

Roundwood & District

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(Continued inside back cover)

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From The Chair

The past year has been another successful one for the Society during which among other activities, we held our first Historical Exhibition in the Old School during the month of August. This proved a tremendous success and may now become an annual event. We have produced a plan of Roundwood village and hope to have an Historical and Tourist map of the area available in the near future.

It now gives me great pleasure to introduce the latest edition of our Historical Journal. As usual it reflects great credit on the people involved and keeps up our record of producing a journal every year since our foundation five years ago. Our heartfelt thanks to the writers of all the articles you are about to enjoy. They spent many long hours researching and writing the articles and theirs is truly a labour of love and we owe a debt of gratitude to them all.

Thanks also to our very generous patrons who continue to support us year after year. Their financial backing is the lifeblood of this Journal. Also the shopkeepers in the area who sell the Journal for us - their assistance is invaluable.

Enjoy the read.

Sean Kavanagh
December 1992

Roundwood District History and Folklore Journal No. 5

Editor Martin Timmons
Assistant Editor Michael Larkin
Typing Monica Farrell
Christina Holt

'History is philosophy from examples'

Dionysius (70 - 6 B.C.)

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Annamoe's Last Days

Annamoe, Co. Wicklow, is at present a very picturesque village near Glendalough. In five years it may have become a legend, for, if present E.S.B. plans for the hydro-electric development of the Avonmore River are carried out, the village of 18 families will disappear under the black waters of Lough Dan.

A huge artificial lake stretching eastwards for about four miles from Annamoe village to Annagowlawn will swallow up about 1,000 acres of this beautiful wooded valley. It is historic country, too, for above the river broods Castlekevin, former stronghold of the O'Tooles, who sheltered Red Hugh O'Donnell after his escape from Dublin Castle.

In this quiet, sun-drenched countryside it seemed strange to hear the throb of heavy machinery. Hitherto the only disturbance had been the sound of motor cars, but the E.S.B. have already begun boring and drilling to test rock in the area for porosity. The Board has contracted a British firm to do this, a six months job. Among the workers are Robert Gault, of Edinburgh, and Michael Landers, from Cardiff, who said that the drillers had to go down to depths of 60 to 70 feet to reach rock. Parts of the area may have to be treated with liquid cement before flooding.

Site of Dams

After these tests have been completed, the E.S.B. will make a decision regarding the placing of the contracts for the dams, one of which may be built across the outlet from Lough Dan and another behind the village near the Protestant rectory.

The Devil's Glen, a well-loved spot of picnickers and campers, is the proposed site of two generating stations which will have a combined annual output of 35 million units.

In addition, portion of the water from the reservoir will be filtered to supply Wicklow town and the new County Hospital at Rathnew.

Most of those living at Annamoe find it difficult to believe that their shops, their homes, and their Post Office are likely to disappear under the torrent of trapped water which will be released from Lough Dan. There certainly is a changeless atmosphere about the village, where a dog asleep on the road practically grumbles about having to move to avoid being run over by a motor car!

Old Family

One family, the Rochfords, have farmed land, near Annamoe, for over a hundred years. In their farmhouse now there are representatives of four generations. Mrs. Helen Rochford, who is over 80, doesn't like the idea of having to move, though like one of her daughters-in-law, Christine, she realises how handy it would be to have running water and electric light in the new house.

Some houses, like that of Dr. Edward O'Shaughnessy, medical officer for the village will be at the edge of the flood water.

"I could stay and fish from my bathroom window," the doctor said, "but as the

dispensary will be moved to the new village I will have to go also."

New roads and bridges will have to be constructed and besides that the scheme will involve the cutting of deep channels in the river bed and the cutting of a tunnel about 400 yards long through the hill above the Devil's Glen.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Doyle keep a guest house on the shores of Lough Dan, where they cater specially for the fishermen who come to test their skill against that of the brown trout in the lake. They, too, will have to leave their home. But the fishing, it is said, will be unaffected! In fact, the trout will grow more plentiful and stronger and fatter, it is contended, in the new feeding grounds with which the scheme will provide them.

Work Wasted

When the E.S.B. plans are carried through, the 15 men who spent about six months draining the land between Moneystown and Annamoe (3 miles distance) will have worked in vain.

Hundreds of acres had been treated under the Land Reclamation Scheme!

Hundreds of gallons of water have been drained away. But now the E.S.B. plan to pour thousands of gallons back again!

For the five years before the waters come to claim it, Annamoe should experience unprecedented prosperity! It will become a little boom town to cater for the hundreds of workers who will be employed on the scheme. And who knows but that many years from now travellers will be told that, if they listen closely, the bells of the church in the lost village of Annamoe may be heard ringing from under the lake!

Michael B. Murphy

The above article first appeared in the Sunday Independent of June 29th 1952.

Did You Know?

According to the Dublin Almanac & General Register of Ireland for 1835, published by Pettigrew & Oulton, 36 Dame Street, Dublin, in a section headed 'Dublin Castle - November 1834', the following gentlemen were returned by Judges of Assizes, to serve the office of High Sheriff for the ensuing year in Wicklow:

Charles David La Touche, Esq., Luggalaw

William Beresford, Esq., Ballinastow, Roundwood

John Parnell, Esq., Avondale, Rathdrum

Roundwood Ladies' Land League

The Land League was founded in 1879 in response to deteriorating economic conditions. The campaign to revolutionise the landlord - tenant relationship was inspired by Michael Davitt and led by Charles Stewart Parnell. The League's aims were summarised by the three F's - fair rent, fixity of tenure and free sale. The ultimate aim was to convert tenant farmers into land owners. Tenants were to unite and to offer their landlord a fair rent. Should this be rejected by him, the tenants were to withhold all payments. No one was to take the farm of a neighbour evicted for refusing to pay an unjust rent. Communities punished transgressors of this code by social ostracism.

As disruption of the Land League through arrests was likely, Davitt initiated a new departure in Irish politics by summoning female understudies. The Central Committee of the Ladies' Land League was established in January 1881 and Anna Parnell, the chief's sister, was invited to take charge. The Ladies' Land League was the first political organisation open to Irishwomen. Local branches sent in the names of lady recruits. On 1st March Anna Parnell issued a circular appealing for the formation of branches in areas which had not yet responded. Ladies' Land League groups were set up in Baltinglass, Barmarrig, Rathdrum, Hollywood, Tinahely and Arklow.

The male chauvinist Land Leaguers of Roundwood suppressed Anna's appeal, and a women's branch was set up only in January 1882. Friction between the male and female wings in Roundwood was mirrored on a countrywide scale. The Roundwood ladies condemned their men's league in a letter to Anna Parnell: "We have on account of their very many defalcations had a great deal of uphill work in establishing the Ladies' League as the people had lost all confidence in them". (3rd April 1882).

"The Ladies Irish National Land League and Political Prisoners' Sustentation Fund and Tenant Defence Association, Roundwood Branch", to give it its full name, consisted of 82 members, who were female relatives of tenant farmers in Castlekevin, Tomriland, Waterpark, Ballyduff, Moneystown, Ballygannon, Paddock, Knockraheen, Raheen, Knockfadda, Park, Knockatemple, Shramore, Toghermore and Roundwood.

Only the widow Murphy of Shramore is listed as holding a farm in her own right. The relations of the Roundwood blacksmith and of two tradesmen also joined. Mrs. Murphy, mentioned above, was president, with Mrs. Kelly of Roundwood as vice-president. The energetic Mary Murphy (Togher House), a Roundwood farmer's and publican's daughter, was secretary and was assisted by Mary Kiely (or Keely) of Parkmore. Treasurer was Martha Davis of Moneystown. The executive committee consisted of Mrs. John Byrne, Roundwood; Mary Keenan, Roundwood; Kate Keenan, Shramore; Anne Hatton, Knockraheen; Alice Carroll, of Castlekevin; and Fannie Murphy, the secretary's sister. The first members joined on 15th January and the last admissions were recorded on 17th June 1882; subscription varied from 1 to 3 shillings per person annually.

On 28th January 1882 the conservative *Wicklow News-Letter* ran the following front-page advertisement by the Roundwood Ladies' Land League: "The committee of the ladies of the above society will meet in Roundwood every Sunday at 1.30 p.m. until

further notice, to receive subscriptions and enrol new members. Contributions earnestly requested".

There was considerable friction in the area between John Mandeville Hugo of Derrybane (Derrybawn), Glendalough, and his tenants, who believed they had traditional "colloping" (Grazing) rights on the mountains of Laragh East and Laragh West. Twenty years previously the tenants had settled the grazing among themselves, but Hugo introduced a new arrangement. He coupled the number of sheep permitted to the acreage of lowland farms and size of rents paid.

Hugo's herdsmen and sheepdogs minded the sheep and tenants were charged two shillings per head a year for this. In case of a tenant being unable to provide his full contingent of sheep, the landlord's animals made up his numbers, even though the tenant had paid the full rent. During a sitting of the land court in march 1882 it emerged that some of Hugo's tenants were small farmers, who had to work as farm labourers or hire out boats on Lough Dan to pay the rent. Hugo's tenants paid a third more rent than Griffith's valuation of their farms would warrant. Among them was John Porter of Carrigeenduff, who held his farm from year to year. The 33-acre holding was valued at £17. 15 shillings, but £24 rent was paid. By March 1882 three years rent were due and Porter, who had a young family, was under threat of eviction.

Hugo, with 17,937 acres being the fifth largest landowner in the county, offered a compromise - the rents would be reduced to Griffith's valuation and a charge of 1s 6d per sheep a year paid for mountain grazing. The number of animals would be linked to the amount of rent paid, while Hugo offered to pay the rates on the mountain land in future. Despite strong pressure, the tenants declined, declaring "they would hold the mountain as long as possible". The landlord's representative regretted their tenacity, claiming that "some sinister influence outside this court" was responsible - did he mean the Roundwood Ladies' Land League?

Widow Mary Carroll of Castlekevin, whose daughter served on the Roundwood committee, was under pressure from her landlord, Charles Frizell, to settle £77. 10s rent arrears or surrender her farm. Deploring the need for an eviction, Frizell suggested to "get her brothers to do something". The farm had been held by Mrs. Carroll's family for 80 years and although valued at £21, 10s, she paid £33, 10s in rent. Mrs. Carroll refused to leave and declined to let her neighbours make a collection for her. According to land League philosophy, the family on the farm should first be provided for during hard times, any subsequent surplus could go to the landlord. The Roundwood branch took up Mrs. Carroll's case and was advised by Central Office: "tell Mrs. Carroll to hold out to the last", apparently under the erroneous impression that other Frizell tenants refused to pay as well. When it emerged that Mrs. Carroll's was an isolated case which Central Office declined to support, Mary Murphy consulted her sister and fellow committee member, Fannie. Mary wrote to Anna Parnell on 5th April 1882: "The tenants in Moneystown - the property joins Frizell's - have refused to pay their rents but Mrs. Carroll was the one to set the example and now if after inciting her to hold out the Land League drop the matter and leave her to suffer for her adherence to their principles and *written instruction*, how can we encourage the Moneystown people in

such a course . . .?" She concluded: "It will be humiliating for her and for us after preaching rebellion *to go begging to a landlord* and say the Land League has failed us". Headquarters relented after the Murphy's representations.

On 15th April the sheriff evicted Mrs. Carroll. A telegram from the landlords' Property Defence Association issued instructions "to nail doors and on no account to allow tenant in again". A Land League hut from the "Irish Implement Factory" in Bridgefoot St., Dublin, was sent out for assembly at Lickeen, Annamoe. Central Office was anxious that this three-roomed wooden emergency home should be as comfortable as possible. A stove was subsequently despatched. At a meeting of the Rathdrum Board of Guardians it emerged that Mrs. Carroll had four dependants, including a "delicate" son and a mildly handicapped daughter. The family were granted five shillings relief for one month.

During the Land War prominent leaguers were imprisoned as "suspects", fatalities occurred during clashes between police and demonstrators. On 6th May 1882 the Invincibles murdered the new Chief Secretary and his Under-secretary. Condemnation was almost universal and included the following statement made at the fortnightly meeting of the Roundwood branch: "with feelings of pain and indignation they heard of the murder committed in Dublin". On the subject of police brutality: "we hear of the disgusting onslaught by police in Ballina with grievous indignation".

Auxiliary police, known as "emergency men", were used to guard evicted farms. Mary Murphy, whose family owned a pub (Togher House) was advised on 31st May 1882: "you would run the risk of losing your licence by refusing drink to emergency men or others of the same class". The ladies at headquarters combined patriotism with self-interest by suggesting "you can charge them double or treble the ordinary price. Any shopkeeper . . . if they sell can do so with advantage to themselves by taking all they can from men who are a disgrace to Ireland".

Fanny Parnell, a key figure of the American Ladies' Land League, died on 19th July 1882. Her early death precipitated Anna's collapse, which may have been a suicide attempt. Mary Murphy inquired anxiously on behalf of the Roundwood branch, to be told: "On Thursday evening she had four doctors attending her and was given over. Dr. Kenny sat up with her for the last two nights, in fact I may say he has not left for the last 48 hours. Will you kindly get all the prayers you can said for the most devoted of women to a nation's cause". Anna's recovery was reported to Roundwood on 8th August: "Miss Lynch will present your congratulations to Miss Parnell this evening. She had a wonderful recovery. Every true Irishman and woman and child sent their prayers to heaven for it".

C.S. Parnell, appalled by the violence unleashed by the land agitation, decided to dissolve both Land Leagues after his release from Kilmainham.

Fine prices paid for fat sheep at Roundwood fair on 26th July were of little use to James Rocheford. As on previous occasions, a potential buyer was warned off when learning that Rocheford was "boycotted". The *Wicklow News-Letter* stated "that Rocheford is unpopular in the neighbourhood owing to his being one of Mr. J.M. Hugo's herds, and having given evidence unfavourable to the tenants in recent

litigation between them and their landlord". The RIC arrested Patrick Davis, a stock dealer of Glencree, and summoned 16 year-old Laurence Murphy of Roundwood, younger brother of Mary and Fannie. Tried on intimidation charges at Newtown Mount Kennedy, Davis was convicted and sentenced to two months' hard labour; his appeal was unsuccessful. Filling out a Ladies' Land League "imprisonment and prosecution form", Mary Murphy stated that the real reason for Davis's arrest was "to elicit if possible information to convict some persons in the locality of boycotting Hugo's herds".

The case against the Roundwood teenager was dismissed as "frivolous", as Larry had jokingly referred to boycotting when he found Rocheford's sheep straying on his father's land. Mary had attributed her brother's prosecution for boycotting or intimidation to "spite, as prisoner's sisters are officers in Ladies' Land League and he has always been prominent in rendering any assistance in his power to forward the interests of the league". Central Committee congratulated Larry's family on his avoiding imprisonment, as well as on their generosity in paying legal expenses and starting a collection for Davis.

In September John Frizell of Castlekevin House was assaulted during Roundwood fair. He had been directing the constabulary to note the names of disorderly men, when ex-soldier Thomas Ryan struck him, shouting "you b... boycotted Frizell, what has it to do with you". Ryan resisted arrest and an attempt was made to rescue him from custody. The fair day crowd sided with the prisoner, who was, nevertheless, sentenced to four months' hard labour.

A printed notice dated 19th August 1882 announced the winding up of the Ladies' Land League and that "Mr. Parnell will deal with applications for relief" till the Dublin Mansion House Committee was operational. Some Hugo tenants had settled with their landlord, but Mrs. Carroll was holding out in the Land League hut. Mary Murphy made considerable efforts on behalf of Mrs. Carroll, entering her case in the Arrears Court and obtaining £8 grant-aid from Central Office, in addition to small sums from the Roundwood branch. In October she received £5 from the Mansion House Funds. C.S. Parnell was slow to respond to requests, which added to the uncertainty of Mrs. Carroll's situation.

Two undated letters from Mary Carroll to Mary Murphy show that tensions erupted. References to sock-knitting and a "factory" suggest Mary Murphy had started a home industry. Mrs. Carroll found this income inadequate: "I hasten to apologise to Miss Murphy and am sorry if I took a wrong meaning from her words... Since I came to reside here you supplied me with goods till two or three weeks ago when you closed your books against me, put your foot down and said I should live on what I earned. Now for dear life I cannot manage more than three or four pair socks in the week. How could two people live on one and ninepence or two and four pence...? It is unlikely that Mrs. Carroll was reinstated in her farm.

In 1892 when John Millington Synge's family holidayed in Castlekevin, the Frizells had left, but the house was still boycotted. The future playwright found the following verses on a doorpost:

In the days of rack renting
And land-grabbing so vile,
A proud, heartless landlord
Lived here a great while.

When the League it was started
And the land-grabbing cry,
To the cold North of Ireland
He had for to fly.

In September 1882 the Roundwood Boys' Land League began their weekly meetings. The proceedings, as reported in *United Ireland*, consisted of poetry and political resolutions. "L. Murphy" read from the "Spirit of the Nation", "J. Keogh" acted as chairman and "J. Hayde recited an interesting composition". Also mentioned was James Carroll, probably a son of Mrs. Carroll. In addition "the meeting was graced by the presence of two of the RIC". Central Office advised Mary Murphy on 19th October that "the government can do what they wish. The boys should continue their meetings even if they had to hold them in a field. The police are trying to frighten them".

The Boys' League soon petered out, but within a few years Laurence Murphy was to introduce the GAA in Roundwood. A police report of 1896 recorded this leading Roundwood Fenian's "active part in the land agitation".

Eva Ó Cathaoir

N.B. To be concluded in the next issue. Additional information on Mary, Fannie and Laurence Murphy would be appreciated.

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Derralossary in Killiskey

The Rev. Hugo Richard Huband, rector of Killiskey Parish from 1893 to 1906 in his "Notes on Killiskey Parish" records the following:

'In the middle of the present map of the parish there is a field marked "Part of Derrilossary". This was a field originally granted to the rector of Derrilossary where he might grow his corn, the climate of his own parish being too harsh to allow of his growing it there.' The area concerned is at Ballardbeg which is close to Kilfea and Nuns Cross.

The Croneybyrne Band

Mid sweet Cillmantain's shady groves
And heath clad hills so grand
There dwell the youths that play the flutes
And fifes in Croney band
The joyful hum of rolling drum
Is caused by them as well
In those fair dales and floral vales
Of which historians tell

A hearty throng, both young and strong
Are they who meet to sound
The glorious days which tell the praise
Of deeds in history found
The Lays of Moore refined and pure
Are chiefly those they play
In our dear land, the Croney band
Is much admired today

How sweet to hear the notes that cheer
An honest Irish heart
When drum and fife recall the strife
Where some heroic part
Was played by those who proudly rose
To right our Motherland
Such tunes as those are sure to please
When played by Croney band

Sweet players are the Bros. Maher
Of equals they have none
Bill Turner he is a treat to see
As he whacked the great big drum
And all the rest I must confess
Acquitted themselves in style
Long may they live such tunes to give
In praise of Erin's isle

But there are some the fifes and drum
With all its charms can't please
Poor Shoneens they are those I say
Whose minds are ill at ease
But I for one will ne'er put on
That vile and hateful brand
As I revere and love to hear
The Croneybyrne band

Success attend each generous friend
Who helped to organise
This sweet this grand exquisite band
A band I dearly prize
May peace and plenty be their lot
And fortunes crown the land
That reared the sons who play the drums
And fifes in Croney band.

When the first Wicklow County Feis was held in Rathdrum on the 21st May 1903, Auhrim Fife and Drum band took first prize with Croneybyrne taking second and Enniskerry third. The following year (1904) Croneybyrne Fife and Drum took first prize with their playing of "Billy Byrne, Ballymanus March". This contest was held on a spacious platform in the Market Square, Rathdrum.

Mr. John Noon, a Dublin bandsman was teacher of the Croneybyrne Band and the members were as follows:

Five Kelly brothers, Montiagh, five Byrne brothers, Glenacoria, two Maher brothers of Croneybyrne, two Roche brothers, Knockrath, Michael and Patrick Kelly, Knockrath, Richard Cullen, Cullentra, Robert Fanning, Slanelough, John Timmons, Parkmore, Andy Doyle, Parkmore, James Dawson, Ballybeg, William Turner and Peter Hetherington, Clara Vale, three Byrne brothers, Garryduff, John Byrne, Clara (who occasionally carried the staff), Charlie Harvey-Graham, Edward Timmons, Peter Brien and Tom Harvey-Graham. The band ceased to exist about 1906 and W.J. Duffy (who was its Hon. President) penned the above lines in their praise.



Cronseybyrne Band circa 1900

Front row left to right: 2nd Peter Brien, 4th Bill Turner, 5th Edward Timmons, 6th Tom Harvey-Graham.

Back row left to right: 1st John Noon, 4th Charlie Harvey-Graham, 5th Richard Cullen, 7th Lar Kelly, 9th Bob Byrne, 10th Jack Maher.

Short Measures

Just before 9.30 a.m. on the morning of Sunday November 2nd 1913, Acting-Sergeant Galligen accompanied by a Constable Smith moved through Roundwood village with great speed and headed for Togher House, the grocery cum public house operated by Mrs. Margaret Murphy at Toghermore. Mrs. Murphy was the wife of the Department of Agriculture agent, Laurence Murphy, who had sheep dipping equipment at the rear of the premises.

On arrival at the premises, Acting-Sergeant Galligen waited for Constable Smith to take up his position at the rear of the premises and then in unison the two men entered the building, the sergeant from the front and the constable from the rear.

On entry the acting sergeant found a number of people on the premises who were identified later as - Edward Quinn, Carrigeenshinnagh, George Behan, Carrigeenshinnagh, John Porter, Baltinanima, Daniel Quinn, no fixed address.

The last two were bought into the building by Constable Smith who found them outside at the rear.

The police received a distinct lack of co-operation from the men to the extent that they were satisfied that intoxication drink was being served outside the permitted hours - and after preparing their case-issued summonses to all concerned.

The police based their case on the following facts unaware that there were a number of defects which would become apparent when the case was heard.

Edward Quinn said that on the day in question he has entered the premises to purchase tobacco and groceries and that he considered himself a bona-fide traveller. George Behan lived opposite him and most likely the two men had gone together to the premises to do this. There were no partitions on the counter to divide it into sections for the sale of groceries, tobacco and intoxicating liquor. The police measured the distance from the premises to Quinn's using a 22 yard tape measure calculating the distance at 2 miles, 6 furlongs, 29 perches and 7 yards. The measurement was undertaken by Acting-Sergeant Galligen who decided that the two men could not claim 'traveller' status as the distance was less than 3 miles.

Daniel Quinn, who was employed at the Waterworks as a Navvie claimed that he had stopped at Mrs. Hughes, Fort Road, and claimed that this was the required distance but Mrs. Hughes denied that he had stopped there.

John Porter claimed that he had entered Murphy's Yard to light his pipe but did not tell the police at that time that his real reason was that he wanted to see Mr. Murphy who was upstairs shaving. Porter claimed that the reason he did not give the police a true account of why he was on the premises was the fact that he was reluctant to allow the police to know his business - a reference to the fact that the police had to collect information for a variety of government departments in addition to their normal police duties.

A mixed bag of stories and excuses but the police were convinced that there was a case to be answered and the matter came up for trial at the January 1914 month-

sitting of the Newtownmountkennedy Petty Sessions.

Hearing the case were Captain the Hon. H. de Vese Pery, Resident Magistrate, presiding, and with him Major C.R.D. Gun Cuninghame, D.L., Dr. Harte, Dr. Stephens, H.H. Hall and Mr. Moynihan.

Mrs. Murphy was charged with keeping her premises open for the sale of intoxicating drink on the morning of Sunday November 2nd November 1913.

Edward Quinn, George Behan, John Porter and Daniel Quinn were charged with having being found on her premises on the morning of Sunday 2nd 1913.

Not guilty pleas were given by Mrs. Murphy, Edward Quinn, George Behan and John Porter. Daniel Quinn however pleaded 'Guilty'.

The case was prosecuted for the police by District Inspector Molony while Wicklow solicitor J.H. McCarroll appeared for the defendents.

The principal police witnesses were Acting-Sergeant Galligen and Constable Smith who recounted to the Court the chain of events that particular Sunday morning. Mr. McCarroll had no problems with the evidence from the former but with the latter he exposed grave shortcomings in his account of events as they occurred and cast great doubts on his credibility as a reliable witness.

The trump card which the defence brought forward was Mr. J.B. Lowey, G.E., engineer to the Rathdrum Rural District Council who said that when he had measured the distance from Mrs. Murphy's to Edward Quinn's, he had found it to be 3 miles and 22 yards. Behan's house was across the road to Quinns. When asked how he had calculated the distance, Mr. Lowey stated he had measured it by chain and not from an ordnance survey map. And then came the breakthrough as it emerged that when the police had measured the distance, they had gone across the fair green which in fact was not a public right of way. While there were no gates on the fair green at that time, they could be put up quickly and there was still a toll keeper appointed.

The case of Porter occupied the final stages of the hearing. Porter said that he had gone to the premises to see Mr. Murphy and had gone into the yard to light his pipe when he was arrested by Constable Smith. John Moran, one of the assistants on duty said that he heard Barry Brady ask Daniel Quinn (and no doubt the others) the usual questions before he admitted them to the premises. He confirmed that Porter had left the premises and went out to the yard.

After this both District Inspector Molony and J.H. McCarroll made their closing arguments. As far as District Inspector Molony was concerned, it was a straightforward matter and that they should find in favour of the prosecution.

Mr. McCarroll in his closing argument, said that the police had not measured the distance correctly in the case of Edward Quinn and George Behan; that there was doubt about the evidence of Constable Smith in relation to Porter and that Mrs. Murphy's staff had taken sufficient precautions to ensure that those who claimed to be bona-fide travellers' were so, and therefore should find in favour of the defence.

The magistrates then retired to consider their verdict and following a short recess returned to state that unanimously they had decided to dismiss the case against Edward Quinn and George Behan; gave the benefit of the doubt to John Porter and dismissed

the case against him as well as the case against Mrs. Murphy.

The luckless Daniel Quinn who had pleaded 'guilty' was fined 10/- and costs.

The magistrates also indicated that they considered the measurements made by Mr. Lowey, C.E., far more reliable and accurate than those obtained and used by the police.

James Scannell

Bloom-n-water

What did Bloom see on the range?

On the right (smaller) hob a blue enamelled saucepan: on the left (larger) hob a black iron kettle.

What did Bloom do at the range?

He removed the saucepan to the left hob, rose and carried the iron kettle to the sink in order to tap the current by turning the faucet to let it flow.

Did it flow?

Yes. From Roundwood reservoir in County Wicklow of a cubic capacity of 2,400 million gallons, percolating through a subterranean aqueduct of filter mains of single and double pipeage constructed at an initial plant cost of £5 per linear yard by way of the Dargle, Rathdown, Glen of the Downs and Callowhill to the 26 acre reservoir at Stillorgan, a distance of 22 statute miles, and thence, through a system of relieving tanks, by a gradient of 250 feet to the city boundary at Eustace Bridge, Upper Leeson Street, though from prolonged summer drought and daily supply of 12 and a half million gallons the water had fallen below the sill of the overflow weir for which reason the borough surveyor and waterworks engineer, Mr. Spencer Harty, C.E., on the instructions of the waterworks committee, had prohibited the use of municipal water for purposes other than those of consumption (envisaging the possibility of recourse being had to the impotable water of the Grand and Royal canals as in 1893) particularly as the South Dublin Guardians, notwithstanding their ration of 15 gallons per day per pauper supplied through a 6 inch meter, had been convicted of a wastage of 20,000 gallons per night by a reading of their meter on the affirmation of the law agent of the corporation, Mr. Ignatius Rice, solicitor, thereby acting to the detriment of another section of the public, self-supporting taxpayers, solvent, sound.

James Joyce
(Ulysses)

Roundwood Charter School

It may help to begin by describing what a charter school was. The charter in question was given by George II to 'The Incorporated Society in Dublin for Promoting English Protestant Schools in Ireland' in the year 1733 (1734 by our calendar). The word 'English' in the title indicated that these were not to be classical, Latin schools, and the word Protestant betokened as was so often the case, the Established Church of Ireland.

The charter schools have a bad name, and when we read the many critical reports on them, including those by John Howard, the prison reformer, who was accustomed to witnessing appalling human suffering in gaols throughout Europe, we realise that they came to deserve the reputation that they gained.

Yet the concept that lay behind the founding of the schools (never more than about sixty, but situated all over Ireland), however foreign it may seem to the modern mind, was not particularly reprehensible in early eighteenth century Ireland. Indeed the founders of the Incorporated Society included those selfsame individuals who promoted such worthy institutions as the Linen Board and the (Royal) Dublin Society. They believed that the Irish poor needed 'improvement' and that the way to bring this about was to make them Protestant and provident, (often seen as two sides of the one coin!) The schools would bring up the children of the Irish peasantry ("popish and other poor natives") in the faith and practice of the Church of Ireland, give them a rudimentary education in reading, writing and arithmetic, and, highly important, train the boys in husbandry and the girls in domestic skills and spinning. Ideally, the schools were to become little islands of self-sufficient prosperity, spreading their benign influence throughout the land.

The scheme did not, however, appear particularly benign to the inmates of the schools, and the children came to be, in many cases, grossly neglected and seriously exploited by masters and mistresses who were expected to make them to some extent pay their way by their labour. Furthermore, it was a basic principle of the charter schools to keep the children from the influence of their parents and others and others who might interfere with their upbringing. So they were boarding-schools and children were often 'transplanted' from their native area to a school remote from their relations. Some of them would have been separated from their families since infancy, having being brought up in one or other of the 'provincial nurseries', like that of Monastererevan, which still stands as a monument, however grim, to the religious and educational practices of two centuries ago.

Schools were usually endowed by local landlords, and the school, at Roundwood was established on the Roundwood Park estate of the Hon. John Temple (hence Templestown School), who endowed it with forty-one acres of land for ever. Thomas Acton paid for the buildings, and the school opened (in extremely bad weather) in December 1737. The local committee of clergy and gentry reported to the Society in 1740 that there were ten boys and ten girls living there, the boys spending their time in reading, writing, catechism and 'digging potatoes, fodding cattle and clearing land

of stones', while the girls (besides reading and catechism) were washing all the linen, doing domestic chores, and spinning. Writing is not listed for girls.

In the 1770's the Society embarked on a scheme of retrenchment, and Templestown, because it needed large sums of money to put it in proper repair, was among the casualties. The children were dispersed to other schools, the furniture was disposed of, and the land re-conveyed to the original founders or their representatives. John Sutton, 'the late master', as was often the case seems to have lived on in the building for some time, grazing the land.

The Charter School premises which still stands, is located close to Roundwood cemetery and its last resident was Mrs. Sylvia Marshall who died in the mid 1970's. In the early 1980's it was used in the "Bracken" TV series.

Dr. Kenneth Milne

The Village I Love

Like a rose in the Garden of Ireland
Stands the village of Annamoe,
In my dreams I hear it calling,
And it's there that I want to go.

With its little whitewashed cottages
And flower-covered walls,
With friendly and gentle people
Whose kindness I'll always recall.

At night when the moon is shining
Stars twinkle in the sky,
Lighting up that quaint little village
To bring beauty to the eye.

To the east lies Castlekevin
With scenery hard to compare,
And hills and valleys so striking
And glades and verdure rare.

But Annamoe is still the gem
In Co. Wicklow's crown.
It's there that sorrow is destroyed
And happiness is grown.

And should the miles divide us
It's in my heart I know
I'll never forget that sweet place,
The lovely village of Annamoe.

Leo Bowes

When Thackeray Came To Town

Standing by a big, shining, granite stone on the hill-top, we looked immediately down upon Lough Tay — a little round lake of half a mile in length, which lay beneath us as black as a pool of ink — a high, crumbling, white-sided mountain falling abruptly into it on the side opposite to us, with a huge ruin of shattered rocks at its base. Northwards, we could see between mountains, a portion of the neighbouring lake of Lough Dan, which, too, was dark, though the Annamoe river, which connects the two lakes, lay coursing through the greenest possible flats, and shining as bright as silver. Brilliant green shores, too, come gently down to the southern side of Lough Tay; through these runs another river, with a small rapid or fall, which makes a music for the lake; and here, amidst beautiful woods, lies a villa, where the four horses, the groom, and valet, the postilions, and the young couple we met had, no doubt, been hiding themselves.

Hereabouts, the owner of the villa, Mr. Latouche, has a great grazing establishment; and some herd-boys, no doubt seeing strangers on the hill, thought proper that the cattle should stray that way, that they might drive them back again, and parenthetically ask the travellers for money — everybody asks travellers for money, as it seems. Next day, admiring in a labourer's a little child — his master's son, who could not speak — the labourer, his he-nurse, spoke for him, and demanded a little sixpence to buy the child apples. One grows not a little callous to this sort of beggary; and the only one of our numerous young guides who got a reward was the raggest of them. He and his companions had just come from school, he said — not a Government school, but a private one, where they paid. I asked how much — 'Was it a penny a week?' 'No; not a penny a week, but so much at the end of the year.' 'Was it a barrel of meal, or a few stones of potatoes, or something of that sort?' 'Yes: something of that sort'.

The something must, however, have been a very small something on the poor lad's part. He was one of four young ones, who lived with their mother, a widow. He had no work; he could get no work; nobody had work. His mother had a cabin, with no land — not a perch of land, no potatoes — nothing but the cabin. How did they live? — the mother knitted stockings. I asked, had she any stockings at home? — the boy said, 'No'. How did he live? — he lived how he could; and we gave him threepence, with which, in delight, he went bouncing off to the poor mother. Gracious Heavens! what a history to hear, told by a child looking quite cheerful as he told it, and as if the story was quite a common one. And a common one, too, it is: and God forgive us.

Here is another, and of a similar low kind, but rather pleasanter. We asked the car-boy how much he earned. He said, 'Seven shillings a week, and his chances,' which in the summer season, from the number of tourists that are jolted in his car, must be tolerably good — eight or nine shillings a week more probably. But he said, in winter, his master did not hire him for the car; and he was obliged to look for work elsewhere: as for saving, he never had saved a shilling in his life.

We asked him, was he married: and he said, No, but he was as good as married;

for he had an old mother and four little brothers to keep, and six mouths to feed, and to dress himself decent to drive the gentlemen. Was not he 'as good as married' a pretty expression? And might not some of what are called their betters learn a little good from these simple poor creatures? There's many a young fellow who sets up in the world, would think it rather hard to have four brothers to support; and I have heard more than one genteel Christian pining over five hundred a year. A few such may read this, perhaps: let them think of the Irish widow, with the four children and *nothing*, and at least be more contented with their port and sherry, and their leg of mutton.

This brings us at one to the subject of dinner; and the little village, Roundwood, which was reached by this time, lying a few miles off from the lakes, and reached by a road not particularly remarkable for any picturesqueness in beauty, though you pass through a simple pleasing landscape, always agreeable as a repose, I think, after viewing a sight so beautiful as those mountain lakes we have just quitted. All the hills up which we had panted had imparted a fierce sensation of hunger; and it was nobly decreed that we should stop in the middle of the street of Roundwood, impartially between the two hotels, and solemnly decide upon a resting-place after having inspected the larders and bedrooms of each.

And here, as an impartial writer, I must say, that the hotel of Mr. Wheatly possesses attractions which few men can resist, in the shape of two very handsome young ladies, his daughters, whose faces, were they but painted on his signboard, instead of the mysterious piece which ornaments it, would infallibly draw tourists into the house, thereby giving the opposition inn of Murphy not the least chance of custom.

A landlord's daughters in England, inhabiting a little country inn, would be apt to lay the cloth for the traveller, and their respected father would bring in the first dish of the dinner; but this arrangement is never known in Ireland; we scarcely ever see the cheering countenance of my landlord. And as for the young ladies of Roundwood, I am bound to say that no young persons in Baker Street could be more genteel; and that our bill, when it was brought the next morning, was written in as pretty and fashionable a lady's hand as ever was formed in the most elegant finishing school at Pimlico.

Of the dozen houses of the little village, the half seem to be houses of entertainment. A green common (fairgreen) stretches before these, with its rural accompaniments of geese, pigs, and idlers; a park and plantation at the end of the village, and plenty of trees round about it, give it a happy, comfortable, English look; which is, to my notion, the best compliment that can be paid to a hamlet; for where, after all, are villages so pretty?

Here, rather to one's wonder, for the district was not thickly enough populated to encourage dramatic exhibitions, a sort of theatre was erected on the common; a ragged cloth covering the spectators and the actors, and the former (if there were any) obtaining admittance through tow doors on the stage in front, marked PIT & GALERY. Why should the word not be spelt with one L. as with two?

The entrance to the pit was stated to be threepence, and to the 'galery' twopence. We heard the drums and pipes of the orchestra, as we sat at dinner; it seemed to be a good opportunity to examine Irish humour of a peculiar sort, and we promised

ourselves a pleasant evening in the pit.

But, although the drums began to beat at half-past six, and a crowd of young people formed round the ladder at that hour, to whom the manager of the troop addressed the most vehement invitations to enter, nobody seemed to be inclined to mount the steps; for the fact, most likely, was, that not one of the poor fellows possessed the requisite twopence, which would induce the fat old lady who sat by it to fling open the gallery door. At one time, I thought of offering a half-crown for a purchase of tickets for twenty, and so at once benefiting the management and the crowd of ragged urchins who stood wistfully without his pavilion. But it seemed ostentatious, and we had not the courage to face the tall man in the great-coat, gesticulating in front of the stage, and make the proposition.

Why not? It would have given the company potatoes, at least, for supper, and made a score of children happy. They would have seen 'the learned pig who spells your name, the feats of manly activity, the wonderful Italian vaulting;' and they would have heard the comic songs by 'your humble servant'.

'Your humble servant'; was the head of the troop: a long man, with a broad accent, a yellow top-coat, and a piteous lean face. What a speculation was this poor fellow's! He must have a company of at least a dozen to keep. There were three girls in trousers, who danced in front of the stage, in Polish caps, tossing their arms about to the tunes of three musicians; there was a page, two young tragedy actors, and a clown; there was the fat old woman at the gallery door, waiting for the twopences; there was the Jack Pudding; and it was evident that there must have been some one within, or else who would take care of the learned pig?

The poor manager stood in front, and shouted to the little Irishry beneath; but no one seemed to move. Then he brought forward Jack Pudding, and had a dialogue with him; the jocularity of which, by Heavens! made the heart ache to hear. We had determined, at least, to go to the play before that, but the dialogue was too much: we were obliged to walk away, unable to face that dreadful Jack Pudding; and heard the poor manager shouting still, for many hours through the night, and the drums thumping vain invitations to the people. Oh, unhappy children of the Hibernian Thespis! It is my belief that they must have eaten the learned pig that night for supper.

It was Sunday morning when we left the little inn at Roundwood; the people were flocking in numbers to church, on cars and pillions, neat, comfortable and well dressed. We saw in this country more health, more beauty, and more shoes than I have remarked in any quarter. That famous resort of sightseers, the Devil's Glen, lies at a few miles distance from the little village; and, having gone on the car as near to the spot as the road permitted, we made across the fields—boggy, stony, ill-tilled fields they were—for about a mile, at the end of which walk we found ourselves on the brow of the ravine that has received so ugly a name.

Is there a legend about the place? No doubt, for this, as for almost every other natural curiosity in Ireland, there is some tale of monk, saint, fairy or devil; but our guide in the present day was a barrister from Dublin, who did not deal in fictions by any means so romantic, and the history, whatever it was, remained untold. Perhaps the

little breeches-less cicerone who offered himself would have given us the story, but we dismissed the urchin with scorn, and had to find our own way through bush and bramble down to the entrance of the gully.

Here we came on a cataract, which looks very big in Messrs. Curry's pretty little Guide-book (that every traveller to Wicklow will be sure to have in his pocket), but the waterfall, on this shining Sabbath morning, was disposed to labour as little as possible, and, indeed, is a spirit of a very humble, ordinary sort.

But there is a ravine of a mile and a half, through which a river runs roaring (a lady who keeps the gate will not object to receive a gratuity), there is a ravine or Devil's Glen, which forms a delightful wild walk, and where a Methusaleh of a landscape-painter might find studies for all his life long. All sorts of foliage and colour, all sorts of delightful caprices of light and shadow — the river tumbling and frothing amidst the boulders — *raucum per laevia murmur saxa ciens*, and a chorus of 150,000 birds (there might be more), hopping, twittering, singing under the clear cloudless Sabbath scene, make this walk one of the most delightful that can be taken; and, indeed I hope there is no harm in saying, that you get as much out of an hour's walk there as out of the best hour's extempore preaching. But this was as a salve to our conscience for not being at church.

The country people, however, are far more pious; and the road along which we went to Glendalough was thronged with happy figures of people plodding to or from mass. A chapel-yard (probably Annamoe) was covered with grey cloaks; and at a little inn hard by stood numerous carts, cars, shandrydans, and pillioned horses, awaiting the end of the prayers. The aspect of the country is wild, and beautiful of course; but why try to describe it? I think the Irish scenery just like Irish melodies — sweet, wild, and sad even in the sunshine. You can neither represent one nor the other by words; but I am sure if one could translate 'The Meeting of the Waters' into form and colours, it would fall into the exact shape of a tender Irish landscape. So, take and play that tune upon your fiddle, and shut your eyes, and muse a little, and you have the whole scene before you.

I don't know if there is any tune about Glendalough; but if there be, it must be the most delicate, fantastic, fairy melody that ever was played. Only fancy can describe the charms of that delightful place. Directly you see it, it smiles at you as innocent and friendly as a little child; and once seen, it becomes your friend or ever, and you are always happy when you think of it. Here is a little lake and little fords across it, surrounded by little mountains, and which lead you now to little islands where there are all sorts of fantastic little old chapels and graveyards; or again into little breaks or shrubberies where small rivers are crossing over little rocks, splashing and jumping, and singing as loud as ever they can. Thomas Moore has written rather an awful description of it; and it may indeed appear big to *him*, and to the fairies who must have inhabited the place in old days, that's clear. For who could be accommodated in it except the little people?

There are seven churches, whereof the clergy must have been the smallest persons, and had the smallest benefices and the littlest congregations ever known. As for the

Cathedral, what a bishoplet it must have been that presided there! — the place would hardly hold the Bishop of London, or Mr. Sydnal Smith — two full-sized clergymen of these days — who would sure to quarrel there for want of room, or for any other reason. There must have been a dean no bigger than Mr. Moore before mentioned, and a chapter no bigger than that chapter in *Tristram Shandy* which does not contain a single word, and mere popguns of canons, and a beadle about as tall as Crofton Croker, to whip the little boys who were playing at taw (with peas) in the yard.

They say there was a university, too, in the place, with I don't know how many thousand scholars; but for accounts of this, there is an excellent guide on the spot, who, for a shilling or two, will tell all he knows, and a great deal more too.

There are numerous legends, too, concerning Saint Kevin, and Fin MacCoul and the devil, and the deuce knows what. But these stories are, I am bound to say, abominably stupid and stale; and some guide ought to be seized upon, and choked, and flung into the lake, by way of warning to the others to stop their interminable prate. This is the curse attending curiosity: for visitors to almost all the showplaces in the country; you have not only the guide, who himself talks too much, but a string of ragged amateurs starting from bush and briar, ready to carry his honour's umbrella, or my lady's cloak, or to help either up a bank or across a stream. And all the while they look wistfully in your face, saying 'Give me sixpence!' as clear as looks can speak. The unconscionable rogues! How dare they, for the sake of a little starvation or so, interrupt gentlefolks in their pleasure!

A long tract of wild country, with a park or two here and there, a police barrack perched on a hill, (probably Laragh), a half-starved-looking church stretching its long, scraggy steeple over a wide plain, mountains whose base is richly cultivated while their tops are purple and lonely, warm cottages and farms nestling at the foot of the hills, and humble cabins here and there on the wayside, accompany the car that jingles back over fifteen miles of ground through Enniskerry to Bray. You pass by wild gaps and greater and lesser Sugar-Loaves; and about eight o'clock, when the sky is quite red with sunset, and the long shadows are of such a purple as (they may say what they like) Claude could no more paint than I can, you catch a glimpse of the sea, beyond Bray, and crying out, affect to be wondrously delighted by the sight of that element.

The fact is, however, that at Bray is one of the best inns in Ireland; and there you may be perfectly sure is a good dinner ready, five minutes after the honest car-boy, with innumerable hurroos and smacks of his whip, has brought up his passengers to the door with a gallop.

W. M. Thackeray

William Makepeace Thackeray spent two days in Wicklow in September 1842 travelling from Dublin to Roundwood the first day and from Roundwood to Glendalough and back to Bray the second. His 'Irish Sketch Book' was published the following year (1843) and it met with opposition from his own peers owing to his sympathy for the Irish Peasant Classes. 150 years ago in 1842 the population of Ireland was over 8 million and the Great Famine was looming. The 'Irish Sketch Book' is now considered the best of its kind due to the insight and literary skill displayed by Thackeray.

The Boatmen of Glendalough (And the Tour Guide)

Up the road they come. The Tour Party. At least thirty of them. Mostly Irish but a mixture of Americans, Germans and French thrown in to give it an international flavour. They departed St. Stephen's Green about an hour ago to 'see the sights' under the practical arrangement of a fixed itinerary, a predetermined route and a set fee. They follow a Guide. They stop when he tells them to stop. Walk when he sets off again. He points to the left. They look to the left. They crowd around him and affect enthusiasm as he points out and indicates another 'interesting aspect of the place'. Occasionally he cracks a joke or relates a 'funny story'.

The road along the lake-side is surfaced with the overburden from worked-out lead mines at the top of the valley. Quartz particles glisten in the shafts of sunlight that penetrate the rich canopy of Scotch pine planted in an avenue on both sides and in terraced rows up the side of the mountain. A foot path leads down to three small stone jetties. At the top of the track a hawthorn bush provides additional shelter. Close by the boatmen stand waiting: Lar and Ned Bolger. Lar smoking the perennial Woodbine. Ned peering down the road trying to identify the Tour Guide approaching with his party. The boatmen of Glendalough. I am fourteen years of age and proud to be associated with them.

They are big men. Big in every sense and meaning of the word. They exude an aura of moral integrity, of simple but straightforward honesty. They have no hang-ups, nothing to prove. They live in harmony with their environment, with their persona. They have innocent child-like qualities and I do not feel threatened or intimidated when I am in their company. To the Tour Guide they are at best 'simpletons', more likely referred to as 'local yokels'. In contrast to him they do not take themselves seriously and we often have a good laugh when we study his antics and his preening and posturing for the benefit of his entourage.

Ned is short-sighted and wears glasses with milk bottom lenses. He also has a bad speech impediment. This can be funny when he gives his commentary as we row the boat across to St. Kevin's Bed. Often he is asked questions and at times it takes him so long to respond that I am tempted to put him out of his misery and answer for him. But I never do because I can see that he has already developed a rapport with his passengers. He could easily reply with a 'Yes' or 'No' and leave it at that. He could engage in 'parrot-speak' like the Tour Guide but his appreciation of the interest they have in his locale is shown by the mild embarrassment he is prepared to suffer in responding as honestly and as intelligently as he can to their questions. These people are not part of a 'tour' and if they are they have wilfully detached themselves from it. For that reason an extra effort is made on their behalf.

They are both strong men. The strongest men I have ever met. My uncle, Ger Conway, works in a sawmill in Glendalough. I've seen him lift and toss sections of trees the sight of which would have the caber tossers from the Highlands of Scotland transfixed in envy and awe. He's a strong man too. I'd like to think he's as strong as Lar

or Ned. But I've never seen him put to the same test.

I've never seen a man other than Ned or Lar stand up in the forrad quarter of a passenger ship's lifeboat; for that's what these boats were. Aye; maybe twenty four or twenty six foot long, and able to carry over thirty passengers. Stand up and lace fingers round the butt ends of two seventeen foot oars and from a standing start pull a boat load of people into the eye of a stiff northerly wind funnelling and fuming down the length of the lake and raising the peat stained water into waves of eight or nine feet, leaving white foam streaks trailing behind. Straining for what seems like an eternity just to get the boat moving. To get 'way under her'. The wind and the waves forcing her back. In danger of grounding on the shallow bottom at the lower end of the lake. The audience on the bank watching. The embarrassment of having to disembark passengers and give them back their money. And of frightening off those others who might be similarly contemplating a venture onto the dark forbidding waters of the lake.

But it never happened. Not while I was there anyway. Holding his own now. The oars beginning to bite. A barely perceptible indication of forward motion. Slowly, agonisingly gaining momentum. Short strokes at first, gradually lengthening into a more rhythmic cadence. Wisps of spray beginning to blow in across the bow. Passengers recoil at the first icy touch of black mountain water, not knowing that to the boatman it is a blessing, a soothing salve to his sweat streaked arms and upper torso. Still standing. Wrists and arms locked in muscular tension around the oars. Neck veins distended as he draws the blades through the water and completes another stroke. Legs like three trunks locked and braced between the ribs on both sides of the keelson. Eyes focused on a stern bearing. A dollop of water breaks in over the bows and he welcomes it because he knows that he has at last got sufficient momentum forward to allow him to sit down on the forrad thwart and stroke her along with apparent effortless ease.

A second wave breaks on board and this time one of the passengers reaches forward and offers a plastic raincoat. He politely refuses it. He relishes the embrace of cold water. The collarless shirt open to the waist has become transparent and sticks to him like a second skin. The large brass buckle of his belt picks up the sun's rays and sends morse code signals to the shore-line. The stud in the peak of the tweed cap is open. He eases it onto the back of his head in what appears to be both a gesture of relief and a salute and acknowledgement of the people in the boat for the first time. He starts his commentary.

Yes, these are the boatmen of Glendalough. Soon to be condemned to obscurity because the work they do is considered 'too dangerous'. They are the last link in a tradition that goes back hundreds of years. Not just boatmen, they also act as Guides when the weather is favourable and they are able to land passengers on the rocky enclave beneath the hermit's cave and without the benefit of ropes, carabiners and all the accoutrements of the professional 'rock climber' they will confidently guide those individuals whose intention it is to enter the cave, rest their head where the saint allegedly rested his and make three wishes while doing so. And in the years I worked there on my school holidays and did Guide work on the rock face myself I can vouch for the fact that a number did return to give thanks for wishes made and fulfilled.



St. Kevin's Bed and Chair, from the Lake,
Glendalough
84205 J.V.

The Tour Guide and his party have now reached the track that leads down to the boats. Afraid that some of the more adventurous members may disengage and attempt to investigate the pretty stone jetty and the boats moored alongside, he turns towards his audience but continues to walk BACKWARDS. This is a skill he has developed to perfection. He reverses past without a nod of recognition to the boatmen and his comedy of errors continues. He is telling them that the Round Tower is 114 feet high and that coincidentally the lake is 114 feet deep. I cannot dispute the first assertion because I have never had the inclination nor the wherewithal to climb the Tower and measure it but I have sounded the waters of the lake. I've used up three fishing lines trying to get bottom. I know that there are parts of it deeper than 114 feet. So deep in fact that Lar's one concession to exaggeration when he tells passengers that the lake is 'bottomless' and that consequently there is a large community of Glendalough people living in Australia, is excusable in the circumstances. With the added warning (and probably why the story is being related anyway) that if those people leaning over the side of the boat and trailing their hands through the water don't stop it, they'll soon be joining them!

The Guide continues on up the road and he eventually comes to a stop at a clearing in the trees where it is possible to look across the lake and see the small opening of the cave in the rock face. That is the monk's cell' he tells them. "Where St. Kevin went to hide from the beautiful Kathleen. Where in a fit of anger and rage he forced her from his 'bed' and hurtled her into the waters eighty feet below. And if you look directly below where you're standing you'll see a flat slab of rock. That is known as Kathleen's Rock. Her ghost is often seen there, combing her long flowing hair and all the time looking over to that cave in the rock". And his commentary continues. He's giving them an 'authentic' account of what is alleged to have happened in the 6th century. Something for which there is scanty evidence and little if any documentary proof.

But they are not interested in fact. The more outlandish the story he tells them the better they like it. They're in Ireland and they expect to hear fairy tales. The Irish members of the party have already convinced the others that leprechauns exist. The Yanks believe they have already spotted a few. By the end of the day the Tour Guide will have convinced the sceptical Germans and the romantic French that they have as well.

And the Group stays together. And nobody gets lost. And each day they follow a 'schedule'. And as the expression goes they 'do' a city, a town, a country and sometimes even a whole continent. They return home safely without ever having taken a risk. Follow the Guide and you will be safe. Don't go down the path that leads to the jetty. You might meet Ned and Lar. You might step into their boat. You might even rock it!

Seamus Organ

Seamus Organ, who is a nephew of Miles and Ger Conway spent many happy days in the 1950's working on the boats to and from St. Kevin's Bed. He now lives in Paisley, Scotland, and wrote this article some years ago in memory of Lar and Ned Bolger, who are both now deceased. (R.J.P.) Alas! The boats have long since disappeared from the Upper Lake of Glendalough but tourists from all over the world still walk past the abandoned jetty.

The Snow of '47

On Sunday Jan. 26th 1947, as people made their way to Mass in Roundwood the first flurries of snow of what was later to be long remembered as the "Snow of '47" blew in from Russia. Snow falling in the Roundwood area in January was not unusual and local people were not unduly perturbed as February was just around the corner and there was a noticeable stretch in the evenings. Five miles away in Moneystown, the people dispersed as usual after Mass little knowing that it would be some six weeks later before Mass would be celebrated in their little church again.

In the local ale-houses, the main topic of conversation was most likely the upcoming Toghher Agricultural Day set for February 6th. This was the biggest day of the year in the locality with its Horse-Ploughing and Showjumping competitions but, after three postponements it would not take place that year for the first time in living memory.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday snow continues to fall at intervals but roads were still passable and the trusty old St. Kevin's Bus was still making its daily journey from Glendalough to Dublin and back. On Wednesday 29th January the Evening Herald carried the following headline on its front page: "This is the cause of it all" "A persistent Anti-Cyclone centred over Norway and Sweden is attracting freezing winds from North Russia". On Wednesday night 23° of frost were recorded in Dublin just 2° short of the Record Low temperature.

In the Wicklow mountains conditions were unpleasant and people were hoping for a thaw. On Saturday night, Feb. 1st their hopes were dashed when the first major blizzard of the '47 Snow blew - up from the South-East. On Sunday morning there was 18 inches of snow on the roads around Roundwood with drifts of 3 to 4 feet in places. The road from Glendalough to Kilmacanogue was completely impassable and the St. Kevin's Bus was unable to run for the first time. It was to be six long hard weeks later before the people of Bray would hail the regular re-appearance of the St. Kevin's Bus as a "Harbinger of a much delayed spring".

On Sunday W.S. Doyle (Roundwood Garage owner and carrier) sent out a lorry and men to try to open the road to Ashford. This was the road used by the Mail-car from Greystones to Roundwood and Annamoe. This work was very difficult with the lorry being used as a battering ram against the drifts, the driver having to reverse numerous times to launch a fresh attack. Eventually a way was cleared and the mail-car got through on Monday with difficulty.

Monday 3rd February was Dispensary day in Roundwood and a number of local people made their way there under duress, not sure if the Doctor would be able to make the 3 mile journey from Annamoe to attend them. Dr. O'Shaughnessy did get there, however, and performed his duties with his "customary cheerfulness". The Jubilee Nurse (Nurse Kenny) also braved the snow to attend her patients in the area. On Tuesday 4th February the Glendalough to Roundwood road was partially opened by Co. Council workers and volunteers to enable a funeral to take place to Glendalough cemetery. By now the snow was being describes as the worst to hit the area in over 10

years. On Wednesday 5th Feb. snow fell all day in the Roundwood - Glendalough area getting particularly heavy coming up to night fall.

Luckily, a bread van got through to Roundwood from Wicklow on Wednesday before getting stuck on the outward journey. By now only very heavy vehicles could get through to Roundwood via Ashford, the only road passable in the entire area.

Snow fell all day on Thursday and the Gardai from Roundwood were unable to get through the snowdrifts via Laragh, to attend Rathdrum District Court, and their cases had to be adjourned.

Thursday should have been Agricultural Day in Roundwood but ploughing and showjumping were now far from people's minds as news came through of the tragic death of John Kelly. The "Wicklow People" recorded the event as follows:

"John Kelly, married man, living at Roundhill, between Moneystown and Clara Vale, a lonely mountainous countryside lost his life in the snow-blizzard, his body not having been found until Thursday morning. On Saturday Mr. Kelly rode from his home on horseback across the snow to shop at Mr. Christopher Timmons' premises at Parkmore, Moneystown, and on his return homeward was seen by neighbours. From that moment he was not seen afterwards. Two men living with him believed he might have gone to relations in another part of the district and it was not till Wednesday when the households could contact each other that it was ascertained that he had not gone there, and that consequently he was lost. A search was made for him all Wednesday and his hat was found at a spot a good deal off the track which he should have followed to reach home. Then came the finding of the body buried in the snowdrift. Guards and neighbours came together to fetch the body to his house and the coroner was communicated with, also the Priest and Doctor."

John Kelly was 65 years of age and was one of five brothers of a popular local family - The Kellys of Mointiagh - who had all been members of the Croneybyrne Fife and Drum band. His brother Frank was a well known cattle-dealer at local fairs and his wife was a Byrne of Moneystown Crosses and a cousin of W.J. Duffy.

The following week there were no major snowstorms and heavy vehicles such as mail and bread cars got through to Roundwood village via Ashford and Killiskey. On Wednesday 12th February the Wicklow Fire ambulance got through to Roundwood but a young girl fever patient in Annamoe refused to be taken by stretcher to the ambulance in Roundwood. All other roads in the area were blocked to traffic and people were finding conditions very difficult, none more so than the local Doctor. Dr. O'Shaughnessy of Annamoe wrote the following letter to the Co. Manager, Michael Flannery, on Saturday 15th February:

"I am walking from dawn to dusk this past fortnight as it is impossible to use my car, cycle or horse. As I have the largest Dispensary District in the county, and most mountainous, I have now reached the limit of human endurance. Doyle of Roundwood, has a high powered taxi which can get along the main road from Glendalough to Roundwood and from Roundwood to Ashford. My Dispensary salary is too small to allow me to hire this taxi, consequently, I would like to know if the Co. Manager would sanction the hiring of this taxi to do Roundwood dispensary and Board of Health calls

"which are more than reasonable walking distance from my home, during the present condition of the road. I might add that I worked in the Australian Bush, and in Canada during a severe winter, but I have never witnessed the appalling conditions under which I had to work during this past fortnight."

The County Manager's reply was terse:

"The Dispensary regulations do not make provision for such an allowance and consequently it cannot be allowed."

By now there were rumblings of discontent in Roundwood at the Co. Council's inability to clear the roads. A meeting was held in the Parish Hall on Wednesday 19th February and on the same day the Chairman of that meeting, Mr. Joe Healy, wrote to the County manager complaining that no effort had been made to clear the Glendalough to Kilmacanogue road. He also made a number of suggestions, re. the clearing of roads, which had been put forward at the meeting.

Snow fell on Friday 21st and Saturday 22nd Feb. and on Saturday night a severe frost resulted in the lower lake at Glendalough and the Roundwood reservoir freezing over. More snow fell on Sunday night and at intervals on Monday. On Monday evening the Evening Herald carried the following report:

"Real emergency in the Bray area" "The villagers of Roundwood are in a very bad way as regards fuel and have taken to using anything they can lay their hands on - even furniture - to create a blaze."

On Tuesday 25th February a regular blizzard swept across the county from a southerly direction, driving the snow into deep drifts. It reached its climax about 6 p.m. before easing off. This fall came on top of the frozen snow that had fallen during the previous three weeks. Conditions all over the county were appalling, with Laragh recording 7 feet of snow. It was reported that farmers were collecting ivy by hand to feed their sheep, and rabbits were dying all over the mountain areas. Co. Council workers trying to open a way to Moneystown, which had been isolated almost all the previous three weeks, has to abandon work on Tuesday for as fast as they dug out one place the storm was filling another and they had to seek safety for themselves.

Conditions in the hills were now "indescribably bad" and the shortage of foodstuffs for both people and livestock was a cause of major concern. Roundwood was now totally isolated with the telephone lines to Greystones also down. There was an improvement in conditions on Wednesday and an all-out effort was made by the Co. Council to clear as many roads as possible. By mid-day Rathdrum was reached and in the afternoon it was decided to try to reach Roundwood as all routes to it were blocked.

Also on Wednesday 26th, Archbishop John Charles McQuaid issued the following instructions to clergy in the Diocese of Dublin:

"Humbly to ask God for the favour of good weather. The prayers will be said at all masses in the Diocese of Dublin until further notice".

The sun shone on Thursday 27th but efforts made from the Bray end failed to reach Roundwood with foodstuffs, as the road was hopelessly clogged by drifting at Calary. At Killiskey, however much progress was being made in driving ahead to meet the gangs' working outward from Roundwood. W.S. Doyle and his men re-established

contact with the outside world when they met with Co. Council engineers at Killiskey, and managed to get a quantity of bread which they conveyed back to Roundwood. A passage was also cleared from Rathdrum to Laragh and a bread-van which arrived there was "joyously received" by families who had been breadless for almost a week.

On Friday 28th February, when communications were restored a telegram was sent from the Roundwood committee, via Greystones, to the County Manager once again protesting at the delay in clearing roads. The following day March 1st after a Roundwood Parish Council meeting the secretary, M.J. Brennan wrote to the County Manager protesting at the delay in removing an alleged fever patient and he stated that the meeting took a serious view of this case as the patient might be a potential danger to the health of the inhabitants and asking that some actions be taken to place responsibility wherever it lay. He also pointed out that a man suffering from a fractured limb due to a fall on frosty ground had not been medically attended, and that the Parish council were of the opinion that this was a most glaring incident to occur in a civilized society; and that the medical officers action called for the severest censure. He also protested at the Bray- Glendalough road being left unopened for over 4 weeks, no effort being made to clear it, and pointed out that the Ashford - Ballyduff road was opened almost entirely by the efforts of a local carrier in order to maintain collection and delivery of essential goods.

It was now some five weeks since the first snow had fallen and it seems that the continues protests were at long last having an effect, for on the weekend of March 1st and 2nd more than 700 workers were engaged in trying to reach the isolated districts around Roundwood, Moneystown, Calary, Parkmore, Trooperstown, Glendalough, Laragh, Vallemount, Ballyknocken, Glenmalure, Conary, Kilmacoo, Moyne, Aughavannagh, Rathdangan, Grangecon, Glencree, Sally Gap and other elevated areas, which had now been snowed-up for the whole month of February. Using improvised snow ploughs, axes, hammers, shovels, spades, horses, motors, etc. a virtual army of men had surrounded the centre of Wicklow and were working towards a common centre. From within the centre other workmen and volunteers were working outward in an attempt to meet up with them. In several instances they succeeded in meeting one another and a way was opened up between Roundwood and Annamoe, Laragh, Glendalough, Trooperstown, Clara and Moneystown.

The work gangs struggled manfully under appalling conditions against the snow drifts and arctic-like cold. Even then they could only manage to make a narrow passage to allow the passing of a single car. However, there were still many miles of by-roads that could not be re-opened in the circumstances. This meant that isolated households were as badly situated as ever and when bread-vans and foodstuffs arrived in the villages on Saturday-Sunday and Monday, volunteers were engaged to carry relief parcels to individual houses as far as that was possible. At this stage lack of bread, milk, fresh drinking water, and other necessities of life were becoming very serious in many districts. The frozen state of the snow, however, enabled people to walk limited distances, and get relief, or to take a sledge over the drifts carrying food and getting in touch with people who in many cases had not seen their nearest neighbour for two

or three weeks.

During the following week in Roundwood a system was organised for searching outlying houses to ascertain the condition of neighbours. In many cases they found that "dire distress" prevailed and in one such incident in Knockraheen, Mr. Trevor Nuttall was just in time to save the lives of two elderly women, (Margaret and Elizabeth Burke) whose entire stock of six cattle had died from starvation. Reports of stock dying by the score were now coming in and it was feared if the storm lasted much longer there would not be a single sheep left in the entire area. The Evening Herald of Tuesday March 4th stated:

"One farmer in the district is reported to have lost between 500 and 600 sheep which had been grazing in the Lough Dan area". It was now estimated that stock losses were running at 50% on average.

Although the first weekend in March brought some badly needed respite to the people, it was bitterly cold with no sign of a thaw setting in. Additional light snowfalls occurred on Monday 3rd and Tuesday 4th, but it was not until nightfall on Tuesday that the unthinkable happened. Another blizzard raged across the county, which lasted all-night and almost all day on Wednesday. The worst possible scenario had now occurred and in Roundwood there was once again more than six feet of snow on the street with twice that on nearby roads. All the roads that had been opened with such hardship in the previous days were again completely blocked. People in isolated areas were now worse off than ever for on top of the several feet of frozen snow of the previous five weeks the latest storm had added another three or four feet. The "Snow of '47" had now reached its most critical point and most areas were now "infinitely worse" than previously.

Roundwood village was now completely isolated again and the mail-car failed to get through on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. On Thursday 6th March Co. Council workers were again striving heroically to free the isolated parts. The work was excessively hard and in places such as Glendalough, Ballyduff, Roundwood Waterworks, Parkmore, Trooperstown, Calary and the Sally Gap they came on drifts a mile long and as much as 15 feet deep, with three or four distinctive layers of snow each frozen on top of the other. The bottom layer was frozen into solid ice and needed pick-axes to break it up. The workmen brought foodstuffs and close behind came the bread-vans and delivery vans from the shops. Many houses containing children were found in a sad plight for want of provisions and the hospitality of one neighbour to another was said to have saved many lives. W.J. Duffy writing in the Wicklow People stated that "The kindness of one family to another is magnificent to witness, and so distress has been relieved and tragedy averted everywhere."

Two snowploughs were now "attacking" Roundwood directly. A huge 12-ton converted Tank - conveyer equipped with an improvised plough constructed by Co. Council engineers, was "bombarding" the enemy from the Ashford side. While up the Long Hill from Kilmacanogue a gigantic Bulldozer loaned from the Hydro-electricity works at Leixlip was pushing its way through huge drifts at Calary that had left the road impassable for almost 6 weeks previously. On Friday the siege of Roundwood was

lifted when the Ashford route was opened enabling a lorry load of foodstuffs to get through to the village. The snowplough had only scratched the surface of the snow in making a passage and there was still about 2 feet of solid ice covering the road. There was practically no fuel in the village and the people had subsisted on flour which they had in reserve.

The situation of the people in the Ballinastoe - Glasnamullen area which contained about 40 families was now described by local Gardai as desperate as they had received no food rations for two weeks. One woman in Glasnamullen was said to have burnt all the chairs, tables and wardrobes in her home in an attempt to keep warm. In other areas such as Luggala, Inchavore, Carrigeenduff, Carrigeenshinagh and Raheen, snowdrifts were so high people could not make the Journey to Roundwood to get provisions. The Evening Herald of Friday 7th March reported that Red Cross officials were considering the possibilities of dropping food in containers from Army planes and special containers had already been brought over from London for the purpose. In the event it appears they were never used.

In Slemaine, high over Roundwood, three elderly people, Mr. Thomas Doyle, his wife and sister had all been ill for days previously and had been ordered to hospital by the Doctor. On Saturday March 8th their plight was compounded when the roof of their house collapsed under the weight of the snow. Frantic efforts were now being made to clear the road to get an ambulance close enough to allow them to be taken from their home by sledge. It was not found possible to get the ambulance close enough to allow that to happen and neighbours cared for the stricken family over the weekend until the roads were made passable.

On Sunday night 4 inches of snow fell in the Roundwood area and then a thaw set in. Many roads had been cleared of snow down to the hard packed under-strata which had formed a solid surface for traffic. This had now softened and roads were impassable again as a consequence. On Tuesday March 11th the improvement in the weather continues and the Roundwood - Lough Dan road was opened for the first time by Co. Council workers. On Friday 14th March after an absence of 6 weeks the St. Kevin's Bus was on the road again and despite the appalling state of the road at Calary it made a successful journey to Dublin and back. If the people of Roundwood thought the re-appearance of the bus meant the end of the "Snow of '47" they were greatly mistaken, for on Saturday morning the weather launched another surprise attack.

The Evening Herald of Saturday 15th March carried the following headline:

"And we have more snow" "Roundwood fears isolation again". One Roundwood resident was quoted as follows: "I am afraid that after this morning's heavy fall of snow we are going to be in a similar isolated position as we were for the awful five weeks we have just gone through and the best thing for us would be to evacuate the whole village".

The St. Kevin's Bus which had set out again on Saturday morning got stuck in a drift at Calary and the 16 passengers had to remain in the bus for hours as the blizzard raged around them. The driver and conductor sought assistance in Kilmacanogue and relayed word to the proprietor, W.S. Doyle, in Roundwood. He sent a relief vehicle via

Ashford to try to contact the marooned passengers. This was not found possible and all 16 had to fight their way through snowdrifts the 4 miles downhill to Kilmacanogue.

The hardship of farmers continued with what fodder that was left having to be carried manually across snowdrifts. Local farmers were also unable to avail of the offer of a lorry load of hay from Lady Talbot de Malahide, which they were to collect that day. On Sunday evening what turned out to be the last blizzard of the '47 Snow blew up from the east. After an hour or so the snow turned to rain and the roadways were quickly transformed into canals and in most cases water rose to a depth of two feet. The force of the storm blew trees down in some places, fields were transferred into lakes and many houses were flooded. The "Snow of '47" was finally on the run.

St. Patrick's Day was fine and clear but the roads were not yet clear and it was estimated that only one in twelve people wore shamrock to Mass that day. Indeed, this was the first time in over six weeks that most people in the area were able to attend Mass. On St. Patrick's Day the St., Kevin's Bus was still snowed up at Calary but by mid-week it was back in regular service again and the people of the area were endeavouring to get back to normal. Local farmers in particular were now "Counting the cost".

At the height of road clearing operations in mid March 950 men, 3 Bulldozers and a bucket excavator were in operation. 85 miles of road had been opened with 25 miles still to be cleared. After a week of thaw there were still giant snowdrifts on the Calary road.

The controversy surrounding the Co. Council's inability to clear the roads earlier in the storm was set to continue long after the snow had disappeared. There were a number of very heated debates at Wicklow Co. Council meetings in the spring of 1947 with Jim Everett T.D. calling for the resignation of a high ranking Co. Council official.

M.J. Brennan, Secretary of Roundwood Parish Council was severely critical of the Co. Council's efforts, but local carrier, W.S. Doyle wrote to the Co. Manager expressing satisfaction with the council's work. Mr. Everett stated that although Mr. Doyle was an honest and upright man, he held contracts from the council and his letter should not be taken as genuine. Co. Councillors took positions on both sides of the argument and letters appeared in the local press for weeks afterwards.

In the event no officials resigned and the last reference to the "Snow of '47" was in May when a proposal was put forward at a Co. Council meeting for the purchase of a Bulldozer for the sum of £1,403. It was stated that one had been used successfully in the snow and the proposal was passed unanimously. Thus the "Snow of '47" passed into history but 45 years later local people who lived through it still have vivid memories of personal hardships endured.

The hardships included living without fresh drinking water as most spring wells were impossible to reach. Most people had to make-do with melted snow water. Lack of bread, butter, tea, heat and fuel caused great discomfort. The duress endured by the very young and the elderly confined to cold houses for weeks on end. It must also be remembered that in 1947 rural electrification had not yet been introduced to the Roundwood area. The dilemma of trying to get sick people to hospital. The burial of

the dead was also difficult as in many areas, the route from the corpse-house or the church had to be dug out by volunteers and the making of a grave in deep snow was equally difficult.

This article would not be complete however, without mention of the sacrifices made in the public interest by the following: The Post-men who had to trudge through endless snowdrifts in the course of duty. The Bread-van drivers who continually risked life and limb in persistent attempts to get the "Staff of Life" through in appalling conditions. The road workers who worked in "Siberian-like" conditions clearing miles of snow drifts with shovels and pick axes. The local mid-wife (Nurse Porter) the Jubilee Nurse (Nurse Hayes) but perhaps most of all the Doctor with "The largest and most mountainous dispensary district" in Co. Wicklow, (Edward O'Shaughnessy) who after two weeks of the snowstorm had reached "The limit of human endurance" but in the event had to carry on for over another four weeks in even worse conditions.

*Michael Larkin
Martin Timmons*



St. Kevin's Bus at Calary in 1947

Old Folk Remedies

The Remedies on this page are practical Home Cures which were used at a time when doctors didn't come cheap. They still don't come cheap and it's not always easy to see one when you want one. So it makes sense to be able to treat day-to-day ailments at home. These remedies have been used for years. They have been tried and tested in times when people had more confidence in traditional knowledge. People used the cures that their parents and grandparents had passed along to them.

Colds Put half a pint of Guinness into a pint glass, redden a poker in the fire and dip it into the centre of the glass until cool. The best time to take this drink is at bedtime.

Coughs Boil one lemon slowly for 10 minutes, cut it in two and extract the juice with a lemon squeezer. Put the juice into a glass and add two table-spoons of Glycerine, stir well and then fill up the glass with honey. Take one teaspoon four or five times a day.

Dandruff/Dry Scalp

Dandruff can be treated by applying lemon juice to the scalp followed by a shampoo. After the shampoo and wash, take the juice of one lemon and mix it with a glass of water, this solution is excellent for removing soap from the hair and scalp, it also refreshes the scalp and gives shine to the hair.

Sprains Peel a large raw potato and mash it into a pulp, then put it on a bandage and place it on the sprain. When the potato has dried out replace it again.

Warts One of the oldest known cures for warts is the juice of Marigolds or Dandelions frequently applied.
Paint warts with Iodine at regular intervals.
Bathe warts in own urine daily.

Insomnia A cup of Camomile tea taken before going to bed can be of benefit to insomniacs as it helps one to relax.

Pimples / Blackheads

Fill a Muslin bag with pin-head oatmeal, put it in a bowl with boiling water and leave overnight. Next morning the bag will be ready to use. Wash the face and neck with the bag morning and night.

Boils Make a poultice of Linseed meal as hot as possible and place it on the boil.

Headaches Soak brown paper in vinegar and place across forehead.

Sore Muscles Rub vigorously with Vaseline.

Asthma Burn Eucalyptus logs on the fire.

Baldness Sleep in a cap made from ivy leaves.

Joe Timmons

Dan Norse's Grey

(Air Molly Malone)

For horses round here
They got very dear
When our petrol was hard to be found
If you want them to win
You must have them trim
Before entering on Calary ground.

There were bookies from Bray
Who came there that day
To see what our natives could do
They said with a smile
Its hardly worth while
For the horses that's here are but few.

When a fine smashing bloke
Gave George Manning a stroke
Saying have you got aie a smart one to-day
Well I've entered this cob
But if you want a few bob
Dagg's riding Dan Norse's Grey.

Ger mounted him quick
With a lump of a stick
Saying I've took him from under the plough
By the time she gets in
She'll need all her wind
Cause Ned Handbury hasn't her now.

So the course she just made
When the mare got afraid
As spectators ran in with a fuss
It's to late to brag
Says George Manning to Dagg
For Magee is gone by on the bus.

When Mylic ran in
With a sort of a grin
And he called ould Dillon away
Saying we made no mistake
In what money we'd make
When we didn't back Norse's Grey.

Now to finish it all
This mare shod by Hall
The Blacksmith who comes from Rathnew
Say's Hall who are you
Sure you're not from Rathnew
As you've got such a nice little mare.

Now I'm down from Leamore
And I've been here before
And I never have led you astray
This mare Lauragun
Shall be rode by the son
And she's going to beat Norse's Grey.

Dagg loosened the strap
And twisted his cap
Saying I know what the neighbours will say
I saved a few bob
To back Manning's cob
But I lost it on Norse's Grey.

Note: The above lines were written by Jim Barry, Tom Traynor and Tom Hayden after the mare Lauragun had beaten Dan Norse's Grey at Calary Races. Any additional information concerning Calary Races would be most welcome for future editions of this Journal.

Placenames of Roundwood District

From the arrival of the Celts till around 1800, the language spoken by the majority of Irish people was Gaelic or Irish. Most of our local place-names are Gaelic in origin; many predating the arrival of Christianity to these shores. A number of our oldest manuscripts, describing historical events, that took place fifteen hundred years ago, mention place-names that are still the same today.

People in ancient times attached great importance to the accurate naming of families, villages, towns, woods, rivers, mountains and even fields or stones. These local names always had a meaning or local significance, and often had a story or tale behind them.

Many of the most familiar names have been anglicised, - meaning that an English language version of the original Gaelic name was invented. That name was written down as the Irish (Gaelic) sounded to speakers of English. This happened more and more from 1800 onwards. Today place-names are fixed in all areas through the length and breadth of this land. Individuals who try to decipher or explain the meanings, origins and significance of many of these place-names can encounter many problems arising from anglicisation in the first place, and other factors, which may lead the present day translator into errors and inaccurate interpretations despite exhaustive research.

The history and topography of a country, district or parish are very often reflected in its place-names. Many of these place-names date back into the dark mists of ancient Ireland. Names reflected specific events or landmarks apparent to the native people at a definite time. They named the place accurately and each person in the locality was familiar with name and place. Another important factor is that the name was verbally familiar (not written) in the Gaelic language and dialect of the time which could have been old, middle or "modern" Irish. Like all spoken languages, phonetical changes occur with time and usage. Coupled with phonetical change external influences such as Latin, with the arrival of Christianity, followed by the influence of the Norse language with the invasion of the Vikings in the 8th century. Two further linguistic influences would also come into focus on the phonetical situation - Medieval French from the Normans from the 12th century onwards and later English in the 15th century. All these infringement and developments on the spoken language of the people down through the centuries have clouded, even in the Gaelic language, the place-names from the original rendering or sounding.

Another factor in this equation which must not be ignored is that landforms and ancient monuments, historical or otherwise would have been vanished without trace leaving little or no significance to the local place-name. If one is lucky; a reference in some ancient manuscript may be found to give backing to the historical significance of a particular place-name. In many instances the anglicisation of place-names had caused much confusion in the field of place-name study and interpretation. Great patience and scholarship in languages, folklore and Gaelic culture is required to unravel this jigsaw. Fortunately people like P. W. Joyce whose three volumes of "The Origin and History of Irish Names of Places", Liam Price's "Place-names of Wicklow"

and the work of the Ordinance Survey Office are shedding more light on this important facet of Irish Culture.

Having taken up the task of explaining the place-names of the Roundwood district I encountered the same difficulties experienced by others attempting similar projects in other localities. Further research may be needed to shed more light on some of the translations and explanations. This is but a start. Hopefully it does throw some clarity and meaning on the local place-names of this area of Wicklow.

Place-name Today	Irish Translation	Probable Meaning
Roundwood	An Tochar	The causeway through a marsh
Toghermore	Tochar Mor	The big causeway
Togherbeg	Tochar Beag	The small or little causeway
Mullinaveige	Muilcann a'faiach	Mill of the raven (crows)
Sragmore	Srath Mhor	Big meadow by the stream
Ballinastoe	Buaile na Stua	The boley of the arch (Boley = a milking field)
Glasnamullen	Glaise Molling no Glaise a 'Mhuilinn	St. Moling's stream or The mill stream
Calary	Ceallurach	The disused graveyard (Located Kilmurray/ Ballyreamor)
Ashtown	Baile na Fuinnseoige	Townland or farmstead of the ash tree
Annacarter Bridge	Ath na gCairte	The cart ford
Bloomfield	Pairc na mBlath	The field of the flowers or blossoms
Stoney pass	Mam na gCloch	The stoney or rocky mountain pass
Whitehill	Cnoc Ban - Barr	Barr: the summit or top
Luggala	Lug a' Lagha	The hollow in the hill
Lough Tay	Loch Te	The warm sheltered lake
Lough Dan	Loch Donn (Domhain)	The brown lake or the deep lake
Sleamain	Sli Meain	The middle or centre way or path
Ballinvala	Baile an Bhealaigh	The wayside townland or farmstead
Baltinganima	Baile na nAnama	The farmsteads of the "souls" (of many people)
Carrigeenshinnagh	Carraigín Sionnaigh	The small boulder of the fox
Oldbridge	Sean Droichead	The old bridge (near Lough Dan)
Oldtown	Sean Baile	The old town (near Derralossary)
Drumeen	Droimin	The small ridge or mound
Annamoe	Ath na mBo	The ford of the cows or oxen
Raheen	Raithin	The small ringfort
Ballilam	Baile Lom	The bare or barren farmstead
Fairview	Fionnradharc	The clear view
Ballina-cor-Beg	Baile-na-cor-beag	Townland of the small round hill
Derralossary	Doire Lasrach	The oak grove of St. Lasarian

Diamond Hill	Local English name	Between Roundwood and waterworks
Coolharbour	Local name	Fields west of Varry Filter Beds
Templestown	Local name	English name for west Roundwood
Knockraheen	Cnoc and Raithin	Hill of the small ringfort
Knockatemple	Cnoc an Teampail	Hill of the temple or church
Knockfada	Cnoc Fada	The long hill
Knockadrect	Cnoc and Droichid	The hill of the bridge
Whiterock	Carraig Bhan	Mentioned in Holt's Memoirs
Callowhill	Coll Croill	The Hazel Wood (Forest)
Whitehall	Local name	
St. Kevin's Well	Tobar Chaoimhin	A well in Glasnamullen
Downmore	An Dun Mor	The great or big fort
Scarr	Sceir no Scor	Sharp rock or sharp crop
Drumray	Droim Reidh	The flat or even mound or ridge
Annaray	Ath na Ri no Anna Keidh	The coarse flat mountainy marsh or bog
Aghavourk	Ath a Bhruaich	The ford of the boundary bank
Portandoo	Portan Dubh	The black bank
Carrigan-our	Carraig an Amhair (no Ghabhair)	The musical rock or the goat's rock
The Dalty	Dall-tir	Blind countryside - high misty or cloudy terrain
Foolya Hill	(F) Aill Hill Cnoc na hAille	The hill of the cliff - very steep mountain
Fancy Mountain	An Fuinnse	The ashtree or the source?
Coona-Fluddy	Cul na Ploide	The back (far end) of the pool or puddle
Clow-Wellia	Clock Haigne	The lonely rock
Kill-Hoppen	Coill Upta? (Upthach)	The enchanted (magical) wood
The Gowlyawns	An Gabhlan	Small forked river or standing stone?
The Forawns	Fobharan no Fothran	Underground steam or a sheltered place
Lugger-muck	Lug na Muga	The hollow of the pigs
Carrigeymanue	Carraigin Mean	Middle rock or smooth rock
Djouce Mountain	Diagas	The high place
Ballinrush	Baile na Ros	Townland of the wood or headland
Tramon-wigna	Tragh Mona Uaignighe	The desolate step of elder trees
Boleyhorrgan	Buaile Ui Arragain	Harrigan's milking field (boley)
Sheepbanks	Local name	Sallygap area
Crockan Pond	Cnocan	The hill pond
Sally Gap	Beann Bhealaigh Shailecarnain	The gap of the pass of the sally trees
Cloghoge	Cloch óg	The new rock or stony place

Incha-vore	Inse Mhor	The big island or mound in a marsh or river
Kanturk (Brown Mountain)	Ceann Toirc	The board's head or peak
Ballinafunshoge	Baile na Fuinnseogie	The farmstead of the ash-trees
Knocknacloghoge	Cnoc na Cloiche Oige	New rock hill or stony hill
Carrigeenduff	Carraigin Dubh	The black rock or boulder
Carrigshourk	Carraig and Seabhaic	The hawk's rock
Saggart or Bolensaggart	Sagart no Bualie and tSagairt	The priest milking field
Varry River	Abha na bhFear Tire	The river of the local men
Avonmore River	Abha Mhor	The great river
Mullaghcleevaun	Mullach Cliabhain	The summit of the basket (hollow)
Carrigvore	Carraig Mhor	Great or big rock or boulder
Ballinahinch	Baile na hInse	Townland of the waterside meadow
Carrigower	Carraig Gabhair	Boulder or rock of the goat(s)
Drumbawn	Droim Ban	The white ridge or mound
Bo-Island	Inse Bo	River meadow where cows grazed
Tithewer	Tig and Tuair	The house of the pasture land
Carrighlough	Carraig an Locha	The rock of the lake
Carraighahullin	Carraig Alainn	The lovely or beautiful rock
Ballyduff	Baile Dubh no Baile Daimh	The black farmstead or the farmstead of beasts
Sraghamuck	Strath na Much	River meadow of the pigs
Bellangrana	Bualie na Greine	Sunny milking field or booley
Carrigroe	Carraig Rua	The red or ochre rock or boulder
Moneystown	An Muine no Baile Muine	The Shrubbery, copse, the thicket farmstead
Parkmore	An Phairc Mhor	A big or great field
Parkroe	An Phairc Rua	The red or ochre field
Garryduff	Garrai Dubh no Garrai Daimh	The black garden or the garden of the beasts
Montiagh	Mointeach	The boggy or marshy place
Croneybyrne	Croin Ui Bhroin	O'Byrne's hollow with the stream
Glenacorria	Gleann na gCairde	The glen or vale of the friends
Trooperstown	Tigh an Tearmain	The sanctuary house
Maoileen	Maoinin	The little bare or bald hill top
Lickeen	Leaicin	The small flat flagstone
Cool-a-Doyle	Cul an Diabhail	The back of the devil
Castlekevin	Caislean Caoimhin	Castle Kevin (O'Toole's fortress)
Redbank	Bruach Rua	Red bank (close to Annamoe)
Tomriland	Tuaim(Tom) Reidhleain	Loilcan's tomb or the bushy place on the level land below the hill

Annagowlawn	Ath na Gabhlain	The ford of the fork (two rivers)
	Anna Gallain	The standing stone in the marsh (bog)
Knockafrumpa	Cnoc a'Phrompa	The hill of the rump (animals)
Kilmullen	Coil Muilinn	The wood or forest mill
	no Caol Muilinn	or the mill of the stream or brook
Sleangloch	Sli na gCloch	The rocky or stoney path
Aghowle	Achadh Ulla	The apple garden or orchard
Tomdarragh	Tuaim (Tom?) Darrach	Darra's tomb or the oak shrub
Boleynass	Buaile Easa	Milking field by the waterfall
Tiglinn	Tigh Glinne	The glen house
Altidore	Alt (an) Dobhair	The cliff or glenside which was usually wet, damp and misty
Glenwood	Gleann na Coille	The wood in the glen or valley
Hatter's Lane	Local name	Many hatters lived here (Parkmore)
Feddán	Feadán	A small brook (source of Moneystown river)
Glendarragh	Geann Darach	The glen or vale of the oaks
Ballycullen	Baile Chuilinn	The townland of the holly tree

Frank McGillick

Roundwood in 1910

POST OFFICE.

Mrs. D. Gilbert, *Postmistress*.

NATIONAL SCHOOL.

Morgan J. Curran, *Teacher*; Miss A. Curran, *N.T.*

PRIVATE RESIDENTS.

Rev. Michael Butler, *P.P.*; Andrew Byrne, *Cronebyrne*; Mrs. Gower, *Roundwood Park*; Rev. D. Keogh, *C.C.*, *Roundwood Lodge*; R. A. Mahon, *Lieut.-Col. Perrt, Glenwood Park, Delgany*.

COMMERCIAL.

D. Gilbert, *bootmaker, Post Office*; T. C. Harte, *physician and surgeon*; Matthew Keenan, *grocer and spirit merchant, and hotel proprietor*; Sarah Keane, *draper*; Mrs. Winifred Kelly, *grocer and spirit merchant*; Mary Keenan, *draper*; Keenan and Long, *grocers and provision merchants*; M. A. McCormack, *grocer and provision merchant*; Elizabeth Kennedy, *grocer*; Mrs. Long, *draper*; Mary Anne Murphy, *grocer and spirit merchant*; Wm. Murphy, *hotel proprietor*; A. Pierce, *grocer and provision merchant*; Margaret Redmond, *grocer and provision merchant*; Synnot's *grocery and supply stores*.

A new reservoir is now being constructed by the well-known contractors, McNally and McKee. Messrs. R. O. Sullivan and G. Webb are the Civil Engineers in charge.

An Old Man's Gold

Many years ago I was present at a gathering in the cosy farmhouse of a popular family (who shall be nameless) in a townland of North Wicklow (which shall also be nameless).

It was a rather windswept winter's night, and the folklore tales that were recounted there were certainly appropriate for the occasion.

The folklore stories that were spun that night involved poltergeists, dullaghans, ghosts, evil spirits, fairies, leprechauns — you name it.

A particular tale told by a dear old woman (long since dead, R.I.P.) has remained in my memory since that spine-chilling get-together. Apparently during the 18th century a family lived in an old stone house in a district between Glendalough and Rathdrum. Then, for no explainable reason, strange things began to happen. Knockings were heard regularly. Day and night stones were thrown at the house.

The story of the weird occurrences spread through the district. One neighbour waited until after dark one night armed with a musket, and when stones began to thud on the roof and walls of the house, he fired out of the window. Those in the house that night were horrified to hear "a low peal of Satanic laughter".

The "ghost" next began slinging mud at the walls and windows.

Time and again volunteers kept watch at the house, but it was useless. Nothing could be seen. Sometimes the disturbances would cease for a time and then, just as the family were getting back to normal, it would start again. The family, now almost nervous wrecks, were eventually forced to leave the house.

Some months later, a newly-married couple moved into the vacant house and had some renovations carried out. A few weeks after that, however, they left in haste, telling of terrifying nights and cascades of missiles being thrown on their dwelling. After this nobody would live in the house, and it was avoided by people like the plague. It became derelict and fell into ruins.

Eventually it transpired that the old house had originally been owned by a mean old merchant. He had lived in the dwelling with a manservant, who was poorly paid and badly fed. It was said that the merchant had begrudged the servant a lighted candle at bedtime in case he would waste it while reading in bed. The servant eventually left the old man on his own.

The merchant had some employees in his shop outside the district in which he lived, and one day, the story goes, he caught one of them loitering at work. He immediately sacked him, but the man had thoughts of revenge.

The sacked man, like many other people, believed that the merchant's house contained a hoard of money, gold and valuables, and one night he made for the merchant's residence, determined to get his hands on some of it. He got in through a rear window but a chink of light under a doorway and the sound of movements told him his intended victim had not yet gone to bed. He went over to the door to listen, but the old merchant heard him and called out, asking who was there. The intruder burst into the room.

The old man stood in a corner of the room, screaming with fright. He had obviously been reading - a book lay on the floor. He could see what his former employee's intentions were, and he tried to grab a poker. But the intruder was across the room in a flash and had grabbed him by the throat. He threatened to choke him to death unless he told him where the money was hidden.

The merchant was surprisingly strong and broke free from his attacker's grasp, running for a flight of steps that led to the basement kitchen and wine cellar. As he did so, however, he tripped and fell, striking his head heavily against one of the granite steps. He lay motionless where he had fallen - dead. His neck was broken.

For almost an hour the raider ransacked the house, trying to locate the secret hiding-place, but finally he gave up. As he hurried down the long avenue that led to the house, he had a feeling that he was being watched. Then he heard a peal of laughter and, turning round, saw the figure of the man coming towards him. Then he fainted.

He was found the next day, wandering aimlessly about the district. He ended up in a mental hospital.

The weird happenings which later took place at the lonely old house were said to have been caused by the ghost of the merchant as he jealously guarded his hidden hoard - which, incidentally, was never found.

Leo Bowes

Glenmalure P.O.

During the Monday December 29th 1913 meeting of the Rathdrum Rural District Council (1899-1925), Mr. P.J. Carey presiding, a letter from the Postmaster General enclosing an account for £10/2/5 for the guarantee of the Glenmalure Telegraph Office (post office) was placed before the meeting.

The Clerk was directed by the meeting to contact Lord Meath for payment of the amount demanded.

This was duly done by the Clerk and at the April 6th 1914 meeting of the Council, a letter from Mr. V.C. LeFanu, Estate Office, Bray, was read in which it was stated that Lord Meath might be disposed to continue his covering guarantee to some extent in connection with the maintenance of Glenmalure Post Office if he could do so from year to year.

The letter concluded by asking if the Council would be prepared to make a contribution.

After deliberating the matter, the meeting decided that the Council would not make a contribution and the Clerk was directed to forward the appropriate reply.

James Scannell



Ballisiam Tug-of-war Team 1943

Back row left to right: Kit Maloney, "Black" Hugh Doyle, Michael Doyle, "Red" Hugh Doyle, "Big" Jim Doyle, Ben Doyle.
Front row left to right: Jack Brady, Dick Pierce, Mickey Brady, Mick McGuirk, "Black" Paddy Walsh.

Trial and Tribulations

In the National Library of Ireland there is a series of Estate Records called the Hatch Papers which include Rentals, Accounts, and letters etc. covering the Roundwood area in the second half of the 18th century. The letters are interesting as they give an idea of how life was lived in that period especially covering landlord tenant relations. Reading them 200 years later makes one wonder if people have changed at all!

The Hatch family came from Co. Meath, one of the younger sons, Henry, came to live in Dublin and set up as a developer and estate agent. He and his son John were involved in the development of South Dublin city which is commemorated by Hatch Street. The main estate that they managed was the Temple estate of Roundwood which the Temples had obtained in the late 1600s from the time they had been involved in the legal administration in Ireland though by 1700 they were resident in England. The Estate policy was to rent out townlands to normally resident gentry who usually came from Dublin having made their fortune in business and were moving up the social ladder by obtaining a small estate. However the Hatches kept the townlands of Roundwood, Tomriland and Ballincorbeg on their own account and as they lived in Dublin appointed a manager to run it. The first manager that we have records of was Samuel McCracken, brother in law of Henry, a retired peruke (wig) maker.

Of course in those days there was no postal service so all letters were brought up to Dublin by local people going up on business and hand delivered sometimes with authorisation to discuss the contents. Letters going back would have been treated the same way though sometimes were left at a central location until such time as someone was returning. Two examples of such locations were Denis Kavanagh, merchant, of Cavin (Kevin) St. in 1766 and Bradys at the White Cross, King St. in 1771. Presumably two local people who had set up business in Dublin.

Samuel McCracken probably thought that this would be a pleasant way to retire and spend his last years however he didn't seem up to the local politics and couldn't cope with the deviousness of the Wicklow farmers in their complicated land disputes. To be fair though he was elderly and often in poor health. In 1764 he writes "Poor me, am confined this week past by a severe toothache, I wish I was where I could get it taken out with safety". Obviously he didn't trust the local blacksmith! He had premonitions on his death and would write to his nephew John (Henry having died 1763) with instructions for the funeral for several years before he died in 1769. It didn't end there because William Stewart, a cousin farming in Roundwood, contrived to find the missing will in front of the Rooney family and managed to get it through the Probate Courts in 1769. However he was not aware that the real will was held in Dublin. The executor, John Hatch, then had to bring back the case to the Probate Courts and proceedings for forgery were instituted in the Wicklow Courts. The former was resolved in their favour in 1771 though not without difficulty as the witnesses were heard to complain in one of the Roundwood pubs that since they weren't being paid they didn't want to testify. In 1774 James Rooney ended up being confined by the bailiffs over a debt of £12/12/4 as he had to go out of business over the trial, John Hatch

paid up. Because of his position he used to receive many letters requesting money from local people and relatives. One of Samuel's nieces, Anne Kennedy, a widow, wanted the fare to Lisbon in Portugal where her brother Thomas McCracken was a merchant, however in a letter of 1788 Thomas writes to say he is in prison for smuggling contraband clothing and claiming that he was framed! William Stewart ended up in poverty in Dublin where he had the nerve to beg for money from John Hatch and got nowhere as he only grudgingly admitted he had done wrong and never apologised for it.

The main areas of dispute were over rent arrears and leases. In Roundwood a Mr. White and Mainwairing were fighting over Mainwairing's lease, the latter refusing to pay rent or leave his farm and the former refusing to pay rent until he got Mainwairing's farm. This was in the 1760s and Samuel got caught in the middle here and couldn't sort it out, it was further complicated by the fact that he was dependent on Price for his income. Rent arrears was a perennial problem with a number of creative excuses. In 1777 a list of arrears highlights the problem, i.e. Thomas Pollard claimed poverty or that there was a mistake in the calculations of his arrears. John Fiddler insisted on a lease renewal before paying, both John Harding and the Widow Begley promised to pay, Samuel and John Sutton wouldn't pay till they got a lease renewal after their father's (Anthony) death and the annuity of £6 to their mother continued, Henry Singleton couldn't promise to continue his later father's (Isaac) lease for House, tanyard and 16 acres, and the widow Foster, of Ballincorbeg Mill, was in arrears for 12 years!

Another problem was when lease for years were being transferred to the heirs and when the lessee died intestate. A problem like this occurred in Ballincorbeg among the Hattons. As far as I can understand, through Samuel's confusion, is that there were two brothers Thomas and William; Thomas left 15 acres to Toby Toole's wife and 30 acres to his sister Bridget Wickham and her daughters, William left his farm to his wife but had a bond of £10 to Daniel Brady and his son Bartholemew. When William's widow sold on the lease in 1765 all the relations were putting in claims disputing her right to do so without their permission and claiming part of the sale price as the widow was administrating her husband's intestacy, for some unexplained reason his will was not valid. In the middle of this there was a dispute between the Hattons and the Harricks, the latter being an elderly couple in Ballincorbeg. This caused Samuel a lot of frustration and in 2 letters in 1763 he described Harricks as being 'ill natured as ever' and the Hattons as 'not any of the family good'. In the middle of the dispute the Bradys were involved and were also causing other problems. In the 1770s some trees went missing (tree theft was not an uncommon problem) and were found in Daniel Brady's land and in 1784 he was in arrears and was hiding his cows to prevent them being seized by the bailiff.

There were letters about other matters too. In 1784 Isaac Delemor wrote "I hope you will not take it ill I understand I was made out to you as a roage I hope this will sadsifie you I am no such person. You are a worthy charateble good man you wood have as great reward to pay me them trifling bills as giveing so much to the poor as I

came it hard and onest by the sweet of my brow". He also provided a reference signed by Ambrose Weekes, Thos Hugo, John Freeman, Thos Emerson, and Richard Fleming which said that he was an honest sober and industrious tradesman and reasonable in his charges adding he had been in the parish for 17 years. Isaac was a slater and had been working in the parish from at least 1764. He settled in Calary and would be the ancestor of the local Delemeres.

In 1783 Henry Singleton of Roundwood is reported as being in Wicklow gaol for non payment of debts, the farm manager, Thomas Emerson (a Dublin alderman), requested to relet the comfortable cabin and 16 acres as the neighbours were using the land for free grazing and only that he had stopped them they would have taken the door and windows as well. They obviously had no idea of Community Alert then!

In 1786 Hugh Connor who was in charge of the Pound ended up in Wicklow Gaol as he was impounding cattle and goods illegally and defrauding the fines.

In 1784 Andrew Price wished to rent the Widow Begley's Land so that he could build a bakery house and employ a Dublin Baker as "The people in this part of the country are furnished with bread that is barely fit for use".

In March 1766 Samuel McCracken says that all his lettuce had died and could be please be sent some Cos and Silesia replacements and in December says he is "in great need a pair of pocket pistols and holsters". A month earlier he mentions that he bought 5 sheep from Wm. Haily of Brocka @ 6/6 each, 8 from Dan Byrne and 21 from Sylvester Byrne of Tomriland at 6/- each. Like today there were notes about the weather and the crops.

In 1766 Rev. Ambrose Weekes arrived to take over as rector in the Parish, taking over from Rev. Stephens. Samuel McCracken writes that "we all like him very well" and hoped he would stay as they didn't want Rev. Stephen's son who was not yet ordained. Ambrose lived at that time in the area of Uplands. From about 1780 he is writing letters and trying to convince John Hatch of the advisability of a new road from Roundwood to Annamoe. In those days the road went by the Oldtown Road and then straight on above Derralossary Church. The section that came down to Uplands was very dangerous, he makes reference to Mrs. Price having to make a four mile detour to visit him after Sunday service, of horses refusing to go down the track which was cut through by streams, and of Thomas Hugo and three ladies nearly going off the precipice till he rescued them. The proposed new road was to go through Edward Brady's land at Raheen and Ballincorbeg and follow the footpaths to the Mill. There was considerable resistance to the idea from John Hatch and other local gentry. Weekes in addressing the opposition says "It can arise from fear lest good roads should open the country to strangers who might raise the price of land on the old inhabitants - a species of policy very prevalent among that class". Meanwhile Edward Brady appeared to be playing both end to the middle being described as cunning, I suspect that he didn't mind what happened so long as he got good compensation. The road was finally built in the late 1820s along with the new road from Kilmacanogue to Roundwood.

The Mill at Ballincorbeg was another headache. In 1763 the miller was in arrears

and promised to pay in 10 days. In Jan. 1764 Samuel writes "I was at your mill the other day and found it in danger to be taken away by the river being turned out of it's channel by the great flood. I gave the man what he required 6 men to turn it". In February he is again writing to say that the miller had gone and has not been heard of since, he hadn't paid the rent and had sold his cow. He further adds that he had impounded the cow which was 15 miles away and also seized hay, turf and 28 ridges of potatoes, he also wants to know if he can break into the house and seize any goods left behind. In June he writes that repairs are necessary to prevent it being taken away in the winter. It was later rebuilt for £111 and let to James Foster @ £6 p.a. In the late 1770s James McCabe claims that Foster or accomplices have embezzled from the mill, an ash tree had been stolen, the beams and weights were being hid with the hair cloth, the oats being ground was not all declared, other items missing were the partitions between bedroom and kitchen, cattle, furniture, hay and dung. A few years later the Widow Foster is 12 years in arrears and the mill "has much gone to ruin", Isaac Delemare offers £9/2/- p.a. for it. In 1780 there was a new miller, James Smith; Ambrose Weekes writes to say that the floods were so violent that the family had to quit the house in the middle of the night, his goods and potatoes were damaged and his dung swept away. Smith later writes that Edward Brady had dispossessed him of the mill and that he was forced to sell his cattle, horse and corn to stay alive, he says the mill is going out of repair and requests a new lease. Early 1784 the mill is described as being in Wybrant's hands and later in the year Thomas Griffin is the new miller paying £10/10/- p.a. In 1788 Weekes writes that the mill won't stand above a couple of floods as the end wall where the wheel is has separated from the side walls and the wheel is rubbing against the walls, all the walls are soaked due to the leaking roof which needs 2,000 slates for repairs, and the dam is in ruins. Thomas Griffin offered to give up his lease to save the Hatches going to court to collect on the rent arrears, this is no favour as he has made his profit and wants to get out. Harry Hardin and Luke Toole are interested in taking over, so not withstanding the major problem of flooding milling was seen to be a profitable business.

In the late 1780s Francis Syngé married John Hatch's daughter, Elizabeth, and as a dowry ne received the estate. They moved here and so for the first time there was a resident landlord. This meant that the problems were settled on the spot and the correspondence to Dublin finished. One can see that the landlord's lot was not an easy one, the impression is that the Penal Laws sat lightly here and that the local farmers were able to get their way when needed. There are many letters from the Syngé family but these are mostly relating to family matters and I'll close with an extract from one of them written early 1798 on the eve of the Rebellion. Francis Syngé's mother writes from Bath, in England (a favourite watering hole among the Irish gentry and other 'jet setters'), "Parties, balls and plays every night, hitherto we Irish go on as usual. 'tis said that the Bishops have had hints they had better go home".

William Thomas Roseland

J.J. Neenan & Sons, Millers

Ian Cantwell

Mountain Man

Two in the air
And one on the sleam!
He laughed
As he buried me in black sods
On the High Bog
Above Glendassan Valley.

Standard eccentricity
In peakless cap
And Geronimo tunic
Trousers pantalooned to legs
With binder twine.

He,
The last of them;
Contouring the slopes of Cool Moon,
Following the routes of yews and wethers
Through ruckle of gorse and heather,
Twixt High Road
And black mountain water.

The sheep dog crouched beside him
In asexual intimacy,
Responding to shouts
And purse-lipped whistle signals.

I saw him yesterday
Silhouetted against the skyline;
Beyond time . . .
Beyond dimension . . .

Seamus Organ

Note: The "Mountain Man" is Ger Conway, now in his seventies but who up until recently was tending sheep and cutting turf on the hills and bogs above Glendassan Valley.

Our Patrons

Noel Kavanagh Motors, Roundwood
Terry Kavanagh, Butcher, Roundwood
Dr. John Keating, Newtownmountkennedy
Lynhams of Laragh
Paddy Maloney, Annamoe
Joe McCabe Motors, Roundwood
Dr. B. V. Pippet, Wicklow
Johnny Price Motors, Roundwood
Red Rose Cafe, Roundwood
Margaret Roche, Solicitor, Enniskerry
R. S. Roofing, Dublin 2
Roundwood A.F.C.
Roundwood Home Producers
The Roundwood Inn
Roundwood Park Farm
St. Kevin's Bus Service, Roundwood
The Tavern, Roundwood
An Tochar G.A.A. Club
Tochar House, Roundwood
Togher Stores, Roundwood
Vance & Wilson, E. & M. O'Brien, Bray
Vartry House, Roundwood
Village Take-away, Roundwood
W & D Motors, Sallynoggin
Whites Foodmarket, Roundwood
Wicklow Willows, Roundwood
J. J. Wolohan & Sons, Rathdrum

