.

The Vartry Scheme, which won the day, was first muted by an Engineer called

Richard Hassard. Although the Liffey and Dodder schemes would have cost less to build the reason the Vartry was chosen was because it passed through the then upmarket areas of Bray, Killiney, Dalkey, Dun Laoghaire, Blackrock and Pembroke and also because of the small number of mill owners who would have to be compensated.

Although the result was unexpected and the cost more than anticipated the Corporation decided to carry out the Commissioners recommendations.

Parke Neville was appointed Engineer-in-Chief and he prepared the plans to place before Parliament.

Although the Canal companies were honour bound to support the Commissioner's decision, they in fact, actively opposed it, the reason being to defeat any scheme that deprived them of providing the supply.

For five weeks in the House of Commons in London the Vartry Scheme was hotly debated and afterwards for six days in the House of Lords. There was a futile attempt to throw out the Bill on the third reading in the Commons and the plan was subject to every opposition but, in the end, the Corporation carried the Bill.

Success in overcoming such severe opposition was mainly due to Sir John Gray, (Chairman of the Corporations Water Works Committee) who was aided by two other members of the Corporation - George Roe and R.D. Kinahan - who were also sent over in charge of the Bill. R.D. Kinahan being in bad health was advised to return to Ireland during the taxing debate but he refused to desert the cause and became seriously ill in the Committee Room of the House of Commons. He died the following day in London and became the Vartry schemes first casualty.

The Vartry Water Bill obtained the Royal Accent on July 21st, 1861 and the Corporation proceeded to carry out the works immediately, the first stone of the scheme being laid in Stillorgan by the Earl of Carlisle on November 10th, 1862.

The Vartry River is 17 miles long and in the 1860's contained only five mills on its entire length. The only one of these above the works was a small structure at Ballinastoe for grinding oats, it worked one pair of stones occasionally.

In the Devils Glen below the works there were two saw mills for cutting timber from the nearby woods and a corn mill owned by Tottenhams, using four pairs of stones. At Ashford there was an oat mill working one pair of stones occasionally.

The catchment area was 14,000 acres and as no rain gauges existed before 1860 there was great difficulty in ascertaining the level of rainfall but it was estimated at 14 inches in a very dry year, a figure which later proved very conservative.

By paying monetary compensation the Corporation became the sole owners of all the rain which falls on the catchment area above the works, and they obtained the absolute right to and control over all the water that flows into the river above the works.

The point selected on the river to site the embankment (dam) to form the storage reservoir is about 1 mile south east of Roundwood village.

It is an earth fill embankment with a clay puddle core and is 1640 feet long, it is 66 feet high at its deepest part and the greatest depth of water is 60 feet.

The Roundwood to Wicklow road is carried over it - the old road being submerged when the reservoir was formed. Last year (1990) during the drop in level of the

Reservoir part of the old road could be clearly seen.

At the end of the embankment there is a 300 feet long overflow which discharges into the bywash channel when the lake overflows. The tunnel under the embankment first used to pass the river water while the dam was being built was made by cutting an open channel 14 feet wide through the solid rock. Through this tunnel go two pipes, a 33 inch to deliver the water to the filter beds, and a 48 inch wide for sluicing purposes, in case the water in the reservoir ever needed to be lowered quickly.

The River Vartry was turned from its natural course through this tunnel on the 30th of June 1863, by the Earl of Carlisle, (Lord Lieutenant of Ireland) and on the same day Sir John Gray received his Knighthood.

A metal bridge leads from the embankment to the water-tower which has three valves which allow water to be drawn off from the Reservoir at different levels. There were originally seven filter beds but four more were added circa 1875. When the water is filtered it passes into two clear water tanks from where it is piped to Dublin via Callow Hill tunnel.

The greatest engineering feat of the works was the Callow Hill tunnel, which is 4,332 yards long. It was driven from 21 shafts, each 200 yards apart and took 3 years and 8 months to construct. The first shaft was opened on the 4th January 1863 and the last in September 1866. The difficulties met with in driving the tunnel were the hardness of the rock and the amount of water entering the tunnel from underground springs.

The average rate of sinking the shafts which varied from 180 to 90 feet in depth was 3.7 feet per week. For the tunnelling the rate was 3.6 feet per week.

Some boring machines were used in the tunnelling but they proved less satisfactory than manpower. The men worked three shifts of 8 hours each and in one of the headings achieved a rate of 5'6" per week. The total cost of the tunnel without lining was £57,766.

From the end of Callow Hill tunnel the water is conveyed 17 miles to Stillorgan by a 33" pipe. At Stillorgan two service reservoirs were built about 250 feet above sea level, from where the water was distributed to Dublin City via 110 miles of mains.

Some of the old lead mains were coated with lime and iron from the Canal water and when the soft Vartry water was first introduced it acted as a solvent and muddied the water. This caused great complaints for a time and the Corporation was ridiculed for bringing "bog water" from Roundwood into the City.

After a few months however, the problem cleared. Before the Vartry water was turned on notice was give to the public that the water would be at high pressure and urging people to have their taps and pipes upgraded. Few people took notice of this warning and when the water was first turned on it caused great commotion, and there was a heavy demand for plumbers who were able to increase their fees dramatically.

For months the waste caused was great, requiring double the amount of water which should have been needed. On the introduction of Vartry Water, Dublin Corporation installed meters and increased their water charges. In 1868 the works were completed and the Canal supplies discontinued. In 1874 the total cost of bringing the Vartry water to Dublin was given was £620,440 or £1 17s 6d (£1.75) per head of the

330,000 population served, which was remarkably low in comparison to Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow and other cities.

The building of the Reservoir had of course social implications for the small rural community of Roundwood with the hugh influx of navvies needed to construct the works. Roundwood became a boomtown and local shops and ale houses did a roaring trade.

Wicklow Jail also reported an increase in business and the Inspectors General report of 1864 states that the increase in crime in the area was due to the *"large number of labourers engaged in operations for constructing a water supply to the metropolis"*. The influx of workers with money to spend had attracted many prostitutes and other low elements and local police were kept busy.

The country at large was undergoing turbulent times during the 1860's, with the rise of the Fenians. The Fenian Rising of March 5th 1867 (centred on south county Dublin) took place during the latter stages of the reservoir construction and the following report dated the 10th of March 1867 was sent by Capt. J.S. Howard of the Wicklow Rifles to the Inspector General of Militia, Dublin Castle:

"No truth in the rumour about our militia being disloyal, men with a few exceptions employed at Roundwood waterworks are accounted for; has blue light to burn at night in case of alarm, shall not fire in the air unless they come with wings". There probably were Fenians working on the reservoir but in the event, the rising quickly fizzled out.

Some 25 years after the reservoir was constructed a very dry summer in 1893 severely taxed the capacity of the reservoir. Engineers of the day are reputed to have gone to extreme lengths to try and make it rain such as firing rockets into the sky. Needless to say these methods didn't work but Mother Nature eventually came to her senses and saved the situation.

It was, however, then decided to build a second impounding reservoir 1 mile north of Roundwood to increase capacity and to augment the original one. It was 1908 before constructions of this "New Works" commenced, and after many problems during its constructions it was eventually completed in 1923.

In 1932-34 four more filter beds were added and in 1987 a modern treatment plant was built which automates the chlorine and fluoride input to the water required by law. Lime is also added from this plant to correct the excessive acidity of the water and modern metering has also been installed.

Dublin's population has increased greatly since the 1860's and the Vartry now only supplies about 20% of the City's needs but for almost 125 years it has served Dublin well, and in it's day was one of the most successful works of its kind ever undertaken. It is a testament to the engineering feats of the 1860's that even after the severe test of "Hurricane Charlie" in August 1986 no major defects were found.

Roundwood and the Vartry Reservoir are of course synonymous, and it therefore comes as a great surprise to many visitors to the area to discover that Roundwood village itself is not supplied by the scheme, a classic case of irony I suppose. It may also surprise a few people to discover that the official name given to the reservoir by Dublin Corporation all those years ago was Lough Vartry, which is surely a more romantic title than the name commonly used by locals, i.e. "The Pond".

Martin Timmons

When Hitler Stopped the St. Kevin's Bus Service

The St. Kevin's Bus Service from Dublin to Glendalough has the unique distinction of being the only licensed private bus service operating out of Dublin and is the only company to survive from the privatisation era of the 1920's and 1930's.

Privatisation of bus routes came in in the 1920's and ended with the Road Transport Act (1933) under which the very powerful Dublin United Tramway Company was given powers to acquire an interest in all the independent operations in the D.U.T.C. operating area. By 1934 most of the independent operators were gone with the exception of the St. Kevin's Bus Service and the Wicklow Hills Bus Company which was taken over by the D.U.T.C. at Easter 1936.

St. Kevin's Bus Service appears to hold to the philosophy of the U.S. Mail Service - 'The Mail Must Get Through' - in that the buses run regardless of the elements and it has been a rare occasion when the service has been halted by mechanical or human reasons.

Back in March 1941, Germany having failed to invade Britain the previous September when the Luftwaffe was defeated for control of the skies by the R.A.F. as the essential prerequisite for the invasion, now attempted to starve Britain into submission by attempting to cut the vital east-bound Atlantic convoys from American ports by submarine warfare.

Very quickly petrol was one of the commodities to be effected by the hostilities and the conflict lengthened, the amount of petrol available through rationing became less and less as supplies became scarcer as Ireland had to rely on whatever quantity Britain was prepared to give us from their own reduced stocks.

In March 1941, petrol was allocated only to those engaged in essential work and even then officials often found that ration was not enough to enable them to carry out all their duties. Despite complaints from public officials, doctors, clergymen and vets, the Ministry of Supplies under Sean Lemass was adamant that no increase in the monthly ration could be given for the foreseeable future due to the scarcity of supplies - a situation which was not expected to improve for months.

The petrol crisis resulted in transport grinding to a halt. Doctors had to plan their rounds with great care to make the most of the 8 gallons per month ration for a 10 h.p. car - patients were asked to make their calls for doctors early in the morning so that doctors could plan the route of their calls.

Public transport was also grinding slowly to a halt and in the 'Wicklow People' of March 22nd 1941 Mr. W.S. Doyle announced that due to the petrol shortage their daily service was being suspended, and that Monday/Wednesday and Friday would be 'dies non'.

Surely one of the few occasions when the St. Kevin's Bus Service was interrupted by international events.

James Scannell

The Lone Hiker

In June of 1935 an English woman - Alice Newstead - was on a hill-walking holiday in Co. Wicklow. She set out from Donard to walk to Glendalough. At Glenmalure she was advised not to proceed across the mountains due to foggy weather. She pressed on however, expressing confidence in her compass and was never seen alive again. Many days later, Bill McCoy , a boatman on the Upper Lake in Glendalough, noticed an unusual reflection of sunlight high over St. Kevin's Bed. (It was caused by the buckle of Alice Newstead's haversack). A search party under Sgt. Cassidy of Glendalough then found the body of Alice Newstead on Lugduff mountain. Alice Newstead was engaged to be married and the following lines were written about the sad event by the Roving Bard.

High o'er the hamlet of Donard where purling streamlets flow
And rocky sentinels seem to guard the fertile plains below
O'er heath-clad slopes of purple hue past boulders stark and nude
A lonely hiker speeds righ through those realms of solitude

A daughter of fair Albion's shore across the Irish Main
She'd fain the Wicklow hills explore ere homeward turn again
Perhaps to cheer her lonely hike she did some lyric sing
So blythe was she and happy like a bird upon the wing

Across each heathery rise and fall and o'er the bleak plateau
She strikes the trail from wild Imaal fair Glenmalure to view
Then from Glenmullard's famed hotel o'er desolate Derrybawn
She steers her course by blackened fell to lonely Killaglaun

No sunbeam pierced with golden ray from out the summer sky
The rolling mists like phantoms grey on Wicklow mountains high
Nor moor fowl called its feathered kind o'er that desolate bare
Maybe perchance the weeping wind, moaned - traveller do beware

Oh! Fresh and green's the verdant spread on Lugduff's mighty brow
But cruel and jagged the rocky bed eight hundred feet below
No kindred soul but God alone saw through the murky gloom
The fatal step - next instant - gone! Down crashing to her doom

Somewhere within a hallowed plot upon her native shore
That hiker's found a resting spot from whence she'll hike no more
But in a glorious hostel grand far from life's troubled sea
Her soul has joined an angel band for all eternity.

Peter Cunningham Grattan (The Roving Bard)

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