

Roundwood & District

History & Folklore Journal

No. 9

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(Continued inside back cover)

*Roundwood and District
Historical and Folklore Society*

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From The Chair

In 1987 a small group of people interested in local history got together and formed the Roundwood and District Historical and Folklore Society.

Ten years later I am pleased to introduce the ninth edition of the Historical and Folklore Journal. From that small beginning our Society has grown steadily and now has a membership of around thirty. The work of the society includes gathering articles of local historical interest for use in future publications and we welcome photographs, articles, etc. which readers may have. The Society also has an archive where all this material is kept and recorded.

As the bi-centenary of 1798 approaches, our Society, together with other Historical Societies will remember the men and women of our county who took part in the 1798 rebellion. In particular, our Society will commemorate General Joseph Holt who lived in Roundwood in 1798, and was transported to Australia in 1799. After 14 years exile in Australia Joseph Holt returned to Ireland.

I would like to take this opportunity to say a very special word of thanks to all our Patrons who have supported us so well over the years, and thank you to the shopkeepers in the area who sell our Journal and Christmas card.

Happy reading.

Sean Kavanagh
Chairman R.D.H.F.S.
December 1997

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The Remains At Temple-na-Skellig, Glendalough

A Reassessment of the Archaeological and Documentary Evidence

Note: The following abbreviations are used in this article:

Betha C. 1 = The first Irish Life of St. Kevin

Betha C. 2 = The second Irish Life of St. Kevin

Betha C. 3 = The third Irish Life of St. Kevin

Vita = The Latin Life of St. Kevin

Temple-na-Skellig is the most westerly church which survives at Glendalough today. Like other churches at Glendalough, it was reconstructed in 1876-77 by the Commissioners of Public Works. Part of the site has also been excavated and surveyed in more recent years. In the light of all of these factors, a fresh examination of the physical remains of Temple-na-Skellig is needed. Evidence of the history of the site also needs to be reassessed.

Temple-na-Skellig is located in a small hollow between Lugduff Mountain and the southern shore of the Upper Lake. There are very steep cliffs to the east, west and north and the site is bounded on the south by the waters of the Upper Lake. Temple-na-Skellig is virtually an island, accessible with safety and ease only by boat. There can be little doubt that crossing the lake by boat was the main route to Temple-na-Skellig in Early Medieval times. A series of ancient steps, laid bare in 1876-77 by the Commissioners of Public Works, lead from the lake to the first of two artificially excavated platforms (Fig. 1). The plan of the site in the report of the Commissioners for 1911-12 shows 36 of these steps. Only 25 exist at the site today. They vary in width from c.50 cm at the top to over 80 cm at the bottom, widening out only in the last few steps. A small pillar, of dry-stone construction, just 1 m high, secures the bottom steps on the western side where the ground falls away sharply.

The platform to which these steps lead is about 8 m above the lake. There is a steep drop immediately to the north of it. On the south side, a wall was built to retain the mountain above. Constant landslides have filled the gap of almost 1 m that originally existed between this retaining wall and the south wall of the church. The church itself is a simple single-chamber structure measuring 7.75 m by 4.19 m internally. The walls were nearly level with the ground in 1838, and were cleared of debris in 1876-77. They are made up mostly of small pieces of mica-schist and stand to day at a height of just over 1 m. The west doorway consists of large blocks of dressed granite and has inclined jambs. The massive lintel stone,

94 cm long, 68.5 cm deep and about 30 cm thick, is now resting against the wall outside the door. Made of dressed granite, it has an 8 cm protrusion, which originally functioned as a drip-course, 25.5 cm long and 9 cm wide. An upward protrusion on the top raises the outer face of the stone about 5 cm. It is 36 cm wide and extends across almost half the width of the lintel stone. This feature would originally have served to lock the lintel into the course of masonry which was laid above it. The carving of a number of features (in this case the drip-course and the upward protrusion) out of a single block of stone is a marked feature of the pre-Romanesque masonry at Glendalough. The amount of labour required to cut such a hard stone, as granite into these shapes was considerable. The lack of carved ornament in such pre-Romanesque church buildings should not blind us to the fact that much thought and physical labour went into producing what could be described as an aesthetic simplicity.

The only window which survives in the church at Temple-na-Skellig is the eastern window. This was reconstructed from stones found amongst the debris in 1876-77. It is a two-light structure, the round heads of both windows being cut out of a single stone. The mullion is of dressed granite and is chamfered on its interior face. The chamfer protrudes 2 cm at the top, increasing gradually to 4 cm at the bottom. The windows of pre-Romanesque churches throughout Ireland are normally single-light structures. In Glendalough, for example, the only other church with a two-light window is St. Saviour's, which can be dated to between 1152 and 1163. As the trabeate doorway at Temple-na-Skellig is clearly pre-Romanesque, the east window indicates that the church was re-built in the late twelfth century. Further evidence of this can be seen in a carved fragment in the Visitor Centre which was found at Temple-na-Skellig in 1912. This unfinished stone has a fragment of square fret or key pattern carved on one edge. Any plan to include this stone in the church re-building of the twelfth century must have been abandoned. It is significant to note, however, that the only other place where a similar feature is to be found is in the twelfth-century chancel window at St. Mary's Church. The combination of trabeate doorway and later Romanesque style window in a single-chamber church is unique at Glendalough. A landslide, which occurred after the original stone church was built, must have caused considerable damage to it. In the twelfth-century rebuilding, the original door was retained and a new east window was added. A large landslide did occur before or during the twelfth century, evidence of which will be discussed later.

The only other feature of note within the church is a small aumbry in the south wall. This is not mentioned in any accounts of the site written before the reconstruction of 1876-77 and was presumably uncovered at that date. The cross which stands just outside the east window was unearthed by Sir William Wilde in 1873.

To the west of the platform on which the church stands is a second platform 1 m higher (Fig. 1). A series of more gradually rising steps than those coming from the lake are sunk into the platform. This causeway was uncovered around 1911. A layer of ashes and charcoal, 8 cm to 23 cm thick, was discovered over and around the causeway. Cochrane, author of the 1911-12 Report of the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland, thought this seemed to indicate the presence of former buildings of combustible materials which had been burned. The charcoal layer lay 1.2 m below the present surface. Cochrane noted the heavy landslips from the mountain-side above the platform. This may be the reason why the charcoal layer started as deep as 1.2 m below the surface. Charcoal layers of about 18 cm in depth were noted by Healy in his excavation (reported in 1972) of one of the many small earthen platforms that exist in Glendalough. He interviewed local foresters who said that they often noticed these charcoal layers on the platforms. Healy concluded that the platforms were charcoal-burning sites which dated from around 1700 when ores were being smelted at Glendalough. The platform at Temple-na-Skellig may also have been used for this purpose. The charcoal layer, which in Healy's excavated site was just below the surface, was here covered by 1.2 m of debris from a landslide. Healy points out that the thickness and wide spread of charcoal which he found is unlikely to come for the burning of a hut. The layer at Temple-na-Skellig was of similar depth and ran for a distance of 3.7 m to 4.9 m over and around the causeway.

The steps of the causeway were recorded as being 67 cm below the charcoal layer in 1911-12. In 1956 and 1958 Henry excavated this platform at Temple-na-Skellig. Another large landslide had obviously occurred at the site since 1912 for it was described in 1956 as a rather shapeless mound of earth which rested on a ruined wall. When the avalanche of debris was cleared Henry discovered a well-built platform on which wattle huts connected by paved paths had been erected. No dating could be deduced from finds at this level except that it belongs to a period when iron was in use. It may be of Early Medieval date. The huts had been destroyed by an avalanche of large slabs. These slabs were cleared away at a later date and a wooden house resting on a base of stones and daub was built in the middle of the platform. Coins and pottery allowed Henry to date the occupation of this house to a period from the late 12th century to the late 14th or 15th century when it was destroyed by a fresh avalanche of debris. The path in the south-east corner is still visible today. It leads up to a small platform, slightly above the height of the main platform, and may have contained a hut. These excavations must also have uncovered three large steps which are built into the retaining wall in the north-west corner and gave access to the platform from the west. These steps were not recorded on the 1911-12 plan of the site.

One feature at Temple-na-Skellig which has never been noted before in any

plans or descriptions of the site is a series of steps leading from the south-east corner of the main settlement platform down to another, smaller platform. This platform is clearly man-made, cut out of the natural slope of the mountain-side. Its location just below the main settlement platform and the steps approaching it from the latter suggest that it may be an extension of the settlement area. Two further platforms are located about 200 m to the west of the main site of Temple-na-Skellig. While the precise date or significance of these platforms cannot be fully assessed without excavation, it is likely that they were originally the sites of houses or huts associated with the Early or Late Medieval settlement.

The excavated and above-ground evidence together suggests two distinct phases at Temple-na-Skellig. The first stone church and the wattle huts certainly pre-date the late twelfth century and both could be centuries earlier. The earliest stone church could date from the late seventh or early eighth century, when documentary sources first mention a stone church in Ireland. The huts were described by the excavator as belonging to a period when iron was in use which could, conceivably, be Iron Age. An association with the Early Medieval church settlement seems far more likely, however, as there is no other evidence of settlement in Glendalough in the Iron Age. The avalanche of large slabs, which caused the destruction of the Phase 1 huts, could have severely damaged the church. This was rebuilt in Phase 2 (late twelfth century) and a new wooden structure was constructed on the settlement platform (occupied twelfth to late fourteenth or fifteenth century). The church at Temple-na-Skellig is the only church in Glendalough which was a single-chamber structure in the Early Medieval period but did not have a chancel added on at a later date. The lack of a chancel here can be explained by the lack of space. Three large grave slabs and a cross behind the east wall are evidence that the place where a chancel might have been added was used as a cemetery. Two other grave slabs were located to the north and west of the church, very close to its walls (Fig. 1). The addition of a chancel would have restricted the already severely limited space available for burial.

The interpretation of the various Lives of St. Kevin has caused considerable differences of opinion amongst scholars. Using the Lives to identify particular church sites has led to diametrically opposing viewpoints and the various interpretations are extremely confusing. Much of the confusion centres around the Upper Lake area and the identification of *Desert Caimhghin*. Some authors argue it was the Reefert Church, others, often from the same passages, that it was Temple-na-Skellig. The Lives themselves are confused and may, as Price argues, have been deliberately changed on some points of topography or site description. One point which is highly significant and can help in understanding the Lives is that the concept of the desert from which *Desert* and various other terms employed

for hermitage come, was not always tied to a particular church site. In the Vita, Kevin is described as wandering *per desert loca solus* when he first comes at Glendalough. This phrase does not refer only to Glendalough but to the entire mountainous area surrounding it. Eoganus, Lochanus and Enna, Kevin's seniors or elders, eventually come and take him from Glendalough, described in this passage as a *valle deserta*. Betha C. I. similarly describes Glendalough as *nglenda ffaigh* or desert glen, a phrase which also appears in Betha C. II. Events in all the lives are largely centred on the area around the Upper Lake and it is obvious that Kevin wandered around this entire area. The Vita describes how, having built a monastery, Kevin lived alone for four years in different places in the upper part of the valley between the mountain and the lake. (*Et ita solus in superiori ipsius vallis plaga inter montes et stagnum in diversis locis per quatuor annos hermita fuit*).

Another passage, in which an angel warns him of a rock overhanging his cave (*spelunce*), begins with the words *in tempore quadragesimali, cum esset sanctus Coemgenus in deserto*, at the time of Lent, when St. Kevin was in his desert. The *deserto* here is obviously the area around the Upper Lake and passages in both the Vita and the Bethada indicate that he wandered on both the north and the south sides of his *desert*.

Internal evidence from the Lives, illustrates clearly that the various terms used for desert are loosely applied to entire mountainous areas, the valley of Glendalough or the area around the Upper Lake. The latter is the most common usage after Kevin finally settles in Glendalough. His desert is the area around the Upper Lake and, in all the Lives; he wanders around all parts of it. Later authors may have tried to attach particular sanctity to certain church sites when writing the lives, but Temple-na-Skellig, Reefert Church or even both sites could have served as church centres for the desert or hermitage around the Upper Lake. In the Vita, one description of a site described as *heremus Coemgen* has been interpreted as Temple-na-Skellig and (by different authors) as Reefert Church. Comparison with other sources confirms that the site is in fact Reefert Church. A number of passages in the Bethada, however, do associate St. Kevin very specifically with Temple-na-Skellig. Betha C. I describes how he would cross the lake without any boat to the rock (*sgellic*) to say Mass every day, and remained without dread or fear above the lake.

Betha C. II, in a similar passage, describes how:

Coemgen would go on the broad pool
 Without boat or ferry daily
 To say mass on his skerry (*sgellic*)
 A place well-pleasing to God.

Betha C. III tells of St. Kevin in the desert (*dithreibh*) where he was, withdrawing himself for the society of men on the west side of the rock (*leith thiar don sceilg*) in Glendalough. Although Reefert Church seems to have assumed the title *Desert Caoimhghin*, the church and settlement at Temple-na-Skellig were still within the desert of the Upper Lake and its environs.

It would be easy to dismiss the Lives as propaganda or fantastic tales, but they do contain traditions which must have had some basis in truth. More accurate, non-hagiographic, sources confirm Temple-na-skellig was a distinct settlement from that at the Reefert Church or Desert Caoimhghin in the late twelfth century. *Scelec*, a Latinised form of the Irish sgellic is mentioned in a papal charter of confirmation to Abbot Thomas and the convent of *Glendalachen* dated Dec. 22 1198. *Scelec* is listed as separate from both the great church of SS Peter and Paul of Glendaloch and St. Candin's (i.e. Kevin's) hermitage (*desertum*) with its cell. Some time between 1257 and 1263 a Donohu, prior de Rupe juxta (near to) Glindelache was sworn in as a juror at an Inquisition at Castlekevin, the manor of the Anglo-Norman bishop of Dublin. *Rupes*, Latin for cliff, is obviously a translation of the Irish sgellic and was similarly used by the Anglo-Normans for Ballinskelligs on the coast of Co. Kerry. Occupation at Sgellic in Glendalough ended in the late fourteenth or fifteenth centuries. It was not until 1786 that it was given the name Temple-na-Skellig by Archdall, although many natives of Glendalough today still refer to it simply as The Skellig.

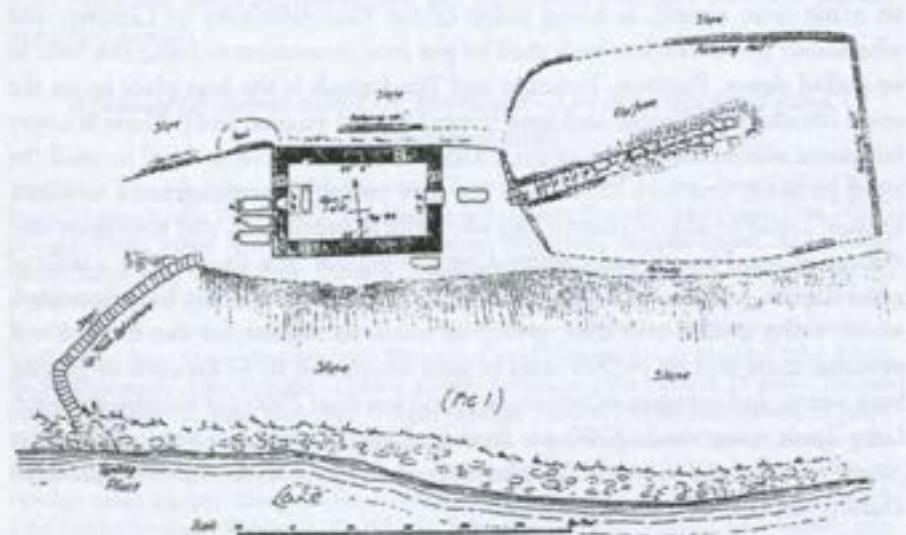
Traditions of an Early Medieval church and monastic settlement at Temple-na-Skellig are supported by archaeological evidence, even if the wattled huts discovered by Henry cannot be definitively dated back to St. Kevin's time. The archaeological and documentary evidence coincide also in the twelfth to fifteenth century period, when there was a priory here. The fact that the prior of Rupe attended an Inquisition at the Anglo-Norman manor of Castlekevin suggests that Anglo-Norman influence extended into the very remotest part of Glendalough. The three additional platforms noted above suggest that settlement may not have been confined to the area excavated by Henry. Temple-na-Skellig was a nucleated settlement where a religious community could dwell, pray, have their own religious services and bury their dead. In these senses, a certain degree of independence from the settlements at Reefert Church and the ecclesiastical city must have existed. The limited possibilities for agriculture and food production however, suggest a dependence on supplies from outside the settlement, and the head of the community here hardly ruled independently of the ecclesiastical authorities in the valley as a whole. Thus we find that while *Scelec* is listed separately in the 1198 charter, it is an appurtenance of Glendalough's Abbot Thomas, to whom the overall charter is granted.

Constant landslides and avalanches of slabs, evidenced in both the Medieval

and Modern periods, must have made life at Temple-na-Skellig extremely dangerous. In this and its isolation, being virtually an island, it could be compared to Skellig Michael off the coast of Co. Kerry. In addition to these factors, both sites are comparable in that the topography of the landscape dictates the outline shape of the platforms, terraces or enclosures on which churches and huts were built. At Temple-na-Skellig and on parts of Skellig Michael, these are rectangular or sub-rectangular in shape. A well-banked rectangular terrace is much more likely to retain its shape and avoid subsidence when cut out of a steep mountain or rock face than a circular structure. Despite the assertion, which is often made, that ecclesiastical enclosures are usually circular or curvilinear, rectangular enclosures are found at all but one of the church sites in Glendalough, including the ecclesiastical city. On a level site, the circular or sub-circular form may have been favoured. In a steep-sided valley such as Glendalough, however, topographical considerations took precedence.

Temple-na-Skellig was undoubtedly one of the earliest, if not the earliest, of the church settlements in Glendalough. It is the only site in the valley at which direct evidence of wattle huts has been found. While life at Temple-na-Skellig may have been hazardous, the construction and occupation of buildings there as late as the 13th or 14th century indicate that its isolation appealed not only to St. Kevin but to monks of a later time as well.

HARRY LONG



Teampul-na-Skellig - Plan of Church and Surroundings

*Letter of Alan Cooke to John Coke, Master of the Rolls in Dublin,
8 August 1636.*

I went to view the lands of the Vartry, where I stayed all last week, and I observed every parcel thereof, for which I was beholden to Sir Edward Winkfield, who is your new neighbour. The names of all the towns are as following: Castlekevin, the town where the Castle doth stand. This hath a goodly wood but no great timber, but very fine young oaks. Tomolan, a pretty wood but no timber. Tondarragh and Balincor, a very goodly wood but no timber. Rahin, a very small village, no wood (had a mill in 1598 ed.). Baltomane, Carrickro, and Bolelin, the largest town in the Vartries, a very good wood, by which runneth the great river. Leitrim, joining the river of the Vartries, a very pretty wood but no timber. Molenbige and Bolinas, a town, hath no wood. Bahinto, where Mr. Masterson doth dwell; he is a friend to Mr. Toole's mother, he hath this and the above town. This town hath no wood. Glasmolin, joining to the Manor of Powerscourt, no wood. All the whole lands very dry, and very wholesome air (it is all coach way). It is all in length six miles and in breadth a mile of good lands, it is all entire within itself. Castlekevin is the fittest place to build the Manor house, because of the strength; The Bawne is very good, very near 20 foot high; all the castle is down, and the bounds are very near 50 yards square. A fine small river running at the back of the castle, half a mile from the same, runneth the great river, which did afford a (blank) of salmon, which did come out of the sea to spawn, but the Lord of Esmonde hath set a weir upon the river. I have caused a Presentment to be made unto myself, as being Judge of the Vice Admiralty of Leinster; and whatsoever power the law hath shall be put into execution to make this weir to be pulled down. Between Tomolan and Tondarragh is the best place to set the town [facilities for timber and lime (from Dublin) enumerated]. There is a very fair civate within the Bawne of the Castle, which will serve to dwell in until the town be built, and very secure. Let me give you this encouragement to plant, because I shall be able to plant it had you twice as much land, and with most able tenants of good worth and quality. Castlekevin will be a fit place for a man of good fashion to live in, which must defend the tenants until they be fully settled, which being built I will take, giving as much as anyone for the same. I will presume there will be 10,000 acres of land which will be fit for corn or grazing both winter and summer, which cannot yield less than £500 per annum, although Luke Toole never made £200 per annum. I would wish that your grants were passed and the land surveyed. The furthest part of your land is but 14 miles from Dublin, and the next but 8 miles.

When I came to the Castle they shut the gates against me, but in the end, after they had made a great cry, they used me very kindly. When I had conference with the eldest son of the said Toole, who is a very modest gentleman, he seemed

to be very well contented to part of the land. He carried me into a room where he showed me 16 more of the children of the said Toole, all of which he affirmed, must beg, unless your Honour were gracious unto them in seeing them provided for elsewhere. I cannot learn that any one hath interest in any part of the land but his mother, in the two towns of Molenbige and Balinto, which is her jointure. Mr. Luke Toole's eldest son requested me to send these inclosed unto his father, one unsealed, by which I presume he adviseth his father to make your favour. I beseech you get me a reference on my petition.

Brinne Toole to Mr. Luke Toole in London, 10 August 1636

Much respected father, I know my brother Barnaby writes unto you of Mr. Cooke's coming to view the Farderye, but if the matter goes to the worst I hope in God you can agree with Secretary Coke, who I understand had the land passed unto (him). Robert Dowling denied that the key of the trunk was left with him. He did not use you well in not sending the Earl of Antrim's letter, who was given unto him three or four weeks ago. You are not to blame me for your nag, for my brother Barnaby would not suffer me to handle him. Alan Cooke was mightily displeased when he saw the wids of Baltimany so spoiled, until my brother Barnaby and I followed him to Powerscourt, and there qualified part of his anger by telling him that most part of the wid was destroyed in Mr. Barnewall's time. My mother is in good health and so is all the children, your mother and all your friends. I go daily to comfort my mother, according to your direction to me. Your daughter, my wife, remembers her duty unto you. My love and serving unto Sir Donagh.

*Affidavit Of Robert Scarff Of Tomriland - List of unregistered guns,
23 September 1841*

Tomriland: Thomas Archer, Michael Kennedy, John Doyle, James Moran, Patk. Cullen, Brien Brady, Thomas Keane, Brien Doyle. Tomdarragh: Jerh. Darcey (2 guns), John Doyle, Wm. Hatley (2 guns), Denis Byrne, Murragh Byrne, John Bryan, Wm. Toole, Thomas Quinn. Annagowlan: Denis Cullen, John Cullen, Patk. Cambell. Boleynas: Garr. Toole, Hugh Keane, Patk. Keane, Art Mullen. Knockadrect: John Gasteen, Michael Rooney (2 guns), Thomas Mason. Snagborough: John Roark. Knockatemple: James Henders (4 guns), Byrne (repairs arms). Fairview: 3 Murphys. Mullinavige: John Doyle, Roundwood: Maguire, David Murphy, James Murphy, John Keane, Michael Dempsey, John Harding, Thomas Keane. Ballinacor: John Nowlan (2 guns), Thomas Smyth. Raheen: Richard McGuirk, Thomas Keeloge, Thomas Doyle, John Lanem (2 guns). Baltonaname: John Flemon (3 guns). Oldbridge: Michl. Devit. Inchavore: Doyle. Clohoge: John McDonald. Drummin: Peter Hedon, Hugh Lawles. Birchwood: Michael Healy. Annamoe: Christy Nowlan, James Murphy. Laragh: Porter, Farrell, Peter Richardson (old yeoman, has licence). Ballard: John Duffy. Brockagh: Kavanagh. Castlekevin: John Nowlan, John Malone, John Cullen, John Carroll, John Kavanagh (blunderbuss), Mr. Grimes. Knockaphrumpa: Widow Byrne, Denis Byrne, Charles Byrne. Moneystown: Michael Byrne (gun and sword). Trooperstown: Denis Byrne (3 guns) Patk. Farrell. Roachestown: Patk. Byrne.

John Gower, Roundwood Park, to Dublin Castle - 4th July 1843

The anniversary of the 12th July has been celebrated for some years past in this immediate neighbourhood on lands in occupation of a small farmer named Barry about half a mile from the village of Togher, is now called Roundwood, with bonfires, fireworks, drunken revels and party toasts but in procession. Then revels are held in an open field. In July 1841 a savage multitude of peasantry joined by the miners of Laganure pits assembled at the further side of a small hill which intervened between them and the antagonistic assembly for the express purpose of assailing them and interfering with their orgies. However the presence of a strong party of police sent out from Rathdrum on conveyances prevented the threatened collision which in all probability would have been attended with very serious consequences. In July 1842 an outrage which did not appear to be of a serious character except that it was accompanied with a threat to shoot was committed by a drunkard returning from this anniversary revel upon a labourer in his own cottage when he was eating his breakfast at 5 o'clock in the morning before going to his work. The man took information, conviction followed and the aggressor was sentenced to some short term of imprisonment. This prosecution and conviction has, I am informed and as naturally might be expected, caused much bad feeling among the people. I have reason to believe if the usual orgies be celebrated by the Orange party on the 12th July that the peace of the neighbourhood will be endangered. I have no doubt that a stop could easily be put to the disgraceful and mischievous celebration if Government will . . . ? the attention of the Magistrates to the circumstances of this individual neighbourhood but without direct intimation from Government they will not interfere. The orgies are promoted by subscription and some of the supporters are persons of respectable station and the prevailing politics of the county in the higher class . . . ? them. I trust you will pardon this intrusion. If mischief is prevented the object will be accomplished.

(A report of Henry Collins, 2nd Head Constable Rathdrum, on the 12th July found the area at peace with no 'orgies' found or planned.)

Rev. West, Glebe, Annamoe to Dublin Castle - 20th January 1846

I feel much obliged for your kind note of the 19th inst. and am perfectly satisfied that I shall receive every protection that the law can offer. I received a short note yesterday from Capt. Crawford requesting Mrs. West and my servants to attend the Petty Session at Newtown on 9th Feb relating to the men which were seen by us on the 9th inst. There were about 13 in number. Every exertion was made to escape detection being a very light night. One of the party carried a gun. I got

out of the man Brady of Tomriland to admit he was present. He has given the names of six others but states the gun was a long sledgehammer. My man is positive it was a gun so far as he could be certain with the light of the moon. Brady's father has a registered gun and they and the Brady's of Annamoe Pound bear the very worst possible character. We propose offering a reward of £50 for the attack on the Glebe (three windows were broken and guns fired outside, ed.) and I should say that the Government also take . . . ? would be attended with good results, more especially as I believe this is only the commencement of very bad work likely to break out at the latter end of March as several notices to quit had been served on Capt. Hugo's tenants also on Raheen townland, tenants to a Mr. Fitzgerald are determined to resist. I can assign no reason for the repeated annoyances I have experienced than from me being a Protestant Minister as also from the perfectly groundless supposition that I want to take Brady's farm at Annamoe of which I never had the slightest idea. Mrs. Brady told me about four months ago that "she knew what I was at and that I was a pretty gentleman to take land over a poor persons head." Her son who was standing by said "Many : one should be under the sod before March". This was on a Saturday. On the Monday following as Mrs. West and myself were returning from a lecture in Roundwood about 8 o'clock in the evening when a large stone was thrown from behind a ditch which passed close to me and struck the ground with considerable violence. On my servant getting out the seat to see whether there was anyone beside the ditch two men started up the hill and from his description of their size and dress corresponded with two of the Brady's but as no further identification could not be made we did not proceed with the matter. Unfortunately Annamoe is at the extreme end of two Police Stations and I have long since recommended Annamoe to made a Police Station. I consider if a small party was stationed here temporarily at least till after April it would be attended with good results. The Priest at Annamoe said that my servants and Mr. Bookeys were drinking in the village that night. I have made strictest investigation into the charge, which is without the slightest grounds. He has made this statement to the Laragh Police. When Mr. Weekes's robbery took place (April 1845) he made out it was done by Protestants as no RC would eat meat or drink whiskey in Lent [which you may recall was done in Mr. Weekes's house]. I was morally certain at the time that no Protestant was connected to it and the results at the last Assizes justified my opinion of the Protestants. Mr. Barton lately remonstrated with Mr. Clarke (the priest) about a bad feeling on breaking our windows at Derrylossary when he replied "Oh I know all about it, the RCs had nothing to do with the matter, it was done by Protestants". Our Church door was broken open last week at Laragh and my schoolmaster has lodged informations on the subject. The priest (I am informed) is constantly abusing my schools and denouncing everyone who sends

their children to them. I must say that I am not surprised at the poor ignorant people being led to commit these acts which are so disgraceful in a Christian land and so I humbly hope that some means may be devised which will remedy the widespread of disaffection which prevents my servants [Wm. Easterbrook, Coachman, Maria Doyle, Eliz. Healy, Mary Moorehead & Mr. Mahon], some of whom are English remaining with me and my children have become quite nervous ever since. I know not how far it is my duty to remain any longer in the Parish where I have been in some degree useful and though I received salary for seven years excepting the house and a few acres I have many ties of friendship which I should not wish to dissolve.

Extracts from the Outrage Papers, National Archives, Wicklow, 1843 & 1846.

Wicklow Newsletter 3/1/1903

On Monday was laid to rest at Glendalough the remains of the oldest and most respected inhabitant of that District, Mr. John Richardson, the genial proprietor of the Lake Hotel. He was for many years past been familiar to tourists. Possessing a thorough knowledge of his native valley, of its traditions and legends and a vivid recollection of the scenes of his early years, of the old pattern years and prosperous times when the mines were established and working. He was one of Nature's gentlemen and a typical Irishman. A true friend and neighbour he was highly esteemed and respected by his immediate friends and all who enjoyed the pleasure of his conversation. Mr. Richardson had reached the ripe old age of 86 and up to a few months ago enjoyed robust health.

Wicklow Newsletter 8/4/1893

On Sunday last a young man named Bolger, one of the guides of the Seven Churches, was engaged in assisting some tourists to enter St. Kevin's Bed; he missed his footing and falling down on some rocks he was precipitated into the lake. One of the tourists managed to lift him out of the water and it was found he had sustained fearful injuries. In addition to a fracture of the skull a broken rib penetrated his lungs and the poor fellow is now lying in a critical Dawson's Hotel being looked after by Dr. Garland.

Freemans Journal 12/4/1882

Within a half an hour of the news of Parnell's release reaching Roundwood 20 bonfires were lit on the hills and the village was illuminated. The local band with an enthusiastic crowd paraded until midnight when all went home in an orderly manner.

The Irish Famine Of 1847

Rev. John Gowan C.M., who was an eye-witness of the Famine, delivered this moving lecture in the presence of the Archbishop of Dublin on behalf of St. Brigid's Schools, Little Strand Street, Dublin.

Everybody knows that the cause, or at least the occasion of the great Irish Famine of 1847 was the potato blight. The severest blight fell upon the potatoes on July 19, 1846. It was a very warm day. I was descending the mountains going towards the seaside about 3 o'clock on that day when I saw a thick, white fog gradually creeping up the sides of the hills. When I entered it I was pained with cold. I at once feared some great disaster. The next morning, when I travelled about in discharge of my duty, I found the whole potato crop everywhere blighted. The leaves were blackened and hanging loosely on their stems, and a disagreeable odour filled the air.

The Parish of Glendalough

Now I don't intend to speak on the whole subject, or to survey the whole area of that calamity. What I purpose doing is to survey the whole area put before you what I saw and felt in the Parish of Glendalough, of which I was then curate. I intend first to call your attention in a very brief way to certain general features of the Famine, and secondly, to give in greater detail the cases of some of the victims.

Submission to Divine Providence

The first general feature that I observed was the submission, the perfect submission of the afflicted people to Divine Providence. During the two years that the Famine lasted I never heard the slightest murmur against Providence except once, and that person retracted and was sorry after a few words of instruction. What was perhaps more remarkable, the poor people in their sufferings never offered a word of complaint against their neighbours. This will appear most astonishing when I tell you that many of them were refused the shelter even of an outhouse in their dire distress. The reason of the refusal on the part of the farmers and others was that they believed that the victims were afflicted with fever, and in that county there was the most awful apprehension of fever. And justly, because fever, when it once entered a family, usually seized every member, and thus brought the whole family to the verge of absolute ruin. The poor victims of famine knew this, and did not complain that they were refused shelter, although often obliged to spend a night under the shelter of a hedge or in the ruins of a tumbled down cabin.

Honesty of the Starving Poor

The next general feature I observed was the scrupulous honesty of the starving

poor. Many of them could easily have helped themselves with some of the goods of their neighbours, but, although in extreme want, they did not avail themselves of that privilege. On this head I feel it my duty to say that in a few cases some labouring men with families of very young children came to me and asked for a loan of a pound or two pounds. I knew them well. I knew they were strictly honest and upright. I gave them the money as they asked it, on loan. But in my own mind it was a donation, and I had not the slightest thought for repayment. To their great credit, every penny I lent was repaid. I had left that county, and most of that money was sent after me. One man named John Worth was not able to repay the pound I gave him till after the expiration of eight years and when, by dint of hard work and frugality, he had put that pound together, he travelled more than twenty miles to give me that pound. I met him on the Glasnevin road; he told me his business and handed me the pound. I refused to take it, telling him that I never expected it, that I, in fact, had given it to him. He answered, I'll never see a happy day unless you take the money. I insisted that he should at least keep his travelling charges, but he would not. I say that John Worth was a worthy man.

Awe and Consternation

The next general feature of the Famine that struck me was the awe; the in fact, consternation that seized the whole people. During the two years that the Famine lasted, I never saw children at play and never heard people laugh, and the very heavens were overcast with gloom.

A Peculiar Circumstance

A general feature that I observed in the famine-stricken will be hardly credible to you. I attended nearly all the cases in the parish, and on coming into the presence of each poor man and woman, I used to ask them in their own language: What way are you? Well you would expect them to cry I'm hungry, I'm starving. For God's sake give me some food! Now I never heard these expressions, or anything like them. One of the reasons, perhaps, was that Divine Providence afflicted them with fever which took away all wish for food. Another reason, perhaps, was that they were wasted by long months of insufficient or bad food, and thus lost their appetite. This much is certain, that when I brought them food myself some refused to take it, and all were unwilling to take it.

How the Famine Grew

The Famine did not, of course, become intense at once; it crept on and advanced as a tide, so that, towards the end, many who had been in comfortable circumstances were reduced to want. In fact my Parish Priest, with whom I lived, spent his last shilling.

In fact my parish priest, and he was obliged, in order to procure the necessaries of life for his little household, to borrow five pounds from me. You will say, doubtless, Shame on you! But my excuse is that I was fully persuaded that we had yet the worst of the Famine to encounter, and I wished to have a few shillings for the final struggle. While on this head I may perhaps take leave to tell you that during one winter and spring the parish priest and myself made our dinner on one course, and that was Indian meal porridge mixed with a small quantity of rice. A commission of scientists was set up to advise the people on crop cultivation. Their instructions only added to the general misery. A very poor tradesman who was living very close to our house held a few acres of land. He had just boarded his parlour and had it ornamented and, when being determined to give the instructions fair play, he stored his potatoes in the parlour and locked the door. After about three weeks he examined them and found nothing but a rotten mass of pulp. As if to show the mistake of the scientists, this same tradesman, when gathering his potatoes, threw a few baskets-full of the very small ones into a pool of water in the middle of the field. This was in September. In the following May, taking up the half-dried mud where the small potatoes were thrown, to his astonishment he found them perfectly sound. He even planted them as seed and had a fair crop from them.

Common Sense and Scientists

I will tell you a circumstance by which you will see that common sense is sometimes more reliable than the experiments of scientists. I took a short cut across a mountain called Carrigroe to a sick call. About half way up the mountain there was a poor widow named Widow Kelly, who had a little farm of wretched land. In passing I met her son, John, a little boy of twelve years. "John", said I, "had you a garden this year?" "Yes, sir." "Were you able to save them?" "Yes, sir." "Do you tell me that your potatoes did not rot?" "No, barrin one in thirty." "How did you save them?" "We ate them, sir." He said, with a jerk of his head. Perhaps some one thinks that I'm trifling. No. If all the people of Ireland had acted on the common-sense principle of Mrs. Kelly and used their potatoes first, they would have had a saving of, at least, two million sterling. The following year the three gentlemen gave instructions on how to save and utilise potatoes that were partially diseased. They told the people to pulp the potatoes, wash them well and leave the pulp to dry in the sun. Those who followed the instructions were delighted to see a substance white as American flour. But when cooked it proved to be poor starch, very good to stiffen your grandmother's cap, but very bad for an empty stomach.

Public Works Bungling

I will say nothing of the Public Works instituted at that time for relief of the

poor, because it is admitted on all hands that they were a series of bungling from beginning to end. In fact many died of hardship and hunger while engaged on these works.

A man who died of hunger

I will submit to you a few of the cases of the victims that I myself witnessed. The first person who, to my knowledge, died of hunger in the Parish of Glendalough was a man named Dunne. He was a quiet, honest, Christian man. As you may well imagine, there was little or no work for labourers, and poor Larry Dunne subsisted for some time on the savings of his labour. By over-economy he wasted away gradually. One day he went to the little village of Annamoe with a small tin vessel and his last three halfpence to purchase a little oatmeal that he might, like the widow of Sarepta in the Scripture, eat it and die. But he did not live to eat it, for he fell on the path, returning home quite exhausted. Someone passing the same way took him up, carried him to the next house, and sent for me. I found him unconscious, and, in fact, in a short time after my arrival, he died. I came home, wrote a letter to Mr. David Charles de la Touche, who was then staying in Luggalaw. I was not personally acquainted with Mr. La Touche, but I knew his character. He would shed tears over a beast that was suffering from hunger. I sent my letter by a special messenger, and in a very short time Mr. La Touche's carriage was at the door. He came in, in a state of great excitement. "What's this?" he said. "This is terrible news. An honest man dies in a Christian country of sheer hunger. What's to be done? What's to be done?" "Sir," I said, "if you please sit down, I'll tell you my thought. Let us two constitute ourselves a preparatory meeting for the relief of the distress." "Good," said he. "Well," I continued, "I have drafted three resolutions, the last of which calls a meeting of the gentry of the surrounding country, for next Thursday to take measures for the relief of distress. Now, Sir, you sign these resolutions as chairman and I as secretary. With the least possible delay I'll undertake to send by post a copy to all the gentlemen within a radius of eight miles." Mr. La Touche went home in good spirits.

The meeting was well attended. Near £300 was subscribed on the spot. Three relief committees were instituted, and so the good work began. I was a member of two of the committees. The one in Roundwood was by far the most important. At the first meeting Mr. La Touche was elected chairman and I, vice-chairman. I think it important to tell you that I advised Mr. La Touche, besides giving gratuitously to the destitute, to allow me to draw up three lists of persons who would get meal at reduced prices. I knew that they could not otherwise avoid total ruin. With Mr. La Touche's full concurrence and that of the committee, a certain number of families were supplied with meal at one quarter of cost price. The second list were given meal at one-third of cost price, and the third at one-

half. Thus a great number were preserved in their self-respect and outlived the Famine.

A Second Victim: Pitiabie Case

The second victim of the Famine that I call to your attention to was a poor woman named Katty Mooney. And my chief reason for selecting her is that I may tell you the story of her mother, who was a poor lunatic. This lunatic woman (Sall Mooney was her name) was a fine, handsome girl in the year 98. In that year she married a quiet, honest labourer name Mooney. After about six months, Mooney was made prisoner in a field where he was working, and brought to an impoverished prison of a gentleman living about a mile from him. The young woman stayed up all night expecting her husband to come home, and, not seeing him return, she feared what had actually happened, and went at once to the place. At this gentleman's place there were certain out-offices built in the form of a square with access only through a large wooden gate. The gate was open, and poor Mrs. Mooney entered just as the gentleman was giving the word to a platoon of soldiers to fire. Five men fell. Mrs. Mooney saw that one of them was her husband, and in that instant she lost her reason.

A Poor Lunatic's Death

She lived for forty-four years after this and never recovered her reason. I sat by her side for a considerable length of time when she was dying, expecting a lucid interval. No, not for a moment did she recover. This one child, Katty, was born four months after the mother lost her reason. The mother never recognised her as her child. Nevertheless, God provided for her and she lived a very blameless life. She earned her bread by working in the fields in the summer, and on winter nights by carding wool and spinning for farmer's wives. She, too, could get no employment in the Famine and wasted away gradually. She lived alone in a little mud cabin. When she felt the hand of death she sent for me. She was then close to fifty years of age. After administering the Last Sacraments and before leaving I said to her, "Katty, when you go to heaven, pray for me." "And do you say that poor Katty Mooney will go to heaven?" "Yes, certainly." I said. "Ah, then," she replied, "I don't deserve it." "No," I said, "but through the mercy of God you will get to heaven." She turned her poor pale face towards me and fixed her large blue eyes upon me, and said, "Ah, then, when I get to heaven, I'll do that for you."

A Story With a Sequel

The next victim of the Famine that I will bring to your notice was a good poor woman named Mrs. Toole. She sent for me one day in the winter of 1847, when the distress was at it's worst. I had been out attending calls and, in fact, had tired

two horses. I returned at 9 o'clock at night and was told that Mrs. Toole was dying. I started on foot a journey of about four miles to a townland called Park. When I arrived all was darkness except a little red ashes, the residue of some burnt twigs. She told me that there was a little stool somewhere, I found it. Now and then one of the ends of the twigs would take fire and blaze for an instant to show me the darkness and the utter desolation of the place. The poor woman felt certain of approaching death and was determined to make the best possible preparation. But one of the little children of three or four years of age was crippled up into a ball lying in a corner, and was moaning. It was not a querulous moan, but a sad and somewhat agreeable death-song. The poor mother's heart was, as it were, cut in twain. She wanted to be with God alone, and she could not help listening to her dying child. At last, rousing herself, and raising her hand in order to frighten the poor child into silence, she said, "You ruffian, will you hould your tongue till I make my peace with God." The poor child obeyed, and shortly a poor neighbouring woman came in with a bit of a candle for light during the administration of the Sacraments. I walked home, arriving at midnight, finishing one of the saddest days of my life.

The Sequel to the Story

To finish the story of this poor woman: I ask you to pass over about six years. I find myself then helping to give a Mission in Little Bray. Wednesday being, for the most part, an idle day, I take a walk to the Dargle. There was then a rustic seat just beside the waterfall. I sit alone. The time was, I think the junction of spring and summer. The early summer sun shines through the young leaves of the great oaks. How beautiful are the young leaves, so soft and brightly green! They are fluttering in the breeze and the sun, leaping and dancing through them, catches the vapours that arise from the waterfall and converts them into a variegated crown. But from my position I cannot see the rainbow and they appear to me as fragments of some celestial ornaments which, being broken and falling, are suspended over this charming work of Nature. But while I was admiring it the falling waters poured their sound through my over-worked brain. The waters falling, the splash, the dash, the hum, the boom unceasing and unchanging, the same sound on the same note. Oh! How they soothe all mental pain and nervous derangement. All ye with jarred nerves, broken tempers, low spirits, mental anguish, even physical pain, bring them here to the falling waters, and the song of the falling waters, like the word of the Lord, will say: Be ye still. While I was enjoying this delicious heat, a little woman with a basket on her arm filled with pieces of stone and mosses, came near, and looking intently, turned away, but wheeled about and came nearer. I took no notice of her. A third time she came nearer and saluted me. I beckoned to her to come. "Why, then," she asked, "are you Father Gowan?" "I am." "And you," I said, "I think I saw your face before,

but I forget your name." "Ah, then," she said, "you have a good right to remember Mrs. Toole of Park." "God bless us," I said, "I thought you were long ago in heaven. Where is your family?" She turned around and called a little girl. "This is all my family now," she said, "God and the hunger took himself and nine of them." Turning to the little girl, she said, "Come up, you thief of the world, till I tell the priest upon you. What do you think, Sir? This lady came home to me last Monday evening with a grand new frock, lace about her neck, and flounces about her heels. The sight almost left my eyes, for I knew the devil had a hand in it, and I said to her: You thief of the world, kneel down this minute and tell me how you got that frock. She said she was passing by Lady C's door, and that lady called her in, gave her the new frock, told her to come every evening if she could, and that she would teach her to be a lady's maid. Come, I said, take off that frock, make a bundle of it and go back this minute and throw it in to that lady. 'Tis not a lady's maid she wants to make of you, but to make you a Protestant; that's her trade."

What was in the Bundle?

My next case can be very briefly told. A poor woman about fifty years of age, who lived by begging, saw one day about three years before the commencement of the Famine what she thought to be a bundle of clothing in the gripe of a ditch by the roadside. She took it up, and found it to be a little infant. "Ah," said she, "as God Almighty has brought me first to you, I'll make you my own." And so she did, and took greatest care of the child. In three years the Famine came, and the poor woman begged for the child. But she was visibly wasting away. The people advised her to go to the Workhouse. I myself gave her like counsel. But she knew that in that case the child and she would be parted, so she held on. On the Christmas morning of 47, the ground being covered with a heavy fall of snow, some people going to the chapel before daylight found the poor woman lying across their path, quite dead, and the little child sitting beside her, apparently well, and calling out, "Mammy, get up and come to Mass."

Humour in the Face of Death

The next and last case is that of a man named Farrell. He had been a gardener but, in pruning, the knife slipped, cut the sinews of his wrist and disabled him. Like the Blessed Thomas More, he could joke even in the presence of death. One day he tottered into the soup-kitchen in Roundwood. Mr. La Touche happened to be there and asked his name. "My name, please Your Honour, is Paddy Farrell." "Well, know, Mr. Farrell," said Mr. La Touche, in his blandest tone, "I'd advise you as a friend to go into the Poorhouse." "Well, your Honour, my grandfather never was in a Poorhouse, my father was never in a Poorhouse, and, that I may never leap over the house, but I'll not go into the Poorhouse." For the next six

months I heard little of this poor man, but, like the other victims, cold and hunger brought him to the end. When he felt the hand of death upon him he passed from the road that leads from Roundwood to the Churches over to a kind of little island in a turf bog. There was then on this island some large furze bushes and he lay down under one of them. There was one cabin on the island, occupied by a lone widow named Mrs. Stephens. Mrs. Stephens was a blustering kind of a woman; she had a tongue that would raise a blister on you, but a heart that would bleed if you were in distress. She came out to see the poor man. "Paddy Farrell," she said, "what are you doing there?" "I'm going to die here." "Get up out of that! Be off, and don't die at my door." "Ah, Mrs. Stephens, I'm not able to go any further; that I may never lep over the house, but I'll die here." Mrs. Stephens returned to her cabin and after a short time returned and said "Paddy Farrell, get up and come into the house and die like a Christian." She helped him in. He lay down on a bed of heath that she had prepared beside the fire. She then found a man going in the direction of the priest's house and told him to send me. I came very soon after getting the message. I found him in an agony of pain. It would seem as if the heat had brought to life all the dormant pains that cold and hunger for many months had generated in his system. When I had performed all the work of my ministration he asked me, as people commonly did, "What do you think, Father?" "I think that this is your last night. You'll be gone by tomorrow." "Oh," said he, "thanks be to God," and after reflecting a moment he held up his two hands and cried, "Come now, pains, come into my head, come into my stomach, come into my arms, and take satisfaction of me before I go before God."

These, and such as these, were the victims of the Irish Famine of '47. Were they not heroes in the true sense of the word? Christian heroes and heroines? They bore their trials in patience for God in the hope of eternal life, and they died for God.

If such be not heroism, where is it?

Wicklow Newsletter 27/4/1878

Annamoe Dispensary Committee:

Lord Powerscourt, Col. Gun Cunningham, Charles Frizzell, George Booth, Charles Barton, John Murphy Mullinaveigue, Richard Murphy Mullinaveigue, James Fleming Roundwood, John Twiss Ballycullen, Patrick Keely Parkmore, James Dawson Lugduff, James Byrne Moneystown, James Mason Ballinastoe, John Hugo Derrybawn, Samuel Edge Tomriland, Thomas Cullen Annagowlan, Thomas Valentine Diamond Hill, William Murphy Roundwood, William Coleman Tomriland, Patrick Molloy Ballinastoe, Thomas Keane Roundwood.

Famine In Derrylossary

The previous article by the Rev. John Gowan gives a limited view of what happened in the area over the years 1846-7. It is well though to understand that he was speaking perhaps 30 years after the events and that the purpose of the talk was to uplift his listeners in Retreat not to provide historical analysis. That he spoke about the Famine at all shows courage given that many of the survivors were so deeply traumatised that they refused to talk about the events at all.

It can be seen that the main cause of death was Famine Fever which swept through houses with heavy mortality rather than starvation itself which appears only to have affected the most marginalised inhabitants. It appears that private relief coped with much of the distress up to the formation of a Glendalough and Calary Relief Committee.

This founding committee with its list of subscribers is as follows: Major Beresford MP £10, Sir Ralph Howard Bart. MP £5, Thos. J. Barton JP £5, David La Touche JP £5, William J. Bookey JP £5, Captain Hugo £5, Andrew Byrne JP £5, John Gower £5, Dr. Frizell £3, Henry Grattan MP £3, Rev. L. Hepenstall £3, Captain Macklin £3, Charles Frizell Jnr., Secretary, £2, Rev. Thos. Drought £3, Rev. John Drought £1, Rev Wm. Guinness £2, Dr. Bentley £2, Rev. Eugene Clarke P.P. £2, Dudley Oliver £2, Edward Heatley £1/10/-, Rev. Wm. J. West, Treasurer, £3. The total collected was £75/10/-.

It is probably this committee that ran the soup kitchen and the only reference to its activities is from his lecture. An example of private relief is from Rev. Gowan's report to the Freeman's Journal (14/11/1845) when he mentioned that Mr. Barton was to buy up the oats in the neighbourhood for resale at cost price the following Spring.

The blight only appeared in Ireland in late 1845 affecting eastern counties mostly. Contemporary sources indicate that this was seen as a short-term problem like what had appeared over the previous 50 years. It was not until harvest time in 1846 that the full extent of the failure became apparent. It appears that Roundwood and Glendalough suffered less than other parts of Wicklow. The Devon Commission reports indicate that the potato had not become the main subsistence crop in the area and oats was still widely grown. The R.I.C. reports on crop growing in the area indicate that no potato fields were being leased on conacre. Locally there were other sources of income of which Tourism and lead mining were the most important, in fact the Mining Company of Ireland were investing and expanding production and employment in Glendassan valley from this period. Their reports for the period are lacking though in any useful information on this period. One can presume that they would have suffered in

maintaining food supplies and Famine Fever may have had serious repercussions. For instance E.H. Harding, of the Annamoe Dispensary, reported (*Freeman's Journal* 17/3/1846) 'that a great deal of low fever was present which included a species of Dysentery'. Another source of income for the agricultural labourer was the Big House though to be more accurate the large number of minor gentry who lived in a townland each due to the fracturing of the original Temple Estate. One of the implications of the lecture was that fit labourers made it through the period just. Only the Syngé family was obliged to sell their properties through the Landed Estate Courts in the post famine period, which indicates no local major bankruptcy problems.

One problem arises in looking at the lecture is his belief that the local people, or the Catholics (c.75% of the local population) at least, were submissive to the Will of God without complaint. This is doubtful and may be a result of Famine apathy, a common occurrence. It is also obvious from the letters of John Gower and Rev. West that there was a lot of tension in the community over such issues of land and religion, which was spread throughout the community among labourers, farmers, clerics and gentry. This however could not be mentioned to his clerical audience who may have shared some of his anti-Protestant feelings. His belief that his flock did not commit crime is incorrect as the contemporary crime and outrage reports indicate. The reference to the armed robbery of William Sutton Weekes's house in Castlekevin (Avonmore House) in April 1845 is a case in point. The same group also robbed the house of John Barry of Laragh a few weeks later. Of the nine arrested five were sentenced to 15 years transportation and the remaining four, through a court technicality, were only sentenced to one year in jail. These were all Catholics from the Laragh area and had been, before that, petty criminals.

It is difficult to say what the overall impact of the Famine was on the area even using the Census returns as these only record net population losses and gains. Overall the county would have lost about 22% of its population as compared to the general area which lost about 18%. It is important though that these figures do not count the losses of the natural increase 1841-5. Certain areas gained significant amounts of people by 1851. For instance: Ballinrush (13%), Mullinaveigue (19%), Slemaine (52%), Ashtown (2%), Carrigroe (76%) and Toghermore (67%). It however appears that this was a temporary phenomenon as the majority, excluding Ballinrush and Toghermore, showed major drops below the 1841 level in the 1861 census. Who these people were, where they came from and what their fate was is at this stage unknown. In the case of Carrigroe it is possible that temporary labour was brought in for tree cutting as a similar increase (to 118) appears in 1881. In the mining area of Glendalough, Brockagh rose 15% and Laragh East rose 38% which reflects increase of employment and

resettlement of miners from other townlands due to the house building programme of the mining company. There is no direct evidence of clearances but individual landlord policy did differ and it is possible that leases were not renewed in Laragh and Raheen in 1846 and perhaps Castlekevin where there was a long tradition of enclosure and rationalisation of holdings.

The area of Annagowlan/Moneystown suffered a 24% drop though there are variations i.e. Ballardbeg only lost one person in the 10 years while Cronybyrne lost all its 34 people though some may have been resettled in Glenwood as its numbers rose from one to 58. The following is a list of the townlands with 1841, 1851 population totals and percentage changes: Annagowlan, 75/26/65%, Ballardbeg 70/69/1%, Cronybyrne 34/0/100%, Cronybyrne Demesne 20/14/30%, Glenwood 1/58/5,700%, Kilmullin 92/44/52%, Knocknaphrumpa 54/43/20%, Moneystown Hill 59/53/10%, Moneystown North 123/97/21%, Moneystown South 46/34/26%, Montiagh 71/61/14%, Parkmore 125/89/29%, Parkroe 90/54/40%, Sleanlough 70/62/11%. Ballinastoe 320/278/13%, Ballinrush 38/43/13%, Glasnamullen 325/248/24%, Mullinaveigue 128/152/19%, Slemaine 117/178/52%, Shramore 189/191/1%. Ashtown 146/149/2%, Ballincorbeg 90/78/13%, Baltinanima 163/127/22%, Brockagh 785/903/15%, Carrigeenduff 100/83/17%, Carrigeenshinnagh 122/127/4%, Carrigroe 17/30/76%, Castlekevin 289/210/27%, Clohoge 148/95/36%, Derrybawn 156/145/7%, Drummin 376/253/33%, Glebe 24/25/4%, Laragh East 261/360/38%, Laragh West 207/38/82%, Lugduff 24/23/4%, Raheen 107/79/26%, Roundwood, 204/186/9%, Seven Churches 130/111/15%, Togherbeg 48/27/44%, Toghermore, 54/90/67%, Tomdarragh 207/155/25%, Tomriland 273/218/20%.

Overall the net gain was 424 people and the net loss was 2,553 people. It is difficult to say what the proportions of death to emigration were. It is also impossible to say whether these proportions varied within the area. The numbers of those that died of starvation as against other diseases is again difficult to compute and there may have been variations in the various areas as infectious fevers struck one house but not another. Even though the local people may appear to have been cruel in denying shelter to those afflicted it ultimately guaranteed their survival and it is worth noting that the medical profession did not understand the behaviour of these diseases. The folk wisdom of not entering workhouses, though initially from pride, also helped some to escape infection. Derrylossary was therefore not a typical parish though it would have suffered the traumas of the period, perhaps the greatest tragedy is that maybe somewhere between one to two thousand people may have died in the area and that we have no record of them. We don't know who they were. May they Rest in Peace.

IAN CANTWELL

The Royal Visit

The Royal visit to Glendalough of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert and their four children, 2nd August 1849. I was only six years old when my grandmother died. I was constantly reminded of the part she had played in the preparations for the visit of the Royal Family. She was working as a domestic servant in the Prince of Wales Hotel, or the Roundwood Inn as it is now named. Of course they got ample time to make sure everything was spick and span. The building next to the hotel, the one where the Credit Union is now situated, was then the Royal Irish Constabulary (R.I.C.) Barracks and for the duration of the visit there were an additional twenty policemen drafted in.

She told me that every house on the route had to display the Union Jack. As a precaution Dublin Castle made arrangements for a food taster to be in residence for a week to check the food was perfect. I might remind you that Queen Victoria did not travel with her family but remained in the Viceregal Lodge, which is now Aras an Uachtaráin.

Then came the big day. The four wheeled, two horse drawn carriage pulled in front of the hotel and the occupants made their entry. I have no idea what the food consisted of but you can be sure the presence of the food taster made sure it was the best. When the meal was complete and they were provided with a fresh pair of horses they continued to Glendalough.

This visit of Queen Victoria happened in the middle of the terrible famine of starvation and mass emigration to the U.S.A. and as a gesture of her feelings to the Irish people she presented a cheque for £10,000 for the relief of the hungry people. On her return to London she presented £50,000 towards the building of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

PAT O'BRIEN

Wicklow People 11/10/1913

A sad accident occurred at the Reservoir Works at Roundwood on Monday night resulting in the death of Thomas Dwyer, aged 50 and a native of Limerick. It appears that the deceased, who came to work in Roundwood about six weeks ago for the contractors of the Dublin Corporation Reservoir, was returning from the village to the workmen's huts late at night when he fell into a large cavity known as the Puddle Trench to a depth of 46 feet. A watchman hearing moaning at the spot the following day discovered the unfortunate man who was lying in an unconscious condition at the bottom of the trench. Medical assistance was summoned but the man succumbed on Wednesday evening without regaining consciousness.

*The Roundwood Healyites, an unseemly row in the Chapel yard
(By the Glendalough goose).*

Mr. James O'Connor, the Healyite MP for West Wicklow having received an invitation from the Roundwood Healyites to come down and thank them personally for the noble and heroic part they played in the recent General Election, by which he, although almost unknown to the constituency, was returned at the poll, proceeded last Sunday to Togher for the purpose. From what I heard his reception was most cordial. Mr. Larry Keenan and other shining lights in that part of the "constickincy" got up a bit of a monster "dimonsthreshun" and the people were requested to assimble in their thousands in the Chapel yard after last Mass to hear the Mimber spake. Och an Troth! Shure we had a powerful meeting. There was his Riverence Fr. Manning, in the chair, with his Curate, Fr. Hickey, by his side. Mr. O'Connor was standing modestly in the background of the platform with a Freeman reporter close up to his elbow, and Mr. Keenan and a few more speechifiers. They numbered 149 sowls all towld, but to be shure the Freeman magnifier could see 3,000. More power to his eyesight! Fr. Hickey opened with a fine oration, A good speechmaker is his riverence. He towld them that they could have every faith in Gladstone who was going to give them Home Rule. He also said that any advantagages they derived were the work of such men as Davitt, O'Connor and the much-abused Tim Healy. He never mintoned the name of Parnell or Balfour, because those insignificant persons never did anything, were unknown, in fact to Irishmen. His riverence had barely concluded when low and behoweld, the chairman's eye caught sight of a little fellow stand on the platform with a big notebook in his hand jotting down pot hooks and strokes as fast as he could. Up jumped the chairman, as if sstruck by a bowlt. There before him stood Mr. Larry Murphy, the local represantative of that horrible production, the Daily Independent, also Relieving Officer to the Rathdrum Guardians, who a few weeks ago, had a dispute with his riverence about out-door relief to a poor woman near Roundwood. I should also mention that Larry is an out and out Parnellite, and therefore loathsome to his riverence. "As long as Larry Murphy is on this platform no meeting will be held here" said the chairman. Thereupon a great uproar arose. Those on the platform surged around poor Larry, who, feeling uncomfortable at the repayted demands for him to be thrown down appealed to Mr. O'Connor, as a pressman, to intercede for him. O'Connor attempted to pacify the chairman and explain that he did not object to Larry's presence but it was no use. There was nothing for it but that Larry should go and as he was descending the platform the chairman ordered him out of the yard. Walking to the other side of the street the audacious scribbler commenced his pot hooks

again and that so exasperated the chairman that he shouted "Until that wretch is removed from the street home to his own house no meeting will be held here". Great confusion followed and suddenly, as if St. Kevin's ghost had appeared, all hands were cleared out into the street leaving the chairman with a few friends alone in his glory. Alas for the seceders. What a grand opportunity had been lost to make a speech. Nothing daunted the forces re-collected and marched down to the League rooms, the upper storey of a shoemaker's dwelling. Here it was resolved to go on with the meeting and Mr. Keenan had his dayboo. He expressed the opinion that his rivrence would regret his action, and he would forgive him, if they forgave him for breaking up the meeting. Mr. O'Connor next scrambled half-way out through the window and got rid of what he had come to say. In the meantime the indomitable Independent scribe lingered about the spot and at one time it was feared a row between the Healyites and Parnellites would take place. However, all passed off without recourse to shillelaghs and Gemmy O'Connor took his laive of the Varthry, carrying with him sweet remembrance of his West Wicklow constituents.

Wicklow People 20/8/1904

Togher mowing machine competition results and prizes.

1st John Murphy, Mullinaveigue £3;

2nd Pat Toole, Tomdarragh £2;

3rd Denis Doyle, Kilmurray £1;

Michael Keenan, Ashtown highly commended.

Un-placed were Daniel Halligan, Mullinaveigue and James Hatton, Knockraheen.

Wicklow People 22/12/1951

Upwards of 200 guests were entertained to tea and a social in the Parochial Hall Roundwood when the local guild of the I.C.A. gave their annual Christmas party. Guests were present from Ashford and Delgany. Songs were contributed by Very Rev. Fr. Gallagher P.P., Rev. Fr. Nelson C.C., and Rev. Fr. Henry C.C. who also entertained the guests to conjuring and magic turns. A one-act play, accompanied by carol singers, called "Christmas Eve in Roundwood" was presented by members of the guild. Mr. J. Brennan M.C.C. acted on behalf of the guests and thanked the ladies for giving such a lovely treat and hoped that during the following year the guild would be 100% stronger in membership. Mrs N. Fitzsimons in replying said it gave them great pleasure to see so many at the party and hoped they enjoyed it. Referring to the remark re the membership she hoped all the ladies of the neighbourhood would join, as there was plenty of room and work for all. The party concluded with a dance.

Book Review

For those who have an interest in the history of the Murphys of Roundwood, Annamoe and Laragh, I would like to commend the recent book by Michael P. Flynn who has published three outline histories on the Kellys of Kilmead in Co. Kildare, the Murphys of Togher, and the Mastersons of Ardellis in Co. Kildare. The link Kelly/Murphy comes from the marriage of Timothy Kelly (ob. 1873 aged 68) to Frances Murphy (ob. 1910 aged 80 and daughter of James Murphy and ? Lawless) in 1855. The Kelly family were strong farmers and shopkeepers in Kilmead holding 86 acres and a shop opposite the R.C. chapel.

In his discussion on the Murphy family he traces the common ancestor of all the prominent members of the family to the James Murphy mentioned above. Certainly they were in the last century probably the wealthiest family in the area. In the post Famine period they played an important part in local politics and would have been branch officers of all important local committees. With the later expansion of the franchise they are also to be found on the Rathdrum Rural council as well as the local sub-committees, ie. the Workhouse. With their links to the National Parties they would have had important powers of patronage in the allocation of local jobs. They reserved the position of registrar of Births, Marriages and Deaths to their own family. They, like other families in similar positions, would have developed links with whichever Political Party was in power. They switched from the Liberals, to the Repeal movement, to Isaac Butt, to Parnell, to the Irish Independence Party and finally to Sinn Fein until the post 1930s when they would have chosen either of the modern parties.

He includes a photo of the Aonach na Nodlag committee of 1909 which includes Sean Mac Dermott, Bulmer Hobson, Countess Markievicz, Miss M. Murphy P.L.G., Mrs Touhy (nee Murphy), Andrew O'Byrne, and Arthur Griffith among others. There is a magnificent collection of photos in the book and this adds to its interest. Included is one family portrait of 1895 where the author has successfully identified all 35 people, which was a real labour of commitment. There are also many photos of marriages and social events which show how life and fashion have changed. There are also several photos relating to the painter Patrick Touhy R.H.A. (1894-1930).

It would be interesting to know how the Kellys and Murphys met. It is possible that the Murphys conducted business in Kildare and this may be also behind the Murphy/Halligan marriages that took place around the 1880s. The Halligans came from North Kildare and may be originally from Kilcock in Co. Dublin. There are no direct links between the Mastersons and the Murphys but if the author's theory that they came from Co. Wexford is correct than there is an co-

incidence in the fact that another of this clan married into the O'Tooles of Castlekevin in the late 1500s.

If you wish to obtain a copy than write to Michael P. Flynn at 1 Ballinderry, Mullingar, Co. Westmeath; enclosing £12 to cover printing and postage costs.



Mary A. Murphy (d.1911), Togher, Roundwood < Kelly, Knockraheen



Mary J. Tuohy (1856-1920) < Murphy, Togher



Sisters Minnie Giles (1870-1952) and Margaret Rose Giles < Murphy (1877-1956) c.1900



Laurence Murphy (1865-1937) and Margaret R. Murphy < Giles (1877-1956), Togher



Fanny Kelly, Kilmead (d.1910)
formerly Murphy, Togher



Elizabeth Cogan < Murphy (1853-1913) c.1890
Dublin formerly Laragh



John Murphy (1854-1934) and Mary Murphy < Doyle (1854-1938) in Sydney, Australia c.1882



Maggie and Bridie and Father in Murphy's Wicklow Hotel, Roundwood



WICKLOW HILLS HOTEL, ROUNDWOOD.

Wicklow Hills Hotel, Roundwood

Memories Of Larry Murphy

My earliest memory is of 1932 when I was 8 years old and of going to bed one night in early February. It began to snow late and continued all night long and was accompanied by very heavy gale force winds. It continued snowing for two whole days and nights and there was heavy drifting due to the gale force winds. We were then living in one of the houses opposite the Garda Barracks. There were four houses there and all were the property of Larry Murphy who was also the owner of the present licensed premises belonging to the Fanning family, known as Tochar House. The reason I mention those houses is because they have two storeys. I remember having to get out of the top window into the drifts of snow and the window was at least 12' from the ground. You can imagine the conditions then with no mechanical diggers, only a shovel. There was then only one Bread Van, called "Landys", which came once a week and it had to travel all the way from Rathfarnham. They had solid tyres in that era. Words couldn't describe the conditions that existed at that time as it was impossible to move anywhere in the area and food was terribly scarce. There were only two phones in the village at that time in the Post Office and Garda Barracks. The Sergeant in the Barracks rang Landys Bakery to see if there was any chance of trying to get to the village with a load of bread only to be told that the van had left the previous day and only got as far as Kilmacanoge.

It was here that that the late Larry Murphy came to the rescue. The following morning he sent two workmen with his two horses plus two sacks to each horse all the way to Kilmacanoge through six to seven foot snowdrifts. I need not tell you that every man, woman and child were watching out for the men and horses. When they arrived it was decided to put the four sacks of loaves in the care of the Barracks. As far as I can recall each house got one loaf. The next morning the horses and men set off for more sacks of bread. They continued until the snow melted.

The reason I have told this story, and I can assure it is true, is to try and explain what a wonderful person Larry Murphy was. Actually along with Charles Stuart Parnell he founded the first Credit Union in Wicklow. At that time the potato was the main diet. Each year Larry provided what he described as the Parish Field for the benefit of the destitute of the Parish. I will try to explain that Larry had a rather large farm and every year he ploughed at least one field for the poor of the Parish. For instance large families of six were the norm and each house had a pig house so they could rear a few pigs which were fattened and sold to buy shoes or clothes for children who might be making their First Communion or Confirmation. The idea of the Parish Field was to provide you with as many drills as you had manure for. This came from the bedding from the pig houses.

The man who ploughed the field had the nickname of Paddy the Plough. His real name was Paddy Murphy.

I have just put on my thinking cap and believe it not at that time there were 22 people with name of Murphy in the surrounding area of Roundwood. That same year of 1932 we had the Eucharistic Congress held in the Phoenix Park. To get back to Larry Murphy; he played a major role in the annual Horse Jumping and Ploughing Match. He was a great Republican and I am very proud to have taken part in a march from the village to the homestead of the great 1798 man General Joseph Holt. I vividly remember Larry Murphy standing in the ruins, stooping down, picking up a cinder and shouting at the top of his voice "This is a cinder that belonged to General Joseph Holt".

PAT O'BRIEN

Freemans Journal 8/8/1872

Died on August 3rd at his residence, Woodbrook, Roundwood, Henry P. Glynne, late of the 40th Regiment, in which gallant corps he served in Waterloo.

Boston Pilot 16/9/1854

Information sought on Andrew Byrne of Cronybyrne, Parish of Glendalough, parted with his brother in Philadelphia, November 1851. Information will be received by his sister, Clayville, Onieda Co. N.Y. in care of James Blanigan.

Boston Pilot 26/10/1850

Any information on Paul Mooney, Parish of Glenmore, who emigrated to Montreal in April 1847 and has not been heard of since. Any person giving information of his whereabouts will confer a favour on his mother Mary Mooney and his brothers. Direct to Leeds Station Postoffice, Maine.

Boston Pilot 20/8/1853

Information wanted on Thomas Byrne, son of John and Eliz Byrne, Clara, Parish of Rathdrum, Emigrated from Dublin 1824 or 1825 for Canada. He was in Upper Canada in 1836. Any information to his sister Mary Harold or his nephew John Harold at 47 Pearl St., Hartford, CT.

The Big Freeze Of January 1940

Roundwood claims the title of being "The Highest Village in Ireland" but one disadvantage of this lofty elevation is that the district suffers a greater degree of cold weather in the winter than the lowlands below. Simply when it's cold in the lowlands, it's extremely cold in the Roundwood area.

According to weather records, January 1940 was one of the coldest January's recorded with extremely low temperatures being recorded all over Europe. In early January a cold front descended on Europe and temperatures dropped so low that the sea along parts of the English Channel froze. Hostilities in Europe (World War II was in progress) came to a halt as troops on both sides concentrated on keeping warm.

At home, the "Emergency" was in its fifth month with no sight of it ending as the conflict in Europe had not ended before Christmas as the experts had forecast in September 1939 and instead people were having to come to terms with hardships that the "Emergency" imposed upon everyone.

As nightfall enveloped Roundwood and the surrounding district on Monday January 15th the air temperature fell and a heavy frost descended with such severity that within a few hours only those who had to venture outdoors did so. During the night it began to snow and by dawn on Tuesday the entire countryside was covered in a blanket of frost and snow.

For those bringing livestock to the monthly Roundwood Fair that Tuesday, the severe weather conditions meant that they had to move with great caution and care as the road conditions were very slippery and treacherous underfoot. Despite the conditions there was a good attendance at the Fair, which drew plenty of buyers. The supply of livestock was plentiful and equal to the demand. Prices were up on the December Fair but buyers were slow to close deals though by the end of the day all the available animals had been disposed of. Store cattle ranged in price from £7 to £8 while two year olds ranged from £10 to £13. There was a great demand for the few milch cows available and fetched from £14 to £18. Small pigs which were very scarce fetched £1 each.

Snow and ice made the road between Togher and Roundwood very treacherous and both pedestrians and motorists had to exercise great care. The St. Kevin's bus service and mail van from Greystones to Annamoe, which served Delgany, Newtown and Togher kept to their normal timetables due to the skill and care exercised by their respective drivers.

The extreme cold spell lasted for about a week after which a thaw started to set in but this came to a halt on Tuesday 23rd with the arrival of more cold weather. This lasted for a few days more, the thaw then resumed and by the first

week of February the cold spell was over. Throughout this period schools were closed but the clergymen and doctors managed to keep attending to their rounds without mishap.

JAMES SCANNELL

Wicklow Newsletter 26/12/1896

Through the invitation of Mrs Barton, Mr. Roddon, secretary of the Irish Society for the Protection of Cruelty to Children attended at Glendalough House on the 15th to form a branch of the above society, called the Annamoe Branch. Rev. T.W. Stokes took the chair and introduced the lecturer who spoke for 50 minutes on the workings of the Society, what good it had done and what progress it had made since it was formed 14 years ago. Among those present were: Miss C. Childers, Master Tommy Barton, Miss E.F. Synge, Miss Dedrickson, Mrs. Harding, Miss Belton, Mrs Pielo, James Gilchrist, James Coleman, Thomas Edge, T. Strickland, W.R. Coleman, and William Belton.

Wicklow Newsletter 22/8/1896

Julie Kavanagh, an eccentric old lady, residing in the Seven Churches, and earning her livelihood by the profession of "guide" to the "tourists" was prosecuted by the Rathdrum Board of Guardians at Rathdrum Petty Sessions on Thursday. She was prosecuted for endangering the Public Health by keeping goats in her bedroom and allowing dirt and filth to accumulate. She was fined 1d and 5s costs and ordered to remove the goats. David Edge who served a copy of the order to the defendant, who did not appear, said she refused to comply and said the law allowed her to keep two goats in her bedroom. The goat was there and the place in its usual state. She threatened to stick the witness with a fork if he attempted to interfere with the goat. A man named Bolger occupied the house next door and under the same roof and it was believed that a sickness in his family once originated from the filthy condition of the defendant's room as her entrance ran by his fireplace. She was ordered to comply.

Annals of the Four Masters

867 AD

A stream of strange water burst forth from Sliabh Cualan in which were fish and coal black trouts which were a great wonder to all. (This may refer to a bog burst)

Three Poems By W.J.Duffy

In The Fair Land Of Dwyer

While e'er the light of blessed sight
Is unimpaired to me
Fair land of Dwyer I'll never tire
Of your sweet scenery,
But that I love all else above
E'en since life's earliest dawn
Is that which lies beneath the skies
That smile o'er Derrybawn

I once gazed on sweet Derrybawn
I think I do so now.
And as I glanced the sunbeams danced
Above its floral brow.
Its splendour wild my heart beguiled
And filled my soul with pride.
Joy of my heart that's what thou art
Sweet Derrybawn I cried.

Kind friends have you e'er been to view
This mountain of renown?
In summer time it looks sublime
When viewed from Trooperstown.
You then behold a hue of gold
And green among the trees
And fragrance rare is everywhere
Afloat on balmy breeze.

A village near lies at its feet;
'Tis Laragh lone yet grand,
A famed resort where Gaels of sport
A bright and happy band.
Avon's tide doth swiftly slide
Beside the silent mill
And the house of God adorns the sod
Close by on Brockagh hill.

In ruin and rock sweet Glendalough
Is very near us too
Where tower and lake a picture make
Well worth your while to view.
And towering high into the sky
Is Camaderry's peak
The sheep up there almost swear
Can hear the angels speak.

When Sergeant death and I have met,
When he makes me his own,
Kind friends inter my body there
In Glendalough so lone.
In calm repose my eyes did close
To wake at Judgement's dawn
Did I but know my grave lay low
High to sweet Derrybawn.

Yes, let me rest among the blest
Whose ashes moulder there
Then o'er my grave some comrade brave
Perhaps, might breathe a prayer.
O speed my love to Heaven's goal
That port for which I long;
Whose wonders rare no poet dare
Try tell of in his song.

Andrew Thomas

A forgotten hero of '98 who was shot down in Castlekevin. He was one of Michael Dwyer's best marksmen. The lines were written in the Centenary year as an appeal to have the place of his tragic shooting suitably marked. But like Robert Emmett's epitaph it remains to be done.

I love the grand old rebel land
Adorned by floral dells,
By heath clad hills and sparkling rills
By pure and silvery wells.
'Tis proud I am to be a man
Who's played the Gaelic game
In days gone by beneath your sky
Land of unrivalled fame.

The sacred spot where a hireling's shot
Laid Andrew Thomas low
I see in dreams by sparkling streams
That sweep by Annamoe,
The green hillside where on he died
I think I see it now
As where I stood where flowed his blood
On Castlekevin brow.

But the sons of toil who till the soil
Around this hallowed spot
His deeds of fame his glorious name
Have seemingly forgot.
Oh! What bitter shame his honoured name
Should thus neglected be
Since he gave his life in freedom's strife
And died for liberty.

Ah! If such men as filled the glen
And valley with the cry
Of freedom's sound could now be found
His memory would not die.
Oh! Cruel disgrace the present race
His name should thus disown
Or see the sod he bravely trod
Devoid of cross or stone.

Are Wicklowmen vile traitors then
Ashamed to raise a hand
To honour those who fought our foes
To right our motherland?
I say no, no, we'll wake to show
We are brave and true men still
Rest not content till his monument
Crowns Castlekevin hill.

The Colleen Dhu

By Vartry's flow in sweet Wicklow.
I met a colleen gay
I walked with her and talked with her
She came along my way.
I will not name this charming dame
T'would not be fair you see
But like Venus fair I do declare
She does appear to me

Her flashing eyes like sunlit skies
Her hair a raven hue
With roman nose and graceful pose,
My charming Colleen Dhu
Her eyes aglow as we did go
Like roses bloom in June
Was this colleen, my Vartry queen
Beneath the silvery moon.

Angelic form my heart doth warm
To you and o'er all
My heart's delight my angel bright
Whatever might befall.
Even tho' some secret foe
Could exercise his skill
And wed with you my Colleen Dhu
I'd live on loving still.

May Heaven send on you my friend
Bright blessings down upon
My sweet ashore for evermore
My own, my lovely one.
Yes, I'm sincere in this my dear
I'm telling you what's true.
Tho' fate denies me of the prize
My charming Colleen Dhu.

CONTRIBUTED BY JOE TIMMONS

William J. Duffy

Wicklow People 28/4/1951

The death of Mr. W. J. Duffy, which occurred at his residence last Tuesday, caused widespread regret. He was very popular and enjoyed a wide circle of friends. Known to everyone around the countryside he was the soul of kindness and courtesy and was always prepared to do what he could to help those who asked his aid. A native of Dublin he first came to Wicklow at the turn of the century. He had frequently visited the county with Mitchell's team from Dublin who often came down on challenge games. In fact his interest in G.A.A. was something of a passion and when he came to live in Moneystown he organised the Togher League club early in the 1900s. A feature of that time which he often introduced into his ballads was the way which teams used to travel to matches by horse and dray. He himself often walked 15 miles to play in a match, joined a dance afterwards and then walked home again.

In 1905 he was appointed secretary of the Co. Committee at the convention held in Aughrim with Mr. Murtagh N.T. Wicklow Chairman. In the following year it was Mr. Duffy who proposed Mr. C. Byrne to the Chair for the first time and he himself was re-elected secretary, which position he continued to hold until 1910. In 1909 when Wicklow had the most outstanding successes in the history of the G.A.A. W. J. Duffy was the proud secretary. In 1910 he was succeeded by Mr. T. Fleming.

About this time he went to live in Wexford and subsequently took up employment in Longford from where he answered Redmond's call for Volunteers for the British Army. He saw considerable active service in the First World War, taking part in the battles of Somme, the Marne and Vichy Ridge. He was wounded in the war and on his return he was one of those who were decorated at Arklow for gallantry and service.

He then took up an appointment as postman first in Annamoe and later in Roundwood. During his residence at Annamoe prior to the war he acted as correspondent for the *Wicklow People* and on his return to Roundwood he again acted as a correspondent under the pen name "Seachran" or perhaps being better known as the Laragh Lad. This latter name he always put to his ballads which figured so often in the *People*. He gloried in writing songs on G.A.A. teams. He was also steeped in local history and folklore and contributed many articles on this line to the paper.

For the past few years his health was indifferent and a couple of years ago the people of the district, indeed of the whole county, paid a great tribute to him

when they made him a presentation on account of his serious illness at the time.

He is survived by his sister Mrs Dempsey, who resides in Dublin, his brothers Jas. and George in U.S.A. Philip Duffy, Dublin (at present seriously ill), his older brother Frank who was working for Dublin Corporation died in 1948. Rev. John Dempsey C.C. St. Margaret's Finglas is his nephew. The remains were taken to St. Laurence O'Toole being received by Rev. Fr. O'Donoho C.C. and carried shoulder high by his late comrades of the local Post Offices. In the large cortege were representatives of the G.A.A. from Roundwood, Laragh, Moneystown, Ashford etc., while Valkeymount G.F.C. sent a message of sympathy, The funeral took place in Glendalough cemetery on Thursday and again the attendance of the public was large and representative. Rev Fr. Shine officiated at the graveside. The chief mourners present were Frank Duffy, Dublin, nephew; his nieces: Mrs J. O'Reilly, Dublin; Mrs Gannon, Dublin; Mrs English, Annamoe. Wm. Byrne, the Crosses; Wm. Byrne, Tomriland; Peter Byrne, Dun Laoghaire; Mrs Doyle, Annamoe, relatives. Mrs Price of Roundwood.

An Appreciation

His life long desire was granted to William J. Duffy when his body was laid to rest in the sacred soil of his beloved Glendalough "neath the shadow of the tower and at the foot of Camaderry". Here was a Dublin born Wicklow man whose love of the hills of Glendalough possessed his soul to a remarkable degree. For many years "Laragh Lad" had tramped the roads and fields of the district in his capacity as postman. He had a poetic soul and the loneliness of the hills and vales obsessed him. He would break out into lyrical paean of praise and delight as he pursued his journey and later on he would commit his thoughts to writing, sometimes to be published, but more often just to set down to satisfy a longing for the expression of his thoughts. He always wished that he would be buried there in the peaceful soil of the Vale and now thanks to the kindly efforts of his friends his wish has been gratified.

Willie Duffy was a remarkable character. He came as a boy to the Wicklow Hills and with other opportunities presenting themselves to him in that city he preferred a carefree existence with his relatives and friends there. For years he lived and worked at Moneystown, Annamoe and Tomriland. He turned to the newspaper to give vent to his urge for writing and from the time he was appointed local correspondent for the Wicklow People he had at his disposal the means to express himself in prose and poetry. He quickly became a "character" in the district and his writings were eagerly awaited by his readers. As he sat in a friend's window writing out what he always termed his "dispatches" he would call out "more ink". A man cannot write without ink in his pen and the Laragh Lad

would always find a friend to supply the 'ink'.

The G.A.A. was his pet. He organised the local clubs. He wrote reams of praise of them or in excuse for their shortcomings. He lost no opportunity to record their achievements in verse and many of his ballads about the G.A.A. are to be heard to this day wherever the 'boys' meet.

He would deem it as nothing, winter or summer, to walk from Roundwood to Auhgrim, Bray, Wicklow, Baltinglass or Blessington to see a game. After several hours spent in a dance later on he would set out again for the hills and the next day, fresh as a daisy, take his sack of mail for his long tramp around the countryside. His secretaryship of the G.A.A. County Board 1908-10 co-incided with the brightest period in the history of the G.A.A. As a gallant little footballer he distinguished himself in playing for the famous Mitchell's of Dublin and Toghert, Moneystown, Laragh, etc. One great game he recalled, and recorded in verse, was the day Charles Stuart Parnell was a spectator. Another was that in which, thanks to his friend and colleague W. Rooney, he scored 3 goals and 7 points. "Them were the days" for Willie Duffy.

In that pleasant and well-spoken little body (from which one never heard an ill word spoken) there was great romance and when the call came "to defend small nationalities" he responded to John Redmond's call for Volunteers and marched into War. From 1915 to 1918 he faced death in the trenches in France, fought and bled and suffered. But it was, as he ever stressed, not for Britain but for gallant little Belgium that he subscribed his quota of fighting. Back once again to the peace of the Wicklow Hills, back to his newspaper, his paragraphs and poems, he was again the happy-go-lucky "Shraughran" and so continued until his health broke down. In his long and patiently suffered illness he found many good friends to help and assist him, kind men and women of the village. In this respect perhaps an old friend will be forgiven for mentioning one such devoted neighbour, Mrs Price, who looked after him with such unselfish devotion and affection for several years past, who was with him to the last. No more "despatches" will come from the Laragh Lad's pen, no more ink will be wanted, but his many good deeds, his courtesies, his kindly words will be long remembered by the kind hearted folk of the Wicklow Hills whom he loved and served so well. Dia Trocaire ar a anam.

N.J.P.

Freemans Journal - 23/5/1861

On Whit Monday the whole of the boys present with the Glenree Reformatory were marched, fifes playing, drums beating, and colours flying for a holiday in Luggellaw where they to the number of 250 amused themselves in bathing, boating and enjoying the substantial repast prepared for them till a late hour.

Wicklow Hills Hotel

Mrs Bridget Byrne of O'Byrnes, Newtownmountkennedy, kindly agreed to talk to me about her relationship with the Roundwood Inn, then called the Wicklow Hills Hotel or possibly Murphy's Wicklow Hotel and also told me an amusing tale from her life in Moneystown.

Mrs O'Byrne's grandmother, Margaret Murphy, was born at the hotel. She recalled people coming to stay at the hotel for the weekend all the way from Shankhill which would have been a long trip in those days. In those days people didn't change their clothes as frequently as we do nowadays but even still to go away for a weekend and only take night clothes with you. I wonder did they take their toothbrush?

Margaret's uncle and family, her first cousins, took over the running of the hotel. Unfortunately they were not successful business people and the hotel began to fail. They sold it but kept possession of a small cottage to the east and across a small courtyard from the main building. They lived there very frugally. One of Margaret's cousins was offered a job by the then Parish Priest, a Dr. Butler, but the job was turned down because of pride.

Mrs O'Byrne's father, Tom Lawler, was a well to do farmer in Moneystown but unfortunately he developed Multiple Sclerosis as a young man. In the early 1930s for three months in the summer the Parish Priests from the Churches in the area took it in turn to go on holidays so the family attended Mass in Roundwood and were driven there by horse and trap. He was a big owl horse and his name was Billy. One of the farm workers, Paddy Bowen, had the job of driving as Mr Lawler was unable to do the job himself and his wife didn't think it was her place to drive. The family took a little longer than usual to get ready one particular Sunday morning but Paddy was not to be put off by this and probably secretly had longed for this day. He whipped up the horse and soon had Billy at a full gallop all the way to Roundwood. As he shouted at and encouraged Billy he was soon overtaking all the neighbours who were being quite sedate in pony and trap. At breakneck speed he bumped the trap through potholes and rubbed against briars while he waved and smiled to those he overtook. Mrs O'Byrne remembers her mother with her head in her hands from embarrassment and she didn't know where to look. The entire journey took 20 minutes from Moneystown, which was quite a feat and it wouldn't be much less today by car. Her mother made sure that everybody was on time the following Sunday! Mrs O'Byrne was about ten at the time and thought it was all good fun.

HELEN DWANE

The Development Of Irish Cinema

With special attention to Film-Making in County Wicklow

Introduction

Being the mother of a professional young filmmaker in Hollywood, Los Angeles, James de V. Mansfield Jr., and having participated in many of his projects over the years, I feel sufficiently competent to write on Irish filmmaking in general. Also, having lived for over sixteen years in the beautiful county of Wicklow, I developed an interest in the activities of my neighbours and friends who have appeared as extras in the various films shot amongst the world-renowned scenery of the county.

A Little History

None other than James Joyce, who had been living at the time in Trieste, but was persuaded by Italian investors to return to Dublin to oversee the project, set up the VOLTA in Mary Street, off Sackville Street (now O'Connell Street), the first cinema in Ireland, in 1909. The purpose-built cinemas at that time were called 'picture-theatres', and often contained orchestral and stage interludes. Films were also shown at the Rotunda, and at the Pavilion in Dun Laoghaire, by entrepreneur James T. Jameson.

Norman Whitten set up his newsreel and documentary studio in Brunswick Street - now Pearse Street - in 1917. He covered items of local interest throughout the country, and had also previously shot important footage of the 1916 Easter Rising, as well as the release of Republican prisoners and their return to Dublin from British and local jails - including my father-in-law, John Joseph Mansfield, who saw active service in the War for Irish Independence 1916-1923, in E Coy, de Valera's 3rd Batt., Dublin Brigade. Whitten's spectacular coverage of these events was preserved by the National Library, and provided valuable source material for George Morrison's documentary 'MISE ÉIRE' (1959), the first documentary film made in the Irish language.

As early as 1916, J.M. Sullivan tried to establish a native Irish film company, and, with the participation of Abbey actors they produced, in 1920, the feature film 'WILLY REILLY AND HIS COLEEN BAWN', which proved hugely popular with the cinema-going public. Sean Hurley's 'LAND OF HER FATHERS', made in 1924, featured MacLiammoir and the Abbey Players. John McDonagh directed Jimmy O' Dea in 'WICKLOW GOLD' in 1922. The remarkable Celtic Film Company of Bray made 'ROSALEEN DHU' in 1920, a story set in Ireland and North Africa - the North African scenes were simulated

amongst the sand dunes of Arklow! The film's director, and founder of the Celtic Film Company, was William Power, a Bray barber, and the film was processed in barrels by the lather boy at the back of the barbershop!

The most famous Irish filmmaker of the silent era, however, was based not in Ireland but in Hollywood. He was Rex Ingram, who directed 'FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE' with Rudolph Valentino, in 1921. Although not Irish-born, D.W. Griffith, the American film director regarded as the earliest master of the cinema, came from Irish stock. His masterpiece, 'THE BIRTH OF A NATION', the story of the American Civil War, arrived in Dublin in 1916, and was screened at the Gaiety Theatre.

The 1920's twenties marked a new development in cinema, with the arrival of the 'talkies'. Colonel Victor Haddick made the first native sound film with 'THE VOICE OF IRELAND', a travelogue with commentary, in 1932. The first Irish fiction film with sound was 'IRISH HEARTS', made by Brian Desmond Hurst in 1934, a year before he made his 40-minute film of John Millington Synge's 'RIDERS TO THE SEA', funded, rather bizarrely, by Gracie Fields, and with a cast which included Siobhan McKenna.

This selection of highlights from the rich history of Irish cinema would not be complete without mentioning Tom Cooper's 'THE DAWN' (1936), a full-length feature film made by enthusiastic amateurs in a makeshift studio constructed in a Killarney garage, which became a landmark in Irish film production. The story, inspired by the filmmakers' own experience of the War of Independence and the Black and Tans, was an inspiration to many later filmmakers.

Irish Success Stories

How many people are aware that one of our country's three Nobel Prize winners for Literature also won an Academy Award - an 'Oscar'? George Bernard Shaw won his for writing the screenplay for the 1938 film version of his play, 'PYGMALION'. This made him not only a unique Irishman, but also unique worldwide, as the only person to date to have won both an Oscar and a Nobel Prize. True to his character, he did not accept the honour in person, excusing himself by saying that 'films get me into disreputable company'.

Another Oscar winner was County Down-born actress Greer Garson, for her role in William Wyler's 'MRS. MINIVER' (1942), in which she played the role of a plucky English housewife striving to maintain hearth and home during the Second World War. Dan O'Herlihy received an Oscar nomination for his performance in 'ROBINSON CRUSOE' (1952), and, this September, home from California; he visited his friends Corina and Billy McFeely in Ashford.

Three distinguished filmmakers of Irish-American origin were Robert Flaherty, John Ford, and John Huston, all of who were immensely proud of their links to the land of their ancestors. Flaherty's insight into the lives of ordinary people, and his photographic skills, made him a master of the documentary form. On the island of Aran, off the coast of Galway, he made the film for which he is still world-renowned, 'MAN OF ARAN', in 1934, an account of the islanders' unending battles with the sea.

John Ford, legendary director of Western movies, celebrated his Irish heritage in films like 'THE RISING OF THE MOON' (1957), and of course 'THE QUIET MAN' (1952), based on the novel by Morris West. Starring John Wayne and Maureen O' Hara, the film features probably the longest 'scrap' in screen history, between John Wayne and Victor McLaglen. John Ford won an Oscar for Best Director for this film, to add to the Best Director Oscar he won in 1935 for his film version of another classic Irish novel, Liam O'Flaherty's 'THE INFORMER'. John Huston, who lived for many years in the West of Ireland, shot his version of Herman Melville's classic novel 'MOBY DICK' (1956) using Youghal as his base. Huston celebrated his Irish-American ancestry with his last film, 'THE DEAD' (1987), based of course on James Joyce's short-story masterpiece.

In the field of cinema technology, Lucien Bull from Dublin stands out as a brilliant innovator. He is remembered as the inventor of ultra-rapid cinematography, having devised an apparatus that allowed him to capture the movement of a bullet through glass in slow motion, or to follow the movement of a drop of milk falling into a bowl. He invented another camera, which allowed pictures to be taken at a speed of one millionth of a second. He holds an important place in the history of the technological development of cinema, and was honoured by government and scientific bodies.

In more recent times, another neighbour here in Wicklow, Irish citizen Daniel Day-Lewis, won an Oscar for his portrayal of artist/writer Christy Brown, in the film 'MY LEFT FOOT' (1989). Irish actress Brenda Fricker also won a Best Supporting Oscar in the same film. Neil Jordan won a Best Screenplay Oscar for 'THE CRYING GAME' (1992), which he also directed. Irish themes and characters also continue to be represented in many films made outside of Ireland - including the many cinematic versions of Dubliner Bram Stoker's most famous novel, 'DRACULA'.

Film-making in Ireland/Wicklow

The scenic beauty of the Irish countryside, aligned to the individuality of the Irish character, has prompted many foreign filmmakers to choose Ireland as the primary location for their work. Although proximity to Dublin is a factor, the

enduring popularity of County Wicklow as a film location is due more to the 'Cead Míle Fáilte' given by local people to visiting film folk. We all know from our experience of filming in Roundwood how often we had to be patient when the road was closed to allow the camera crew to shoot a scene. But the benefits to local communities consist of more than just a chance for some 'star-spotting'; film companies spend money on hotel accommodation, on food and drink, on buying local materials in Wicklow such as timber for sets, and they also employ not only local actors and extras, but also a variety of trades people - local carpenters and technicians, for example.

Some Examples

The staging of the spectacular Battle of Agincourt scenes from Laurence Olivier's 'HENRY V' took place at Powerscourt in 1943. Nine hundred men of the Irish Home Guard, and many locals, flocked to Wicklow to become French and English Knights for Olivier, who directed himself in the title role. However, with the provision of the facilities at Ardmore Studios in Bray in 1958, the real story of filming in County Wicklow begins. The studio was officially opened by Sean Lemass, the then Minister for Industry and Commerce. Brendan Behan's highly acclaimed prison drama 'THE SQUARE FELLA' was made in Ardmore Studios in 1962. Edna O'Brien's 'GIRL WITH GREEN EYES' was shot on location in Dublin and Wicklow in 1964. For the film 'THE BLUE MAX' in 1966, director John Guillermin skillfully transformed parts of the Wicklow landscape around Kilpedder in order to recreate the Battle of the Somme.

International film director John Boorman made his science-fiction feature 'ZARDOZ', starring Sean Connery, at Ardmore, in 1973. The exterior scenes for this film were shot at Glencree, Sally Gap, the Luggala estate, and at Lough Dan and Lough Tay. The famously reclusive Stanley Kubrick made his film version of 'BARRY LYNDON' here in 1975, shooting the interiors on elaborate sets built at Ardmore, and filming certain exteriors in the rugged landscape around Glencree, as well as at Cahir Castle in Tipperary. Subsequently, with government assistance, Ardmore in 1975 became the National Film Studio of Ireland, with John Boorman, now resident at Annamoe, as its first Chairman. In 1982, the Government, unhappy with the losses sustained by the studio, withdrew their investment. Morgan O'Sullivan's Tara Productions, in conjunction with MTM Enterprises, bought the facility to sustain a level of film and television work in the country. The Studio is now an almost completely self-contained film centre, with several large sound stages, a huge props workshop, cutting rooms, and a dubbing theatre where sound effects and music can be added to the finished film.

John Boorman also made 'EXCALIBUR', based on the legends of King Arthur

and Camelot, in the National Film Studios and in Wicklow, in 1981. This mixture of historical fact and legend featured Irish actors Liam Neeson and Gabriel Byrne in early film roles. Boorman used many local landscapes as a backdrop for his story - the Powerscourt Waterfall, Childer's Wood near Roundwood, the bogs of the Sally Gap, the Sugar Loaf, and Wicklow Head. Neil Jordan, at that time a novelist, short-story writer, and TV playwright, had the task of making a documentary on the shooting of the film. A version of the 'TRISTAN AND ISOLDE' legend - with the alternative title of 'LOVESPELL' - was filmed at Glendalough in 1979, where an entire medieval village was recreated.

In 1985, the widely acclaimed 'ANNE DEVLIN' was partly made in County Wicklow - and also shot in Strokestown Park, County Roscommon - by director Pat Murphy, based on the journals of the housekeeper to Robert Emmett. A Wicklow woman of farmer stock, Anne Devlin dictated her story to James Madden when she was elderly - in fact, she probably was unable herself to write. The title role was played by actress Brid Brennan. The film shows how a historical event is experienced from an Irishwoman's point of view, and how the woman herself eventually became part of the historical process. Also in the 1980's, the serene countryside around Luggala became the location for Strongbow Films 'THE SCAR', a supernatural thriller whose eerie atmosphere was enhanced by filming in the desolate fields near the Sally Gap. Christy Murphy from Roundwood supplied his shop for a scene in the film, and Bray men were in charge of transport for the film's cast, crew, and equipment.

Recent Films made in Wicklow

The television sequel to David O'Selznick's legendary 'GONE WITH THE WIND' (1939), based of course on the novel by Margaret Mitchell, was partly filmed in Wicklow in 1994. A number of local girls were short-listed for the role of Scarlett O'Hara - one of them being my daughter Adriana, a graduate of the Gaiety School of Acting in Dublin. The BBC TV series 'BALLYKISSANGEL', now into its third series, is shot not only in Avoca, but also at Bray's Martello Terrace and at Enniskerry village. This rural drama revolves around the day-to-day life of a young English priest sent to live and work in a Wicklow parish. The series may in time become as well known to all of us as our own 'GLENROE'.

In 1995, hundreds of film extras thronged the approaches to Rathdrum, to recreate the stirring times of 1922 for Neil Jordan's period epic on the life and times of I.R.A. chief 'MICHAEL COLLINS'. Together with stars such as Liam Neeson and Julia Roberts, there were hundreds of Wicklow men dressed as closely as possible in the attire of three-quarters of a century previously, all packed into Rathdrum's Market Square, carefully transformed by the film-makers to suit the period. This scene simulated an actual public meeting in Granard, in 1922, when

huge numbers of Nationalists turned up to hear the legendary 'Big Man' deliver a public appeal in favour of a war-ending treaty with Great Britain.

Mel Gibson's 'BRAVEHEART', the story of a gallant Scottish clansman's uprising against English tyranny in the late 13th century, became one of the most successful films ever made in Ireland, winning 5 Academy Awards. Some of the spectacular mountain scenes were shot a number of Wicklow mountain locations, and at the National Film Studios in Bray. The production schedule lasted over three months in Ireland, providing work in the blood-and-thunder battle scenes for over a thousand F.C.A. recruits and hundreds of locals. A 45-foot tower was erected in the Blessington Lakes to depict the view from a castle window. Tons of wood was purchased from local suppliers to cater for the film-makers voracious demand for authentic props and backdrops for the film, in which Wicklow was displayed to a world-wide audience in all its splendour.

We are all proud of our very own 'Roundwood' film, made in our village from December 1996 - January 1997, and called, of course, 'THE NEPHEW'. The film marked the producing debut of its star, Pierce Brosnan, alias James Bond, and the feature-directing debut of its director, Dublin-born Eugene Brady. Set on an island off the coast of Ireland, it features Donal McCann as a farmer, with Pierce Brosnan as his archrival. When the farmer's sister dies in America, her ashes are brought home by her son, who to everyone's amazement, turns out to be a Negro. 'THE NEPHEW' is a co-production between the Morgan O' Sullivan Co and Pierce Brosnan's company, 'IRISH DREAMTIME'.

We all had the pleasure of watching the high-tech cameras and lighting and sound equipment as the crew shot scene after scene. Our village was kitted out with new facades and new names for the pubs. Sean Kavanagh's Pub had a mill attached to it, and many locals acted as extras, such as Joe Timmons, our P.R.O. of the Roundwood and District Historical Society, who displayed his prodigious talents as a J.C.B. driver. Children of all ages were constantly chasing the world-renowned 'James Bond' for his autograph. The ladies were all thrilled to meet and shake hands with him at Rita Byrne's Newsagency, where he insisted that I take a snap of him with Bridie Lowe - in the photograph, the County Meath man unveils his superstar smile and carries himself with all the aplomb of his successful Bond persona. These events have naturally brought all the villagers closer to each other, and we look forward to seeing the film soon on our cinema and TV screens.

Cartoons

I feel that my essay could not be complete without mentioning the Guinness International Cartoon Festival, which has taken place in June in Rathdrum, County Wicklow, for each of the last six years. It really is a four-day feast of

cartooning fun. The festival features cartoonists and caricaturists from Ireland and worldwide. Terry Willers leads the way with a variety of workshops, demonstrations, and public seminars, and the festival also boasts a wide range of side-events, such as having a portrait drawn by a famous cartoonist, and the music of the Parnell Pipe Band, whose logo, the blackbird, was once upon a time the code word for a famous son of Wicklow, Charles Stewart Parnell.

AGATHA DE V. MANSFIELD

Freemans Journal 11/9/1860

Although the skylark may never have warbled over the gloomy shores of Glendalough, the songs which Princes have listened to with rapture might one day last week have been heard rising over the waters beneath St. Kevin's Bed. A small party was made up with a view of exhibiting to Madame Grisi the grand and peculiar beauties of the "City of St. Kevin". The lady was greatly pleased with her visit and being taken in a boat, as is duty bound, to the Bed, the Queen of Song poured forth unsolicited a melody which re-echoed with bewitching effect along the sombre side of frowning Lugduff. A favoured few of the country people and the party in the boat formed the only audience. We can imagine the crowds that would have lined the silent shores of the dark lake had the least notice been given.



Francis Greydon Murphy (1857-1899)
formerly Togher



Dr. John J. Tuohy (d.1936)
North Fredrick St., Dublin

St. Kevin's Bus

Circular letter from William Doyle, The Garage, Roundwood.

1932

Dear Sir (or Madam),

Four years ago the County between Glendalough and Bray was in a very backward state owing to the lack of public conveyances, and as a consequence the people residing within that area suffered many drawbacks and their journeys to Bray and Dublin were accompanied by many hardships.

To remedy this unpleasant state of affairs and to open-up the country districts so as to benefit the residents was my ambition. Many things had to be considered and when the pros and cons were examined it was thought that the object I had in view was uneconomic owing to the state of roads, the contour of the country to be travelled by a Bus, and the sparse number of inhabitants in proximity to the route. However, in spite of all these circumstances, I invested a considerable sum in Buses and I trusted to the support and goodwill of the community. This trust was not misplaced and I wish to thank you one and all for your generous and liberal support.

By constant attention to the needs of the travelling public, the St. Kevin's Bus Service is now second to none. For comfort in travelling there are none better. All that modern engineering can accomplish is to be found in their construction, with the result that you are inspired with a feeling of confidence once you step inside one of them. In selecting drivers I employ only men who are competent and courteous.

Your sense of security is further enhanced by the knowledge that every Bus and Car I run is fully insured in the passenger's interest. This alone should allay anxiety, especially when our senses are shocked by the number of accidents that occur daily.

The high state of efficiency attained by the St. Kevin's Bus Service has not been obtained without great cost. It will interest you to know that expenditure under Taxation, Insurance, Wages, Depreciation, and Running Expenses exceed £1,800 per annum.

To keep the Service up to its present high standard you are requested to support local enterprise by your co-operation and patronage. Lower fares, by rivals, are intended to create a monopoly which is followed by the inevitable rise.

Take notice in time and don't be misled by canvassers. Patronise the pioneer who established the Glendalough-Bray-Dublin route, and rest assured that your travelling facilities are well looked after.

Harvest Time In Roundwood

Harvest time was a busy time for farmers in the early years of this century. Cutting hay usually started in July, and was done by horse drawn mowing machines. It was then turned by men and boys with pitchforks, after being left to dry for some days depending on the weather. It was then raked and made into small cocks, called rough cocks. After drying they were then built into large cocks about six feet in height. After a short period the hay was brought into the haggard and built into ricks. The drawing in of the hay was a big day on the farm. Two or three neighbouring farmers came with their horses and cars or bogeys. The bogey was a low flat type of car with a pulley on the front. This was backed to the cock of hay, the back was lowered down and two heavy ropes were brought from the pulley around each side and hooked at the back. Two men then wound up the pulley bringing the cock of hay to the front of the bogey. The bogey was a favourite with the children as they could sit in around the edge of the cock of hay and have a jaunt to the haggard on the carts. In the haggard the hay was built into ricks about 15 feet long and six or seven feet wide. It was brought to an angle at the top and afterwards thatched with rushes to keep out the rain. In later years almost all farmers had haysheds erected which saved a lot of trouble.

Then came the cutting and threshing of corn. That was done by mowing machines with reaping gear which were attached to the mowing bar and worked by a lever. It consisted of a number of light lathes attached to a board and as the corn was cut it slid onto these boards, which was slightly tilted. When what was considered enough for a sheaf the driver dropped the sheafer and the corn slid off. Helpers stood along the field at intervals and picked up the corn which were tied in bundles with a handful of straw. The sheaves were erected into stooks that consisted of about eight sheaves propped four against four with the heads of grain upwards. After a number of days a number of stooks were brought together and built into round stacks. Later all the corn was drawn into the haggard and made into big stacks in preparation for threshing.

Threshing was a very busy day on the farm for every one even the housewife as she would have from 16 to 20 men to cater for before the arrival of the tractor. The threshing mill was driven by a steam engine. The engine and the mill usually arrived at the farm in the late evening and there was quite a lot of preparation in getting it into place and having it level. On the morning of the threshing the driver usually arrived about 6 am. to light the fire in the engine and get the steam up for driving the mill. When everything was ready the driver set off the whistle on the engine which notified the neighbouring farmers that work was about to

start. As the helpers arrived they were allotted their various jobs, about two men throwing sheaves to the men on the mill who cut the ties on the sheaves and passed them onto the men who fed them into the mill. The straw came out of the back of the mill and a couple of men forked that away to two or three others who built it up into ricks. The grain came out of chutes at the back where bags were hooked and the grain poured into them with men changing the bags as they became full. The chaff came out another chute. Another job was carrying water to the engine to keep up the steam.

At the end of the day and after tea the workers usually concluded with a game of cards for, perhaps, a couple of hours. The arrival of the tractor ended some of the labour such as carrying water. Then came the combine harvester and that brought lots of change. The first combine to arrive in this area was bought by Mr. Trevor Nuttall, of Tittour, in the mid 1940s.

KATHLEEN DONOHOE



Tall man at back: Kit Stacey.
Back row: Ned Ward, Mick Kavanagh, Jimmy Brady, Frank Healy,
Jack Doyle, Mick O'Malley, Jack Pierce, Tim Kenna.
Front row: George Timmins, Ned Rochford, Ned Porter.
(Mike Kenna)

Threshing Days

While out walking during harvest time I stopped to watch a combine harvester at work to see it cut and thresh all in one operation. It brought my thoughts back to when I was a young chap and all the different tasks that had to be performed from the time the corn was standing in the field until it stood in a heap on the farmers loft. I spent a lot of time as a boy at Edge's farm which is adjacent to where I live. I used to watch workmen with a scythe cutting the width with Reaper and Binder. This would have to be done right the way round the field. Then it would be made into sheaves and tied with straw. Sometimes thistles were growing in the corn, which left it very painful on the hands.

Two horses were yoked to the binder and two rounds of the field were cut this way. That left room for a third horse. Three horses were necessary because it was a heavy piece of machinery plus the fact that all the moving parts were driven from a big steel wheel, which left the load heavier still. I was always fascinated by the way it made the sheaves and tied the knot on the twine and then cut it. When the corn was cut the sheaves were put standing up against each other about three in a row, which was known as stooking. Then some days later the stooks were brought together and put into a pile with the heads turned in, which was known as stacking. At a distance they looked like large Wigwams.

After some time had elapsed the stacks of corn would be brought in by horse and cart to the haggard and made into a rick. This was a specialised job. The rick maker would have all the butts of the sheaves facing out so as the rain would run off and could not get near the grain. He would start to taper off the rick so as the rain would run off it the same as the apex roof of a house. The rick maker would have to be fairly accurate in his estimation of when to start tapering. If he started too soon he would have the rick finished with a lot of sheaves left over and if he started too late he wouldn't have enough sheaves to finish it. The rick would be thatched then to make sure the rain did not get in from the top as it would be quite a while before being threshed. All the threshing would be done in the Bottoms, as the land was known, near sea level before the threshing sets would head for the hill farms.

I used to look forward so much to the threshing on the farms on the locality. I would coax my mother to let me stay at home from school for the threshing at Edge's farm. She would not let me stay at home from school but she did make a compromise and arranged for me to go up for the half day. I always went threshing after school and on Saturdays anyway. I remember the Edges had always had two full days when other farmers had one day or a half a day. Others would not have very much and the mill would be set up on the side of the road and they would throw the sheaves out across the fields to be threshed.

All the neighbouring farmers would come and help one another. The threshing set could be heard coming in the distance, as it was so slow moving and it would take quite some time for it to arrive. Myself and other young lads would be waiting impatiently. Eventually it would come into view. When it came closer this colossal big steam threshing engine made such noise clanging and puffing. The smell of the sizzling hot grease on the boiler and the noise of the escaping steam from this big steel monster always gave me a thrill. The driver sitting up on top beside the big Fly-Wheel in his greasy cap and overalls with the big steering wheel in his hand. I thought he was the most powerful man in the world. How I envied him! Coupled to the engine was the mill and trailer. The trailer always carried the gear necessary for setting up the mill in the haggard. It was awkward to get into some haggards and the mill would have to be unhooked from the steam engine and manhandled into position. Holes would be dug for the wheels of the mill and engine to sit into and then chocks would be taken from the trailer and put at both sides of the wheels. Some days before, water would be brought from the nearest river in barrels by horse and cart for the engine and as young lads we would transfer the water from the barrels with buckets to a barrel standing beside the engine. The driver would drop a hose, like an elephant's trunk, into it and with one slurp it was sucked straight into the boiler. We would have to start fill it up all over again.

Coal was scarce during the war and the engine boiler would have to be fired up with turf and logs. The engine driver would have to start work very early in the morning to get the fire going and steam up to start the days threshing. He always got his breakfast at the farm where he was threshing. This particular man, renowned for his wit was getting his breakfast one morning at a farm and the woman of the house was equally renowned for her meanness, left a rather large plate on the table with a very small amount of honey on it. He looked up at her and said "Begob Mam, I see you keep a bee". Men would come from all over with two pronged forks on their shoulders for to start the days threshing. The engine driver for the most part fed the mill with the sheaves and he stood down in front of the big steel drum that separated the grain from the straw. Usually two or three men cut the twine from the sheaves that were pitched from the rick onto the mill. The men always had the knives tied to their wrists. This was a precaution against letting them fall into the drum, which would damage it or worse still fly from the drum and cause an injury to someone. The straw came out of the back of the mill and the rick builder had to start his job again. I think it was more difficult to build the straw ricks than the rick with the sheaves. As the rick got higher a horse cart would be put along side the rick and the shafts left sitting on barrels to have it level. A ladder would be put up against the rick and one man would stand approximately half way up the ladder, the straw would

be passed from the ground to the man in the cart and then to the man on the ladder. It would be taken in on the rick then and there would be three or four men on the rick including the rick maker. He would shape the rick and the others would distribute the straw evenly and keep walking around on it. I remember one man used to stand in one place on the rick until it would be up almost to his neck before he would move. It was a joke at the time, lads standing at the mill from taking the sacks of grain would be heard saying "Jem will soon be moving, I can only see his ears". When the elevator arrived on the scene it did away with all the carts, barrels and ladders. The straw came out of the back of the mill onto the elevator and was conveyed to the top of the mill. Farmers were saying it was a wonderful invention. It had its own little stationery engine to drive it.

Three men would stand taking the grain at the front of the mill. They would carry these sacks up the ladder and empty it out on the loft. This was heavy work because I think there was 16 stone in weight in each sack. The chaff would pile up underneath the mill. This would have to be cleared periodically. The bulk of this chaff was burned at a later time. Some of it was kept for making mattresses. These were made by sewing up a strong hard linen material called ticking and stuffed with chaff. Incidentally this ticking material was also used for making pillows. The inside of the pillowcase was what they called soaped. Soap was rubbed on it to keep what stuffing was in the pillow from coming through.

Everybody went into get their dinner and the farmer's wife and other farmers' wives that came to give a hand would dish out the dinner. Young lads like me would have to wait until after the men were finished. There would be upwards of twenty hungry men to feed. There were no electric or gas cookers then and most of the cooking was done on the open fire. Some people had little Primus stoves. Cabbage, potatoes and bacon was what the meal usually consisted of, all of course produced on the farm.

The parlour would have to be brought into line along with the kitchen and maybe a bedroom to accommodate everyone in one sitting. There would be stories told around the table at dinner time. Particularly by the men who operated the Threshing machine and the hardship they encountered trying to get into and get set up in awkward places. I remember them telling about a lane on the side of a hill where they had to tie ropes to the mill. A few men kept a pull on the ropes to keep the mill from overturning. Another story was told by a man of going into his dinner at a particular farm one day and there was a large piece of very fat hairy bacon on his plate that did not look very appetising. As he sat down his knee hit the table and the fat bacon shook on the plate. "Begob", says he, "You needn't shiver at all, I'm not going to touch you."

The farmer would put up money for card playing. When the threshing was

over every one would go home, clean up and come back for the game of cards that night. The late Andy Mernagh was telling me in the shop one night years after, that they were playing cards in Edge's house one night after the threshing; and that there was one particular individual there who was a desperate bad card player, which everyone knows is the kind of player that ruins the game. When they came out after the game was over, it was pitch dark outside (no electric light at that time) and they were all walking down the road towards the Church. Andy himself said he was giving out hell to one of the men about this Jack so and so who was such a bad player and that he didn't know the backs from the fronts of the cards. The other man never opened his mouth but after a while he struck a match to light his pipe and when he held up the match to his face, Andy realised that he had been talking to Jack all of the time. Andy used to laugh about that but he said it wasn't funny at the time.

There was another practice, which was dying out at the time, of keeping a quarter barrel of porter tapped. I only remember one threshing where that was. They hadn't enough glasses so they used to drink out of lb Jam pots. There was an old man who used to come to our shop and he told me about the barrels of porter at the threshing. He said there was a postman years ago that went to all the threshings. He would arrive at the farm on his bike and a post bag over his shoulder. This would be about 3 o'clock. He would take the letters out of the bag and put them in his inside pocket and tie the bag on the carrier of his bike. He would stay helping in the haggard, have his tea and of course the porter at night and deliver the letters the next day. The old man said that when the threshing season was in progress you would not know when you would get your post.

There were quite a few threshing sets around in those years. Roberts of Callow Hill had a steam engine. Codds of Drumdangan also had a steam engine set. Nolans of Newtown had T.V.O. (Tractor Vaporising Oil) tractor sets and the late Bill Farrar of Bolinass also had a T.V.O. set. A near neighbour, the late Miley O'Brien of Aghowle, had a T.V.O. set which he bought in 1938 and was in the threshing business up to 1947. The tractor that drove the mill was an International which was in large letters across the front of the radiator. That is how I remember the name so well. Miley's tractor, like all tractors of that time, motored along at about five mile per hour and like the steam engine you would hear it a long time before you would see it. The threshing sets were the only large machines around in my youth, in the rural areas anyway. It was treat for us children to see these once a year. While these machines are no longer to be seen, even bigger machines are so common place on the roads and farms these days that nobody, not even children, give them a second glance.

JOHN TIMMONS

I wish to apologise for not crediting John for his excellent article last year - Ed

Wails And Squeals, Then Heaven

It was in the late 1930s that I had my first experience of radio or as we called it then "the wireless". The youngest member of our family would lisp "willylawless". We lived almost six miles from the nearest town, 700' up and surrounded by hills, so radio reception was a problem. This did not deter my older brothers and sisters who, tired of cranking the old gramophone, now had to have the wireless. So parents, as always, gave in and a set was ordered. We awaited delivery.

In those days all deliveries from town came on the bread van. Since most people made their own bread the loaves were of secondary importance. More to the point, goods were sent out from the shops and back again if not satisfactory!

So, Tom the breadman took all day and most of the night, meandering up and down hilly roads delivering parcels all around the area. It was almost 10 o'clock one night when at last our wireless appeared. The excitement nearly "blew" our primitive little minds when what looked like two wooden boxes were set down on the table, polished ready and waiting.

Soon we realised that a lot more work had to be done before a sound would emerge from these magic boxes. The next day a man arrived and after a great deal of conferring with my father a hole was drilled into the window frame and a long wire produced. We were baffled, was it not "wireless"? It was, of course, the aerial, to be passed through and up over the chimney. As we children stood gawping upwards, the wire was strung across the garden and fixed to a pole so tall it touched the sky. Still the two boxes remained dumb and now the talk was all about "batteries". Two were needed, a wet one and a dry one. My father ranted fuming at these costly extras. But Tom, our breadman and to us children a wizard, called within a couple of days and fitted up these interesting additions. We stared awe-struck into the lower cabinet at an assembly of steel plates, glass valves and a maze of wires.

A houseful of family awaited "switch on" while Tom twiddled knobs and scanned a world of strange names: Lyon, Osten, Hilversum, Dusseldorf, Hamburg, Oslo and so on. But all that came through was ear-splitting crackling and the most blood curling wails and squeals. "Move back children" cautious old aunts warned, "That yoke might blow up". We sensed danger and got behind doors, the little one under the table and still piping about the "willylawless". "Atmospherics" muttered Tom, red-faced and perspiring, adding by explanation "Very bad reception tonight, I'm afraid". It all sounded highly technical and complex. We smelled defeat and were crestfallen. Then, wonders of wonders, after some more high pitched squeals a faint music drifted through. We strained our ears and gathered round. Gradually it grew louder and clearer.

"Its coming from heaven" my pious sister gasped. Tom, peering at the dial, said it came from Dusseldorf and that it was dance band music. We swooned to its compelling dreaminess, swinging and waltzing round the table, in and out of rooms, lost to the world, until we were all rounded up for bed.

PHILOMENA WOODWARD (NEE TIMMONS)

WICKLOW COUNTY COUNCIL

VACCINATION
AGAINST SMALLPOX

There has been no major out-break of smallpox in this country in recent years but owing to the development of air travel, the danger of infection has become greater. It is possible for persons to arrive in a few hours in this country from areas infected by smallpox, and to start an epidemic. This would be a major tragedy owing to the small numbers vaccinated in recent years. Smallpox is a very fatal disease, and frequently causes great disfigurement in those who are fortunate enough to survive.

Vaccination and re-vaccination gives almost complete immunity from the disease.

All parents are urgently advised to have their children vaccinated as soon as possible after the age of three months. Vaccinations are performed free of charge in any Dispensary in the County.

DR. G. P. G. BECKETT,
CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER,

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