

Roundwood & District

Historical & Folklore Journal

No. 14

€8

Erratum

On page 47
the date 3.3.19
should read
3.3.17

Roundwood and District Historical and Folklore Society

Officers 2002-2003

Chairman	Colm Galligan
Vice-Chairman	Monica Farrell
Secretary	Derek O'Brien
Treasurer	Joe McNally
PRO	Joan Hatton
Photographer	Agatha de Valera Mansfield
Editor	Máirtín Mac Siúrtáin

From the Chair

The past year, 2002, has been another successful one for the Roundwood and District Historical and Folklore Society.

We started the year in March with the launch of the 2002 Journal. The 13th Journal proved to be another great success. Once again, I wish to thank all who contributed by writing articles for the Journal and our patrons whose kind contributions make it possible to publish the Journal. On the night of the launch, we were entertained by Paddy and Phil Berry and John Ennis, all from Co. Wexford, who gave us 'An Evening of Traditional Songs'. Three of the songs sung by Paddy, Phil and John that night are published in this Journal.

In April, we were kindly invited to visit Clongowes Wood College by Fr. Conor Harper S.J. who gave us a guided tour through this historical building and provided us with such kind hospitality.

In May, we visited Wicklow town and, once again, John Finlay led us through the streets and history of our county's capital and we all came away with a deeper appreciation of Wicklow.

In June, we visited Bellvue, in Delgany, the former home of the La Touche family. Our guide on this occasion was the well-known historian, Derek Paine. He was ably assisted by Mr. Fortune, whose home is in the demesne of Bellvue. Mr. Fortune went to the trouble of clearing pathways and such to allow us easy access to the ruins. Derek Paine also gave a super knowledgeable talk on the history of the La Touche family.

On our visit to Arklow in July, Jim Rees gave us the second part of the tour of Arklow. We had our first visit in 2001. It was another great walk-about under the guidance of Jim. We visited the Pyramid, the fisheries and, as night fell, the site of the Kynock's factory.

In August, we visited Calary where Canon Robert Jennings was our most able and gracious guide of Calary Church and of the surrounding area. Canon Jennings' article on our outing of this historic part of Wicklow is published in this Journal.

Our annual outing to Kilmore Quay took place in September. We visited the Lifeboat Station, the Maritime Museum and the Remembrance Garden for those who have recently been lost at sea. Before arriving at Kilmore Quay, we stopped off at Enniscorthy and visited St. Aidan's Cathedral which was designed by Pugin. We were given a super tour of the Cathedral and its history by a marvellous lady.

At the end of September, our monthly meeting was what we call an "ideas" meeting, where members contributed their ideas for the Society. Many good ideas came out of this meeting, the fruits of which we will see in the coming year.

In October, the film "Mise Éire" was shown with the kind permission of Gael Linn. It was fantastic to see this historical film, for some, for the first time and, for others, to see it once again.

China! What a wonderful evening we enjoyed in November. Dr. Máirtín Mac Siúrtáin, one of our own, gave us a lecture with magnificent illustrations of his recent trip up the Yangtse River. We were also extremely lucky that evening for the Treasury opened its money bag and treated us to some delicious Chinese cuisine and many thanks to Kavanaghs for cooking for us. A litre of saki also added to the occasion.

Our annual dinner took place in December. Unfortunately, I missed this occasion but I asked several members for a report on the evening's proceedings. All I could get were very vague reports which means that everybody enjoyed themselves.

In January, John Flynn, another one of our own, once again gave a very enlightening talk on the subject of deer, in fact, three different species of deer. We were entertained by information on the different methods of identifying and managing deer in Co. Wicklow. It was a fascinating and entertaining evening.

Before I conclude, on the activities of the Society for the past year, I would like to point out that, of the eleven features during the year, two were presented by members of this Society. This is a very healthy sign for the Society and one we all try to contribute to.

As this is my last meeting as Chairman, I wish to thank the committee that has served with me. During my two year tenure, I have had two secretaries; Elinor Medlycott and Derek O'Brien. I am deeply indebted to both of them for their help and support during my period of office. I have had two PROs; Kathryn Taube and Joan Hatton and I wish also to thank them for their help and support over the past

two years. To the rest of the committee: Vice-Chairman; Monica Farrell, Treasurer, Joe McNally, Editor, Dr. Máirtín Mac Siúrtáin and Photographer, Agatha de Valera Mansfield; many thanks.

On a sad note, on the 20th of September 2001, our Society lost Gregory Allen who was a regular contributor to our Journal. This Journal includes his Irish Times obituary and two of Gregory Allen's wonderful contributions on Roundwood to Sunday Miscellany.

I hope all our readers will enjoy this our 14th Journal. New members are always welcome at the Society's monthly meetings which are held on the last Monday of the month usually in the Old National School. Notices of all meetings are published in the Wicklow People.

I will conclude by wishing the new Chairman, Monica Farrell, and all the members of the Roundwood and District Historical and Folklore Society every success in the future.

Colm Galligan

Table of Contents

From the Chair	i
Wicklow's "Hidden" Heritage	1
John Nelson Darby	7
Wicklow through the Millennia	8
Gregory Allen 1927-2001	14
Sheep and Shepherds	16
A Mass Path	18
Luggala during the Famine Years	19
The 'Hughmaine Lady'	20
Trees	23
Memories of Tomdarragh	24
A Wicklow Honeymoon	27
Wicklow Gardens	29
A Blast from the Past	33
Annie Gilbert	36
Graveside Oration	38
Robert Erskine Childers	41
Letters concerning Robert Barton	45
Letters to Diarmuid Coffey	47
Letter to Margot Chenevix Trench	50
Letter to Sir John	51
To be a Bard	52
The Croppy's Grave	54
The Big Snow of 1867	55
The Late Floods in the County of Wicklow	57
The Great Tragedy of 1867	58
The Lovely Vale of Glenmalur	59
Memories	60
"Me and Me Mott"	61
Christmas and the Band	61
The Holly and the Robin	62
Wartime Plum Pudding	62
Folk Remedies	63
Over the Hill	65
Glendalough Cemetery	66
The Copper Axehead	68
17 Years Service	69
The Gordon Bennett Race 1903	70
The Wicklow Deer Society	73
The New Water Pump	74
Thoughts on St. Patrick's Day	75
Heffernan's Illustrated Plans	75
Our Patrons	76
Canon Robert Jennings	1
John Medlycott	7
Ian Cantwell	8
Irish Times	14
Gregory Allen	16
Gregory Allen	18
Pat O'Brien	19
John Medlycott	20
Hilda Bissett	23
Lucy McQuillan nee Byrne	24
Marie Lawlor	27
Agatha de V. Mansfield	29
Bob Carter and Joe Timmons	33
Annie Taylor	36
Joan Kavanagh	38
Dick Roche	41
Saive Coffey	45
Robert Barton	47
Isabel Chenevix Trench	50
Isabel Chenevix Trench	51
Paddy Berry	52
Máirín Lindsay	54
John Murphy	55
John Murphy	57
Billy Byrne	58
Billy Byrne	59
Mauny Timmons	60
Kevin Byrne	61
Kevin Byrne	61
Kathleen Byrne	62
Betty Johnson	62
Joe Timmons	63
W. J. Duffy	65
Kevin Byrne	66
Pat Roche	68
Joan Hatton	69
Frank Nuttall	70
John Flynn	73
Norman Geeves	74
Peggy Byrne	75
K.M. Davies	75

Wicklow's "Hidden" Heritage

Canon Robert Jennings

Many readers will be very familiar with the excellent Heritage Park at Ferrycarrig, Co. Wexford. Here how our ancestors lived in ancient times can be seen and explored. We can visit dolmens, cist burials, stone circles, horizontal water mills, fulachta fiadh or ancient cooking places, a round tower and so on. Many of these have been constructed quite recently as they are mere replicas of the past. Yet here in Co. Wicklow, on our own doorstep we have many original sites, not replicas. I refer to the unique and historical landscape of the Sugar Loaf mountain and especially Ballyremon Common and parts of Glasnamullen between the Old and New Long Hills. In this comparatively small area of four to five square kilometres there is a unique memorial to the inhabitants of bygone centuries going back at least 4,000 years.

In this area alone there are 11 fulachta fiadh, four ring forts, a bowl barrow, hut sites, earthworks, cairns, crop marks, St. Kevin's Holy Well, St. Molin's ruined church of the 5-6th century and ancient trackways. Even in more recent times, it includes the former Calary Point-to-Point Race course and an old flat race course.

Tributaries of two well-known Wicklow rivers, the Dargle and the Varry, spring from here - the former flowing north to Bray and the latter south to Wicklow. Brooding over all of this, the Sugar Loaf, which the well-known archaeologist Christiaan Corlett maintains may have been a sacred mountain with many ancient burial places so positioned to have a view of the Sugar Loaf. In a similar vein, the Muslims as we know face Mecca three times a day to say their prayers and all animals slaughtered for Muslim consumption must face Mecca.

There is no doubt that in the future by careful observation and the use of modern geophysical instruments archaeologists and others will discover much more about this special area provided it is recognised and protected. It was only as recently as 1993 that the only horizontal water mill so far identified in Co. Wicklow was discovered at Newcastle. Every year new and interesting discoveries are being made.

As a member of the Countrywide Hillwalkers' Association I sometimes lead walks around this historic area and earlier this year I did so on behalf of the Roundwood and District Historical and Folklore Society. As a result I was asked to write an article on the walk, describing what we saw and experienced on Sunday August 25th 2002, so that it might be of interest to a wider public.

We met in Calary Church which was built in 1834 to serve the Church of Ireland people of the area. The parish boundaries were carved out of four surrounding parishes, i.e. Delgany, Derralossary, Powerscourt and Newcastle. Within the Church there was an opportunity to point out some famous people associated with the



Archaeological sites on Ballyremon Commons

Parish. Calary Church has two pulpits. The one situated at the back of the Church is Darby's pulpit. The Rev. John Nelson Darby (1800-82) of Leap Castle, Co. Laois, was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Dublin, graduating as a Classical Medallist. He was ordained Deacon in Raphoe and priested in Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin. He was appointed as the first Curate of Calary Parish in 1826. Before the present Church was built, services were held in the school on the Long Hill. The pulpit which had been used by Darby was moved to the newly built church in 1834. Darby resigned from the Church of Ireland in 1827 and joined a sect called the "Brethren". A quarrel within this body led to a local schism at Plymouth in 1845. Darby became the leader of the stricter Brethren, who were organised as a separate body known as the Darbyites.

Two memorial plaques in the Church recall Hilda Bissett, one of the first women veterinary surgeons to qualify in Ireland, and a former organist in Calary Church.

Another is dedicated to Dr. Bob Collis (1900-75) who among his many other talents and achievements was the first Irish doctor to enter Belsen Concentration Camp after the Second World War.

In the adjacent churchyard are buried such diverse characters as Dr. Tony Farrington, who in 1928 was appointed Resident-Over-Secretary to the Royal Irish Academy and devoted his life to the study of the glacial geology and geomorphology of the Wicklow mountains. Dr. Cecil and Dame Ruth King are also buried there. Cecil King was born in Dundrum and educated in England. He had a distinguished career not only as Chairman of the Mirror Group but also Chairman of the National Coal Board and National Childrens Society. He retired to Ireland in 1974 and died in 1987. Dame Ruth King (1915-2001) devoted her whole life to music. She received an O.B.E. in 1954 and was made a Dame for founding the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain. The first musical evening in Calary Church was arranged by Dame Ruth and friends in 1984 and this has been revived to become an annual event.

Outside the Church we saw two ancient stiles that led through the churchyard which children used years ago to walk to the school in Myers' field. Looking south-east we could trace part of the original Calary Point-to-Point races and beside us we could see the "Church Bank", one of the jumps. The races were founded in 1898 by the Bray Harriers who still hunt regularly in North Wicklow.

We walked up the short Church Road to the main Roundwood Road. If we had turned left here, then first right, we could have visited the ruins of St. Molin's Church and St Kevin's Holy Well nearby. Both saints are connected with this ancient site. St. Molin ruled over the monastery of Glendalough for a time and the townland of Glasnamullen is no doubt called after him. However, as time was limited we turned right for 150m to visit the impressive remains of the hillfort on our right. As we stood on the mound and surveyed the surrounding countryside we could realise that this site dominated the whole area of the Vartry. What is now called Vartry was originally Feartry. Liam Price says the word Feartry means fort or fortress.

In the 6th century one of the named places in the land of Feartry was Dunmore, or the big fort. In documents of the 9th century the area around this fort was a centre of importance long before Roundwood or Leitrim were even mentioned. As we could see, it was very large and well fortified. The outer bank and moat has been largely filled in over the years and originally was much higher and deeper. The river Vartry closeby also formed part of its outer defences.

We continued our walk along the main road to the next T junction. On the left was a famous public house named the Tavern, but it is now a private residence. It was here the members of the Bray Harriers frequently met after a day's hunt over Calary Bog. Up the side road from here are the remains of an old house where it is said that Rev. John Darby lived when he was in charge of Calary Parish. Incidentally, he left the Parish after a riding accident.

There is a bridge over the Vartry at this point and along the left hand bank the remains of an old road which led past Calary Church and was the original way to the Church before the existing road was built. This road is probably a continuation of the old road that led up from Bray. Mullinreamon was the old name of Hollybrook and the name Mullinreamon Bridge was still used for the bridge at Ballywaltrim in the 1830s. This old road came up from this bridge through Glencormick to Kilmacanogue and it can still be followed though Glencap Common and high up over the ridge of the Big Sugar Loaf through Killough and Ballinteston to Ballyremon Common. This was known as Ballaghreamon or Raemond's Pass. This is a name that goes back to Anglo-Norman times.

We continued our walk along the main road to the first little road on the left which leads onto Ballyremon Common. The Common has been largely undisturbed for thousands of years except for a few houses and farmlands. Shallow cultivation took place in some areas before and up to famine times and the ridges and crop marks of failed potato crops are still very visible. They are a sad reminder of the Great Famine that either killed or dispersed abroad half the population of this island. However, the older dwellings and burial sites of thousands of years ago are still visible.

One needs a map or guide as well as strong walking boots to visit some of these sites but we took in a limited sample of some of them on our two hour walk. After a short walk we visited two ring forts closeby. These are so named because of their circular construction. They are also known as raths or fairy circles, a name that usually led to their preservation because of the bad luck that might be visited upon anyone disturbing a fairies' dwelling place. There are approximately 185 ringforts in Co. Wicklow but many more have been lost through ploughing or levelling of the land. Ringforts were enclosed farmstead dwellings dating from early Christian times to the medieval period. The enclosure was constructed by earth and stones to form a ditch and a bank. The bank was surmounted by a fence of local timber. The extended family lived in round huts within the enclosure and at night domestic animals were brought inside for protection from raiders or wild animals. On our walk we made a point of walking around the ringforts and hut sites in order to assess their extent and gain an appreciation of how people lived here many years ago.

From this spot one can point out the remains of two fulachta fiadh or cooking places as well as a long wide grass roadway between the gorse and ferns that was once used for flat racing before Leopardstown and other courses existed. Also, an old abandoned farmhouse where nearby two rotary quern stones were discovered during excavation. They were given to me and can now be seen inserted into the Millennium seat beside Hill's Garage in Kilcoole.

Walking on for about 1.2km along the wall that divides the Common from farmland we came to a very large ringfort. It is on farmland that has been cultivated for many years and its outline has now almost disappeared but can be quite clearly seen from

aerial photography. There are the remains of two banks and ditches. It must at least have been occupied by a local chieftain and his extended family. As it covered such a wide area only a few of us walked around it as others looked on. Closeby are the remains of two more fulachta fiadh.

Continuing our walk for another 1.2km in the direction of the Sugar Loaf we arrived at the best preserved fulacht fiadh on the Common. It is beside a stream and partly obscured by gorse bushes. Fulacht means a cooking place or pit and the word fia means deer or perhaps Fianna who were early inhabitants of Ireland. Twelve of these cooking pits have so far been identified in Co. Wicklow, seven of which can be seen on Ballyremon Common and the adjoining townland of Glasnamullen. It is remarkable that any still exist as they date from the Bronze Age 2000 - 500 BC. They consisted of a pit lined with wood, stone slabs or just non-porous clay. This was then filled with water. Closeby, stones were heated in a fire and then rolled into the pit to heat the water. Meat from hunting parties was wrapped in straw and cooked in the boiling water. The burnt stones were then thrown out to form a horseshoe around the pit. It is these burnt stone mounds which today leave their mark on the landscape.

Walking on from here over long forgotten cultivated ridges, we soon come to the most remarkable monument on the Common, a bowl barrow also dating from the Bronze Age. It is a large mound like an inverted bowl under which was buried single or multiple cremated human remains. The remains were placed in an urn and nearby personal belongings and a bowl for food for the journey into the afterlife were also included. This bowl barrow is surrounded by a fosse and an external ditch and is approximately 25m in diameter. Closeby, and from the more recent years of the 18th century can be identified three rectangular houses surrounded by small garden-like enclosures.

Within 200m of the bowl barrow is the last of the ringforts with its hut site that we visited before joining the lane that leads back on to the main road. Along the lane we crossed a tributary of the Dargle which flows north to Bray and across the main road is a tributary of the Vartry which flows south to Wicklow. In primitive parts of the world water flowing out of a mountain gave a particular significance to that mountain. Two large rivers beginning their journey from the base of the Sugar Loaf may in ancient times have added to its sacredness as a life-giving force. Four cairns, usually the burial place of important people, can be seen on the side of the Sugar Loaf and add to the importance of this mountain in ancient times. The existence of at least 11 "cooking places" in such a small area needs explaining. Although this is the generally accepted use of the fulacht fiadh it is significant that no bones have been found around these "cooking places" as one would expect. They may indeed have had some religious or tribal ritual as yet unknown. Some even suggest they were the first sauna baths.

The first mountain that Chris Bonington ever climbed was the Sugar Loaf. This is what he wrote: "My grandfather retired to Mount Merrion in the 1950s and I came over to visit him when I was 16. I thought the Sugar Loaf was such a lovely shape. I didn't have a map - I didn't know how to read one then. Anyway I got a bus out there and walked up and walked down again." Chris Bonington climbed Mount Everest in 1985. It is also a sacred mountain to many in the East. Many climb the Sugar Loaf but do they realise its significance and the historical and archaeological heritage of the surrounding area.

When one mentions something sacred the Devil is not far away. So as we continued our walk to the main road on the left we paused to observe Knocknadiabh, meaning the Hill of the Devil. It is a large clay and gravel mound largely surrounded by water. It is as yet not known whether it is a natural landscape feature or man-made.

As we waited for transport to take us back to Calary Church, many who have lived in the locality for years were surprised that this small area held such significant hidden secrets. This area, without great expense, could and should be made known and available to many more people in Wicklow and Dublin. To preserve and indicate the ringforts perhaps some of the large white quartz stones that lie around could be placed on the mounds. In addition, some of the wet areas would require wooden walkways, a stile or two and the entire route way marked. In consultation with one or two local farmers the area would then be protected from the impact of humans and animals for generations to come.

As suggested earlier, such a Heritage Park, largely on common land mapped and marked, and with an appropriate brochure to accompany it would ensure its preservation and would be an immense asset to Co. Wicklow. Close to the capital city and just off the N11, one would expect it to be used by many interested in our historical past as well as tourists, walkers, school children, university students and all who value and enjoy a varied landscape of mountains, valleys, rivers, forest and an historical memorial of past cultures, all within a small region of the Garden of Ireland.

References

- Bonington, C. Irish Times Features.
- Collis, R. 1998. *Autobiography - To Be A Pilgrim*.
- Corlett, C. *The Prehistoric Ritual Landscape of the Great Sugar Loaf*. Wicklow Archaeology and History. Volume 1. 1-8pp.
- Freeman-Attwood. *The Darby's of Leap Castle*.
- Grogan, Eoin and Hillery, Tom. 1993. *A Guide to the Archaeology of Co. Wicklow*. Wicklow County Tourism Ltd.
- Grogan, Eoin and Kilfeather, Annaba. 1997. *Archaeological Inventory of Co. Wicklow*. Stationary Office, Dublin. 258p.
- Price, L. 1945. *The Place-Names of Co. Wicklow*. 1. *The Barony of Ballinacor North*. The Dublin Institute of Advanced Studies. 54p.

John Nelson Darby

John Medlycott

John Nelson Darby was described by Cardinal John Henry Newman's brother, Francis William Newman under the title "The Irish Clergyman" thus:

"This was . . . a most remarkable man, who rapidly gained an immense sway over me. I shall henceforth call him 'The Irish Clergyman'. His bodily presence was indeed weak. A fallen cheek, a bloodshot eye, crippled limbs resting on crutches, a seldom shaven beard, a shabby suit of clothes, and a generally neglected person, drew at first pity, with wonder to see such a figure in a drawing room. It has been reported that a person in Limerick gave him a penny, thinking him to be a beggar, and if not true this story was well invented . . .

He became an indefatigable curate in the mountains of Wicklow. Every evening he sallied forth to teach in the cabins, and roving far and wide over mountains, amid bogs, was seldom home before midnight. By such exertions, his strength was undermined and he so suffered in his limbs that not lameness only but yet more serious results were feared . . .

He made me more and more ashamed of political economy and moral philosophy, and all science, all of which ought to be counted dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord . . . Never before had I seen a man so resolved that no word of the New Testament should be a dead letter to him."

Reference

Freeman-Atwood, Marigold. 2002. Leap Castle - A Place and its People.
Michael Russell Publishing.

Wicklow through the Millennia

Ian Cantwell

As we begin the Third Millennium it is interesting to wonder what life was like at similar periods in the past. This is, however, not necessarily so easy as we are sometimes bereft of sources and often some of the more interesting periods of change do not fit easily into such round numbers. It would be a pity to ignore these as these periods of rapid change can be appreciated more by us since our own period is a time of equally fast changes in technology and agriculture.

The First Millennium in Wicklow

If we start with the time of Christ at the changeover from BC to AD there are considerable difficulties in reconstructing what was happening. The period of c. 300 BC to 300 AD is now known as the 'Iron Age' due to the fact that after the period of expansion in the 'Bronze Age' the population of Ireland appears to have collapsed. In Glendalough pastoralism arrived around 3,000-2,500 BC and wheat around 1,500 BC.

Around 400 BC this locality went through a major clearance phase that effected the population of oak particularly but also alder, willow and yew and was replaced largely by grasses and weeds such as plantain and bracken which are associated with cleared or abandoned farmland. This phase was short, as over the next 3-400 years there was woodland regeneration of hazel and the above species except yew. This collapse is explained by a decline in average temperatures from the middle of the second millennium, which was very warm as can be seen from the fulachta fiadh or outdoor cooking spots around Ballyremon Commons.

There was also a decline in soil fertility caused by increasing acidification due to the colder wetter climate that was intensified by over-farming. It is believed that early farmers did not yet understand how soil fertility was maintained. The population declined with a smaller amount of recourses being concentrated among militarised tribes living in defensible hill forts. These are common in West Wicklow but less so in the east where soil fertility was lower possibly due to a lack of carbonates in the glacially derived soils.

Notwithstanding the agricultural decline the amount of charcoal increases over previous periods indicating an intensive use of woodland. It is worth noting too that, according to Liam Price, place names such as Djouce, Glencap, Varry and Gravale may originate from this period. In the early historic period society was organised as a plethora of small tuath. The local Rí lived in a bi-vallate ring fort and leased out the lands to his extended kinship group who primarily lived in raths, or farmsteads,

of about 25 metres in diameter. The society was hierarchical with slaves and other servile classes of men and women living in flimsy huts around the raths.

The arrival of Christianity in Ireland, around 500 AD, was to fundamentally alter Gaelic culture but was also responsible for the introduction of new agricultural techniques, particularly in dairying. In its earliest phase Christian communities lived in large circular enclosures of around 70-100 metres in diameter which were granted by the local Rí. A number of these can be found on the Vartry Plateau at Derralossary, Ashtown, Diamond Hill, Glasnamullen, Knockatemple, Tomriland and Knockadreet. These may date to this period though without archaeological excavation we cannot be sure. It is also possible that they are associated with the later monastic estate of Glendalough. The first five sites are associated with Bronze Age rock art and Iron Age holy wells and this indicates a continuity of settlement and religion at these locations.

An early Christian founder in the area may have been a monk, St. Luan, whose name is found in the place names of Glasnamullen, St. Luan's well in Moneystown and perhaps the adjoining townland of Kilmullin, as well as the two Killmullins near Enniskerry and Newcastle. St. Luan is normally associated with St. Mullin of Carlow, but this is likely to be a later development, a cult amalgamation of the 10th century.

The mid sixth century was catastrophic as the Justinian plague swept through Europe killing perhaps one third of the population. Its impact in Ireland is unknown but may have been responsible for a more ascetic monastic culture. The foundation of Glendalough Monastery and Bishopric associated with St. Kevin dates from around the end of sixth century. The monastery was the more important of the two and had three monastic estates at Fertir or Vartry, Imaal and Magmersa which is so far unidentified. The Vartry estate, primarily west of the Vartry river but probably including Knockatemple, was organised into large farm units utilising the enclosures mentioned above but there was also a cluster of raths, 3 c. 25 m and 4 c. 15 m diameter, in Mullinaveige, which may have had a mill. This is very different from the organisation of raths to the east of the Vartry river that consists of about ten raths around 25 m diameter distributed evenly. The latter is the most common distribution type in Ireland; the monastic estate distribution appears to be very rare.

In Ireland agriculture was primarily focused on cattle with cereals, such as wheat, barley oats and rye, being of secondary importance. It is, however, believed by some that Church society was more oriented to a vegetarian diet with cereals and dairy products being the primary food source. Pigs, goats, sheep, bees and poultry such as hens, geese, ducks and doves were important as were peas, beans, onions, wild garlic, celery and cabbage, though many were closer to their wild relatives than they would be today. Gathering wild foods, especially fruits such as apple and sloes, and hunting game would have supplemented many diets. Buying cattle and sheep was as difficult a business then as today and contemporary texts advise 'avoiding dairy

cows if her teats do not produce a full yield, if they are short, if she is three teated, if she is a gorer, if she is a kicker, if she does not love her calf, if she is shaggy, if she is hostile to the bull, if she is lame, if she is blind in one eye or if she is too strong for the bull". Sheep should not have a brittle skin, a misshapen posterior, be cluster-haired, be full-mouthed, ill-shapen, have defective hooves, uneven tufts, and finally should not be greatly bleating!

The dramatic growth of Dublin drew Glendalough into the Scandinavian European economic network from which they must have profited enormously as most of the stone buildings date from around this period. The Scandinavians would have gained from the existing religious network with the rest of Europe that had been in existence from the 5th century and is attested locally with dedications to saints from Wales, Cornwall, North England and France and the existence of dedications to St. Kevin in Ulster, Isle of Man and Scotland. By the turn of the first Millennium AD Glendalough was a wealthy foundation supplying agricultural produce and items such as timber, willow and hazel branches for basket making, antlers, hides, skins and moss which was used for sanitary purposes. The most important agricultural innovation of the Scandinavians was the introduction of the mould board plough. Those interested in agriculture in this period should read Fergus Kelly's excellent book 'Early Irish Farming'.

The Second Millennium in Wicklow

By 1200 things changed when Ireland became part of the Angevin Empire and was subjected to the Kings of England. However, military warlords never conquered Wicklow, as it was primarily church land under the patronage and protection of Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin. Laurence was respected because he was Papal Legate to Ireland. He was the most important Reform cleric among the Gaelic Irish and he had many connections among Reform churchmen in Western Europe. It also helped that he was Strongbow's uncle by marriage. It is worth noting that that his canonisation was proposed by the Arroussian Augustinian order in Eu, Normandy, where he died in 1180. This was supported by his two successors in Dublin, Henry Cumin and Henry of London, as well as successive Archbishops of Rouen.

However, control of the bishopric and the monastic estates was transferred to Dublin in the early 1200s and as a result the Manor of Castlekevin was built around 1230-50. There was, at the same time, a complete reorganisation of lands with many being granted to secular lords though these often came back to the Church as pious gifts donated for the good of the soul of the benefactor.

It appears that the Vartry Estate came under the control of the Archbishop of Dublin while the Glendalough estate, west of the Avonmore River, with the possible exception of Raheen, was transferred to the Augustinian Order in Dublin. At this time there was considerable investment in church buildings and this can be seen in

the use of Dundry limestone, which can be found primarily in Glendalough, but also in Ashtown, Knockatemple and at Glasnamullen Holy Well.

The statement by Felix O'Ruadhain, Bishop of Tuam, in 1216 that Glendalough was a den of robbers and thieves for the last 40 years can be dismissed as biased church reform propaganda against traditional monasteries.

Many agricultural improvements and innovations were introduced into Ireland at this time. The most important was the practice of saving hay that was unknown before then. New varieties of cattle, sheep, oxen and draught horses appeared on the farm and rabbits, deer, pheasants and fish were introduced for managed hunting. Three-field rotation of arable, pasture and fallow supplanted the older two-field system but over time the Gaelic Irish tended to concentrate on pastoral activities and the Norman Irish on cereal growing. To the modern eye there is much that is familiar: cattle diseases including mange, warble fly, anthrax, weeds in the cornfields, mildew on the wheat.

How much control had a wife over the running of the farm? Old Irish law-texts allows a wife to defer 'foolish contracts' made by her husband. Other texts cover the position of a landless man who has married into the farm and the types of farm labour allowed on a Sunday.

By 1300 all had changed. For a variety of political and climatic reasons. The Church lost control of its lands in Wicklow and these passed to new Gaelic warlords, namely the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles. The former gained control of Glendalough and associated valleys and the latter Castlekevin and Powerscourt. The area passes into obscurity as the vast majority of sources deal with political relations and the way of life of the local inhabitants is not recorded. It can be presumed that a mixed economy was practiced with cattle pastoralism predominating.

The 14th century was a disastrous one. The climate, which had been mild for the previous 200 years, collapsed and severe winters in 1315-17 caused a major European famine. There was an increase in animal and crop diseases, which spread in the wetter climate, and as well Ireland suffered the destruction of the Bruce War. Later in the middle of the century the Bubonic plague, or Black Death, arrived and this probably killed off a third of the population though uplands may have suffered less than densely populated areas. For the next 150 years the climate was poor and plagues occasionally reappeared, though Ireland escaped the worst of the 2nd European Famine of 1433-9.

The O'Tooles emerged as a military family in the Glen of Imaal. The O'Tooles, because of their marginal location in the mountains, had to negotiate with the O'Byrnes, Earls of Kildare and Ormonde, the Dublin Pale families and the Dublin Government for their continuing survival. This was done through treaty, raiding, and marriage alliances. After 1450 the O'Tooles lost control of Powerscourt and Castlekevin to the emerging Earls of Kildare and they became their military servants and tenants.

By the 1540s the power of the Earls had been shattered and the O'Tooles regained their independence by shifting from Imaal to Powerscourt. They developed closer links with Dublin as can be seen from the development of economic links, marriage alliances and land leases. One of the most interesting marriages took place around 1560 when Luke O'Toole of Castlekevin married Rose Basnett of Deansrath who was the daughter of the Rev. Edward Basnett, Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral. This indicates that religious differences were no barrier to a good family alliance. Many of the eldest sons received training in the English Court in London around this time and in general they can be seen making the transition from 'Gaelic' lords to 'English' gentry.

Leases of the period give an indication of farming. A 1560 mortgage to Edward Archbold for the lands of Glasnamullen was for 25 marks, 3 each of good Welsh kine, calves and garrons. He was to hold it for nine years paying a yearly rent of four nobles, swine, sheep and other stock according to the 'custom of the country'. A rental for Glencap in the 1540s was 1d for every cow plus the tenant had to provide one horse load of wood every quarter for every house with a 'cabill'. There was a further 4d per cow to be paid at Michaelmas with a mutton, pork and 'dim' gallon of butter per farm, finally there was a custom day to 'ripp, bind and draw'. Butter from the area was sold regularly in the Butter Lane market in Dublin until about 1600.

The area was by this time poorly wooded and it is probable that most timber on the Vartry had long disappeared for use in construction and shipbuilding in Dublin and England. The Vartry estate had only about 5% tree cover and this was mostly in young timber and scrub. This compares with Glendalough and Imaal with perhaps between 25-30% cover each. The balance of the land use in the Vartry was about one third arable and two-thirds pasture, which compares with Glendalough and Imaal with about two thirds pastoral and one fifth arable each.

The final wars of conquest between 1590s and 1680s destroyed the power of the Irish and eventually the area became part of English Landlord and Tenant culture. This was a slow process and while the O'Tooles lost Imaal and Powerscourt after the Nine Years War (1594-1603), they managed to hold onto Castlekevin. These confiscations were largely due to manipulation of property laws and Surrender and Regrant agreements with the English monarchs and ignored the pardons they had received after the war. A letter from 1636 shows they were under continuing pressure but the description of the area is of interest as it shows it was well-developed farmland with good roads and worth perhaps £500 per annum.

The O'Tooles finally lost Castlekevin after the Cromwellian wars of the 1650s. After this there was further exploitation of the woodland for iron-ore smelting and what woodland that had survived till then was almost completely wiped out. This also resulted in the extinction of the wolf, wild boar, deer and capercaillie.

By 1700 the area had completely changed. The Glendalough Estate was in the hands of the Church of Ireland and the Temple family owned Castlekevin Estate. The former leased it out as one block while the latter leased it out in large farms that were to become the basis of the modern townland divisions though it is likely that pre-existing farms boundaries were used as most are mentioned in a land survey of 1598. Some of these boundaries, with their associated banks and ditches, may be over 1500 years old. New farming practices introduced included the continuous use of land that was rarely left fallow but fertilised with manure and lime. New types of stock and crops were brought in and more efficient farming practices that were more oriented to profit than to subsistence were developed.

Villages, with markets, were a new feature in the landscape, with new settlements being founded at Annamoe, Roundwood, Moneystown and Laragh. There had always been nucleated settlement on the Vartry plateau. There are references to a village and mill at Raheen, another at Baltinanima and perhaps at Oldtown, though this may mean old farm. In the vicinity of Derralossary Church, for the whole of the medieval period, the Parish Church was an important focus for the local community. The combination of the foundation of Roundwood strategically placed at a crossroads and the transfer of Derralossary to the Church of Ireland left the church isolated.

This brief review of the area's history has hopefully highlighted some of the most important changes since the time of Christ. These reflect the changing nature of the Christian Church in Ireland and its impact on local agriculture and settlement. This was followed by periods of conquest and confiscation that eventually led to an economy geared to the landlord. These changes affected the land in different ways and resulted in the landscape as we see it today.

The Third Millennium in Wicklow

In recent times, there have been many agricultural changes of which new crops, livestock breeds and mechanisation are significant and these may change even more with the advent of genetic engineering. The growth of agribusiness; supermarket supply of milk, potatoes and vegetables; the impact of EU legislation and the growth of the leisure industry are influencing local agriculture and land management. While arguments still continue as to whether these will be good or bad for us we should not forget the humble antiquity that survives in the fields. This humble antiquity should not fall prey to modern 'improvements' but should be allowed to remain as silent testimony to the many generations of our ancestors whose lives have shaped the land and the way we live.

Gregory Allen 1927-2001

Irish Times

A few weeks before he died on September 20th aged 74, Gregory Allen visited the Garda Museum in Dublin Castle to look up information on a topic he was researching. It was typical of him that he continued to follow his interests with enthusiasm until the end of his life. And it was fitting that he made that visit at that time: he was the first curator of the Garda Museum set up in 1974.

He was a man of enthusiasms. When he visited his son Fergal in Australia in latter years he developed an enduring interest in researching links between Ireland and Australia. He also developed a deep interest in the spirituality of the Australian aborigine. Spirituality had always been important to him as his many Carmelite friends could attest.

Writing, too, was an abiding interest. He wrote for *The Irish Times*, the *Garda Review* and *An Síocháin*, a publication for retired gardaí.

He undertook, successfully, the monumental task of writing a history of the Garda Síochána. His book, *The Garda Síochána Policing Independent Ireland 1922-82*, was published in 1999.

He joined the Garda Síochána in 1947 following five years in the Army which he had entered as a boy soldier during the Emergency.

He was born in the Liberties of Dublin on June 23rd 1927, to Geoffrey Allen, a Co. Antrim man who had seen service with the British Army and to Mary Murray who had ferried messages and small arms around in a pram for the Republicans in the War of Independence. He was the eldest of five children.

Gregory Allen was educated at CBS, Synge Street. He then spent a year in vocational school before leaving to join the Army. The Army was quick to recognise his administrative abilities and he was appointed storeman while still a teenager. He also had a capacity for becoming bored. One day at the Curragh he decided to relieve his boredom by shooting a can. Unfortunately, sharpshooting wasn't one of his talents. The bullet missed the can and passed through several buildings, smashing windows on the way. As a result, his Army record describes him as "good" rather than "exemplary".

Many years later he was in another scrape, this time in the Garda when he wrote an article for *The Irish Times* opposing the idea, which was being debated at the time, of arming gardaí. He was brought before a review board on a disciplinary charge but, once again, the punishment was not particularly harsh: he was made to sign a copy of the regulations he had broken, and that was that.

The concept of the Garda Síochána as unarmed "guardians of the peace" was one he valued greatly. He also valued the concept of the Garda as a person of integrity in the community.

He developed and deepened those concepts during his career which saw him serving in many locations in the south-east and the east. He served in Counties Wexford, Wicklow and Dublin. His first posting was to Camolin, Co. Wexford.

It was in Co. Wexford that he met his wife, Mairead nee Dunbar, at an ICA garden party at Edermine House, the home of the Power whiskey family, near the village of Oilgate. They married in 1953. Many will remember Mairead Allen as the public face of the Irish Housewives' Association.

Gregory Allen was made a sergeant in 1960. He subsequently became secretary of the Representative Body for Inspectors, Sergeants and Station Sergeants, now the Association of Garda Sergeants and Inspectors.

He was appointed to found the Garda Museum in 1974, then located in the depot in the Phoenix Park. The museum, now in Dublin Castle and open to the public, contains historical material on policing in Ireland dating from 1836. It was the perfect job for him, he was deeply interested in police history and, indeed, had suggested the establishment of a Garda museum many years earlier. He was a member of the Garda Historical Society.

Following his retirement in 1989 he was able to devote himself to writing and broadcast regularly on RTE's Sunday Miscellany. He loved music and sang with the Garda Choir in the 1970s. Music was in his blood: his father was a fine singer who included many of the ballads of Co. Antrim in his repertoire.

He was also very fond of walking in the Wicklow Hills as Roundwood in Co. Wicklow had been his last station posting.

He developed a great friendship with the Carmelites at Kilmacud and Gort Muire and with the Passionists at Mount Argus. In recent years he went to Mass every day to the enclosed Carmelite convent in Kilmacud. Indeed, he read to the sisters and sang for them and kept them up to date with happenings in the outside world.

His wife, Mairead, predeceased him in 1998. They had seven children, Fionnuala, Niamh, Senan, Cormac, Fergal, Enda and Ultan.

His health had not been good recently, but he kept up his enthusiasm for life. He continued to love a good argument with his friends and his enviable capacity for excitement never left him.

Gregory Allen is survived by his seven children, sisters, Monica, Nuala and Maura, and brother Kevin.

Sheep and Shepherds

Gregory Allen

At the turn of the last century Roundwood, midway on the mountain road from Bray to Glendalough, provided a welcome halting place for the horsedrawn traffic heading for the twin valleys of the Seven Churches. When I was the Garda sergeant in Roundwood, not forty years ago, the buzz of the summer Sunday afternoon convoys of motorcars passing through in the same direction hardly disturbed the tranquillity of the peaceful village. By the evening as the sun set behind the ridge of Drumeen the faint bleat of a sheep might be the only sound in the peaceful countryside.

I was told of shepherds who thought nothing of making the journey from Glendalough into the city on foot, making their way in the early morning by sheep tracks over the mountains, giving an eye to their own and their neighbours' flocks as they trod the heather paths. They'd have errands in one of the hardware shops in Capel Street. Their business done, and after a meal in some cafe on the quays, they'd return the way they came, arriving home after darkness.

The community of small farmers and shepherds, forestry workers, and the Dublin Corporation workmen who maintained the reservoir, were personified in an affable postman, Edward Heatley, whose 19th century ancestor of the same name ran a livery stable in Roundwood.

Eddie Heatley lived on a modest holding on the Lough Dan road. He remembered Sunday mornings in the old days when neighbours by the score came down together from the slopes of the Lough Dan valley on their way to Mass in Roundwood. He'd hear them talking and laughing half-a-mile up the road before they came into view. Standing at Eddie's gate, sharing his memories, if you had half an imagination you'd have heard plaintive voices in the bleating of the sheep on the depopulated hillsides.

From the roadside above the Luggala valley in the autumn I watched as teams of shepherds gathered their flocks to winter in the lowlands. Dogs scurried for scattered sheep bleating in bewilderment among the heather, each dog answering to the commands of its own master, tiny sounds of men and dogs and sheep rising like wisps of wool from the floor of the valley.

Choreographed by past generations of shepherds, a spreading white and grey and red-raddled corps de ballet moved slowly off-stage. After lambing in March, the sheep were put back on the hills until shearing time in summer. Pitifully shorn to skin and bone, the flocks were then returned to the highland pastures

Early one summer morning, I was on duty off the beaten track at Lough Dan. Clouds of midges cavorted in the heat of the rising sun. Beaten back by the insects, I was retracing my steps to find another way to my destination when a wild-eyed ewe

pursued by a sheepdog appeared without warning through a gap in the bushes; the dog followed by a startled shepherd.

"Holy God, sergeant, is there no place you'll not turn up, day or night?" Without another word he disappeared after his dog, whacking a path in the bushes with his stick. My old sergeant in Camolin, Co. Wexford, Sean Hayes, a stickler for showing the flag, would have been pleased.

I had settled well into the life of my shepherd community and we were happy among our agreeable neighbours, when unexpectedly I was ordered on transfer, and we faced the daunting prospect of packing up again and moving on. I went on ahead of the family, to take up my new post and to find a roof for ourselves.

A friend and neighbour, the beekeeper, Andy Kavanagh, stopped me out the road to bemoan that a Garda was no sooner putting down roots in the parish, than the powers that be had him shifted. Crossing Calary bog, my way was blocked by sheep coming down from Sleamain to winter in the little fields, as if even the dumb animals were conspiring to keep me in Roundwood.

This was broadcast on RTE Radio-One, Sunday Miscellany, on the September 7th 1997.

A Mass Path

Gregory Allen

I wasn't long in Roundwood in the early sixties, patrolling the mountain wilderness above Lough Dan, when I stumbled on an ancient mass path, long disused and almost reclaimed by heather and gorse. From the ridge at Ballinrush overlooking the Vartry lakes, I followed the track down the hillside to the stepping stones where the Cloghoge River enters Lough Dan. Across the river, the track as a right of way meanders up the Luggala valley to climb steeply to the Gate Piers on the way to Sally Gap.

The Ballinrush-Cloghoge valley thirty years ago had long been a haunt of the fairies, a quiet retreat that sang with the voice of the river and the wind calling from the hillsides. A lonely watch, if you longed for the crowds in Grafton Street. But as Sergeant Sean Hayes instructed this Garda recruit in Camolin long ago, you show the flag on your loneliest beat, or endure the slog clearing up after unwelcome intruders nearer home.

Resting among the ruins of a cluster of cottages, I sat with the ghosts of years gone by listening for the voices of neighbours from further up the valley on their way to Mass, their number growing as they passed each half door, children in bare feet the first out to meet their young friends. I wondered if any of my predecessors in the Royal Irish Constabulary at the turn of the century, on some turn of duty or, responding to the heart's desire, to enjoy the peace of the valley, had ever walked the path on a Sunday or Holyday of Obligation; stopping to greet the small shepherd communities who followed the Mass bell carried faintly on the wind to the ridge of the mountain.

There were no fairies abroad early one morning when I heard women's voices raised in song. On the lake shore I came on two girls in hiking gear, folding a tent. They smiled disarmingly. All those years ago, in a past age of innocence, it wouldn't have crossed my mind to admonish them for want of caution. In that vast wilderness, no sense of danger disturbed their peace of mind, rising to the early morning bird-song to gaze in delight on the sun-clad lake.

Down in the village, during the hard winter of 1963, the first flurry of snow arrived at teatime on St Stephen's Day, accompanied by a din of many sheep and a dog barking as a neighbour, cowed in a sack and already covered in snow, drove his flock to shelter.

As the storm gathered, dense snow wrapped Roundwood in cotton wool. At intervals during the night the snow fell from the roofs with the low rumbling sound of an avalanche, burying the houses to the eaves in snow drifts. By the end of the week the road had been reopened, and the isolated families in the hills had all been

accounted for, with the exception of an elderly couple who lived in Ballinrush, in a cottage sheltered by a copse of mountain ash.

At first light I set out on foot on a rescue mission. The short cut by the mass path and all the familiar landmarks had disappeared; Lough Dan itself frozen over in the endless white landscape. Prodding the snowdrifts with my stick, I slowly descended to the Inchavore tributary.

Leaping the boulders in the mountain stream, I skirted Knocknacloghoge. Crossing the Ballinrush stepping stones, I reached the cottage at midday in bright sunshine. A wisp of smoke rose from the chimney, the only sign of life. Following a trail of footprints, I struggled against the drifts on the steep ascent to the Sally Gap road. Mystified, I followed the trail down to Sraghmore, where I overtook the old couple supporting each other on their way into the village to replenish their supply of cigarettes.

This was broadcast on RTE Radio-One, Sunday Miscellany, in December 1997.

Luggala during the Famine Years

Pat O'Brien

My grandfather was working as a domestic during the dreadful years of the famine in 1847. At that time 400 people were living in Luggala. Lord Powerscourt was the owner of the Estate and also a Magistrate.

The potato was the staple diet, the rabbit was plentiful and was the main source of meat. The owners of the Estate, the Powerscourts, had four trappers employed to prevent the locals poaching rabbits on their lands.

As you enter the Estate off the main road, there are the walls of the Police Barracks which stood around that period.

The Powerscourt Estate refused access to any tenant of the Long-Meadows as part of the Estate was called at the time. Anyone entering or leaving had to walk by the Lough Dan Lake. The remains of the potato ridges and walls of the old houses, which were no better than mud huts, can be seen to this day.

With no means of transport other than on foot the children had to travel to school in Roundwood. There was a school purposely built in Lough Dan to accommodate these children. The school in Lough Dan has long since closed.

The 'Hugmaine Lady'

John Medlycott

In Calary Church there is a memorial plaque which reads 'Hilda Bissett (1889-1974), Veterinary Surgeon in this county'. Who was she?

Hilda Bissett was born in Scotland and she grew up there. She always retained great affection for the land of her youth and enjoyed her reputation for being 'careful'. During World War I, like many young women, she contributed to the war effort by joining the Land Army and she worked as a land-girl in Ashford in Kent. Here she became a close friend of Katherine Hueffar (1900-1978). When the War ended Hilda returned to Scotland to look after her mother.

Both the young women had decided that they wanted to study veterinary medicine and according to Katherine Hueffar's daughter, Lailli de Buitléar, this was to be very difficult to achieve. Hilda and Katherine were both able students. When Katherine applied to the Royal College of Veterinary Medicine in London, she was informed that she was qualified to enter but that women were not accepted; however, the College suggested that she might try the Dublin College 'as they might be mad enough to enrol a woman'.

Ireland was considerably more enlightened as regards women's education than Britain and there were women graduates from the Botanical Gardens and Trinity College in the early 1900s. Ailine Cust from Connacht was the first woman in these islands to practise as a vet. She studied in Edinburgh in the late 1890s but was only allowed to graduate and register in the early 1920s.

The Royal College of Veterinary Medicine in Ballsbridge accepted Katherine in 1920 provided she passed an examination in Latin. This was achieved and in 1921 she drove her horse and caravan from England to Clonskeagh where she settled in the grounds of the castle and in September she began her veterinary studies. The following year her friend Hilda also brought a horse and caravan to Dublin and began her veterinary studies.

The two friends were outstanding students; both received the Freeman Gold Medal for their year. In 1927 Katherine graduated, married the famous artist, Charles Lamb, and took her caravan to their home in Carraroe. She had a dispensary there and specialised in treating large animals.

In 1928 Hilda graduated and she moved her caravan to Sutton's farm, Fortview, on Calary, where she stayed for years. Many people in the district remember the 'hugmaine lady' as she was called. She was a very caring, thoughtful person, who always gave animals top priority. Like her friend Katherine, she was a supporter of the Blue Cross movement, had a research surgery and was very active in her support for the prevention of cruelty to animals. 'She'd persecute you if you had even a lame

sheep'. Hilda specialised in small animals and she held a surgery once a week in a little shed at Valetta in the Dargle Valley.

Her annual party for the children who lived around her on Calary was keenly anticipated. A committed Christian she could not tolerate bigotry and was very broad-minded. She was a vegetarian, the first that many encountered. She always ate her daily porridge and fed her young visitors shortbread. 'She was a great influence on me', several people told the writer. Father Benedict Mulligan and Willie Roe remember how she encouraged young people especially by giving music lessons on the piano and the violin. She was interested in and wrote poetry and frequently wrote to the editor of the Irish Times about animal rights. She encouraged people to read literature and played the harmonium on Sundays in Calary Church.

She was very much liked by several farming families in the area. She kept her cob with the Roches of Carrigower and schooled it, having first tucked her skirt into her bloomers! She was a regular Christmas dinner guest with the Suttons. People visited her caravan like the Wicklow Bard, W. J. Duffy, and Tom the Post, Tom Sutton from Kilpedder.

She moved down to a chalet at Jim Kavanagh's on the Long Hill in the 1950s and was often to be seen on her bicycle with at least four poodles in tow! She became very deaf and was known to enjoy talking to herself and in her latter years she lived in Carrigouna in 'the Ranch' where the Kinlays kept a friendly eye on her and she was able to remain the independent person she had always been.

Hilda Bissett was a real character and those who were kind enough to help with this article remember her very fondly and were delighted to know that it was being written.



Hilda Bissett on left and Katherine Hueffar, Veterinary College, Ballsbridge, Dublin in the 1920s. Courtesy: Lailli de Builléar.



Miss Bissett's caravan with the Wicklow Bard, W. J. Duffy, and Tom the Post, Tom Sutton from Kilpedder. Courtesy: Heather O'Connell.



Left to right: Aline Kinlay, Hilda Bissett, Colette Kinlay, the baby Rachel Kinlay, a friend and Heather Kinlay outside Calary Church in the 1970s. Courtesy: Heather O'Connell.

Trees

Hilda Bissett

How many trees do you really know
From study throughout the year?
From leafless time to Autumn when
With glory to earth they go,
To earth with their leaves, that is to say,
To help the flowers to grow
And vegetables, too, do own their good
In compost which will flow.
From garden heap well mixed with care
Wherein leaves have their own long share.
But back to leafless tree once more
With joy now let us come
For in the month of February
No beauty's there to some!
But this is the time to get to know
The tree from root to tip
Of topmost branches slender twigs
To which Spring's sap will flow.
Now when the stars are out at night
How lovely then to see
Through topmost branches of that tree
Stars twinkling merrily.
And soon will branches into leaf
Come bursting out in glee
Thanks be to God for what we see
Of Him in flower and tree.

Courtesy: Heather O'Connell. This poem is dated 1959.

Memories of Tomdarragh

Lucy McQuillan nee Byrne

I am 91 years of age and I was born and reared in Tomdarragh but I went to school in Roundwood, first the old school on the Oldtown road and then the new school. Tomdarragh is situated about one and a half miles from Roundwood on the Moneystown road, along by Roundwood Park where Sean T. O'Kelly lived. Many a time I met him on the road. He would always say 'Dia dhuit' and I would reply 'Dia is Mhuire dhuit' and he would go off smiling.

I loved walking along that road, and indeed as an adult I loved to recall the happy hours I spent walking along it dreaming. There was one particular spot on it that used scare me - it was known as the 'dead man's hole'. There was a man supposed to have hung himself from a tree there and he fell into the hole underneath it. It is a few yards down from Sean T's gate, on the same side - needless to say I always ran past it.

There was another cottage a few yards down on the left side of the road It was called Holt's Cottage and it had some connection with Michael Dwyer, but I'm afraid I do not know the details. There is no trace of it now.

Tomdarragh will always be home to me. I grew up there - my friends were there. One, a bosom friend whom I cherished all my life, her name was Olive Freeman. She was better up in the ways of life than me - she used to tell me a lot about my own family. Her grandmother and mine were bosom friends. They would see each home after talking together for the best part of the night. Her granny, Mr. Freeman's wife told her all this. And my grandfather, according to her Granny was a very funny man. He used tell her about a Scottish wedding that took place in Roundwood when he was young - a rare event in those days. The groom was dressed in kilts. According to my grandfather you could almost see his 'whangolairey' I'll leave it to your imagination to work that one out!

My grandfather's name was James O'Brien. He went by the name of Jamie Brien. The story would have it that he was a very popular man in the district. He had only to whistle and the neighbours would flock to see if they could be of any assistance to him. He is survived by a grand daughter Lucy Sinnott who lives in Kilpedder and of course myself.

The Lowes of Tomdarragh would be his great-grandchildren - the late Jamie, John and Ned - who was a budding playwright, but got no encouragement! The highlight of the year was "Lowe's dance" when I was young. Bidy Lowe, Mrs Kennedy, used come with her husband and three lovely children - to her old home in Tomdarragh - Peter Lowe's house - the late postman, where Emily Dowling now lives. They always gave a dance before they went back to Dublin. And I remember

Jack Timmons - Joe's father, was "coortin" at the time. And himself and his future wife, Joe's mother R.I.P., used sit in a corner - he with his arm around her, she with a face of heavenly bliss. And I kept staring at them, wondering what was going on in their minds. They got married soon after and ended up with a family of fourteen. Tomdarragh was a well populated place in those days. There was a row of cottages along by what we called Healy's River, which ran across Brien's land, under the road below Frank Healy's cottage and then continued up through Brien's land. Frank Healy was my first cousin. Now the late Tommy Healy's house replaces his cottage. I am very much in touch with Teresa Healy, Frank's daughter, who lives in Thornhill.

My paternal grandfather was, from what I was told, a very industrious man. He was way ahead of his time. He sank a well for himself and also brought the water down to a couple of neighbours of his who lived in Lower Tomdarragh. No trace of these people now. This man's name was Frank Byrne. He married a second time. His first wife was a widow - she had one son. The second was a very young girl - she had five children. My father Frank was one of them. He had a brother named Peter Byrne - a well-known character in the village. There were three sisters - Mary who would be Teresa's grandmother, Kate and Mag. Mag was of a religious turn of mind, very cheerful and always laughing. She went into Wicklow one day and bought a habit - a shroud to put on when she died. And on the same day she bought a new bicycle. Her brother wanted to know did she intend cycling to the next world!

My grandfather died leaving a young wife after him, who died of a broken heart three months later. There was no social assistance in those days and she was left helpless with five orphan children, the oldest being eleven. God came to their assistance and they survived. A blind grand aunt reared them, named Lucy Darcy. Hence my name, I am called after her. My father married a daughter of Jamie Brien - a very gifted musician. We were all born and the rest is history!

A lot of things were happening in the village by this time. It had not become modernised - there is a wealth of memories if one had time to write about them. Dr. Butler was the P.P. before Fr. Geraghty's time and during it. The people objected to his appointment. The man that preceded him was very well liked - I think he was Fr. Fagan. So much so that Dr. Butler was boycotted. They refused to let their boys serve his Mass. Thank God people have come a long way since then. One day he came into say Mass, there were no altar boys. He stood and looked down the Church and asked "Is there anyone there who would be willing to serve my Mass?" After a lot of shuffling and coughing, a big shaggy haired boy of about fourteen years of age got up, made his way up through the Church, threw his legs over the altar rails and served his Mass. That boy eventually became Canon Hatton. I think there were two priests in that family.

Next on the scene came Fr. Geraghty. He was dynamite! Roundwood was not the sophisticated place that it is today. We walked to school every day, did what we were

told, and lived a very simple life indeed. The first thing he did was form a children's choir. He shook us all up. Put us in the choir, made us feel we were somebodies, we were useful, we could do things, and we began to appreciate ourselves as human beings. He was musical. He was a very talented man, fiery by nature. He belonged to a family of nine. He hated snobbishness. His father was a west of Ireland man. He rooted them all up and came to Dublin. He saw they could never make a living at that time around Clew Bay where they lived. Some of the younger members of the family were born in Dublin. Fr. Michael was three years of age when the family arrived there. But that is another story. Anyway he is in Roundwood now and is in the process of making it what it is today. It would never have come to life only for himself and Willie Doyle, the owner of the 'St Kevin's' bus.

By this time I was thirteen years of age. I was musical. He heard me play the melodeon in my own home and decided I would be useful. So he put me to play the harmonium in the Church. With a little training it was no time till I was able to accompany the choir. It was very successful. He taught us Gregorian chant and for years we filled the Church with our singing.

Now at this time Roundwood was without transport. Bray was the nearest town and to get there one had to either walk or cycle. This was when Willie Doyle came to the rescue. He had the courage to put a bus on the road and that put Roundwood on the map! If ever a man deserved a monument put up to him it is Willie Doyle. He was a humble, honest and very kind man. He started by mending bicycles and ended up by making Roundwood famous! Fr. Geraghty blest the bus and so signs on it, it was never involved in an accident. It was dubbed 'the blest bus'. The day it arrived in the village was a big day for us, at last we could travel, we could see the world!

Some of Willie's family are still around and please God will be for a long time. I had the privilege of bringing young Pat to school. Pat was Johnny's father. His mother asked me to go down for him, I being a senior girl at the time. So, for the first schooling years of his life I had charge of him. He was a lovely little black-haired child. So I can claim that I played a hand in getting Roundwood off its feet!

A Wicklow Honeymoon

Marie Lawlor

Before I got married I worked as a shop assistant in O'Gorman's, Pork Butchers, in Ranelagh. One of the regular customers was Mrs Eames who often requested that she be kept a pound of the best back rashers. Before I left to get married I made sure that a pound of the best back rashers be kept for Mrs Eames.

I married John Lawlor R.I.P. on the 27th of June 1949 in St Michael's and John's Church, Exchange Street, Dublin. Patricia Casey, my cousin, and Mary Lawlor, a sister of the boys, were my bridesmaids. The bestmen were Andrew and Thomas Lawlor, who were my husband's brothers. We were married at 10 am by Fr. Kellegher.

We had a reception in Moran's Hotel in Talbot Street near the Custom's House. In those days you had to be out of the Hotel by 3 o'clock in the afternoon. We got the Avoca bus to Whaley Abbey in Co. Wicklow. It was a very big house and it was run by a husband and wife, a Mr. and Mrs. Parsons. We stopped in Whaley Abbey for a week on full board. We went to Avoca and to a shop near the Meetings of the Waters for strawberries and cream which were a great treat in those days. We also went to Arklow for a day.

To get back to the house, it was a lovely big one with lovely grounds. Mrs Parsons was a very friendly lady. I would love to remember more about it. I remember she mentioned a Buck Whaley but who he was I don't know. Sorry about that.

As my new husband and I were about to leave Whaley Abbey to return to Dublin who should arrive for a week's holiday but Mr and Mrs Eames. I was so surprised to see Mrs Eames and her husband in the same hotel in which we had such a wonderful honeymoon.



Left to right: Andrew Lawlor, Thomas Lawlor, John Lawlor (the Groom), Marie Flynn (the Bride), Patricia Casey and Mary Lawlor on 27th June 1949 at St. Michael's and John's Church, Exchange Street, Dublin.

Wicklow Gardens

Agatha de V. Mansfield

One could write a book on the subject! Where to start trying to describe this "Garden of Ireland" and not to become sentimental.

One sees its sights the best from far away - somewhere on the other side of the globe - as a place beyond comparison; the extraordinary contrast of landscape; sense of openness and space. Profoundly green at any season - summer or winter. Its blossoming gorse, more intensive sun-like yellow than any yellow anywhere. Mingling in purple profusion with heather.

The two colliding fragrances - the sea air and the heather-covered hills with specific honey-scented air, so called maquis or macchia stays with us always. One can still breathe here "with one's mouth open" and listen to the symphony of singing birds without interruption of taking-off planes or first-aid siren.

The harmony of colour, like a "painting" one sees from one's window, gives one the feeling of tranquillity and refreshment - it is a garden. The purist enjoyment of beauty. All these are reflected in the Wicklow Gardens Festival from the 1st of May till the 31st of July, during which also the smaller and cottage type gardens are open to the public. Usually the gardener/owner will be your guide who will proudly show us the intimate personal detail of his or her creation.

We all know the advantages of our moist climate in gardening, tempered by the Gulf Stream. Never extreme temperatures and I have heard, the trees and plants grow three times faster than on continental Europe. In such conditions the diversity of trees and shrubs, herbaceous plants, berries and alpines prosper.

Before I come to the description of some of the gardens in Wicklow, I will start with our local gardens in Roundwood. A vital part of almost every house that evokes our admiration.

Shall I start with my own garden - and what it means to me as my husband's legacy. I dare call it an "Arcadian" landscape filled with herb scent, bird song and bees humming. Especially when the sun warms it after rain. I give it much of my physical energy only to get much more back - emotional satisfaction and revitalisation and sense of spirituality. I call myself the "head weeder" for it is an eternal fight to keep weeds off the plants, especially in the herb and strawberry areas.

I grow all types of berries: loganberries, raspberries, red, white and black currants which are all represented in my "rum-pot"! A type of winter compote. My enjoyment is my orchard and I was very proud when my young neighbour Sean Hanlon informed me, that my apples tasted very good, while I was away... It is wonderful to pick up fruit; apples, pears, plums, cherries etc. directly from the tree and have them for breakfast. They bring childhood memories especially when eaten

while still green. Our expert on trees, the lecturer on Forestry at UCD, Dr. Máirtín Mac Siúrtáin, was impressed by the variety of my trees; evergreen Lebanon cedars, spruce, pines, strawberry tree, oak trees, which were "planted" by red squirrels while transporting the acorns to their secret hiding place, golden larches, decorative apple and cherry trees.

Yes, trees are like children, observing them grow and prosper. And then my "mini vineyard" located in the cactus glass-house, one part of the vine was presented to us by Sheila Holt. I think seriously of making my own Irish wine although the wine-grape juice is also tasteful.

I want to mention my close neighbours' gardens that make Roundwood and especially Derralossary Road or Old Town much prettier for us and the numerous tourists passing through. I should mention that these local gardens have been cultivated and maintained by people themselves: Lily Byrne on Diamond Hill, overlooking the Roundwood lake; Mary and Chris Dumigan, Pauline and Paddy Hanlon and Sally and Joe Timmons.

The most exciting and remarkable is Lorraine and Andy Harding's garden with a self constructed stream with waterfall passing through the fish-pond, Chinese miniature garden etc. It tells us much about our new neighbours that brings a refreshing flavour to our village.

Then the artistically creative paths, the invitation to relaxation and temptation to philosophy, designed by our local talented painter and sculpture Iseult O'Flynn-Croydon. And the Doyle family of St. Kevin's bus have created a little "wonder" or miniature fairyland at the entrance of our village, that pleases the natives and visitors alike.

In Knockraheen, John and Elinor Medlycott carefully tend the gardens in front of their home which contains many wonderful mature specimens of trees and shrubs. After having been shown the plants, the Medlycotts gave me cuttings which are now growing in my own garden. Elinor's offer of a cup of tea and fresh scones was irresistible.

Just down the road on the same side is the home and garden of Joan and Ned Hatton. The Hatton's garden is pragmatic with many vegetables which Joan uses for cooking. Joan's rhubarb is unsurpassable and with winding stone paths through the garden one gets the feeling of a natural garden which is not manicured in any way.

A bit further at Lough Dan, Ruth and Edmund Kenny give us a pleasure by recreating a "piccolo paradiso" garden, reflecting over fifty years of their togetherness. Marie and Joe McNally, in Annamoe, with their unique terraced garden gives us the impression of far-away oriental gardens.

Further on the road to Ashford, Mary and Geoffrey King at the Old National School, give us an opportunity to repose and not to rush to see something else for here is beautiful. Their blue-bells carpet in spring reminds us of the azure Adriatic. not to mention the gigantic-leaved plant and thistled artichokes that remind us how humble

we should be and grateful for miracles around us. And the hanging baskets and flower boxes on the Main Street in Roundwood with colourful flowers in different seasons, which would not flourish so well without the regular care and watering by Rita Byrne, Joe Turner and Joan Wimmer, Joe Kavanagh, Kathryn and Paul Taube, Annette and Paddy Fanning.

Victor's Way in Roundwood is a garden designed for personal reflection and regeneration while slowly rambling by the sculptures brought from India.

The celebrated German writer Johann Wolfgang von Goethe in the 18th century, was also a passionate gardener and nature scholar. Among the flowers, the rose was his favourite, and he treated the rose like a human being. Flowers and trees, especially the Ginkgo from Asia, with its two-folded leaves, were his inspiration. Fruits and plants with their magic metamorphosis, were for the poet, who loved the silence of his garden, the natural course from the bud blossom and fruit, a rule of creative nature. Therefore maybe the garden meant for him a symbol of the unity of art and love. Goethe said "Nature is hiding God but not to everybody."

The well-known gardens at the foot of the great mountain the Sugar Loaf are in Powerscourt Estate, one of Europe's greatest gardens. It includes Italian, Japanese and walled gardens though it is a formal, manicured garden, it offers visitors great pleasure to be part of its dramatic history.

The National Garden Exhibition Centre, Kilquade, includes 20 gardens designed by different landscapers, from a large water garden and woodland down to a small town garden.

The Glenview Hotel, in the Glen of the Downs, has a lovely garden with many features; the terrace with herbaceous borders, the lawn garden, a wild garden, meadows and woodland. And a trout-stream running through the grounds.

My favourite gardens in this part of Wicklow near Bray are at Kilruddery House, the home to the Earls of Meath from the 17th century. Kilruddery is unique in having the most extensive early formal gardens, still in their original style. They are the oldest gardens in Ireland. Another feature is the Sylvan Theatre which is laid out in the classical style with a high bay hedge and terraced banks. The Orangery, where one can enjoy concerts in summer, was designed after the fashion of the Crystal Palace in London.

We must not overlook the Dargle Glen Gardens, a gardener's paradise in this romantic glen divided by a stream where many of the ancient oaks are the focal points with rhododendrons and azaleas and crowds of old-fashioned roses and tender plants revealing hidden and surprising charms. In autumn the colouring is especially vivid.

Further south I wish to mention the Wren's Wood at Ashford, created by Alexander and Lydia Mattei who acted as my guides. One is thrilled with the symphony of plants, flowers and stones, yes even the chocolate flavoured plant.

Somewhat further on in Ashford are the famous Mount Usher Gardens along the banks of the river Vartry. The garden is in the Robinsonian style i.e. informal, natural design, with trees and plants introduced from many parts of the world. Even the weeds are honoured and given their rightful place.

Hunter's Hotel in Rathnew should not be missed. My favourite time is early spring with a spectacular display of blossoming oriental poppies. Among the variety of trees there are the Magnolia and the Ginkgo.

Still further on the road to Wicklow town is Tinakilly House Hotel with its elegant Victorian gardens overlooking the Irish Sea and the bird sanctuary. Mature trees such as Sequoia and Eucalyptus are interlaced with flowering beds and shrubs.

It gives me pleasure to end my little journey of Wicklow Gardens at Avondale House and Forest Park in Rathdrum. To stroll and relax through the forest arboretum, exotic tree trail and pine trail, along the banks of the Avonmore river, with towering conifers is a gift from nature.

Claude Monet, the well known French painter, had a special affection for nature that the human hand has dressed in a modern style. He has painted a series of canvasses executed in gardens. Which of the many gardens mentioned here in Wicklow would he have chosen as the subject for his masterpiece?

A Blast from the Past

Bob Carter and Joe Timmons

April 2nd 2002 was a memorable day at the site of the St. Kevin's Lead and Zinc Mine when 25 past miners came together after fifty years to have a reunion. The Lead Mine at Glendalough dates back to the 1790s. The mine opened and closed at different times right up to the 1950s when there were approximately 80 people working there, of this number thirty still remain today. The reunion on April 2nd 2002 was a very successful event with the main function sponsored by the Lynham family of Laragh. This was the first function held in the new hotel. The event started off with the miners assembling at the Laragh Inn. The miners came from England and all parts of Ireland, most of them had not been in contact for close on fifty years. It was a very emotional get together.

RTE were also present. The miners and the RTE Nationwide Team travelled to the site of the Glendassan Mine workings. Here the miners were interviewed about their time in the mine, the type of work they did both as miners and as plant operators. A video tape of this was made by RTE. It was marvellous to see all of those men reviewing and talking of how things were half a century ago. The next event of the day was Mass at St. Kevin's Church Glendalough concelebrated by Rev. Sean O'Toole, P.P., Glendalough, and Rev. Seamus Toohey, Newpark Avenue, Blackrock, former priest of St. Kevin's in the 1950s. This was a beautiful ceremony and readings and gifts were carried to the altar by the miners and the daughters of the late James Mernagh who died tragically in the mine in 1957. After Mass we proceeded to the Laragh Inn where there was a beautiful meal prepared and ready for 150 people, the miners and their families. This function was also attended by Mr. Joe Jacob, T.D., Junior Minister of State, and also a number of local Councillors. After the wonderful meal we were addressed by Mr. Joe Jacob T.D. who also presented each of the twenty five miners with a plaque made of oak timber grown at Glendalough with a piece of lead ore mounted on the timber.

Next we enjoyed a talk with slides by Mr. Rob Goodbody on Mining in the Glendalough Valley in the 19th Century. This was a most interesting talk. We also had a video made by a local man, Mr. Sean Kenna, which included our visit to the mine and interviews with some old residents of Glendalough including Bridie and Charlie McCoy and the late Mrs. Vera Steele of Laragh. We also had a video tape recorded by deceased miner, Mr. Aidan Byrne, on his time at the mine from 1948 to 1957. At the function one minutes silence was observed to remember all deceased miners. On the night there was a display of photos, maps and tools used in the mine. The hotel was packed to capacity for the event with local people and friends from neighbouring historical societies.

This was a historic event and concluded with a social. We would like to extend a big thank you to everyone who worked and supported this great memorable occasion.

The Reunion of the 1948-57 Glendalough Miners, Tuesday 2nd April 2002



Courtesy: Máirtín Mac Súirdín and Wendy Mullen

Annie Gilbert

Annie Taylor

Annie Gilbert died in March 1988 and had she lived another year she would have attained her 100 years. I first knew Annie when our family came to live in Knockraheen in the 1930s. She was the Postmistress in Roundwood then and had taken over when her mother died some years previously.

Miss Gilbert, as she was known, was a friend to many. Younger people today do not appreciate the importance of the Postmistress for former generations. Now we are living in an age of instant communication around the world. In the past this was not so. A lot of communication and therefore news came through the telephone and the interpreter of the telephone was the person in the Post Office. This was especially true in the days before so many telephones became automatic.

Indeed there are many good stories in villages and towns around the countryside of indiscreet - to put it at its mildest - telephonists in the Post Office. You see, in the old exchanges - and every rural Post Office was a minor telephone exchange - the telephonist could listen in to what the callers were saying so that any news that came by phone was the property of the Postmistress. You can see the significance of this post and how important it was that the person appointed be discreet.

Under this heading Annie Gilbert came out with an outstanding record. She was always most gracious, friendly and to the very last a cheerful, smiling and happy person. Often enough she must have had good cause to be none of these things. But she resisted the temptation to let loose with her feelings - when too much was demanded of her - as often it was.

I could write more of this kind lady and very good friend but I know that God will reward her.

The text of this article was first published in the 10th Journal of the Roundwood and District Historical and Folklore Society. Annie Gilbert died at the age of 99 years in St. Colman's Hospital, Rathdrum.



*Annie Gilbert, Postmistress in Roundwood c. 1930s.
Courtesy: Noleen Taylor and Monica Farrell.*

Graveside Oration

Joan Kavanagh

The graveside oration, dedicated to the memory of President Erskine Childers, was given in Derralossary Cemetery on Sunday the 17th of November 2002.

I want to thank Dominic Ryan for asking me to give this graveside oration today on this the 28th Anniversary of the death of President Erskine Childers. It is a great honour and a privilege for me to be here today. It is a day of sadness for his family, a day of memories for all of us here, but it should also be a day of celebration and remembrance of a life well lived.

Those of us here today are all familiar with Erskine Childers' life, his political achievements, the many ministerial posts he held with distinction and honour. We are all familiar with his background and his close family connection with this part of County Wicklow. Like many Wicklow landed families, the Bartons and the Childers were as much a part of this landscape and committed to it as were those who had lived here for generations. Once the Bartons came to this area in the 1830s, Thomas Barton having bought Drumeen Estate from the Hugo family, settled here and remained here until relatively recently.

They were not absentee landlords who exploited their estate or their tenants. Indeed, only this week when I was researching the family history of a mining family which had migrated into this area from Cornwall, I came across a reference to Thomas Barton in the Derralossary Vestry minutes. The miner had contributed 5 shillings to the building of the new Church at Laragh in 1843 and Thomas Barton had contributed £50. Living in the area for just over ten years the Barton family obviously felt totally committed to this district and were leading by example.

This indeed has been the hallmark of the Barton and Childers families in their lives. They lived lives of commitment, dedication, service and indeed sacrifice on the part of Erskine Childers Senior to a people and a country they loved. We should also remember that this is the 80th Anniversary of the execution of Erskine Childers Senior during a very turbulent period of our history.

It was this environment which nurtured Erskine Childers Junior. It was no wonder that he would also devote his life to this country as his father and cousin Robert Barton had done before him. He chose a life of politics where he believed he could help those less fortunate than himself which he did as a TD for 35 years. Those were years where he showed great dedication and commitment to his constituents and to the various ministerial posts he held.

He showed vision and courage in whatever endeavours he undertook, achieving much of what he set out to do. I believe he did so because people recognised his innate honesty and integrity. He displayed a great personal warmth and friendliness. He was

a man with a "common touch", a man who could mix with all. We must also remember that behind every great man there is an even greater woman, so we should not forget the role played by Mrs Childers.

This ability became very evident when he was elected to the highest office in the land in 1973. When I think of Erskine Childers I have three abiding memories of the man. The first relates to a political rally which was held on the eve of the election in College Green and being brought to it by my father. It was, I believe, one of the last, if not the last, of those great election rallies. It was a most exciting event to behold.

The second is of a painting which I saw in the National Gallery where he was sitting in a pony and trap in a rural setting. He was smiling out to the viewer and I saw depicted in his face what my father had said of this man. "There goes a goodman. A gentle man". I knew what my father had meant.

For many years the role of the President had been one of sombre formality. He changed all that very quickly, breathing new life into this office, going out to meet the people, conversing with them, sharing their experiences and giving his seal of approval to the many voluntary organisations working tirelessly in every community throughout the country. He died at the height of his popularity and unfortunately we will never know what he might have achieved had he lived to serve a full seven years in the Áras.

He was, I believe, a man before his time. It was his vision to bring people of all political persuasions and religious beliefs together and he tried to do so by going out to the people, trying to develop a spirit of inclusiveness and openness to all. This vision of the role of the President was not taken up again until the 1990s with President Robinson and thankfully it is continuing today with President McAleese. It took almost twenty years for that particular baton to be taken up again.

I said at the beginning that this was a day of sadness, a day of memories. The Nation lost a goodman on November 17th 1974 but it should not be forgotten that a family lost a husband and a father on that day as well.

This brings me to my third memory of Erskine Childers and that is the day of his burial. I was here that day as one of my sisters was living across that road in Malone's cottage and we were here visiting her. I was actually standing on that bank with my father as his coffin was lowered into the ground and I know my father was very moved by his passing. A goodman had gone.

Four months later my own father died suddenly of the same complaint as the President. Two goodmen had passed away. However, their time was up and I believe they had achieved their lifes' purpose. They had served their county and their God well.

This day should be a day of great pride in Erskine Childers in his life and his achievements. A prayer written by Erskine Childers Senior typifies how it appears to me that his son lived his life:

Cleanse what is sordid,
Water what is arid,
Bend what is rigid,
Warm what is cold,
Guide what is straying,
Give to thy faithful,
Trusting in Thee,
The sacred seven-fold gifts.

A day of sadness - Yes, but surely above all this is a day of celebration and remembrance of a life well lived.

Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam dhílis.

Robert Erskine Childers

Dick Roche

By any objective standard Robert Erskine Childers was one of the most remarkable and enigmatic figures of that revolutionary period leading to the creation of this State.

Robert Erskine Childers was born in London in February 1870. His father was English. The family was at the very heart of the British establishment. A cousin served as First Lord of the Admiralty and Minister of War. Another relation served as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Robert Erskine Childers' mother was Irish, a Barton of Glendalough House. Following his parents' deaths Robert Erskine Childers was brought back to Glendalough House which was the only real home he knew until his marriage. He was educated in an English public school, Haileybury, and at Trinity College, Cambridge.

In 1894 he took up employment in the House of Commons as a committee clerk. In that position he developed skills that he was to use to effect in the Treaty negotiations.

He volunteered for the Boer War in 1899 with the City Imperial Volunteers. He served in South Africa from 1899-1902, and was wounded in 1900. Robert Erskine Childers wrote a lively account of his experiences, *In the Ranks of the CIV* (1900). He also contributed to the official history of the campaign. The war had a profound impact on Robert Erskine Childers.

A skilled yachtsman, in 1903 he published *The Riddle of the Sands*, a fictional account of German preparations to invade England. The book drew heavily on his experiences on sailing holidays in the Baltic. In the climate of fear that existed at the time the book with its focus on a potential surprise German attack became a bestseller and may even have informed subsequent naval reaction. Some fanciful critics, most notably Arthur Griffith, even suggested that the book helped create the climate for the coming Great War.

Following publication of *The Riddle of the Sands* Robert Erskine Childers travelled to the United States, where he met and married Molly Osgood, the daughter of a Boston physician. One of their wedding presents was the yacht *Asgard*. Molly, or Mary Ellen, was known as a woman of quite extraordinary fortitude. She was from a distinguished family with links to the Boston Tea Party and the American War of Independence.

Robert Erskine Childers resigned from the House of Commons in 1910 to devote himself to the world of politics. In 1910 the Liberal Party offered him the position of prospective parliamentary candidate for Warwick and Leamington. In 1911 he

ran, unsuccessfully, for the seat of Plymouth Davenport. His thoughts were by now firmly on the cause of Ireland. Robert Erskine Childers saw the way forward at this time in the cause of Home Rule. In 1911 while writing *The Framework of Home Rule* Robert Erskine Childers paid the first of a number of visits to Ulster. He found extraordinary bigotry on the Unionist side commenting in particular at Protestant clergy preaching from their pulpits. In spite of this he believed that moderate Unionists would be willing to work within Home Rule if it came to pass.

On the 26th of July 1914 in the midst of the European pre-war July Crisis, the crisis that followed the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, on the 28th of June 1914, Robert Erskine Childers sailed into Howth in the *Asgard*, bearing 900 rifles and 14,000 rounds of ammunition, supplied from Germany by a representative of the Irish Volunteers.

The Howth Gun Running, one of the more remarkable episodes of a remarkable period, was described by The O'Rahilly, as 'the harbinger of liberty'. Padraic Pearse suggested 'there has been nothing like this since 1798'. John Devoy saw it as the 'greatest deed in Ireland for 100 years'.

Many years later Eamon de Valera as Uachtarán na hÉireann referred to the incident as being 'a symbol of hope and confidence'. He spoke of his wish that the names of Robert Erskine Childers, Mrs. Childers and Mary Spring-Rice, two of his 'crew' on the perilous journey, should 'never cease to be revered among us'.

The gun running was a direct response to the running of guns into Larne by the Unionists, an action that Robert Erskine Childers saw as undermining the cause of Irish Home Rule.

Despite his belief in the cause of Irish Home Rule Robert Erskine Childers nevertheless signed up with the Royal Navy for the duration of World War I. He was at the time 44, married and the father of two young children. Robert Erskine Childers served in Naval intelligence and was involved in the development of photographic reconnaissance. In 1916 he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. With the armistice Robert Erskine Childers was discharged from the Royal Navy. He returned to Ireland, re-entered Irish politics, this time as a fully-fledged Republican.

In March 1919 he joined Sinn Féin, working with the party to secure a hearing for Ireland at the planned Paris Peace Conference.

In 1918 Robert Erskine Childers was elected to Dáil Éireann as Sinn Féin T.D. for Wicklow and Kildare. In March of 1918 he was appointed Dáil Minister for Publicity and editor of the *Irish Bulletin*, a newspaper that reported the atrocities being committed in Ireland by the Black and Tans. The war between England and Ireland he portrayed as a struggle of the strong against the weak. He cautioned the English that the war would corrupt their army and in time their nation and the very empire. In British eyes, Robert Erskine Childers was now considered a traitor.

The "Troubles" dragged on and became increasingly bloody. In 1920 Britain lost 282 men. In the first half of 1921 they lost 1086. In July, realising the futility and cost of controlling Ireland, Britain offered to negotiate a peace. A truce was declared and a delegation led by Arthur Griffith was sent to London to negotiate with the British.

By the time of the truce Robert Erskine Childers had become one of Eamon de Valera's close advisors. He was involved in the drafting of correspondence, research and speech writing for Eamon de Valera. Unsurprisingly, Eamon de Valera nominated Robert Erskine Childers to act as the Secretary to the Delegation. Robert Barton, Robert Erskine Childers' cousin, was also with the Delegation.

In December 1921, the Delegation signed the Anglo-Irish Treaty, justifying their actions on the pragmatic grounds that the Treaty provided the freedom to achieve freedom. Robert Erskine Childers could not accept the stepping stone argument and joined with Eamon de Valera to oppose the Treaty in the Dáil. He saw the Treaty as being imposed, as a surrender of the Independence proclaimed in 1916, and as not even affording the Free State the same position as the Dominion of Canada. While he did not descend to the level of personal abuse that marked the rancorous Dáil debate that followed he was singled out as a scapegoat by some on the pro-Treaty side, a factor that may well have played its part in the manner of his final court marshal and execution.

In the Civil War which followed the Treaty, a Civil War that Robert Erskine Childers like Eamon de Valera sought to avoid, Robert Erskine Childers attracted the particular dislike of the Free State leadership. He served in the Southern Command area. There is no evidence that he ever took part in combat action. He was deeply saddened at the prospect of Irishman fighting Irishman.

On his way to a meeting with Eamon de Valera, Robert Erskine Childers was betrayed and taken prisoner in Glendalough House. He was taken initially to Wicklow Jail and was subsequently transferred to Portobello Barracks in Dublin. He was court-martialled on the 17th of November 1922 on a charge of possession of a revolver. He was sentenced to death under legislation which had just been enacted. Ironically the revolver, which had never been used, had been given to Robert Erskine Childers by Michael Collins.

Notwithstanding the fact that an appeal was pending in the High Court, Robert Erskine Childers was executed by firing squad on the 24th of November 1922. His execution was one of the most controversial actions by the Free State Government. The indecent haste of the execution and the fact that it took place when the Government knew that an effort was being made in the Courts to appeal was in stark contrast to the nobility which Robert Erskine Childers showed when he faced the firing squad. Robert Erskine Childers faced his executioners with honour. He shook each soldier's hand, making it clear that he understood that they were doing their duty.

There can be no doubt that Robert Erskine Childers was an honourable, brave and patriotic man. He made a signal contribution to the foundation of this State. Given his background, his connections and his many talents Robert Erskine Childers could have chosen a less hazardous path. He was propelled by a sense of justice and by an integrity which his enemies have refused to recognise even to this day.

I have already mentioned President Eamon de Valera's hope that Robert Erskine Childers' name would 'never cease to be revered among us'.

It is in my view a matter of deep shame that the Nation has yet to officially commemorate Robert Erskine Childers. There is no statue, no plaque, no monument in any public place erected to his memory.

In spite of the decision taken over two years ago by the appropriate committees of the Dáil and Seanad to commemorate Robert Erskine Childers in Leinster House his portrait has yet to make its appearance. I, for one, believe that that is a shameful omission. A Nation that is either too timorous or too careless to commemorate those who have played a role in its birth is a Nation that can hardly be surprised if patriotism, any sense of duty or national obligation, is missing from its public life. I am, therefore, particularly pleased to unveil this memorial today. I hope that our lethargic public agencies will soon follow this good private example.

The above is based on a speech by Dick Roche, T.D. Minister for European Affairs given at Glendalough House, Co. Wicklow on the occasion of the unveiling of a plaque to the memory of Robert Erskine Childers on 1.12.2002.

Letters concerning Robert Barton

Saive Coffey

Glendarragh,
Newtownmountkennedy,
Co. Wicklow.
15.11.2002

Dear Máirtín,

Enclosed are some unpublished letters from Robert Barton to my father, Diarmid Coffey, whose name was also spelt Diarmuid and Dermot. Also enclosed is a letter from Diarmid Coffey's mother-in-law, Isabel Chenevix Trench (1850-1927), to her daughter Margot (1889-1936) about Robert Barton's imprisonment in England and enclosing a copy of a letter she wrote concerning this. This seems to give an alternative picture of when and if he actually resigned his commission, or was allowed to go "quietly to grass".

My father, Diarmid Coffey, and Cesca Chenevix Trench (1891-1918), who was also known as the artist Sadhbh Trinseach, were married in April 1918. She died the following autumn from the Spanish flue. Both of them were ardent Nationalists and it seems curious that Robert Barton should have been wearing khaki when he was at their wedding, especially as by this time Robert Barton would have already been in prison for his political beliefs.

Robert Barton's generosity is illustrated in his reference to Diarmid Coffey's mother, my grandmother, who was a widow in 'straightened circumstances', as is his interest in agriculture and the Co-op movement and the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society.

My father, Diarmid Coffey (1888-1964) was younger than Robert Barton (1881-1975) who in turn was younger than his cousin Erskine Childers (1870-1922).

They were all very close friends and involved in various aspects of the Irish Movement from the 'Gun Running' to the Irish Volunteers where Robert Barton and Diarmid Coffey both were A.D.C. / secretaries to Colonel Maurice Moore and worked together on various organisations, meetings and conventions. Unfortunately they took different views in the 'split' which was a terrible tragedy to them.

Also enclosed are two drawings by Francesca Chenevix Trench of R.C. Barton who was known affectionately in Gaelic as "An Sinsear" which translates as "the Elder".

Saive



An Sinsear (R.C. Barton) by Francesca Chenevix Trench.



R.C. Barton by Francesca (Cesca) Chenevix Trench.

Letters to Diarmuid Coffey

Robert Barton

Telegrams, Annamoe, 1 Mile.
Station: Rathdrum, 10 miles.

Glendalough House,
Annamoe,
Co. Wicklow.
3.3.19

Dear Diarmuid:

What is happening about the Plunkett House appt.? I hope you are getting it. I shall be in Dublin some day next week & shall possibly call in for a cup of tea about 10 am but will warn you of any arrival beforehand.

I have not any idea of what is happening to me. Have heard nothing from Dept. or War O. The C.O. gave me permission to remain on leave until I heard.

I wish now that I had definitely applied for my Discharge as I don't think Da can possibly run the farm alone any longer & it is better to be disgraced in the eyes of a few than bankrupted in the eyes of all.

Farming on mountain tops with minimum wages & compulsory tillages is [not a thing] you can leave to itself for long whilst you go soldiering others I see more clearly every day.

I think I could have ploughed 20 or 30 more acres this year had I been at home. I do hope that Mrs. Coffey is not worrying about money difficulties. Tell her that she can always fall back here for a few months in each year if the £.s.d. do not correspond with the days of the year.

If I went in on Friday would you face the journey from Bray by bike in the evening? I am looking forward to another game of chess & have the big men back from London.

Yours ever

R.B.

[possibly early 1920]

[no address]

Dear Diarmuid:

Have you got anybody in view as a substitute chairman for me. Our organiser and fellow speaker with me at that Shillelagh meeting has been warned that a warrant is out for him & that it is because of the meeting.

I have had no warning myself as yet but if my name is advertised on the Bills I suppose they will take the easier road arresting me in Dublin.

I intend to be present if I get no warning of danger but I want to prepare you so that a wire from me will not leave you in the lurch as I do not intend to be captured.

I am absolutely safe here & at their mercy in Dublin & I do not see how they can arrest Walshe & not me for it was I who issued the ultimatum & got the posters printed. The castle is making a heavy attack on poor Co. Wicklow.

do chara

Riobard (Barton)

Mountjoy Gaol,
Dublin,
17.2.20

Dear Diarmuid:

Many thanks for your letters. I am glad you did not waste time over the court martial tho. I was glad to see Mrs Coffey. It was a dull affair & the raking up of incidents of a year ago and retailing them in present circumstances was not edifying [sic].

I hope the I.A.O.S. is doing well. I see accounts of great projects in the papers The Kynock factory to produce manures and an abattoir [sic] for Dublin. I have grave doubts about the Kynock enterprise maturing at present. Farmers will for some time be more anxious to manufacture what they have to sell than what they require to purchase.

I think there is a good deal to be said for going slowly at first. There is no superabundance of managerial skill amongst the farming community at present & I should have thought that manure manufacture would have been a natural development five years hence from today, but perhaps I am too conservative. The capital mentioned £250,000 appears to me to be inadequate considering the wealth of the vested interests to be appeased and their grip of the country & the raising of even that sum would appear to me a task beyond the present strength of the Farming Union. However it is fine to see a display of initiative provided it is not just a display of comet throwing by our friend Bryan whose courage I much admire but whose capacity to control is not unlimited.

Things here roll on their usual peaceful course. I have no idea of where I shall be located in the future & am not bothering. Please give my love to Mrs Coffey & to P. & M.

Do cara go raib
R.B.

Letter to Margot Chenevix Trench

Isabel Chenevix Trench

11 Foulis Tee. [London]

Feb. 25 [possibly 1920]

12. pm

My own Pet.

It is indeed dreadful to think of Mr. Barton undergoing such treatment. I wrote directly I got your letter and took it to Sir John's House (Elvaston Place. 32) so that he should get it as soon as possible. He is in town but was not in.

I enclose a copy of what I said. It is indeed grievous - Everything is wrong - At the same time as yrs: came, I had one from Miss Cordeux begging me to go to her this p.m. re the Bro: His position is most uncertain.

I have asked Mr. Wordsworth to come up tomorrow to see me & the Princess [?]. It is all so distressing - nothing morally wrong of course.

Such a fog today - making one's eyes so sore and so difficult at crossings - but I shall go up by the 30 bus which takes me quite near to Little Welbeck St.

How grievous it all is - Poor, poor Bob - such a noble fellow. But we must hope for the best that his treatment will be made possible. It is all so wrong. Read enclosed.

Yr: ever most loving

Mother.

It is so horrible to think of those people at the Castle in all their comforts and luxuries - but we must not think too much of it. I could burst out crying with such an accumulation of sorrow all round. Margery came in last evening after her work - 5.45 - a dear little person.

W. W. just wired, will come up tomorrow.

Letter to Sir John

Isabel Chenecix Trench

11 Foulis Tce. [London]

Feb. 25 [possibly 1920]

Dear Sir John.

I am writing to you on a matter of grave anxiety. It is on account of Mr. Barton of Glendalough Hse: Co. Wicklow.

He is now in Portland Prison & I understand being forcibly fed. Sentenced (as you know) to 3 yrs penal servitude for a political speech. I knew him well in Dublin; a fine man served in the terrible war (tho' did not go abroad).

He was best man to my son-in-law who married my beloved daughter Cesca, (she died 7 months after of "flue") and was in khaki at the wedding. Mr. B. has lived all his life nearly, in Ireland, & has been doing the constructive work wh: is so valuable & is a man who should be of great worth to his Country if the Goven^t were not so hopeless in their administration.

He has become a S.F. [Sinn Feiner] from seeing how impossible it is for Ireland to prosper under present circumstances. But to think of a man of Mr. B's education & value & love of his Country's real advancement being condemned to 3 yrs penal servitude in company with ordinary criminals is more than flesh and blood can stand.

Of course he ought not to have spoken as he did; it was very unwise, but he is a political prisoner, not a criminal. Can you do anything? I am sure you can & I am sure you will.

When one thinks of the light way in which sins of the flesh are punished in this world, one wonders how in the sight of God these others will be looked upon who are only fighting for justice and freedom.

The whole state of the Country cries out for Justice at the hands of the B. G. & all this militarism can do no good whatsoever - only harm - And of course trade and prosperity commercially are impeded.

Do help that poor man before his health is ruined. He is standing out against treatment as a criminal.

Yrs: sincerely

I. C. T.

(I here explained who I am)

Letter to the Bard **To be a Bard** *and Trench*

by Paddy Berry

On Monday, the 25th of March 2002, I had the pleasure of launching the 13th Journal of the Roundwood and District Folklore and Historical Society. The Journal was launched in Sean Kavanagh's on a frosty winter's night.

My brother, Phil Berry and our friend, John Ennis, sang a few ballads on what was "An Evening of Traditional Songs". Some members of the local Comhaltas Ceoltóirí Éireann and friends from Co. Wexford were there too. One of the themes of the ballads was what it meant to be a Bard at different times in our history and we sang these three ballads on what it was then and is now to be a Bard.

'Twas something then to be a Bard

Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, 1860

In long gone days when he who bore
The potent harp from hall to hall,
His courier running on before,
His castle - where he chose to call.
When youthful nobles watched for him
And ladies fair, with fond regard,
Filled the bright wine cup to the brim-
'Twas something then to be a Bard.

When, seated by the chieftain's chair,
The minstrel told his pictured tale
Of whence they came and who they were,
The ancient stock of Innisfail-
When the grey steward of the house
Laid at his feet the rich reward
Gay monarch of the long carouse-
'Twas something then to be a Bard.

'Tis nothing now to be a Bard

T.D. Sullivan, 1906

But with regret, we must allow
That things have greatly changed since then;
For all his creative comforts no
The Bard must pay like other men:
He gets no gifts of ale or wine-
If vinters send a business card,
No one amongst them adds the line:-
"A large reduction to the bard"

If, out at elbows, he proceeds
To some well furnished clothing store,
The salesman never knows or heeds
How Bards were clad in days of yore.
"These boots" his says are "ten-and three,
This stuff is four-and-nine a yard:
Our terms are strictly net; and we
Make no reduction to a Bard."
'Tis nothing now to be a Bard.

'Tis easy now to be a Bard

Jimmy Parle, 1995

Now, weekly, in the Irish Times,
That paragon of news and features;
Where readers win £10 for rhymes'
'bout politicians and such creatures;
This of course is somewhat newer
And makes no demand on brain or time,
And many a so called Bard today
Haven't yet learned how to rhyme.
'Tis easy now to be a Bard.

The Croppy's Grave

Máirín Lindsay

There is a Croppy's Grave in Laragh. To get to it go to St. John's Church in Laragh. The field is approximately at the back of the Church and to the right going towards Mr. and Mrs. Walsh's farm house. In my memory it was on a small incline in the field, exactly as it is now on the main road. The headstone is slate and the grave is marked by rough stones.

There is a memorial to Captain Bookey in St. John's Church, who was lost at sea off his yacht. The memorial was erected by his sister Georgina Bookey. The Bookeys lived at Derrybawn House, Laragh. Derrybawn House was destroyed in the Battle of Laragh Bridge by Bookey's Regiment. The bridge is now called Bookey's Bridge. Bookey's Regiment is the same regiment referred to in the song 'Boulavogue'.

Also, there were seven trees planted by Mr. Mc Grath in memory of the seven leaders executed in Kilmainham in 1916. The trees were planted in a corner near Derrybawn House on the right hand side in a small cluster especially by Mr. Mc Grath.

Although I am a descendent of Bookey I have always had a very soft spot in my heart for the Croppy whose grave is in Laragh.

The Big Snow of 1867

John Murphy

26.7.2002
Kyle, Tinahealy
Co. Wicklow

Hello Joan

As promised I am sending on the information on the Big Snow on the 23rd of March 1867. As you can see on the Mulhall family death cert "accidentally smothered in bed by avalanche of snow". This was the only avalanche of snow that ever happened in Ireland. There were 12 people killed in the snow, six here near Askinagap, near Knockananna, three in Roundwood, the Smiths, two kids in Glenmalure and one in Blessington. You can see the date on the paper and also on the death cert. I am also enclosing some poems by our local poet, Billy Byrne, about the Mulhall family.

*To the Memory
of
The Mulhall Family of Askinagap.
All six who died here on 23rd March 1867
in the great snowstorm avalanche.*

*James Mulhall aged 32 yrs.
His wife Kate aged 28 yrs.
Their sons Brian aged 7 yrs,
Peter aged 5 yrs.
Daughter Mary aged 3 yrs.
And infant James aged 14 days.*

*Interred in Pribon Cemetery.
Yes, Heaven is their Home.*

Erected in Remembrance 1992

The Mulhall memorial at the site of the tragedy



Billy Byrne, 91 year old poet, Woodlands, Aughrim and John Murphy, Kyle, Knockananna at the Mulhall Memorial in 2000.

TO THE MEMORY OF
 THE MULHALL FAMILY OF AUGHTRIM
 AND AS WELL AS THE GREAT GRAND FATHER
 OF THE GREAT GRAND FATHER AND MOTHER
 JOHN MULHALL BORN IN 1740
 AND DIED IN 1810
 JOHN MULHALL BORN IN 1740
 AND DIED IN 1810
 PETER MULHALL BORN IN 1740
 AND DIED IN 1810
 MARY MULHALL BORN IN 1740
 AND DIED IN 1810
 JOHN MULHALL BORN IN 1740
 AND DIED IN 1810
 JOHN MULHALL BORN IN 1740
 AND DIED IN 1810
 JOHN MULHALL BORN IN 1740
 AND DIED IN 1810

The Late Floods in the County of Wicklow

John Murphy

The Big Snow came on the 23rd of March 1867. The following is the newspaper report on the destruction caused by this storm which was published in the Wicklow Echo on the 1st of April 1867.

*Many years will doubtless elapse before the severity of the weather during the past month shall have been forgotten, for not only has considerable damage been caused by the floods of this county, but also we regret to say that in some instances loss of life has resulted.

In the Vale of Ovoca [Avoca], the old bridge at Newbridge has been carried away, some persons narrowly escaping who felt it giving way and hastened off it. This is a serious loss to the cess-payers of the county, as it is said, that a temporary structure to prevent the traffic on this leading road being interrupted, will cost from 150 to 200 pounds, while the permanent structure will probably cost over 1000 pounds.

Numbers of sheep and cattle have perished and their carcasses carried down the swollen river to the sea. The embankment at Shelton gave way flooding to a considerable extent the adjoining lands.

A correspondent from Ballynamina writes as follows:

'On Saturday forenoon, at a place called Inchavon [Inchavore], at the head of Lough Dan, nearly four miles from the village of Roundwood, an avalanche of snow broke from the mountains, throwing down cabins in which there were cattle and sheep; but worst of all, a poor woman named Smith, with two fine male children were buried beneath it. Their bodies were discovered on Monday after 4 o'clock p.m. This avalanche was seen descending by some boys who shouted to the woman, at that time she had a child in her arms, she at once rushed to the house to save the other child, but unfortunately she with both in her arms were caught, with the overwhelming mass of snow, and buried at least eight feet deep within six yards of her own door.'

Another who writes from Tinahealy says-

'A family of six in number were lost in the recent floods in the townland of Askinagap. A herdsman named Mulhall, with his wife and four children, the eldest seven years old, the next five, the next three, and the youngest but two weeks, residing in a small cabin on the edge of the hill. Not having made their appearance at or about noon on Saturday, the neighbours feared something had happened, and made search, when after some trouble in removing the snow and stones washed down by the mountain current, they found the six of the family lying in bed in the same position as if in a quiet sleep. The bodies were removed to a neighbour's house, where an inquest was held this day by Philips Newton, Esq., coroner for this

part of the county of Wicklow, a verdict being returned in accordance with the facts. The house, of course, was completely demolished.

The same coroner held an inquest in the neighbourhood of Blessington on the body of a man drowned in a flood there on the same day (Saturday), making seven lost altogether here.'

The mountain roads in several places have been carried away, and some time will elapse before the full amount of the damage done by the flood will be known. The old bridge at Rathdrum, that at Lara and others in the county are reported as being more or less injured by the floods.

From Drumgoff, in Glenmalure, a report comes of a miner's hut being swept down, carrying away two children, the body of one being as yet undiscovered, and the other recovered, an inquest being held on the latter on Monday.

Certainly those living in the valley between the Vartry Waterworks and the sea, may congratulate themselves that the lake had been emptied before the storm, as it is scarcely to be expected that the embankment could have withstood the severe pressure caused by flood and storm."

The Great Tragedy of 1867

Billy Byrne

It was on a lonely hillside in the County of Wicklow,
The greatest snowstorm of all time, brought sorrow, grief and woe.
The snowstorm lasted for several days, while the stormy winds did blow,
And the snowdrifts were like mountains, 'round the country high and low.
When the storm was over, there came a great snow slide,
That demolished the Mulhall homestead, while the family slept inside.
Friends and neighbours gathered round, a tragic sight to see,
With nothing left to indicate where the house it used to be.

When the snow was cleared away, from where the small house stood,
It's there they found the Family, in the rubble, stones and mud.
They were carried down the hillside, upon an outhouse door,
And waked in a neighbour's barn, all six upon the floor.
The day of Mulhall's funeral, a tragic sight to see,
Friends and neighbours carried them, to a lonely cemetery.
In Preban, there is a massive grave, unmarked by cross or sign,
An it is there, they were laid to rest, long long before their time.

Courtesy: John Murphy, Kyle, Tinahealy, Co. Wicklow.

The Lovely Vale of Glenmalure

Billy Byrne

You may travel far-far from the land of your birth,
From that real beauty spot - it's the grandest on earth,
Where the people are friendly, and enchanted with the scene,
With the green sloping hills, and the wild mountain stream.

Where ever you travel far-far ore the foam,
There is one thing for certain, there's no place like home.
The lovely vale of Glenmalure, it nesses in the shade,
Of the lovely Wicklow Mountains, where history was made.

Where Michael Dywer and his brave men, to the mountains had to fly,
And fought to free this old country, on the Wicklow Mountains high.
If those hills could only speak, and those rocks could only see,
Oh, what a tale they would relate of Irish history.

In this historic Glen, where fighting men, and men of high renown,
But for Ireland's cause opposed the laws of the forces of the Crown.
But the Saxon laws, oppressed our cause in valley, hill and moor,
And many a foe, they were laid low, in the Wilds of Glenmalure.

If you are a stranger I would like you all to know,
You will always find a welcome, where the three-leafed shamrock grow.
When you have viewed the scenery, and all the country round,
You will find the chair of Michael Dwyer among the heather brown.

And if you are a climber, and you want to see it all,
Just go across the mountains, to the Glen of Wild Imaal.
You can see the highest mountain, so beautiful and grand,
It is our Lugnaquilla, the pride of Ireland.

Courtesy: John Murphy, Kyle, Tinahealy, Co. Wicklow.

Memories

Mauny Timmons

I remember the first time my parents brought me to Mass, when I was old enough to walk. We went over the hill from Trooperstown to Glendalough. We came out on the road at Kilifin and if we reached Brown's Cross when the first bell rang, then we'd be on time.

I remember being frightened at the sight of what seemed to me an enormous crowd of men standing around the chapel gate, talking, while waiting for the second bell to ring. I'd never seen so many together before.

Recently, I was at Mass in Glendalough and was struck by the difference to my first visit. No men standing talking, and solving the world's problems, as was the custom, each man had his own place. We had more time then. Today everyone arrives in cars and there is no time for talking.

I remember "The Tower" in Castlekevin. Years ago the Frizell family had a tower about fifteen feet high built of stone on the highest part of their estate. It was rounded at the front and sloped for access at the back. It was there they would bring visitors to the Big House for picnics and to take in the wonderful views.

It was also a favourite place for gatherings of the tenants and locals to pass the long hot summer evenings dancing, singing and story telling, before radio or television were invented. Today the Tower as it was called is still stands on Smith's ground.

The lime for Castlekevin estate came by train from Carlow to Rathdrum station. The Frizell family employed their tenants to transport the lime from Rathdrum by horse and cart at 5 shillings a load.

"Me and Me Mott"

Kevin Byrne

This story was told to me by an old local man who died recently.

Years ago before television or radio came there used to be house dances in Roundwood. The places used for the dances would always be well out in the country. But the Clergy didn't always approve and would stop them if they found out. They reckoned that such places were a danger to the soul.

Such events were always kept secret especially if they took place on a Saturday night. To prevent the Priest from entering the house the door was always locked and only if you knew the password would you be allowed enter. When you knocked you would be asked for the password and the answer was "Me and Me Mott" that was me and me girl.

There would be men on the watch for the Priest and if sighted all would scatter. Fr. Hickey got news of one such house dance and of course declared war. There was always someone who would squeal to the Priest. Fr. Hickey had a big blackthorn stick, a special one for the job with thorns the length of your finger so they say.

The dance was in full swing when Fr. Hickey came to the door. He was asked for the password and answered "Me and Me Mott". When Fr. Hickey came into the light he raised the blackthorn stick and said "Me and Me Mott" are going have a great time tonight. All hell broke loose and the people scattered in all directions. He finished by shouting that "Me and Me Mott" cleared the place in no time.

Christmas and the Band

Kevin Byrne

This story was told to me by an old local man who died recently.

Christmas brings back memories to everyone and for me the sound of the Roundwood Brass and Reed Band as they escorted the Parish Priest, Fr. Butler, from his house at the bottom of the village to the church early on Christmas morning is a fond memory. After he had entered the Church the band would form up outside the church door and continue to play Christmas hymns until Mass was about to begin at eight o'clock.

There was no electricity then, so it was quite dark with only the warm glow of the brass oil lamps from the church doors, which added to the mystery of that morning. There always seemed to be a great hush over the village on that special day.

It must have been a very early start for the band members from Moneystown, Annamoe etc.

The Holly and the Robin

Kathleen Byrne

I often heard that the name "Holly" comes from the word "Holy" and it is said that it was from Holly that Christ's crown of thorns was made and the berries were originally white and turned red after the Crucifixion.

Another story I heard when I was young was that Mary and Joseph and baby Jesus sheltered under a Holly tree on the flight into Egypt and they were so well protected that the baby Jesus blessed the tree and said that it would be forever green.

We were told that the robin got its red breast after pulling out the thorns from our Lord's head as he hung on the cross.

These stories were told to Kevin Byrne by his mother, Kathleen Byrne R.I.P., Old Post Office, Moneystown.

Wartime Plum Pudding

Betty Johnson

The following is a recipe for plum pudding made without eggs in the Lough Dan area during the second world war.

1 lb. flour	1 lb. potatoes
1 lb. suet	1 lb. moist sugar
1 lb. currants	1/2 lb. carrots
1 lb. raisins	1 oz. candied lemon peel
Nutmeg to taste	

The potatoes and carrots are to be well mashed and very smooth. Mash the carrots and sugar together and put in after the other ingredients have been well mixed. Work the whole together a day before the pudding is boiled. Half a tumbler of brandy or rum may be added if available. The plum pudding should be boiled for not less than four hours.

Folk Remedies

Joe Timmons

Many of these remedies have been used successfully before the advent of modern medicine. These are safe and inexpensive remedies, which you can use in the privacy of your own home. You will find most of the ingredients in your garden, grocery shop or health food shop.

- Warts** Apply castor oil to the wart, rub for 20 minutes with your finger. Do this at night.
Rub the wart three times a day with a solution of baking soda and water.
Rub the wart with raw potato or raw garlic.
- Hiccups** Get a tablespoon of peanut butter and lick it off the spoon until it is all gone. This works every time.
Drink a glass of water and then eat a piece of bread.
- Stings** Dab some alcohol on the sting. It acts as a solvent and antiseptic and helps reduce the inflammation.
Cut an onion in half and rub on the sting to draw out the poison.
- Indigestion** Chew raw carrot to prevent indigestion and eat fresh pineapple at the end of a meal.
Eat apples and cucumber with the peel on. The peel contains mineral salts which helps to prevent indigestion.
- Asthma** Put 1/4 oz. of carrigeen and the rind of one lemon in one pint of water. Bring to the boil and simmer for 20 minutes. Strain and add honey to taste. Serve hot or cold.
- Chilblains** Take a raw onion and cut it in half and rub it vigorously on the chilblain.
- Colds** Blackcurrant tea taken at the first sniff or cough. It is made by pouring boiling water onto the fruit jam.
- Coughs, Hoarseness or Sinus**
Boil sliced apple with liquorice for 20 minutes and drink.
- Eyes** Sore eyes can be bathed with cold tea and a sty on the eyelid can be rubbed with a cold wedding ring.
- Toothache** Rub the aching gums with neat whiskey and swishing it around the mouth can treat toothache.

Rheumatics A cure for rheumatics is to carry a nutmeg in your pocket.
Add one tablespoon of cod liver oil to the juice of one orange, whip
and drink before going to bed.

Hypertension and Fatigue

Take two tablespoonfuls of apple cider vinegar and honey with water
daily.

Headache Take one old bomb shell and a dip at Magheramore Beach.



*Joe Timmons with old bomb shell washed up at Magheramore Beach,
Blainroe, Co. Wicklow in 2000.*

Over the Hill

W. J. Duffy

For sixty-five years Murphy tended his sheep
At the foot of the Table with its stony steep
But in all his time on the hills far and wide
Never once did he see over the other side.

The day came that another took over the farm
And Murphy, assured it would come to no harm,
Came up with a notion that gave his missus the chills
He announced he was going to walk over the hills.

"He's daft as an owl dog", the townland folk said
"He needs someone to look at the inside of his head"
But Murphy made plans not deterred in the least
And promised to wave from Sugar Loaf in the East.

The day he set out, the missus she cried
"Never did I think till the day that I died
That my husband would vanish like an ebbing tide
To climb an old mountain just to see the far side."

Murphy climbed 'till he spied the top of the Gap
Then he sat down with a creak to have his lunch in his lap
Then set off again until day turned to night
And in the cold of his ditch bed thought "the missus was right."

But the morning time saw the sun gold on Glendasan
And Murphy thought to himself "sure I'm glad to be passin"
His next great ascent was to the top of Tonelagee
Where he gasped at the beauty of all he could see.

Then he bathed at Glenmacnass and scaled Barnacullian
And though his poor knees were weak, his spirit was willin'
Mullaghleevaun came next, then Duff Hill and Gravale
And when he reached Sally Gap he felt hearty and hale.

For though many days had past since he left his dear house
He had finally reached the slopes of mighty Djouce
Up and over he climbed to the rolling green below
'Till he felt an east breeze on his reddened cheeks blow.

And he made the last strides of his historic trip
Not stopping again 'til he reached Sugar Loaf's tip
Where he gazed at what had been the dreams of his sleep
And what did he see, well, nothing but sheep!

Courtesy: Joe Timmons

Glendalough Cemetery

Kevin Byrne

The following is part of the County Board of Health records in the care of the Wicklow County Council.

September 13th 1929.

Following a number of complaints the County Medical Officer inspected Glendalough Cemetery and it was decided that steps should immediately be taken to close the existing ground and provide a new one.

October 23rd 1929.

A memo was read from 57 residents of the townlands of Trooperstown, Moneystown, Roundwood and Annamoe at the Board of Health meeting stating that they had heard a rumour that Glendalough graveyard was to be closed down and they offered their protest against this being done.

The Board of Health decided that they should approach the owner of the land on the westward boundary with a view to extending the present graveyard.

November 14th 1929.

The following letter was read to the County Board of Health:

**Glendalough Graveyard.*

I write to confirm agreement arrived at with the Board of Health deputation in connection with above on the 7th inst. at our meeting here. It was agreed that I should sell and that the Board should acquire for the purposes of extending the present burial ground, a plot of land which was approximately marked out at the time along the western boundary of old burial ground.

I have now measured it out exactly, as indicated by your Engineer, and am willing to sell. I enclose herewith a sketch map showing the length of each side. I agree to allow a right of way to the new plot between the two rows of trees along the north wall of the old cemetery.

I reserve the right of cutting down and removing all or any of the trees on the plot before giving up possession to the Board of Health. I shall leave some trees near St. Kevin's Church and would ask that in the interests of appearance they be left standing.

The purchase consideration to be paid to me in respect of said plots to be £100. All costs, stamp duties etc. connected with the sale and conveyancing to be borne by the purchaser.

*Wynne.**

The Board of Health received a letter on November 16th 1929 from Very Rev Dr. Butler P.P., Roundwood, stating that His Grace the Archbishop was pleased with Mr. Wynne's proposal in relation to Glendalough cemetery and desired to have the necessary steps taken to complete the agreement.

He thought it was desirable that any extension should be enclosed by a temporary fence and possession taken as soon as possible. It is urgent that the Board of Health should do something about the present state of the old burial ground and have it placed under a caretaker responsible for its upkeep and use.

December 7th 1929.

A letter was received from Very Rev Dr. Butler P.P. Roundwood which stated:

"Yesterday His Grace the Archbishop, authorised me to say that he will give £100 to purchase the required extension to Glendalough burial ground, on condition, however, that the vendor will agree to give such a plot as to be acceptable as regards position, area and quality of soil, so that no compulsory measures shall be taken. This is a very serious and very urgent business."

The Board of Health accepted this with sincere thanks to His Grace.

Archbishop Byrne was a familiar sight in Annamoe where he often came to visit his relation Mrs. Duffy in the Mill.

The Copper Axehead

Pat Roche

I was out for a walk, one day in 1977, carrying a metal detector which I had switched on as I was looking for coins on headlands. I was crossing a field from one headland to another. When I was part of the way into the field the metal detector blipped. I picked up this object off the ground in this stubble field.

It looked like a flat piece of slate but it had to have some metal content in it for the detector to pick it up. It was covered in clay. I did not know what it was at the time, but the other chap with me said it was a bronze axehead. He remembered that from his school going days.

I brought the axehead home and got an archaeologist to look at it. She said it was a bronze axehead and dated it at around 4000 years old. She used the bluegreen tint on the sides of the axe to date the axe.

I mislaid the axehead for 10 to 15 years. I didn't pass any great remarks on it as I did not know what value it would be. Having lost it once I was not going to loose it again. Therefore, when it was found I got in touch with the National Museum.

I had a meeting with Ragnall O Floinn in Kilmacanogue last September as he lives in Bray. He took a look at the axehead and informed me that it was not a bronze axehead and that it was of significant more value as it was a copper axehead. He said that he would have to keep the copper axehead "as it belonged to the State". Ragnall O Floinn is the Assistant Keeper of Irish Antiquities at the National Museum of Ireland.

He said that the Copper Age was only a few hundred years and that this was a "unique find" The copper age lasted only a short time because copper is soft in comparison to bronze. The bronze is a harder material and more wearing and therefore the Bronze Age lasted for quite a while. This explained why the copper axehead was a "unique find" and was so valuable.

The copper axehead had no hole in it for a handle. I think a stick was split at one end and the copper axehead inserted between the split ends of the stick. Strips of leather may have been used to bind the copper axehead in the split stick. The copper axehead was sharpened at one end but the sharp end had become worn over the years. This copper axehead may have been used to cut small sallies or willows which could have been used to build a small timber frame. Over this frame, skins of animals may have been laid and together this may have provided a small place for a family to live.

The man from the National Museum send me out a map and asked that I mark the

field where I found the copper axehead. But I forget where the exact field was as I found it years ago in 1977.

The copper axehead is now in the National Museum and should be on public display with my name on a plaque as the finder.

17 Years Service

Joan Hatton

I made the following entry in the Roundwood and District Historical and Folklore Society Diary on 4.3.2003.

Today was a wonderful day. My husband, Edward Hatton, and myself were cordially invited to a retirement function and Mass at 12 noon in the Grand Hotel Wicklow. The Mass was offered for all former members of staff of Wicklow County Council.

This was followed by lunch at 1.15 pm to mark his retirement and a presentation on behalf of Wicklow County Council. The presentation was made by Mr. Eddie Sheehy, Wicklow County Manager, in recognition of his 17 years service with Wicklow County Council.

Mr. Sheehy said "Edward Hatton was a general operative in the Wicklow area. He spent 17 years with the Council and could turn his hand to anything. Married with five grown up children he is a native of the Roundwood area. He was very obliging in his work and was very popular with his fellow workers."

Ned was presented with an eight inch Celtic Bulb Vase of Galway Irish Crystal and I was presented with a beautiful bouquet of flowers. A good day was had by all.

Today is pancake Tuesday.

The Gordon Bennett Race 1903

Frank Nuttall

On July 2nd 2003 Irish Motor Sport will be celebrating the Centenary of the biggest sporting event that was ever held in Ireland, judged by the size of the crowd. Over 750,000 people watched the first international motor race held in these islands. The only time a bigger crowd gathered was for the Pope's visit to the Phoenix Park in 1979. The race for teams of three cars was brought to Ireland because the English driver Selwyn F. Edge won the 1902 race in Innsbruck, Austria, so it fell to British Motor Sport to organize the 1903 race. A special Act of Parliament was passed to allow road-closing for sport to take place in the off-shore islands of Ireland and the Isle of Man.

The race was held on a figure-of-eight circuit in Co. Kildare, what is now Laois and just a corner of Carlow - from Athy to Kilcullen, Kildare, Monasterevin, Durrow, Ballynan, then back to Athy, Kilcullen, Castledermot, Carlow and finally Athy again. The race covered 327 miles. It was won by Camille Jenatzy, a Belgian, driving a Mercedes in a time of 6hrs 39mins and a speed of 49.2 m.p.h. The Mercedes cars were customers' cars borrowed back from the owners following a major fire which had destroyed the specially prepared race cars on June 10th 1903. Because the race was held in Ireland, and was judged to be a great success, green was adopted as the British racing colour, hence Racing Green.

The final result was:

1st	Germany	Mercedes	C. Jenatzy	6hrs 39mins
2nd	France	Panhard	R.D. Knyff	6hrs 50mins
3rd	France	Panhard	H. Farman	6hrs 52mins
4th	France	Mors	F. Gabriel	7hrs 11mins
5th	England	Napier	S. Edge	9hrs 18mins

None of the other 12 entrants finished. The trophy which they had been competing for was presented by James Gordon Bennett, the owner of the New York Herald newspaper.

The race run in 1904 was held in Germany, where it was won by a Frenchman. The following year, 1905, the race was also won by the French and thereafter, was held as the French Grand Prix, which goes on to the present day.

Reference

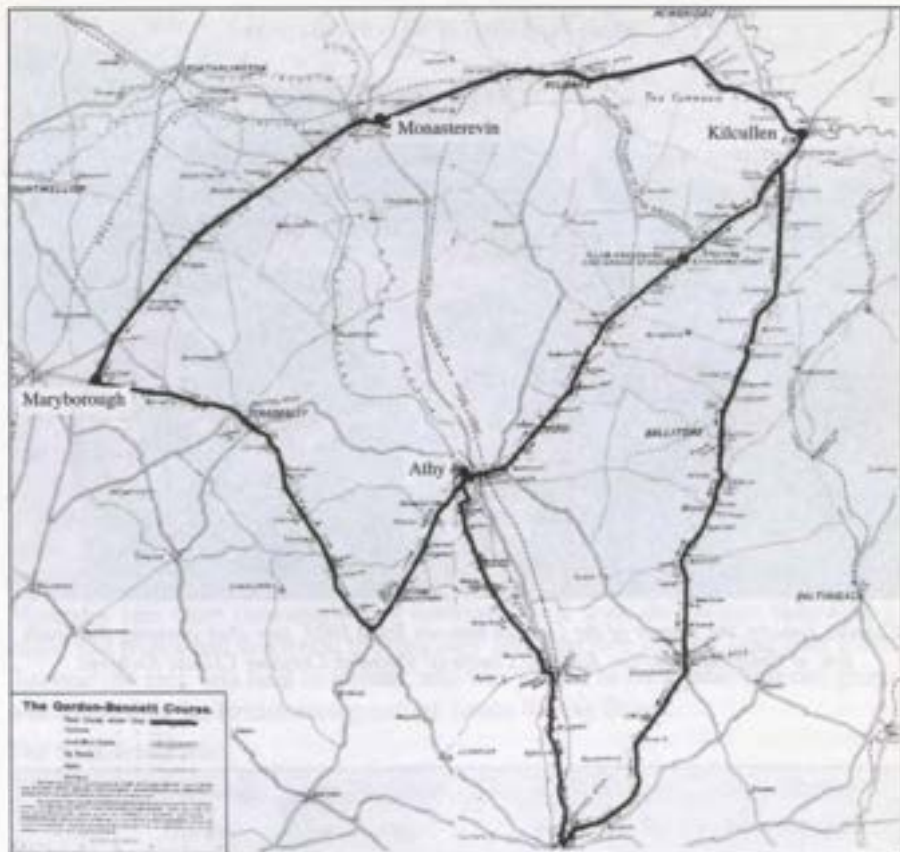
- Montgomery, Bob. 1999. The Irish Gordon Bennett Race 1903.
Dreoflín Album 5. Irish Transport Series in association with the RIAC Guinness Segrave Archive. 32 pp.
ISBN 1-902773-04-7.



Camille Jenatton, the winner of the Gordon Bennett Race 1903, just after crossing the finish line at Ballyshannon, Co. Kildare. Courtesy: Daimler Chrysler Classic Archives.



Selwyn F. Edge on the Napier racer, which he brought to Ireland for the race, but it was replaced at the last moment by the untried K-5 Napier. Courtesy: Bob Montgomery.



Map of the 1903 Irish Gordon Bennett Road Race. Courtesy: Bob Montgomery.

The Wicklow Deer Society

John Flynn

The Wicklow Game Conservation Council came into being following a request from the Government Department of Lands in the mid 1960s. The Department had many problems with the gun clubs all over the country and decided to bring them all together under the one umbrella and they formed the National Association of Regional Game Councils (NARGC).

In order to assist the organisation of the new body they helped in the conservation and promotion of the hunting of game birds by the introduction of a game promotion scheme allocating grants for the release of game birds all over the country as well as providing funds for the construction of release pens wherever possible. The NARGC thrived and the Game Councils were formed in all counties including the Wicklow Game Conservation Council which attends to the needs of about forty game clubs in the county.

Altogether there were 23,000 hunters affiliated to the National Organisation and they set about working together as a unit. They elected a National Executive with a National Governing Body representing the members. A full-time National Director was appointed and an administration centre was set up which is based in Ranelagh in Dublin.

One of the first major projects undertaken by the NARGC was the organisation of its own National Insurance Scheme for the protection of those participating in the sport. This is known as the game compensation fund and indemnifies all members for any sum up to nine million euro.

In Wicklow there are over 40 clubs with approximately 1,200 members in the Wicklow Deer Society. There is a County Executive with an Honorary Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer and a full committee who meet on a monthly basis. The County Executive is elected every year at an Annual General Meeting.

Support funds are no longer provided by the Government but there is support to propagate game from the National Body and from the Heritage Council. For example in the Roundwood, Laragh and Moneystown areas this year, 2002, 1,200 six week old pheasant poults and 1,200 mallard duck poults were released into the wild.

Wicklow is affectionately known as the Garden of Ireland because of its mountains and valleys and there are many old and existing estates which release hundreds of thousands of wild poults each year for private shooting. Due to the work of these clubs remaining in existence, Wicklow will always be endowed with a wonderful stock of game birds.

These clubs include Ballyarthur, Shelton, Ballinacor, Coolattin, Glendalough Estate and many others hunt their own lands. Generally they succeed in shooting a 50% bag each year, which means that these syndicates support the stocking of thousands of game birds each year when they go off into the wild.

Wild deer have always been a feature of the wildlife of Wicklow. This feature began in the major country estates notably Powerscourt, near Enniskerry. These deer were protected by the old estate walls. The cost of maintaining these walls resulted in their neglect and in the latter half of the nineteenth century the walls crumbled and the deer escaped and spread throughout the county. They thrived everywhere, particularly in the uplands, where herds gathered in the valleys.

Deer hunting flourished due to their expanding population and lately deer have become the scourge of farmers, who have complained of grass and silage damage on their properties. Coillie and private tree-planters have suffered tree damage and in order to protect the deer and crops on a county basis the Wicklow Deer Society was formed in 2000. The Wicklow Deer Society is now educating and training its members who are affiliated to the Wicklow Game Conservation Council and is now well established. At their monthly meetings they educate their members with the aid of seminars, video shows and slides, plus practical demonstrations which include safety in the use of firearms and proper storage of their weapons. The success of the Wicklow Deer Society has been highly regarded by the farming and conservation communities.

The Wicklow Game Conservation Council, now 40 years old, has been affiliated to the Wicklow Uplands Council since its inauguration in 1996. It will continue to support this organisation in any way possible in the future.

The New Water Pump

Norman Geeves

When I can to Roundwood 40 years ago I bought a new water pump for two old farmer brothers. However, the two brothers did not want the pump so I had to go around hawking the pump from farm to farm.

Joe Taylor, asked "what does the pump do anyway?" I replied "it pumps water into the house", to which Joe replied, "I need something to pump water out of my house and not into it". Joe lived at the top of the Old Long Hill and didn't buy the pump.

Thoughts on St. Patrick's Day

Peggy Byrne

St. Patrick's name is on our lips as we approach this worldwide Feast,
The only Saint we know of since his second coming to Ireland.
Since Kevin of Glendalough - his faithful Follower over many years.
And many a street and church in Wicklow town
Bears the blessed name of Saint Patrick of renown.

Across the world - from East to West this Day is celebrated.
A friend of mine was in Australia last St. Patrick's Day.
She was involved in a hotel party on that night miles outside Sydney.
No charge at all, but she must sing an Irish Song.

It is amazing how Music, Song, Peace and Goodwill
Are inherited in our Nation's Ways.
St. Patrick bless and guard us through our many, many Days.

Heffernan's Illustrated Plans

K.M. Davies

Heffernan's Illustrated Plan of Wicklow, 1861.

D.E. Heffernan's illustrated plan of County Wicklow in 1861 is a fascinating large map of the county based on the Ordnance Survey but with extra detail by Heffernan himself. It is edged with over twenty delightful drawings of beauty spots such as the Powerscourt Waterfall, the Devil's Glen and Lough Tay. There are unusual views of Enniskerry, Rathdrum and Powerscourt House.

Heffernan's Illustrated Plan of Bray, 1870.

His plan of the seaside resort of Bray in 1870, when the town was mushrooming in size, shows it at an intermediate stage between the old, pre-railway town and the popular seaside resort. The drawings include views of important buildings now long gone, such as the Turkish Baths, the Marine Hotel and Quoin's Hotel on the corner of Quinsborough Road.

Published in 2000, both plans are reproduced at full size, 568 x 682mm, in a high-quality printing, with an extensive new commentary. They are available flat or folded price: 8.76 euro, in tube, or 8.26 euro, folded, from bookshops or directly from Wordwell, telephone: 01-2765221.

Our Patrons

An Tóchar G.A.A. Club, Roundwood	The Laragh Inn, Laragh
Avonmore Credit Union	Mr. Paddy Moloney, Annamoe
Avonmore Gun Club, Roundwood	Joe McCabe Motors, Roundwood
The Hon. Dr. Garech de Brun, Luggala	Mr. Paul McGuinness, Annamoe
Mr. Tom Brady, Roundwood	Mr. Michael Payne, Annamoe
Byrne's Newsagent, Roundwood	Johnny Price Motors, Roundwood
The Coach House, Roundwood	Roundwood Home Producers
Connolly's Supermarket, Roundwood	Roundwood Inn, Roundwood
Co. Wicklow Anglers Association	Spar Supermarket, Roundwood
Mr. Roger Dwane, Drumbawn	St. Kevin's Bus Service, Roundwood
Flynn Refrigeration Ltd., Roundwood	Sally's Bistro, Roundwood
Mr. Colm Galligan, Roundwood	Soap & Suds, Roundwood
Johnson Building Systems (Ashford) Ltd.	Timber Management, Measurement & Valuation Ltd.
Kavanagh Construction, Roundwood	The Wicklow Heather, Laragh
Noel Kavanagh Motors Ltd., Roundwood	Tochar House, Roundwood
Terry Kavanagh, Butcher, Roundwood	Vartry House, Roundwood
Dr. John Keating, Newtownmountkennedy	
Keeley's Hardware Store, Roundwood	

Copies of previous Journals and

*'The Ordnance Survey Letters - Wicklow' by C. Corlett and J. Medlycott
may be ordered from*

*The Secretary, Roundwood and District Historical and Folklore Society
Roundwood, Co. Wicklow, Ireland.*

*We especially welcome contributions from those living locally or overseas
and those who used to live in Co. Wicklow.*

*Articles and or photographs may be submitted to any member of the Society,
posted to the above address, or e-mailed to mairtin.macsurtain@ucd.ie*

© 2003 Roundwood and District Historical and Folklore Society

© 2003 Roundwood and District Historical and Folklore Society
ISSN 0791-2684

* Ross Print Services, Greystones. Tel: (01) 287 6612. Fax: (01) 287 6699.