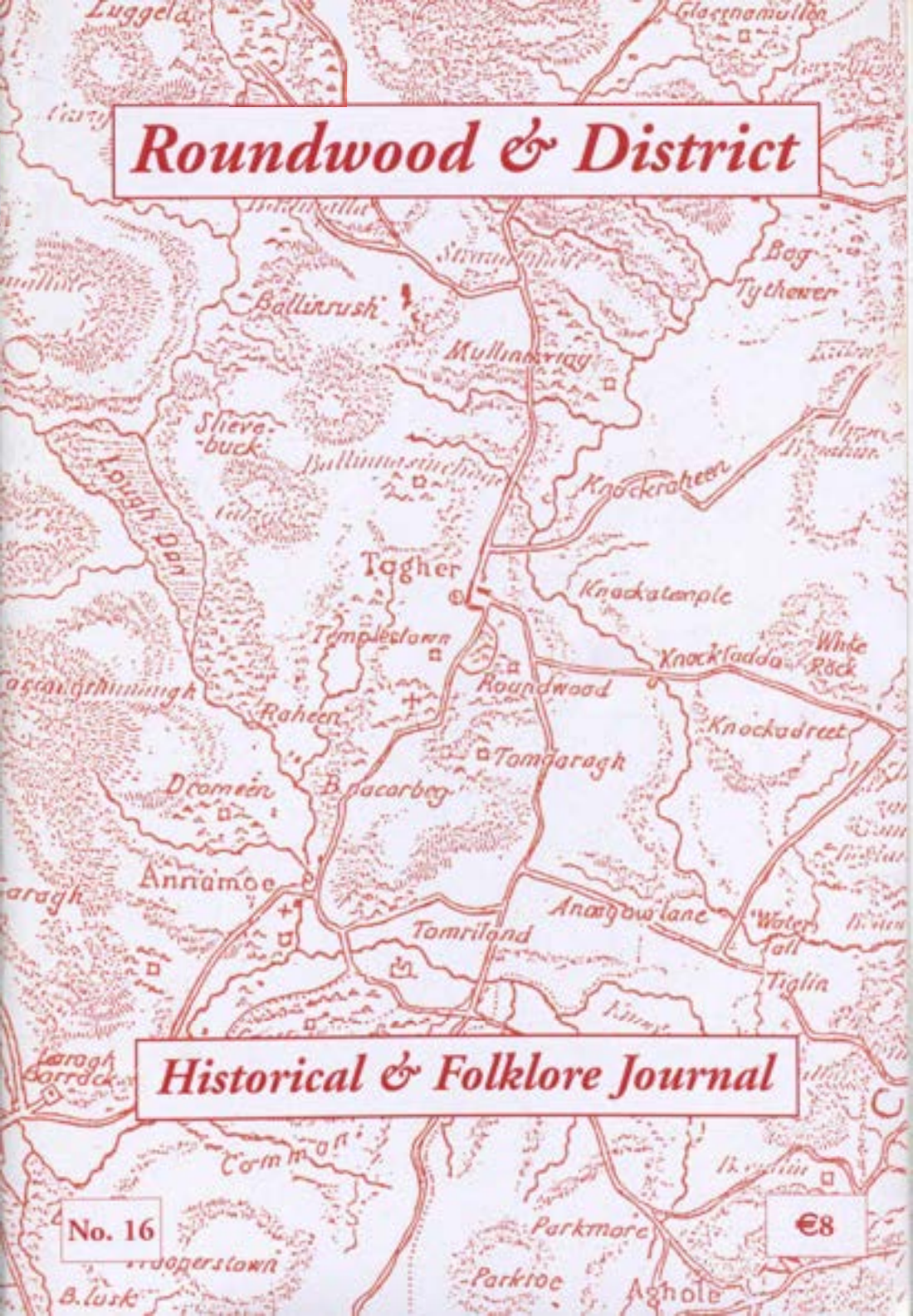
Roundwood & District



Historical & Folklore Journal

No. 16

€8

Aims

Reprinted from the First Journal - 1988

The aims of Roundwood and District Historical and Folklore Society are to gather, record and disseminate information of an historical nature, and to study the traditions and beliefs popularly held and relevant to the people of the village and its environs.

Unless historical and folklore facets pertaining to a specific area are collected and recorded for the interest, information and education of the people concerned - and indeed for future generations - much valuable and as yet unearthed material could be lost forever.

The growing interest in all that embraces Roundwood and its environs raises the hope that the study of its history and folklore may soon become general among its inhabitants, both adults and children. Among the current school going children are some who, in the future, could possibly be the custodians of the local historical and folklore heritage.

There is no reason why Roundwood, like other places, should not make the study of its own and surrounding areas' history and folklore the concern of its people.

There is little in the history and folklore of Roundwood and district of which we need be ashamed, and there is certainly much of which we may well be proud.

This Journal is dedicated to the memory of
Syl Lynch
Vice-Chairman
2nd April, 1952 - 10th March, 2005

It was with much regret that members of the Roundwood and District Historical and Folklore Society learned of the sudden death of fellow member Syl Lynch at a relatively young age. Syl first joined the Society in February 1988 soon after its launch, and became its first treasurer, a position he was to hold for some twelve years. At the outset, the Society had little money and initially when a journal was being tentatively planned, Syl along with Sean Kavanagh approached local businesses for financial support. Partly because of this, the journal became established and like the Society itself, it went on to prosper.

On field trips and social outings Syl's renowned sense of humour lightened many a moment. On other occasions, Syl caused some concern by going AWOL on outings in places such as Belfast, only to turn up later safe and sound. His sensitive rendition of 'The Black Velvet Band' often brought a hushed silence to a captive audience on the long journeys home.

In February last, after an absence of a few years, Syl had been re-appointed to the committee as vice-chairman. Sadly, he never got the opportunity to fulfil that role, as he died prematurely the following month. As a lifelong friend who joined the Society on the same day as Syl, and who served on other local voluntary and sporting groups with him, things will never seem quite the same again. However, the memories of a true character who took pride in his 'Roundwoodness', and his unique personality will long remain.

To his wife Mary, daughter Aisling, and his sisters, Pat, Mary, Joan and Brenda, we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

Martin Timmons

Roundwood and District Historical and Folklore Society

Officers 2004-2005

Chairman	Derek O'Brien
Vice- Chairman	Syl Lynch / Mary Byrne
Secretary	John Medlycott
Treasurer	Joe McNally
PRO	Joe Timmons
Photographer	Agatha de Valera Mansfield
Editorial team	Claire Chambers, Dairine Coffey, Elinor Medlycott & Ann O'Brien

From the Chair

Welcome to the 16th issue of the Roundwood and District Historical and Folklore Society's Journal. Our previous Editor, Máirtín MacSiúrtáin, with five issues to his credit, has passed the editorial pen to a team of four, Claire Chambers, Dairine Coffey, Elinor Medlycott and Ann O'Brien. Our sincere thanks are due to Mairtin and we wish the new editorial team as much success.

The Society has continued to flourish. Our winter programme of talks reflects the interest of the members in all aspects of history, not just the local variety. Over the last 18 months we have had talks on a wide range of topics. Deirdre Burns, Heritage Officer with Wicklow Co. Council told us about her job and the County Heritage plan. Kevin Byrne gave us a slide show on St Colman's, Rathdrum. Other speakers included Tom Dodd on the history of recorded sound, Joe Timmons on the harvest of 1946, Derek O'Brien on the battle of Normandy 1944 and Kathy Trant on the Blessington Estate. In April 2005 we hosted a joint meeting with the Kilmacanogue and Rathdrum Historical societies at which Jonathan Shackleton spoke on 'Antarctica – Then and Now' to a capacity crowd.

In the summer we have had evening visits to, amongst others, Kilmacurragh Arboretum, the Vartry Waterworks and Coolattin Wood. Our annual outings were to Waterford in 2004 and Dublin in 2005. In Waterford we visited Sion Hill House and gardens, the Treasures Museum and enjoyed an excellent walking tour of the city. At Kilmeaden we took a train ride along the river bank and viewed the Woodstown Viking site. This was followed by a visit to Portlaw, a mid nineteenth century planned town. On the trip to Dublin we visited Áras an Uachtaráin, Farmleigh and Kilmainham Jail where members had connections, and The Royal Hospital. The Society is grateful to all those who have given us of their time and knowledge, without them we could not function.

Our Vice-Chairman Syl Lynch, one of our founder members, who had been a member of the Committee for many years died suddenly soon after his election. Mary and Aisling have our deep sympathy.

Changes too, have come to the village. After 9 years Fr Sean Smyth was transferred to Lusk and Fr Paul Kelly became the new PP. The district continues to grow in size and population. When I came here 7 years ago there were only 15 or so house lights visible from our kitchen window at night. Now there seem to be many more . . . or else they are cutting the hedges better over the far side of the pond.

As always our thanks are due to our Patrons. Sadly since the last edition, we have lost two, Roger Dwane and Johnny Price. May they rest in peace. Our heartfelt condolences to their families. Thanks are also due to the local shops that sell this Journal and the Christmas cards.

Finally thanks are due to the contributors regular and new without whom our editors would have nothing to edit and you the reader nothing to read. If some of their endeavours encourage you to join the Society or to write an article for us so much the better.

Derek O'Brien

Table of Contents

Our Patrons

An Tóchar G.A.A. Club, Roundwood

Avonmore Credit Union

Avonmore Gun Club, Roundwood

The Hon. Dr Garech de Brun, Luggala

Mr Tom Brady, Roundwood

Byrne's Newsagent, Roundwood

The Coach House, Roundwood

Co. Wicklow Anglers Association

Justine Fitzpatrick, Roundwood

Flynn Refrigeration Ltd., Roundwood

Mr Colm Galligan, Roundwood

Kavanagh Construction, Roundwood

Noel Kavanagh Motors Ltd., Roundwood

Terry Kavanagh, Butcher, Roundwood

Keeley's Hardware Store, Roundwood

Mr Paddy Moloney, Annamoe

Joe McCabe Motors, Roundwood

Mr Paul McGuinness, Annamoe

Johnny Price Motors, Roundwood

Roundwood Home Producers

Roundwood Inn, Roundwood

Spar Supermarket, Roundwood

St. Kevin's Bus Service, Roundwood

Sally's Bistro, Roundwood

Timber Management, Measurement & Valuation Ltd.

The Wicklow Heather, Laragh

Tochar House, Roundwood

Vartry House, Roundwood

Copies of the Journal and
Corlett, C. and J. Medlycott. 2000. 'The Ordnance Survey Letters - Wicklow'
ISBN 1-9005058-1-9
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 rndwdhist@iolfree.ie

ISSN 0791-2684

In the Days of the Bog

Mauny Timmons and Kevin Byrne

Recently while visiting my home in Moneystown, the peace was broken by the sound of a tractor towing a large metal agricultural roller clattering its way along the bog road. It brought memories of years ago flooding back. Today when we look at the overgrown state of Moneystown bog it is hard to imagine that it was a hive of activity with more than twenty local men 'saving the turf'. Traditionally early April was time to 'clean the bank' ready for cutting the turf. The top sod was removed heather and all. The slane was the traditional tool used for cutting the turf but as often as not the long spade was used in Moneystown.

Also all who worked the bog wore white shirts, which from a distance looked like large bog cotton dancing in the breeze. Every year the scene was set with the arrival of Mr Bill Bowen who customarily cut the first sod of the new year's harvest. He was followed in quick succession by the men from every house in the area towards the beginning of May. A bog, which served their heating needs very well down through the years, surrounded them. Nothing was wasted when the turf was cut. The bog deal which was present in great abundance was also removed and dried and used for fuel. (The bog's deal or bog oak as it was sometimes called were trees that died the same time as the bog formed.) Those with good hands often carved the smaller lengths of timber into toys and other novelties in the long winter evenings. Some also carved beautiful traditional thatched Irish cottages from the black turf, which were a great hit with the summer visitors. Many unusual items were found in the bog including a basket of bog butter, Stone Age tools and wooden sled but sadly none survive. All that remains is a bronze spearhead, found by Joe Brinkley, which was placed in the National Museum by Mr Padraig O'Cleirgh NT.

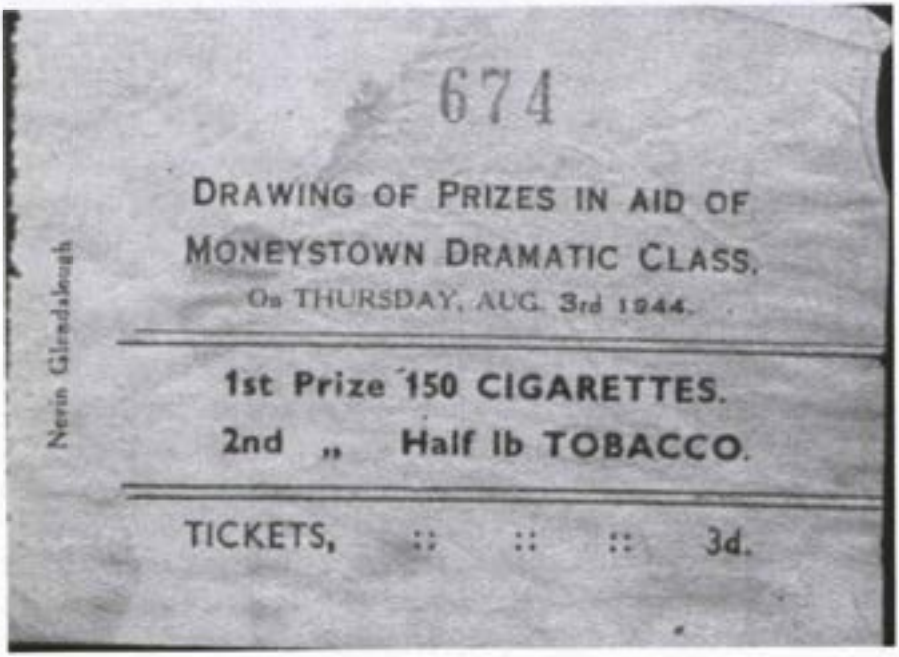
When the turf was cut it was tossed onto the bank and spread to dry with a long handled fork and the use of a hand made wooden wheelbarrow. Depending on the weather conditions the turf was 'footed' (the sods were leaned together on end in pitched roof form to catch the wind). Later when dry they were placed in large clamps in readiness for the journey home. The highlight of the day on the bog was the 'tay'. It arrived in corked bottles covered in thick hand knitted woollen socks, which were the flask of the day. The milk was kept cool by immersing it in the bog water with little consideration for any health and safety issues of today. The experience of dining on the bog would come in the form of freshly baked bread, churned butter together with home made jam all washed down with warm sweet tea. Nothing today could compare with this humble meal. Some made the tay in billy cans on open fires on the bog and it was said to be nectar to the taste. The bread made in a pot-oven over a turf fire has a beautiful taste all of its own as anyone who tasted it will agree. The work on the bog was hard with all ages able to help.

When the process of saving the turf was complete it was time to transport it home by horse or donkey cart. An enduring memory is the sound of the iron-banded cartwheels rattling over the stones of The Old Bog Road. Indeed the most vivid memory of all of my young days visiting the old houses in the area was the distinctive and evocative smell of burning turf sometimes inside as well as outside. Sadly nothing remains the same and all the affluence and modern living have rendered the turf bog obsolete. The farmers who owned the banks from which the turf was cut no longer receive their rent. This rent depended on the amount of turf you cut. The days of hard work on the bog together with the hazards of welts on the hands, back ache and the pain of turf mull in the eye are gone forever. With progress the tractor replaced the horse. James Byrne who worked on Castlekevin estate was allowed by the owners to use their tractor and trailer to bring the turf home for some of the estate workers on Saturday his half-day. This would happen on several Saturdays, each devoted to a different household. The tractor's front wheels were very close together and if he travelled at anything more than a fast walk

they would start to wobble. He called this the Head Staggers. The resulting vibration caused the turf, which was piled high on the trailer to scattered all over the road. One old witty bystander's reaction to this event was to comment 'God Jemmy isn't it great the workings of a wheelbarrow'. Perhaps in his view the old methods were still the best.

There is nothing to compare to the smell of a turf fire floating across the cold winter valley. It brought back memories of many a long winter's night whiling away the hours with the old telling ghost stories made all the more real by what our vivid imagination could see in the flame of the open turf fire. In every corner of the dimly lit rooms hid the unknown. The smell of fresh bread baking on the open fire and the sound of the black kettle singing signalled the time for supper. It was time for bed when the striking clock was wound and the Rosary said. People had time for each other in those days.

How times change!



The Celtic Times and Early Days of the GAA in Wicklow

Tom O'Connor

The Celtic Times

In 1886, two years after the foundation of the GAA, Michael Cusack became disturbed that the National media was ignoring Gaelic sports and pastimes. With the backing of a Scottish businessman he established a publication *The Celtic Times* to be devoted to all things Irish and nationalist. Articles were planned, not only on hurling, football and handball, but also on athletics, bowls, music and even chess. Long before the 'buy Irish' campaign Cusack was writing articles calling for the fostering and support of our own native industries.

His new weekly, first published on the 1st January 1887 had an initial run of 20,000 copies but unfortunately the paper survived only for a year. Estranged at that time, due to a dispute with the GAA, Cusack struggled to keep the paper alive. He received no financial backing or even press releases from the Association and had to personally cover and write on most of the activities dealt with in the publication. The financial pressure was so severe that he sold his watch to pay the print cost of the final edition.

The paper sank without trace, so much so that within a few decades writers and historians of the game could not find a single issue. But in 1969 a former Kilkenny hurler, Tommy Moore, made a file of the originals available to journalist Brendan McLua. Eventually Brendan was persuaded to release the files and make them available for publication. The Clasp Press of Ennis in conjunction with the Clare County Library has done this. A book containing facsimiles of all the available issues (unfortunately the first six issues are missing) is now available and makes fascinating reading. Cusack's style was unique, praising at every opportunity the nobility and character of the Irish people. He interspersed his reports with stories and anecdotes about the lives of the people and their difficulties.

The First Wicklow Championship

Cusack's report on the first round of the County Championship was given in the April 2nd 1887 edition of the paper. The first series of games was played at Kiltimore, which is about 4 miles from Rathnew. A crowd of over 3,000 were eagerly awaiting the clash between Wicklow and Calary which was to start at 12.30. But Calary could field only 14 men (21 a side was played in those early years) and the match was awarded to the town players. The crowd was again to be disappointed in the second game when Togher failed to turn up to play Bray Emmets. Cusack comments: -

The Togher club had met and passed a resolution declining to kick with the Emmets for reasons that were not made public. The Emmets after remaining some time, then marched off the field singing God Save Ireland.

In his editorial Cusack had some harsh words to say on the matter and condemned the Togher club for their failure to fulfil the fixture. The antagonism, he said, had arisen from political differences between individuals and had nothing to do with sport. He felt that these matters fell outside the constitution of the GAA and should have no place in the affairs of the Association. Such boycotts and defiance of authority should not be tolerated. He laid much blame on the County Board.

Unless the Executive was prepared to abdicate altogether, they are bound to censure the club and punish the individuals who led it into this act of insubordination and gross defiance. Any branch that entered the Championship was bound, in the absence of any valid excuse, to meet any club the County Executive lawfully appointed.

On a happier note the other three matches proceeded without incident. Favourites Carrigower captained by John Magee drew 3 points each with Ashford led by John Byrne. The Bray O'Byrne Club, with Jas Byrne playing a stormer, beat Newcastle 1-16 to 0-1. Incidentally thirteen Byrnes were involved in that particular match!

In the final match of the day, Greystones were victorious over Kiltimore by a 1-7 to 0-0. In spite of this scoreline, Cusack voted this match the most keenly contested of the day. In all the matches Andy

Hyland of Ballindarrig acted as referee and his decisions were satisfactory to all. The St Kevin's Pipe Band from Bray provided fine musical selections. Prior to the foundation of the GAA matches did not always end peaceably and Cusack was at pains to point out that *'the utmost order and good humour prevailed throughout the day's proceedings'*.

On the following Sunday the second batch of first round matches was run off at Bryan Byrne's Plan of Campaign farm at Courtfoyle.

The attendance was not as large but was far more enthusiastic – too much so as they invaded the pitch on a number of occasions. Due to a very strong breeze all the scoring during the day took place at one end of the field. In the first match, Laragh led Rathnew by 2 points at half time but after the turn-around the latter confirmed their favourite's tag by scoring 7 points. They were as Cusack observed *'too scientific for the mountaineers'*. In the second match, Enniskerry had a very good first half scoring eight points (and insisting that they had scored nine) but it was not enough against the Kilcoole Corbetts who registered 1-7 in the second half. Kilmacanogue fought a very close match with Bolinass winning by 3 points to 2. But the most exciting match of the day was between Newtown and Ballinteskin. The encounter was marred somewhat by violent behaviour for which Cusack blamed one of the umpires. In spite of spirited play by Ballinteskin, Newtown emerged winners by 6 points to 3. Mr James Byrne Ballyhad refereed all the games assisted by Messrs F Travers and J Keogh. An interesting observation by Cusack was that *'none of the police who were present last Sunday put in an appearance'*.

Moneystown GAA – v – Carrigower (Donal Dun O'Byrnes)

Later in the year Cusack, in the issue of the 3rd of September reported on a challenge match held in Moneystown:

'Are you going to Moneystown?' 'Yes.' 'Well come along, the Carrigower men have gone up.' Such was the general conversation on Togher Street on Sunday evening last, and forthwith the people wheeled eastwards and steered for the district inseparably associated

with Horan the notorious landgrabber of Wicklow County. By half-past three o'clock the Donal Dun O'Byrnes were sighted by the immense crowd already assembled and immediately that electric atmosphere ever noticeable in a Gaelic gathering could be discerned. 'Twas well for everyone, save the coroner, that the man 'who fears to speak of '98' was not present, or the fit of cold shivers, resulting from what he could see or hear might prove fatal. I spoke for a time with an old mountaineer of close on seventy winters with a white beard and form straight as a '98 pike. 'Thank God' he exclaimed as the forty-two stalwart young fellows lined up 'the pluck of the ould times is back again with the hurlin' and football. I remember my father often tellin' how Michael Dwyer could put a football three times over the Flannel Hall without letting it touch the ground; and, look ye talkin' of Dwyer reminds me. Do you see the mark of that levelled ditch yonder under Frizell's wood - that's the place where Weeks, the cowardly whelp, shot Andrew Thomas when he was flyin' for his life when himself and Dwyer, and t'other three boys were surprised in the hollow turf clamp over there in Castlekevin.' 'Now would it not be well?' said I, 'if the Moneystown men would adopt the name of Andrew Thomas for their club, and so keep the old tradition alive.' 'Well!' he exclaimed, with a look of gentle reproof at me, 'what under God's blue sky would be better than fighting under the name of a man who fought and died for old Ireland?'. In my innermost heart I agreed with the old man and took a note of the golden words that fell from his Irish tongue, so that the boys would catch the words when next week's Celtic Times *arrives. But, in our interesting 'confab' we forgot the game, and there, the ball is in, and a Moneystown man and a Carrigower man take a delightful tumble over one another, before we tear ourselves away from the sad and glorious past and centre our attention on the field. At close of an exciting first half both record sheets stood blank. This fact was bound to leave the last half hour one of very determined play. Second half opened with a fierce rush by the Donald Dun O'Byrnes, who after some fine play forced a forfeit point. This evidently put Moneystown on their mettle. After kick out they took possession and soon invaded O'Byrne territory. In fact the play, until within a few*

minutes of 'time up', was a regular series of mutual invasions. Within eight minutes of time the Moneystown men, after several well-sustained assaults, succeeded in placing a kicked point to their credit, leaving Mr L Murphy, (Togher G.A.A.) who acted as referee the agreeable task of declaring the game a draw. Umpires for Carrigower – Messrs B McDonald and John Wender, (goals), T Rooney, Newtown GAA (field); for Moneystown – Messrs B Doyle and E Kavanagh (goals), J Davis (field).

The 2nd teams after some delay took the field. The play during first half was even more determined than that of the first teams, and like them, when first half ended, both records were blank. Six minutes after change the ball burst and the greater portion of the crowd departed thinking that the play was over for the evening. Nearly an hour elapsed before the ball was again thrown in, and then only in a very indifferent condition, being entirely too slack. From this until the end of the game Moneystown played a plucky but losing game, the Carrigower men evidently being better sciencied in the art of the game. Within ten minutes of close the Donal Duns scored a kicked point closely followed by a forfeit leaving them winners by two points to nil. Field umpires – Mr C Ward, Carrigower, Mr J Davis, Moneystown.

Low scoring seemed to be the order of the day with no fixed positions for the players. Getting possession of the ball a team would rush *en masse* towards their opponent's goal. The referee for particularly bad fouls could award forfeit points and this was a sore bone of contention. Two upright posts were positioned on each side of the goal (as in Aussie Rules) and putting the ball between these and the goal could score points. Matches were decided on the number of goals scored and only when these were equal were the points considered.

And the missing six issues of the *Celtic Times*? One wonders are they out there somewhere waiting to be found, maybe gathering dust in an attic somewhere, in a trunk in an outhouse or some pages at the back of a photo frame. Finding them would complete a unique historical record of how our traditional games developed in those early years of the GAA.

The Second Commandment:

It was found by Tommie and Michael Healy while they were repairing a stone wall on their land in Killalane, Laragh, in 1995. Only when it was cleaned, did they realise, the second commandment was carved on it. Nothing is known about it. Was it part of a complete set? It has many ornate writing styles and signs on it. Was it an apprentice practice piece? How or why did it get into the stone wall? Any information or suggestions to its origin would be of great interest.

Actual size of slate

3" (7.5mm) wide

5¼" (13mm) long

Potain's Day

Brendan McWilliams

Adapted from Weather Eye in The Irish Times, 17 June 2005

Early in June, 1785, there appeared on the streets of Dublin a public notice, reading thus: 'The Lord Mayor, finding it the general opinion of his Fellow Citizens that BALLOON EXHIBITIONS have become very injurious to the public welfare, declares it his intention to prevent them after Potain's Day.'

Potain's Day was June 17th, 1785. The eponym was a Frenchman, 'le Docteur Potain', whose objective was to cross the Irish Sea in a balloon, thereby at least equalling the achievement of Jean Pierre Blanchard, who had crossed the English Channel the previous January. The event was widely advertised, the good doctor claiming modestly that his balloon was 'the largest, he presumes, ever to be seen in this kingdom', and on the appointed day, no doubt spurred on by the apparent finality of the Lord Mayor's declaration, a large crowd gathered on Marlborough Green to give the intrepid Frenchman a rousing send-off.

Walker's Hibernian Magazine described the scene of the launch with due reverence: 'At half past twelve, everything being ready, Doctor Potain got into the boat, and with the most undaunted courage saluted the assembled populace. Then he ran quite perpendicular with such a slow progression as communicated to every mind for many minutes ineffable sensations of majesty and sublimity, until, after appearing for some considerable time as if he were stationary, he accelerated his machine by discharging ballast.'

Now, crossing the Irish Sea to Wales from Dublin should be very easy, bearing in mind the prevailing westerly nature of our winds. But Potain was unlucky. After only a short sally in the right direction, his course took him almost due south towards Wicklow, and he sank to earth near Roundwood, hardly more than 20 miles from his starting

point in Dublin three hours earlier. *Walker's Hibernian Magazine* again takes up the story:

'The Doctor was at length necessitated to give up his voyage, descending in perfect safety among the range of mountains of Mullinaveague, with no house nearer than two miles. He made his way to the house of Mrs Price of Fairview, daughter of Mr Rathborne, merchant, and not being able to speak English he was under no little difficulty to make the family know who he was – or sensibly of his late situation. Repeatedly mentioning 'Potain, Potain' as the only word he found could be intelligible, the Doctor was recognised as the *aeronaut*, and immediately met with that warm respectability and cordial reception that has distinguished the gentlemen of Co Wicklow. He was most kindly received and treated with every hospitality.'

Perhaps because of the Lord Mayor's initiative, it was a quarter of a century before the next endeavour. This time it was James Sadler, an English aeronaut who ascended with great pomp and ceremony from the grounds of Belvedere House, Drumcondra, in October, 1812. Drifting north-east, he made the Isle of Man, and there, changing altitude, he found a north-westerly wind to bring him over Wales. At the last moment, however, another change of wind blew him out to sea again, delivering defeat from the very womb of victory; he ditched the balloon, and submitted to ignominious rescue by a passing ship.

Five years later, James's son, William Sadler, was successful. On July 22nd, 1817, he ascended from Portobello Barracks in a balloon 70 ft in diameter, and after a trouble-free and uneventful voyage of six hours he landed in a cornfield two miles from Holyhead on Anglesea. It was the only recorded successful landing after a crossing of the Irish Sea by air until the advent of the aeroplane.

Katharine and Charles Stewart Parnell

Dairine Coffey

Letter 1

The letter signed by Charles Stewart Parnell was most probably sent to George Coffey and others. In 1890 Coffey had campaigned in Britain with The Home Rule Union, which was organised by the British Liberal Party to support Home Rule sympathisers in the Westminster Parliament.

In August 1891 Parnell was in the process of founding *The Irish Daily Independent* newspaper, *The Freeman's Journal* having turned from him. The first issue was printed on December 18, 1891, just over two months after Parnell's death. This letter was sent under two months before he died.

In 1905, *The Irish Daily Independent* became *The Irish Independent* we know today, having previously merged with *The Daily Nation*.

Morrisson's was a well known Dublin hotel at the bottom of South Frederick St, often used by Parnell. It later became an office block where a couple of rooms were used as the military headquarters of the Irish Volunteers under Colonel Maurice Moore.

25 June 1891	Katharine and Charles Stewart Parnell married
17 August 1891	Parnell's letter, above
6 October 1891	Parnell died
18 December 1891	*Irish Daily Independent* first issue

Private and confidential

MORRISSONS HOTEL,
DUBLIN 1st Aug. 1891.

Dear sir,

At an informal consultation with some of my friends here today in view of the proposed change of directorate and policy of the Freeman's Journal, it was considered advisable that steps should be taken to promote an independent National daily paper; and it was suggested that a meeting of our leading friends should be held here on Thursday next.

May I hope that in order to give me your assistance in considering the matter it may be convenient for you to meet me here on that day at 3 o'clock p.m.?

Yours truly
Chas. S. Parnell

Letter 2

This letter was sent to George Coffey by Katharine Parnell (formerly O'Shea). Though addressed to George Coffey at *The Irish Independent*, he never worked there but he did receive the letter obviously by hand as it was not forwarded to his address.

Over two years after her husband's death at 10 Walsingham Terrace, she was still in deep mourning (she mourned him until her death in 1921). The seal on the reverse of the envelope is the blackest wax, and she would have been wearing black as she wrote it.

Her initial 'K' is hard to recognise as a k, but it makes her signature highly distinctive - viz. her letters to Gladstone which she signed as K O'Shea or Katie O'Shea. 'Kitty' was howled in the streets by the disaffected. She said it was never used by her family or intimates.

Reference

F S L Lyons, *Charles Stewart Parnell*, 1977

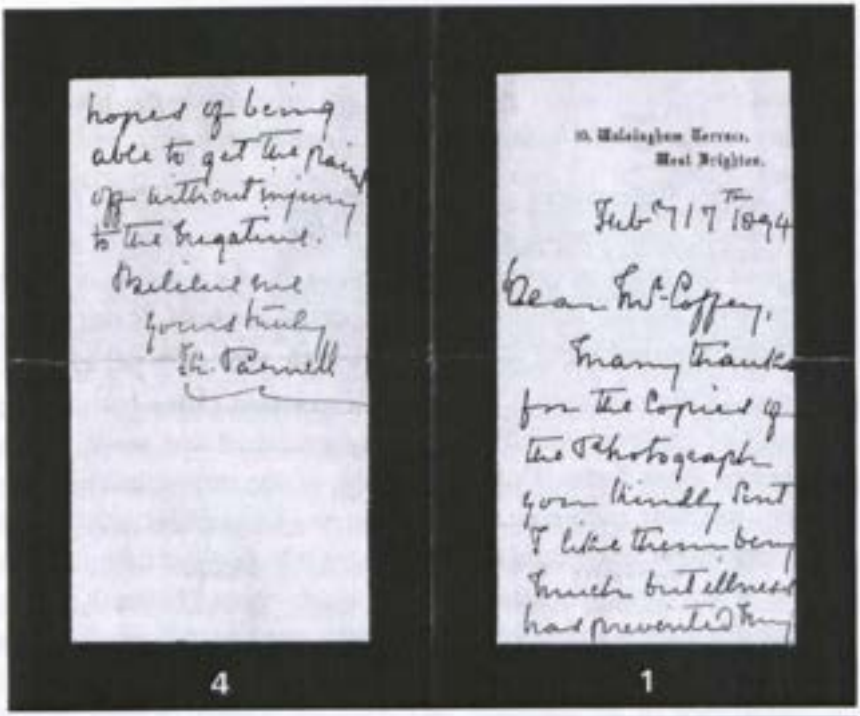
Katharine O'Shea, *Charles Stewart Parnell*, 1973 edn. p. 299

K O'Shea letters to Gladstone, 1882-6, National Library microfilm

Diarmid Coffey, Submission to the Bureau of Military History, W.S.1248

George Coffey, letters

D J Hickey and J E Doherty, *A Dictionary of Irish History 1800-1980*, 1987 edn.


hopes of being
able to get the pain
off without injury
to the Negatives.
Believe me
yours truly
Ch. Parnell
4
10, Walsingham Terrace,
West Brighton.
Feb 7/17 Th 1894
Dear Mr Coffey,
many thanks
for the Copies of
the Photographs
you kindly sent
I like them very
much but illness
has prevented my
1
thanking you Coffey
for them, and for
your kind offer
respecting the Enlargement
Messrs Walmsley have
sent me the Enlargement
I ordered from
them once which was
about as badly done
as it could possibly
be but I am glad
to say they were
2
ashamed of it and
sent down for it
I have not secured
another copy from
them yet. I am
sure you will be sorry
to hear that they
have done what I
was very anxious
should not be done
and have touched
up my original
Negative, but I have
3

Vartry Waterworks

Jim Doyle (Seamus Ó Dubhghaill)

The Vartry Waterworks got underway in the 1860s. The fact that the work commenced at the time it did represented in a way a triumph of the medical profession (fighting for the scheme on behalf of improved public health) over the canal owners (campaigning against the proposal in an attempt to maintain their profits).

From the 1830s onwards a number of European cities had suffered outbreaks of cholera, which was water-borne and had made its way into Europe from India. Dublin was one of the cities that had been affected, the first outbreak there being in 1832. Other water-borne killer diseases were typhoid and dysentery which were both common in cities at that time. Cholera was particularly feared because it killed such great numbers of people and so very quickly. Originally it was theorized that cholera was air-borne (the miasma theory). Eventually the importance of an adequate and constant supply of good quality water in order to counter epidemics such as cholera was realized. With it, the move to supply clean water gradually grew.

An older coat of arms of Dublin gracing the bridge

Dublin has had a water supply for the past seven hundred years at least. For centuries the city was supplied from the Poddle and Dodder rivers and afterwards by the canals. The viability of the canals as a means of transportation had been under threat ever since the introduction of the railways in 1830 and so in Dublin the canal companies had diversified into supplying water to the city. The Vartry scheme proposal met with strong opposition from the canal owners but the Member of Parliament overseeing the project - Dr Gray, belonged to the medical profession and so was able to call upon his medical knowledge to strengthen his case for pushing the scheme forward. He was aware that in 1854 Dr John Snow had proved beyond all doubt that an outbreak of cholera in Broad Street, London had definitely been conveyed to the area through its water supply. After this support for Dr Snow's theory became ever more widely accepted. At this time Dublin's population had grown to over 300,000 and the untreated supplies of water from the canal companies was totally inadequate to meet its basic needs.

After studying various options the Vartry was considered the most suitable and work got underway. The Vartry rises on Calary near the Sugar Loaf mountain and flows through the Devil's Glen and Ashford to the sea at Wicklow town. Its upper reaches lie two hundred metres above sea level and drain a thinly populated area, fifty percent of it being pasture, twenty percent being woodland and twenty-five percent being heath. The calcium carbonate content is low and this results in water of low alkalinity.

Draw-off Towers

At this point a brief description of the overall project is called for. A dam across the Vartry river forms a reservoir from which water can be drawn as and when required into a waterworks on the other side of the dam. The water is drawn off through a water tower which is capable of operating at three different levels depending on prevailing circumstances such as muddiness or presence of algae. In the waterworks the water is first filtered through filter beds (there are fourteen of them) and next is subjected to chemical treatment. It then flows through a four kilometre-long tunnel to Callow Hill and from there through two twenty-eight kilometre-long cast iron pipes to Stillorgan.

As can be appreciated, the work was a major engineering project, employing thousands of people and embracing the construction of dams, the building of reservoirs, the digging of tunnels, the setting up of a treatment works and the laying of a pipeline. The equipment available to the workers was of an extremely rudimentary nature and so excavation needed to be carried out by hand. Materials were transported by horse and cart and there was only black powder available for blasting.

The dams were constructed of earth taken from the bed of the reservoir. Each had to be made waterproof and this was achieved by forming the central core of the dam out of puddle clay. This was made by taking stiff clay, remoulding it to produce a putty-like consistency by adding water, cutting the surface with a spade and then trampling it down. On either side of this central, vertical wall earth and rocks were banked up, wide at the base and narrowing towards the top so as to provide the strength needed to withstand the great water pressure. The upstream slopes of the dams were also protected from wave erosion by stone pitching (large, roughly-dressed stones laid on a bed of broken stones) and the gaps between being packed with smaller stones. The stones used for this part of the undertaking and also to build the boundary walls were split and dressed by hand after having been taken from the overflow channels and by clearing neighbouring fields.

The cast-iron pipes and valves were manufactured in Scotland by a Glasgow firm. They were positioned using hand winches and levers and were joined together by pouring molten lead into the gap between the spigot and socket and then, as it solidified, hammering it home using special chisels.

The tunnel was driven by hand-drilling holes into the rock-face, these then being packed with blasting powder and fired. The shattered rock was removed and the drilling started again. It is interesting to learn that two different types of tunnelling machine were tried on this part of the project but, despite these representing the latest technology of the time, it was found that faster progress could be made by three shifts of miners working around the clock.

The standard of work throughout the scheme is extremely high and most of the original components, including the gearing and related mechanisms of the valves in the Valve House, are still in use.

On completion of the 1860s work there was only the Lower Reservoir. The scheme was enlarged during the 1920s with the building of the Upper Reservoir. The measure of technical progress that had been achieved during the intervening sixty or so years could then be gauged by the use of mechanical shovels for excavation and concrete for many of the structures. Nevertheless, manpower was still required as indeed were horses and carts. This work in the 1920s provided welcome employment for many locals either as general labourers or as providers of horse-drawn transport. Enlargement of the scheme produced a total storage capacity of 16,900 million litres which equates to 200 days supply at average plant output. Water quality can be described as soft, low to moderately coloured and of near neutral pH value.

A visit to the Vartry Waterworks is recommended. There is a small exhibition centre that has a rich variety of exhibits. Of particular interest to the author were a section of a hollowed-out oak log which had served centuries ago as a water supply pipe and which had been excavated from a Dublin Street, copies of the original plans and some photographs taken when the 1860s phase of the work was in progress.

The 1860s photographs tell us as much about that era from what is absent as they do from what is shown. The sites have no cranes, mechanical diggers, dumpers, road rollers or metal scaffolding. Nor are there any pneumatic drills or lengths of electric cable. Furthermore there is no evidence of any specialised or protective clothing and certainly no safety helmets. Instead there are small clay trucks (or trolleys) running on narrow-gauge rails together with wheelbarrows and hand-carts for moving smaller quantities of material. Wooden poles and planks are used for shoring up the sides of tunnels or other excavated parts of the scheme. Large, heavy objects such as sections of metal pipeline are moved into position by two gangs of men working in unison, one hauling on ropes from the front and the other levering with long poles at the rear. Dress is very formal. Every labourer wears a waistcoat and the overseers appear in long frock coats, winged collars and top hats; a few sport bowlers.

The filter beds

Postscripts:

1. Members of the Roundwood Historical Society were fortunate to be given a guided tour of the Vartry Waterworks on 31st of August 2004 by Mr Ned Fleming (Engineer-in-Charge) who also read the original draft of the article and suggest a number of amendments. Thanks are conveyed to him for both of these acts of kindness.
2. Visits need to be by prior arrangement.
3. The author is from Liverpool and attended the tour as a guest of the Society. However, as his father was from Tomriland and his mother from Castlekevin he has a keen interest in the activities and publications of the Society. He felt honoured to take part and conveys his thanks and best wishes.

See also Martin Timmons' article in Vol. 4 Roundwood and District Historical and Folklore Journal

Leo Bowes – Ireland's Own

Leo Bowes of Castlekevin Lane, Annamoe has been a regular contributor of poems and articles on folklore to this journal since we started. For over fifty years he has been a writer for *Ireland's Own* and has contributed to many journals and magazines including *Stream and Field in Ireland*, *Leather and Footwear*, *Irish Sport*, *Showband*, *Irish Builder and Engineer*, *Pioneer*, and for two years contributed to the *Irish Press*. In this article, written in 2002, he recalls the incident that inspired him to submit his first piece to *Ireland's Own*, which we republish with their permission.

To *Ireland's Own* and the Saluki dog who inspired my first saleable manuscript, I dedicate this article.

Funny how some incidents stick in the mind.

I still remember, as if it were yesterday, an incident which broke into my young life nearly 70 years ago, I can see myself now hurrying home from school, racing into the house and flinging my school satchel on the sofa and shouting 'It's in! It's in!'

What the family thought about me I never stopped to consider. The way their eyes seemed to shoot from their sockets, however, clearly indicated their feelings were far from normal.

The whole household, almost in unison, half rose from the table and requested me to make less noise and to think of other people.

And, anyhow, WHAT was in? And in what? With a flourish that would have done justice to a bogus company promoter spreading out the plans of his proposed new factory before the eyes of a gullible and monied audience, I opened out a copy of (a then) green-covered twopenny general interest magazine named Ireland's Own.

'There!' I exclaimed.

My father rose from the tea-table, looked at the magazine, gave me a thump on the back and followed it up with a friendly: 'Well done, lad.'

What you may ask was the object which called forth such excitement and the warm congratulations of the head of the household? I will tell you. In one corner of the magazine was a paragraph of about fifty words under a heading 'Saluki racing for Ireland?' And at the foot of the item was the name 'Leo Bowes'! A month or so before, I had dared to send an unsolicited literary contribution to a magazine editor, and here it was in print! My first submission and my first acceptance! My career as a journalist had begun.

It all started one evening when I boarded a bus on my way home from school. I ascended to the upper deck and noticed a vacant seat on which lay a green-covered magazine named *Ireland's Own*. I sat down and picked up the magazine. It was so interesting that I forgot to ring the bell for the bus to stop at my destination. So engrossed was I in its captivating contents that I finished up well beyond my stop and had quite a walk home that evening.

Next day on my way home from school, I met a man walking a dog not unlike a greyhound, except that it was covered with a coat of thick hair. I asked the man what breed of dog it was and he told me it was a Saluki hound. As we walked along together, he explained its origin among several other interesting facts, and said that on the continent it was bred for racing, not unlike greyhound racing in Ireland, but with a few changes.

That evening I sat down and wrote about 50 words about the Saluki hound, scrounged a stamp and an envelope from my father, and next morning off went my first ever literary effort to the offices of *Ireland's Own*, then at Ormond Quay. Dublin.

For the next three weeks, I bought the green-covered magazine, but with no sign of my Saluki piece, I decided it had got the 'thumbs down' sign. The next Friday I decided to buy the magazine for one more time. I was hardly outside the newsagent's door when I began thumbing through its pages.

Eureka! There at the bottom of a page was my Saluki 'masterpiece'and underneath the name Leo Bowes. A week later I received a postal order for 2s. 6d. together with a compliments slip

from the editor. Visions of easy money began to float before my eyes. But several years were to pass before I again saw my name attached to a printed literary contribution.

During the years that followed, I was kept busy with my education, but managed to continue improving my literary powers in school compositions.

Having left school, I continued my quest for a career in journalism. I could be seen in several of Dublin's public libraries, including the National Library; head down in books on journalism, absorbing the whys and wherefores of my favourite interest.

From the 1950s on, I began writing articles for *Ireland's Own* and continue to do so. But I must admit that if I hadn't sent off that little Saluki article I might be now in a less exciting occupation.

In spite of the pleasure I've experienced at the publication of my stories and articles down the years in other journals and magazines, it pales in comparison with the thrill and excitement that came over me on seeing in print my little Saluki article in the then modest twopenny magazine with the green cover so long ago.

Where the Avon Waters Meet

Leo Bowes

Years ago, when the wind was low,
and the east was dim and grey,
And the west was red with the sunset glow,
and the daylight ebbed away,
And never a sound came through the night,
save the rush of the waters fleet,
I stood where I stand in the waning light
At Avoca where Avon waters meet.

To the north the tall tors kissed the sky,
to the south the restless sea,
To the right and left green hills rose high,
and a high hill fronted me;
And down twin valleys raced the streams to meet
and greet,
As I stood in the dusk where now I stand,
At Avoca where Avon waters meet.

Over the river from left to right spread a mist
across the vale,
Like a still sea, spectral, flimsy and white,
and the crescent moon rose pale,
And the stars looked down on the streams that sped
through the arches beneath my feet,
As I stood where I stand with drooping head,
Where the Avon waters meet.

The years have come and the years have gone,
and have left their marks on me;
But the waters unchanged speed gaily onto
the ever changing sea.
The hills are unaltered far and near,
and the still scene is complete:
I alone seem changed who linger here
Where Avon waters meet.

Years ago, when the wind was low,
and the east was dim and grey,
And the west was red with the sunset glow,
and the daylight ebbed away,
And never a sound came through the night,
save the rush of the waters fleet,
I stood where I stand in the waning light
At Avoca where Avon waters meet.

Wicklow People

24/2/1923

Handy Andy. This great picture drama was principally photographed in and around Glendalough and Laragh, etc a couple of summer ago, when the operations of the camera men and their tribe of actors and actresses attracted considerable attention. Now the people of the neighbourhood will be able to see those people in the drama at The Pavilion, Royal Hotel.

Robert Barton: Courtmartial, imprisonment and release.

Snippets from ***The Wicklow People***

28/2/1920

Mr R C Barton who was sentenced to three years penal servitude as a result of the recent courtmartial was deported on Saturday. The military authorities officially announced on Saturday that Mr R. C Barton M P for West Wicklow was tried by General Courtmartial at Dublin Feb 12th and found guilty of charges under regulation 42 of DORA namely doing acts calculated to cause sedition amongst the civilian population by inciting meetings addressed by him at Shillelagh and Carnew on Feb 2 to take reprisals on the Lord Lieutenant if a certain prisoner died in jail or his health was injured there. Mr Barton was deported from Kingstown by the mail boat. He was conveyed from Mountjoy Jail in a military motor lorry escorted by an armoured car and a number of lorries containing armed troops. On the Carlisle Pier there was great military activity. They formed a complete cordon around the pier and prevented civilians from approaching too near the vessel. As Mr Barton was removed from the lorry there was some cheering from members of the crowd which had gathered. Cries of 'Good-bye' and 'Safe return' were raised. On boarding the ship Mr Barton was immediately brought below. An armed military party accompanied him on the ship.

It has been learned that he has been lodged in Portland Prison, where, it is understood, he will serve the period of his sentence. Mr Barton had been on hunger strike for three days prior to his removal to England. He was handcuffed, with his hands behind his back, during the journey from Mountjoy Jail to Portland. Portland Prison was the place of incarceration of O'Donovan Rossa and other of the Fenian prisoners of '67 and in the '80s and '90s John Daly, James Egan, Tom Clarke, and Dr Gallagher were imprisoned here.

10/4/1920

I.N.A.G.W.U. – Mr Turner, president of this Union, paid a visit to Drummin where he interviewed Mr Barton's employees in order to ascertain the cause of the falling off from the union. The members stated that they were dissatisfied with the methods employed by the union, but a rectification of same having been promised it was decided when put to a vote that the men still remain members of the Labour Union. Mr Turner also spoke of the 54-hour week, which he thought would come into force on 5th April. A discussion also took place re looking for harvest money for a couple of the men and also some of the boys, it having been argued that the majority of the men had got privileges by getting potatoes or other grants.

19/3/1921

With reference to recent reports of a disturbance among the Irish prisoners at Portland Convict Prison we heard, says *The Freeman* on good authority, that Mr R C Barton TD has been confined in a punishment cell, without furniture or lighting. In view of the semi-official statement issued on March 17th that the disturbance was a 'storm in a teacup' and that Mr Barton was not a ringleader the report has occasioned some surprise and concern. It is alleged that Mr Barton used no violence or threats at the time of the disturbance.

16/7/1921

Mr Barton visited his home Glendalough House on Monday evening where he remained for a few hours when he again returned to Dublin. As his visit was sudden and unexpected a number of friends were disappointed in not being able to give Mr Barton the reception they would liked to have given him.

Memories of Ludwig Wittgenstein's visits to Wicklow

Agatha De V Mansfield

We in Wicklow are lucky to attract the people, who look for recreation and peace away from the loud and crowded world around us. Some are hill-walkers, some are writers and poets or musicians – and Ludwig Wittgenstein (1889-1951) was one of the most influential philosophers of the twentieth century, a thinker. He wanted to think and write on philosophical problems and to devote his time and strength to completing his work, the *Philosophical Investigations* and also he felt the need for 'thinking alone, without having to talk to anybody'. So his former student, Maurice O'Connor Drury who in 1947 was practising psychiatry at St Patrick's Hospital in Dublin, arranged for Wittgenstein to stay at Kilpatrick House, Redcross, County Wicklow.

His Excellency Dr Leifter, the Austrian Ambassador to Ireland, unveiled a commemorative plaque on the 26th November 2001 to celebrate the time Ludwig Wittgenstein spent in Wicklow. I participated in this ceremony and had the pleasure of meeting there the people who lived in Kilpatrick House during Wittgenstein's stay. Evelyn Watson now lives in Wicklow Town, but her sister and brother

Maud and Kenneth Kingston still live in the same house. Their house is now a very popular guest house and people from all over the world came to stay in 'Wittgenstein's room' still furnished partly in the same style. In 1947, their parents were running the farm there and they also had paying guests. When I talked to Mrs Evelyn Watson, now 77 years (but twenty in 1947 when Wittgenstein stayed with them) she told me she remembered vividly him walking around the farm and in the fields: 'A solitary man wearing a heavy coat, cap and scarf. He kept to himself, deep in thoughts'.

Ms Maud Kingston was telling me that the table on which he wrote some of his most important work is still there. Her mother was looking after his cooking because he had a sensitive stomach. She mentioned how her mother was taking care of him and how he was rather 'fussy and hard to please'. He wanted to be '*Vogelfrei*', free like a bird.

From Wicklow he moved to a remote cottage in Rosscroe, overlooking the splendid isolation of Killary Harbour. He lived there in 1948 quite by himself beside the ocean on the Irish west coast, his neighbours were fishermen. It is said that Wittgenstein became a legend among his neighbours because he had tamed so many birds, they used to come every day to be fed by him. A commemorative plaque was unveiled in 1993 by President Mary Robinson.

He completed his Irish stay in Ross's Hotel in Dublin (now the Ashling Hotel), from where he used to walk in the Phoenix Park and often in the National Botanical Gardens in Glasnevin, where an elderly gardener still remembers him sitting on the step in the Palm House, meditating, observing flowers and writing in his note book. He would go to Bewleys. His meal usually – which was mostly the same – *Eierspeis* – omelette and coffee, was so predictable that the waitress already knew and he did not need to order.

Yet another plaque in his honour was unveiled in the Botanic Gardens. Prof Dr Peter Kompits, from the University of Vienna gave a lecture on 'Wittgenstein in Ireland' titled 'Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent'.

But we in the audience were not silent and rather enthusiastic with this lecture upon which a lively discussion developed. Wittgenstein liked the landscape and Irish mentality, yet he preferred to speak to flowers and birds than people.

You will ask yourself why is this person so well known in Ireland and in the world among the people interested in philosophy. What is so fascinating about him – there is even a Wittgenstein festival in Vienna every year, with tee-shirts, etc. There was also a 'Wittgenstein Symposium' at the Royal Irish Academy in the year 2000. Ludwig Wittgenstein was the great 20th century philosopher who has captured the popular imagination as the modern Socrates, the master of enigmatic logic, and icon of modernism. I shall try and present him and his ideas to the general reader in a concise and easily comprehensible style.

Ludwig Wittgenstein was an Austrian who lived much of his life in England and became a dominant figure in philosophy, especially in the English-speaking world. He has produced two highly original systems of thoughts now classic, each the result of many years of intensive labour and greatly influencing contemporary philosophy. The first being *Tractatus Logico – Philosophicus*, the second the *Philosophical Investigations*. He was born in Vienna on April 26, 1889, the youngest of eight children, the son of an Austrian

steelmaker, a successful businessman in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The Empire comprised of 12 nationalities and 16 different languages. Vienna had a flourishing culture at this time. He was contemporary of psychoanalyst Sigmund Freud, composer Arnold Schoenberg, Gustav Mahler, Johannes Brahms, cellist Pablo Casals. Ravel composed the music for his brother who was a one-armed pianist. The famous Austrian painter Gustav Klimt was commissioned to paint the portrait of his sister. The Austrian romantic poet Rainer Maria Rilke was a frequent guest in the house as well as the writer George Trakl.

The Wittgenstein's home attracted people of culture, especially musicians and music remained important to him throughout his life. He had a phenomenal talent for whistling and could whistle complicated parts from classical music. The music of Bach, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann were amongst his favourites. He took solace from music.

His family was of Jewish background but the young Wittgenstein was baptised and raised a Catholic. Until he was fourteen his education was by private tutors. He was then sent to a rather unacademic school at Linz. Adolf Hitler, who was almost exactly the same age, was also there.

He studied mechanical engineering in Berlin. During this time he started writing down thoughts about his life, a practice he continued for most of his life. In 1908, he went to Manchester as a research student in engineering and stayed there for three years. He was interested in aeronautics, experimenting with kites. He was interested in the design of propellers. This required mathematical treatment and so he got involved in the study of the foundations of mathematics. This was the move that led him to philosophy. He was soon writing a book on logic and mathematics and showed it to the great German philosopher Gottlob Frege who immediately suggested he should go to Cambridge University to study under Bertrand Russell, the great philosopher and lecturer on mathematical logic at Trinity College. This was to lead to a passionate intellectual friendship. He also

became a student of formidable philosopher G. E. Moore and soon became their equal in philosophical theory.

Upon the outbreak of the First World war, Wittgenstein returned to Vienna and served as an officer in the artillery on the Italian campaign, and on the Russian front, winning several decorations for bravery. Throughout the war, Wittgenstein was writing his thoughts on logic and philosophy in notebooks that he carried in his rucksack. It was published in England in 1921 under the title *Logisch-philosophische Abhandlung*, with German text and English translation, under the title it has since been known: *Tractatus Logico Philosophicus*. It soon became a profoundly influential book. It is a series of observations covering a vast range of topics: the nature of language, the limits of what can be said, logic, ethics, philosophy, causality and induction; the self and the will, death and the mystical; good and evil. The central question of the treatise: how is language possible? How can a person, by uttering a sequence of words, say something? And how can another understand him? One of the most striking features of the book is its concept of the limits of the language: 'What can be said can only be said by means of a proposition'. There are things that cannot be represented: the necessary existence of simple elements of reality; thinking, willing self and of absolute value. These things are also unthinkable, since the limits of language are the limits of thought. Thus Wittgenstein's highly metaphysical remark: 'unsayable things do indeed exist'. The final sentence of the book, 'Whereof one cannot speak thereof one must be silent', attempts to convey the unsayable, unthinkable doctrine that there is a realm about which one can say nothing. It cannot be said but can be shown - the question of aesthetics. It can be only lived, to find the sense of our life, our behaviour. One remark is especially noteworthy as a summing up of his philosophy. It is the aphorism '*Ein Ausdruck hat nur in Strome des Lebens Bedeutung*', an expression has meaning only in the stream of life.

Upon returning to civilian life, in 1919, Wittgenstein gave away the large fortune he inherited from his father mostly to help young,

aspiring artists. He disliked luxury and materialism and wanted to live a life of extreme simplicity. He became an elementary school teacher in the tiny village of Semmering in Lower Austria. He even served as a gardener's assistant in a monastery near Vienna. In the meantime, he had designed and built a mansion in Vienna for his sister.

He was meeting with the members of the Vienna Circle. This was a group of philosophers, mathematicians and scientists. Rudolf Carnap, one of the circle's distinguished philosophers, described Wittgenstein's attitude towards people and theoretical problems, as much more similar to those of a creative artist rather than a scientist. He was very direct in his approach to people and was impatient of any pretentiousness or falsehood. I wonder whether he was acquainted with William Blake's ideas on the subject or Buddhism.

Another of his famous sayings 'Nothing is so difficult as not deceiving oneself'. He was not religious in the conventional sense, but had a deep respect for some religious writers, St Augustine, Kierkgaard and the Bible. He admired Dostoyevsky's *The Brothers Karamasov* and Tolstoy's *Resurrection* which had a strong influence on Wittgenstein's view of life.

He read Grimm's Fairytales and Bismark's *Gedanken und Erinnerungen* (Thoughts and Memories). He praised one of Dickens' sketches on a visit on board a passenger ship crowded with English converts to Mormonism. He enjoyed reading Swiss writer, Gottfried Keller's *Zuricher Novellen*. He was fond of American detective stories *Street and Smith Mags* sent to him by his former student and friend Norman Malcolm, Professor at Cornell University in U.S.

Knowledge was for him intimately connected with doing. He felt that the belief that technology will solve all our problems was profoundly wrong. Only a change in our way of life would heal the sickness of our age, and this is only likely to happen when disaster confronts us.

Wittgenstein was fond of J W von Goethe's saying: 'In the beginning was the deed'. The primitive actions and reactions are vital for concept-formation and the later development of knowledge. He admired Goethe's theory of *Ur-Pflanze* (the original plant evolution)

which compares with Darwin's great work *The Origin of Species* by means of natural selection. Darwin was using methods of science: observing, sorting the true from the false, the mechanism of genetic variation (multiplicity).

Wittgenstein stated: 'I should not like my writing to spare other people the trouble of thinking. But, if possible, to stimulate someone to thoughts of his own'. He used as a motto 'I'll teach you differences' from Shakespeare's King Lear.

In 1938 he became a naturalised British subject and was appointed a full Professor of Philosophy at Cambridge. As an Austrian in England during World War II, Wittgenstein was under certain constraints. He became a porter in Guy's Hospital in London where he worked during the blitz.

In Ireland he completed his second major work *Philosophical Investigations* published posthumously in 1953. He died of cancer in Cambridge in 1951, where he is buried in St Giles' Church. Reputedly his last words were 'Tell them I've had a wonderful life'.

In this last work he was creating a new philosophical outlook: 'The result of philosophical thinking is not a truth discovered, but a confusion dissolved.' In all his conceptual studies, Wittgenstein was searching for *Das erloesende Wort*, the word that unties one's knotted understanding. According to him, philosophy is an activity aimed at clarification, not the discovery of facts.

Psychological therapies of the 20th century have claimed to know either the outer (behaviourism) or the inner (psychoanalysis). In contrast, Wittgenstein therapy is concerned not so much with knowledge as with clarifying the language games, meaning the inner to the outer. It lies at the heart of human understanding. Without sharing certain attitudes toward the things around us, sharing a sense of relevance and responding in similar ways, communication would be impossible.

Depending on one's environment, one's physical needs and desires, one's emotions, and so on, different concepts will be more natural and useful to one. This is why forms of life are so important to

Wittgenstein. What matters to you depends on how you live and this shapes your experience. Words, gestures, expression come alive only within a language game, a culture, a form of life. Today, Wittgenstein's propositions are part of the accepted standard of western thought equal to Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Descartes, and the great philosophical figures of the past.

We should be proud that some of the ideas of this great scholar Ludwig Wittgenstein, the modern Socrates, were inspired in our very own, unequalled Wicklow.

References

Norman Malcolm, Ludwig Wittgenstein: *Memoir*, Oxford University Press, 1958 with Biographical Sketch by Georg Henrik von Wright.

Paul Strathern, *The Essential Wittgenstein*, The Virgin Philosophers Series, Great Britain 2002.

Ludwig Wittgenstein: *Logisch – Philosophische Abhandlung (Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus)* Bibliothek Suhrkamp Verlag.

A Philips Griffiths, ed., *Wittgenstein: Centenary Essays* (Cambrige University Press, 1991).

Duncan S Richter. Department of Psychology and Philosophy, Virginia Military Institute (From the *Encyclopaedia of Philosophy*).

Saul A Kripke, *Wittgenstein on Rules and Private Language* (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts 1982).

Remembering Lucy McQuillan

Teresa Healy

This year has seen the passing of one of our older contributors to the Roundwood Historical Journal, Lucy McQuillan [née Byrne] formerly of Tomdarragh. Lucy died on 20th January in St Vincent's Hospital at the great age of 93 years where she had been for just one week.

During the months prior to her death, her health deteriorated and Lucy was able to remain at home due to wonderful care she received from her nephew Francis Duffy and his wife Kathleen. Lucy lived most of her adult life at Thornhill Road, Mount Merrion, with her husband Jim who pre-deceased her in 1999. Lucy had a great interest in Roundwood and would regularly drive from Dublin to admire the beauty of the countryside where she grew up. She was always interested in anything taking place in Roundwood. She especially loved Tomdarragh and the people who lived there. She always talked with great affection of her neighbours and relatives she grew up with.

Lucy was a brilliant artist and those of us who were lucky enough to visit her home will always remember the wonderful display of colour in her paintings. Lucy was very modest about her painting, it was a hobby she loved and she underestimated her talent. She was also a talented musician and will be remembered by all who knew her. I was privileged to have known her all my life and I treasure the welcome she always gave me in her home.

Wicklow People

3/3/1900

The funeral of Mr David Doyle, Knockadreeth. He was the most respected and known inhabitants of Co. Wicklow and saw many stirring events in the history of that part of Ireland. He was in his 94th year and during his life time took part in many of the struggles, which distinguished Wicklow in the Nationalist movement of nearly a century. He took a leading and active part in the political movements, which began soon after the Rebellion of 1798. His fidelity to the National movement of '48 was well known. Though in much advanced years he was a staunch supporter of Parnell to whom he was a devoted adherent from first to last. Chief mourners were James Doyle, son, Alderman Doyle, son in law, Richard Doyle, T Cunniam, J Cullen, Messrs James & John Kennedy.

To Tell the Age of a Horse

Pat Roche

Pat, from Knockraheen, remembers this poem, learnt in the 1930s.

To tell the age of any horse
Inspect the lower jaw of course.

The six front teeth the tale will tell
Of every fear and doubt dispel.

Two middle nippers you behold
Before the colt is two weeks old.

Before eight weeks two more will come,
At eight months corners cut the gum.

The outside grovers will disappear
From middle two in just one year.

At two years lose the second pair
At three the corners too are bare.

At two the middle nippers drop
At three the second pair can't stop.

When coming up to four years old
A third pair are there we are told.

At five a full set new will show,
The bridle teeth will start to grow.

The deep black spots will pass from view
At six years from the middle two.

The second pair at seven years,
At eight black spots each corner clears.

From middle nippers upper jaw
At nine the black spot shall withdraw.

The second pair at ten are white,
Eleven find the corners light.

As time goes on the horseman knows
The oval teeth three sided grows.

Till longer they project before,
And at twenty then we know no more.

How to Weigh Cattle the Easy Way!

Ellen Cunningham taken from 'Granny's Remedies'

Take the challenge! See how close it gets. The measurements are in 'old money', but if you are good at figures, a metric conversion will be no problem.

Multiply the girth in inches by the distance along the back from the tail to the fore part of the shoulder blade, and divide by 144 for the superficial feet. Then multiply the superficial (square) feet by the number of pounds allowed for cattle of different girths and the product will be the number of pounds of beef, veal or pork in the animal.

Cattle having a girth of from 5-7 feet, allow 23 pounds to the superficial foot.

Cattle having a girth of from 7-9 feet, allow 31 pounds per superficial foot.

Small cattle and calves having a girth from 3-5 feet, allow 16 pounds to the superficial foot.

Pigs and sheep having a girth of less than 3 feet, allow 11 pounds to the superficial foot.

When the animal is but half fattened, a deduction of one pound in every 20 is made, and if very fat, one pound for every 20 must be added.

Simple. Now what is the weight of beef in a bullock whose girth is 80 inches and length is 68 inches? Answer on page 65.

Lugduff Hotel... Local Arson Incident

Ian Cantwell

On the 29th May 1920 *The Wicklow People* reported: *On last Friday or early Saturday morning Lugduff Hotel was destroyed. This hotel, which was vacant, was situated at a convenient distance from the Lakes at Glendalough. A rumour was current that the hotel was to have been used by the military, who it is believed, were coming to the district.*

In fact the hotel had ceased trading at least by 1913 when it was sold to the Department of Agriculture for £4,600. They used it as a Forestry Station providing accommodation for its workforce and storage of tools etc. The Department made a compensation claim in the Wicklow Circuit Court in January 1921 where the malicious nature of the fire was accepted but they needed an adjournment to allow the Department to get proper valuations, which was forthcoming in April. Their initial claim of £2,000 was accepted since they argued that they would be replacing the hotel for three cottages for married forestry workers to reside in the area.

The hotel was described as a two-storeyed L shaped building with a large galvanised annex. The fire was started in the hotel when the gaffer, Thomas Whelan, was at the Royal for a drink (presumably by the same group as blew up Laragh Barracks in April, blocked local roads by digging road trenches and felling trees). By the time smoke was spotted from the Royal, when he and others returned, the fire had taken hold and was spreading to the annex. It was impossible to control and the buildings were soon gutted. Tools valued at £40 were rescued but one of the gaffer's dogs and a ferret died in the blaze.

Recollections of the Famine

Pat O'Brien

There were approximately 300 people living in Luggala during the terrible Famine of 1847. The tenants of the Big House or the Landlords as we shall refer to them were not very happy with all these people at their doorstep. During the Famine the people were starving. They lived solely on the potato which rotted in the ridges, that is if you could travel to the Long Meadows, as that is the spot in the valley where all those unfortunate people existed. They lived in old stone houses or mud huts. The walls of those old houses and the shape of all the old potato ridges are still visible to this day. The Landlord of the Estate was Mr La Touche who didn't treat those people very well. He refused to allow them to use the avenue to the main Sally Gap to Roundwood road to get to Mass on a Sunday with the result they had to cross the mountain.

The RC church in the village was situated on the same spot where Holt's house once stood which is opposite to the place where the present church stands. Well you can imagine with all of the Luggala people plus a very large amount of local people going to the small thatched church you can be sure that a larger church was on all of their minds. So they formed a large committee of Luggala and local people.

Mr Larry Murphy donated a piece of land on which the church is standing. During the building of the new church and as the condition of the old church was not very good, Roundwood parish were very thankful to the priest of Blessington for the loan of a wooden chapel for use during the building of the new church. The name of the architect was Mr O'Kelly from Bray. He was the man who designed Newtownmountkennedy and Greystones churches. The granite stone which was used came from Granabeg by horse and cart. The lead with which they installed the windows and the lead piping etc. all came from the mining company in Glendalough, the owners of which donated 1 shilling per week during construction from each mine.

On the 31st May 1867 the Foundation Stone of St Laurence Church was laid by Cardinal Cullen. The building co who built the church was the Irish Builder. The Big Storm of 1903 caused considerable damage which the Rev O'Fagan was quick to make good. The final cost of the building of St Laurence O'Toole's Church was £6,780.

Keenan's Bill


KEENAN'S HOTEL,
ROUNDWOOD,
Co. Wicklow
Bought of Margaret Keenan,
Tea, Wine, Spirit Provision & Hardware Merchant
EXCURSION PARTIES CATERED FOR.

Dr Han Collis - Life-long champion of children, heroine to Holocaust survivors

The Irish Times

Dr Han Collis, who has died aged 85, was a courageous life-long champion of children particularly in Germany's immediate post-war horror, later in Nigeria, India, and in her adopted country, Ireland.

A Dutch Protestant patrician woman, she was one of many concerned European professionals who were drawn to care for survivors of the Holocaust, particularly those of the Bergen-Belsen transit camp after its liberation by British forces in 1945. She also had a distinguished United Nations career in refugee resettlement.

With Dr Robert Collis, then head paediatrician at the Rotunda Hospital, she brought six ailing, mostly Jewish, orphans to Ireland for adoption and institutional care. Collis, with his wife Phyllis, adopted two of them. Collis and Han later married.

This apparently indomitable lady, who once described herself as 'tough as old boots', had a very soft heart. She has been described variously by family and these 'special children', now in their 60s, as a determined larger-than-life character with a very strong sense of good and evil, 'our surrogate mother', and as 'an angel'. But she herself had several sadnesses in her life. She lost her son of 14, Sean, in an accident and two dear husbands. Her other son, Niall, was born with a learning disability.

A singularly attractive 25-year-old law student, she was one of many eager volunteers Bob Collis recruited at Tilburg, Holland. With another Dublin paediatrician, Patrick McClancy, and surgeon Nigel Kinnear they went to the 'Horror Camp' at Belsen.

The stench of death was apparent 20 miles off, a memory that stayed with Han Collis all her life. When she arrived with Bob Collis's British Red Cross and St John Ambulance Brigade field hospital, malnutrition was killing about 4,000 people a day.

He set up a hospital for 500 orphans at Belsen, where prisoners had not been gassed, but starved to death. But later she said of Belsen: 'I remember more about love and devotion than I do about hatred.'

A linguist in five languages, including Yiddish, she played a vital role in interviewing mostly Jewish children from nine countries, where possible identifying their origins, finding new European homes for them and helping nurse the orphans. Placing five of them with Irish parents was instrumental in formalising adoption in Ireland.

She fell in love with the well-known Dublin Church of Ireland doctor, who was however already married with two children. They found that they were well-matched kindred spirits, both very strong people sharing an activist social conscience. 'We knew we loved each other - sharing the meaning of life and death,' he wrote later in his autobiography, *To Be A Pilgrim*.

After some years a very civilised divorce with Phyllis occurred. They had lunch regularly and Phyllis brought up the two adopted children. Han and Bob married in London.

Han was born Johanna Hogerzeil in Amsterdam into a prosperous Dutch Protestant family, with a legal and medical tradition. They lived at 'Bergoord', a large house in the village of Oosterbeek, near Arnhem. During the war, Han had helped her mother, Zus, provide a 'safe house' for four Jewish families at a holiday home near Arnhem. Bergoord was destroyed in allied fire during the Battle of Arnhem and the family lost all its possessions.

Like many students at Leiden University, where she read law for two years, she worked 'underground'. With many others, she ceased her studies when the Germans insisted on a Nazi oath of allegiance. Her circle risked hiding Jews. If caught they would themselves be considered Jews and sent to camps – 'if you like them that much'.

After the war, Sweden invited hundreds of the Belsen orphans to a Malmo hospital, for further recuperation. Since nobody claimed 'our special children', Bob and Han brought them to Ireland, where they first stayed at Fairy Hill, a hospital on the Hill of Howth.

Han moved to Geneva where she worked for the UN High Commission for Refugees. She also worked briefly in New York.

She was transferred to the Inter-Governmental Commission for Refugees, in London. Because she hailed from a Dutch Mennonite family she was asked to take on the case of 10,000 stateless Mennonites from Russia who had come to Germany with the retreating Nazi army and were now *personae non grata* in both countries.

On the floor of an abandoned library she discovered a document showing that, in spite of 200 years in Russia, these families were actually of Dutch origin. It was proof enough for the International Refugee Organisation to settle them in Paraguay.

But Belsen had changed her life and her outlook. She now decided to become a doctor. She qualified at King's College Hospital, London. Internship and postgraduate study followed at the Jewish Hospital in the East End. In Ireland she and her husband were later instrumental in setting up the Marino Cerebral Palsy Clinic in Bray, breaking barriers by rejecting the idea that cerebral palsy was a judgment of

God. (Bob Collis took a special interest in the case of the artist, Christy Brown.)

After their marriage the new Collis couple took up posts in Nigeria. From 1962 she lectured in maternity and child health at the Lagos University and later at the Amadu Bello University. She became Assistant Medical Officer for Lagos. They were part of the new post-independence élite there.

They also worked with her brother, Dr Lykle Hogerzeil, at his leprosy mission in Dichpalli, Andrapradesh, India, during long visits. They returned to Ireland in 1970 after the loss of Sean.

After the death of Bob Collis in 1975 she sold most of their 125-acre farm at Bo-Island, Calary, Co Wicklow, and moved to Newtownmountkennedy, where she was a spirited local character (and notoriously eccentric driver).

In 1983 she married Donald McLean, a well-known retired accountant and charities activist. This was a companionable marriage and they both enjoyed world cruises. He died in 1997.

Bob Collis wrote several books and a play. Han was co-author of one on their Belsen experience, entitled *Straight On*.

Until she was 81 Han worked every Monday in a 'War on Want' shop in Bray. Since 2001 she suffered from Alzheimer's disease and moved to Greystones Nursing Home. Tributes to her memory were paid to her at the Holocaust commemoration in Dublin in January 2005.

Dr Johanna Collis McLean: born December 25th, 1919; died January 1st, 2005.

The Last Post - A History of Moneystown Post Office

Kevin Byrne

The Wicklow People Friday, May 24th 1985 reported:

An entire community has come out in force to save one of its last remaining public facility.

The Post Office, at Moneystown, which was run by local lady, Mrs Kathleen Byrne, is due to close tomorrow (Saturday) under a policy decision by An Post. The Board claims that this small office, like many others around the county, is uneconomical to run so the shutters must come down for the last time.

But while the Government might save money, local people in this remote part of East Wicklow claim they will be burdened with enormous extra hardship. They claimed that old aged pensioners and mothers collecting children's allowance would be worst hit and would have to carry the cost of hiring transport to Roundwood, Laragh, Rathdrum, Clara and Annamoe, to do their transactions.

The post office was part and parcel of the rural community in Ireland. With its closure a central part of the community was lost. As the shutters came down for the last time the memories of time past came to mind. The Christmas post, the parcel from America, the decorative little box of wedding cake and the small box of shamrock for the relations abroad. In those days it was too costly to travel home for Christmas, the wedding or Patrick's Day so the only way to be involved was by the post. 'A little taste of home'.

On March 5th 1910 James O'Byrne was appointed the first Postmaster of Moneystown Post Office and it was to remain in the same family for 75 years. Those who remember the Roundwood Brass and Reed Band will be interested to know that the same James O'Byrne was the Bandmaster of the Band and an accomplished musician in his own right.

When the Post Office first opened its doors for business the walls were decorated with posters on sheep dipping and sheering, dog licences and adverts for the business in hand. On the counter were two scales, one for letters and the other for parcels, both of gleaming brass and polished teak bases. Also on the counter there was a date stamp and inkpad, sealing wax and seal for registered letters and the postbag.

Many unusual packages were handled by the post such as day old chickens, which were delivered in a special box and filled the office with warm sounds and smells never forgotten. Another unusual parcel containing a turkey which arrived after the New Year break complete with its own fragrance. The parcel from America or England as the case may be was awaited with anticipation. The contents were usually clothing and given to who ever was the closest fit and after it was cut down no one complained. There was something for everyone even the neighbours and perhaps even comics or games. At Christmas there were beautiful handmade Christmas cards for sale made at the Salesian College, Ballinakill Co. Laois in aid of the Missions. In the corner of the office was a box for used stamps also for the missions. At Christmas there could be as many as three full bags of post, your arm would ache using the date stamp on so many cards.

The telephone was a vital piece of equipment in the rural community. It was the only telephone in the area at that time and the only form of communicating with the outside world. It was always available to the local community, in case of emergency 24 hours a day. Calls to vet, A.I. and doctor were often given as messages before or after Mass on Sunday.

On very cold winter mornings all the post van drivers enjoyed a hot cup of tea before setting off on their return journey to the head office, which was in later years in Bray. The post van drivers had very colourful names Will Brown, Peter White and Len Green. Prior to the arrival of the van the post for Moneystown was delivered to Roundwood first then brought from there by Eddie Heatley on a bicycle usually arriving around ten in the morning. Then the deliveries could begin around the Moneystown area.

Patsy Timmons Postman1950-64

Patsy Timmons was the postman when I was young and always had time for everyone young and old. He was affectionately known as 'Patsy the Post'. The postman was another vital part of the community. He not only delivered the post but was often the only form of communication for the older people who only left their houses to go to mass or to see the doctor. The postman was a friend who never said no. He would deliver messages, the paper and was a welcome visitor in every house. If he were needed people had a prearranged sign at the end of often-long lanes. A white stone placed on the ditch. an upturned can or a white bag attached to a tree with letters for the post, money and all. He was often asked to tell Pop Kinsella, the local taxi man, that he was required to drive people to Wicklow for a doctor's appointment and a little bit of shopping. Jack Byrne, the present postman, has carried on in the wonderful tradition of all the postmen who went before him.

No.3 Most important

Carefully so as to furnish information as asked there on at any time. Post Office Servants Moneystown.

Name	Date of Birth	Where born
James Owen Byrne, Postmaster	7th January 1840	Trooperstown, Co. Wicklow, Ireland.
Mary Byrne, Assistant Postmistress	16th February 1855	Manchester, England
C.J. Timmons, Postman		Moneystown, Co. Wicklow, Ireland
Andrew Murphy, Postman	15th June 1892	Moneystown, Co. Wicklow, Ireland
Denis Laurence Maher, Postman	11th May 1899	California, America
Theresa Brinkley, Sub Postmistress, Appointed 6 July 1917	26th March 1881	Dover, England
Mary Brinkley, Assistant Postmistress, Appointed 16 April 1921	16th June 1903	Ballinrobe, Co Mayo Ireland

The Post Office Opened for Business under the Head Post Master Greystones 5th May 1910.

Thomas Fitzgerald	Appointed Postman 1922
Desmond Fitzgerald	Appointed Postman 1947
Patrick Timmons	Appointed Postman 1950
John (Jack) Byrne	Appointed Postman 9th March 1964
Kathleen Byrne	Appointed Postmistress 3rd March 1952
James Byrne	Appointed Her Assistant 14th July 1952
Mary O'Byrne	Appointed Assistant Postmistress 1985

Opposite are copies of framed documents found on the wall in Moneystown Post Office.

The two documents were on display so anyone could find out who the staff were. For us now it shows the dedicated service and continuity of the Post Office staff.

Left to right Mary O'Byrne last Sub Postmistress, Rose Lawler, Helen Kinsella, the late Jimmy Byrne and Geraldine Kinsella making a presentation to the late Kathleen Byrne (seated), last Postmistress of Moneystown Post Office on her retirement through illness in 1985.

Kathleen Byrne my mother died 30 Dec 1986 a wonderful mother, neighbour and friend.

Roundwood Sheep Sales and Show 2004: The final show?

Tommy Webster

The Roundwood Sheep Show started in the 1960s and was linked with the fortnightly sheep sales that ran from August to December. The show has been held annually in September until recently with the blessing of the Department of Agriculture.

The sheep sales were the first casualties, as each year, the regulations became more and more rigid. This year permission was not granted for either the show or the sales.

Jack Roche with Frank Maguire

John Nolan

It was an important show for mountain sheep, (Cheviot and Suffolk Cross), attracting people from all over the country, particularly Northern Ireland and also from Scotland and Wales. The success of the shows was due to the longstanding Chairman, Jack Roche and Willie Clarke (RIP).

The new Chairman John Nolan and Secretary, Brian Clarke have a hard act to follow.

The Judges came from across the border included Sean Casement, Victor Shields; around the country Michael Byrne, Michael Keogh, Michael Murphy, Jim Corrigan, Jim Lenihan and Frank Maguire supported by local judges Hugh Cullen, Harry Williams and Tommy Webster.

These images of the 2004 Sheep Show captured by Billy Cunningham, the grandson of one of the original instigators of the shows, William Cunningham, give a flavour of the show and the serious business of the prize giving. Many silver cups have been given and presented over the years including the Malone, Charlie Keegan and William Cunningham Cups.

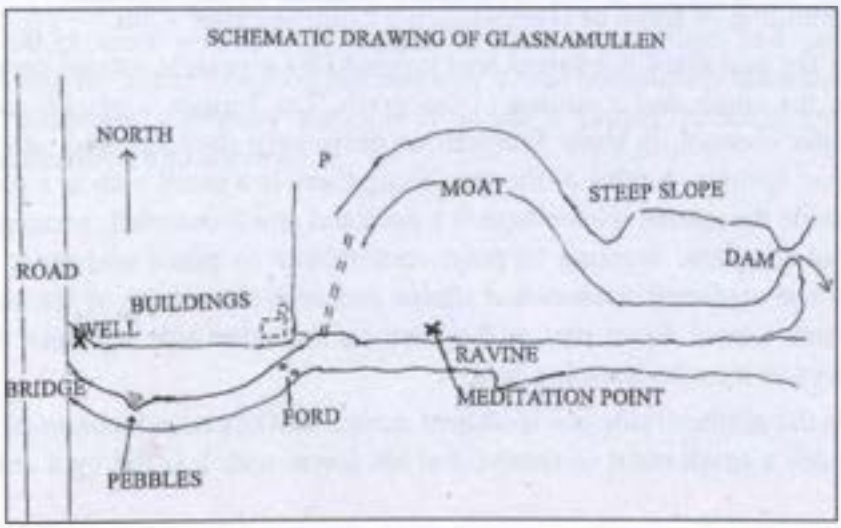
Hopefully 2006 will see its revival, as it can be seen this was more than just a sheep sale but a showcase for the best of East Wicklow.

Holy Well at Glasnamullen

Ian Cantwell

One of the most intriguing, but unexplored, archaeological sites on the Vartry plateau is the Holy Well at Glasnamullen, which does not appear in the County's Archaeological Inventory. Glasnamullen, according to Canon Scott, was originally Glaise Molling, St Moling's Stream, Liam Price thought it may be glas a'mhuilinn, which he did not translate but may mean the mill stream, horizontal mills were an Early Christian introduction. The association of Mo Luan of Carlow with Glendalough as St Kevin's successor comes from a late life of the Mo Luan and was part of an unsuccessful attempt by the McMurrough Kavanaghs to pretend that Glendalough had always been part of their kingdom. It may be if the association with a Mo Luan is correct, that it was connected to the three Kilmullins of Powerscourt, Newcastle and Moneystown (the last has a Holy Well dedicated to St Luan); he may be an early Ui Teig saint.

Figure 1.
Schematic drawing of Glasnamullen from the Old Calary Road



The spring is by the confluence of the main river draining Djouce and a small southern tributary and was an auspicious spot; the Vartry's wells are all close to the old roads. The Holy Well is now dedicated to St Kevin but these are generally of Iron Age origin. According to the Ordnance Survey Letters, 1830s, it was surrounded by white stones, had curative properties and offerings were left at an adjacent hawthorn bush. The well is now dry; its drainage may have been destroyed when the bridge was built. Under the bank there is a flat area about 10m at its widest with flood banks. There may be some building foundations, however these are unlikely to be residential as it is liable to flooding. There is a small pebble stone surface that has been pushed out into the stream; it would have been ideal for washing clothes. Nearby are the slight remains of a small ford.

The bank above has been built up to create a flat area safe from flooding and has a sturdy stonewall. At the southeast corner there are the remains of a rectangular building, c. 7m by 3 to 4m. This is now mostly a pile of rubble but there is a doorjamb with bolthole and some roofing material. The long axis is E-W so it may have been a church. At the corner is the foundation of a small circular structure, c. 1.5m in diameter. Small pieces of limestone were found in the bank underneath and since this is not a local stone it is possible it is of the same origin and date as the Dundry limestone (freestone) used in the rebuilding of some of Glendalough's Churches after 1200.

To the east there is a raised area bounded by a straight natural ravine on the south and a stream to the north. The former, a glacial melt water channel, is about four metres deep, very sheltered and rich in plant species. A third of the way along there is a small path to a rock beside the stream where there is a pool and small waterfall; a tranquil spot for those wanting to pray, contemplate in peace and quiet to escape medieval stresses and strains and with the excuse of fetching water. Lower down part of the bank on the other side has been cut away as a cattle-watering area.

On the northern side is a U-shaped stream that has been landscaped to create a small moat or reservoir at the lower end. It is fed by a drain

that comes off the main river about 7m from the bank corner. The foundations of an earlier channel wall can be seen under the current bank that has been since built over the drain, which though completely covered still functions. At the other end, hidden by the gorse undergrowth, are the eroded remains of a channel and dam about 20cm high; it may have been double that. The overflow rejoins the stream just below here. It appears that the bank on the northern side has been cut right back to the rock and the earth used to create the central platform, using a rock outcrop as base. One other relic is an abandoned pillar stone (1m long) to the left of the stream's entrance.

If it is assumed to be Early Christian and Medieval in date then its purpose was defensive as it prevented losses by wolves and opportunistic cattle rustling. The reservoir also provided a steady water supply, as hot dry summers with three-month droughts every ten years or so was not uncommon at the time. Its border location between Vartry and Rathdown may also have been significant especially in the context of Liam Price's suggestion that Downmore (Dun more, large fort), in Vartry territory, was in the townland. Doubtless this defensive function remained useful between 1200-1600, when cattle-raiding was common among Gaelic and Anglo-Irish (rural and urban) families. Perhaps the site was abandoned after 1700 in more settled times when the wolf was extinct and cattle raiding no more, though when and why it was completely abandoned is unknown. Certainly the site is worth a proper archaeological examination and survey.

The Treatment and Care of 1798 Rising Casualties

James Scannell

One of the first things military recruits learn during their basic military training is elementary first aid for application to themselves and their comrades in the combat zone until trained medical personnel can arrive on the scene to assess casualties prior to their evacuation to forward casualty clearing stations for treatment, or to field hospitals in the case of the more seriously injured. The most common types of injury in a combat zone are gunshot wounds, injuries from blast or explosions, burns, wounds from shell or mortar fragments, haemorrhage, head injuries due to falling debris, and fractures. Elementary training for the individual is centred on these activities and most armies now pride themselves in the prompt treatment of their casualties, unlike 200 years ago when little care was devoted to the care and treatment of battlefield casualties.

In 1798 the method of waging warfare was vastly different to present day tactics and having read a considerable number of books and articles on the 1798 Rising, there are very few references as to how casualties were treated or cared for. Engagements were principally between armed bodies of infantry confronting each other with some artillery being used, with victory usually going to the side which overcame its opponent by sheer weight of manpower or firepower.

The principal weapons in use during the 1798 Rising were firearms, i.e. single shot muzzle loading muskets, rifles and pistols; swords, cavalry lances, pikes and muzzle loading smooth bore canon firing canon balls and grapeshot.

It is worth remembering that while the most common infantry rifle calibres in use today are 5.56mm (0.223) and 7.62 mm (0.30), musket balls in 1798 were usually between 13mm and 15mm in diameter, (a present day 2c coin is 16mm in diameter), made of solid lead whereas today's bullets consist of a lead core covered in a nickel

jacket. These lead musket balls caused large wounds in their victims and frequently broke or shattered bones on impact. Extraction of musket balls from patients was difficult and painful. The only way to extract one if possible was to enlarge the wound and probe for it with a knife or sharp instrument, remove it with a special instrument and cauterise the wound with a hot poker to prevent infection - there were no antibiotics to prevent infection available at that time and it is hard to quantify the numbers on both sides who died following surgery for gunshot wounds in the short and long term. Regrettably the concept of doctors of washing their hands or sterilizing their equipment after treating each patient to prevent cross infection was not known or practised at this time.

If medical practitioners were thin on the ground for Crown forces, they were virtually non-existent for the rebels. The treatment of their wounded was usually left in the hands of the women folk who did their best to ease the suffering of those in their care.

The setting of simple bone fractures was straight forward assuming the bones were aligned properly, but those who had compound fractures stood little or no chance and those who survived were left probably crippled or disabled in some way.

Those with abdominal wounds and chest wounds stood little or no chance of survival since the modern day techniques, treatments and pharmacology were non-existent. The same can be said of those who suffered severe head, neck or spinal injuries.

The weapons which caused various types of serious wounds included swords, lances, and pikes. A sword blow successfully wielded will amputate a limb or make a deep wound on the body which will lead to death from haemorrhage (bleeding) unless this is controlled and stopped. It is likely that many of those who suffered serious wounds from swords bled to death or died from their injuries soon afterwards.

Lances cause puncture wounds and admit air into the bloodstream which can be fatal. Some of those who suffered wounds from lance wounds would have died from tetanus or air embolisms and from

other infections. Pikes were designed to cause slash and puncture wounds and would have maimed and killed many.

As can be seen, the above weapons created great carnage and those who were seriously wounded had very low survival chances. Some would have survived due to their stamina and the nursing care they received from women, but these would have been the exception. Those with minor wounds would have survived but the more seriously injured had very poor survival chances in both the short term and long term.

For the doctors serving the Crown forces, there was very little they could do except administer elementary first aid since modern medical skills, techniques, diagnostic equipment and pharmacology was not available to them and it was only at the end of the 19th century and in the early years of the 20th century that the treatment of battlefield casualties took a great leap forward.

There was no Red Cross organisation in 1798 which meant that each side had to take care of its own casualties, and in accordance with the way in which warfare was conducted at that time, it was not uncommon for victors to put their opponent's seriously injured casualties to death since there were was little they could do for them. This was seen as the best way to end their suffering. This does not excuse what happened during 1798 and what was done by the Crown forces to seriously injured rebels, but may place these events in context given the way in which warfare was waged at that time. Conflict with any country always bring out the worst in those taking part as events around the world at the present time testify.

Some of the events which happened after engagements come into what now has been recognised as post combat trauma or stress where individuals find it hard to unwind from the heat of action due to high levels of adrenaline in their bloodstream. In 1798 this may explain in part the excessive drinking which victors of engagements indulged in once the heat of action had past but does not excuse or condone their behaviour towards their captives and prisoners and ill treatment meted out to them.

We don't know how many individuals on both sides suffered from psychological disorders as the result of their involvement in the Rising and what became of these individuals. Were they cared for by their families or within the communities whence they originally came from? Were they left to fend for themselves or were some incarcerated in mental institutions to live out their remaining days without treatment or proper diagnosis due to the limits of medical knowledge at that time?

In conclusion, when dealing with the 1798 Rising where much of the focus is on the personalities and engagements of this event, spare a thought for those who were wounded physically or mentally as a consequences of their involvement in this major event in Irish history.

Wicklow People

19/2/1921

Military prevented the holding of the Togher monthly fair on Tuesday, owing, it is understood, to the fact that the district partly comes under the restricted area under the Department's order regarding the Foot-and-Mouth outbreak. It seems the townlands affected would come right up to the village while not including the Fair Green and as a danger was feared stern steps were adopted in totally prohibiting the fair. The favourable weather conditions of the last few weeks have greatly advanced agricultural work in the district. Some small plots of potatoes have been sown during the past week, which is certainly an early start in comparison with last season. (Embargo removed by 12th March. Ian Cantwell).

Tomdarragh Neighbours

Teresa Healy

I live at Thornhill, Roundwood in the townland of Tomdarragh. The house was built in 1904 for my great uncle Peter his sister Margaret and their great uncle Garrett and his sister Lucy Darcy who had previously been evicted from the land.

I spent most of my school going years here with my great aunt Kate and great uncle Peter. Now as I walk to Roundwood I notice the changes that have taken place through the years, but I also reminisce about my childhood years.

To my left as I come out of my house about five hundred yards is the cottage where Margaret Malone now lives. Two elderly men named Lar Doyle and Murt O'Hara lived there. Lar Doyle had a sister Mag who was married to Johnny Malone and they visited Lar regularly. The Malones lived in Rathfarnham, later when I went to work in Dublin I often visited them at their home where I was always very welcome.

At the next corner there is Derralossary Church. On Sunday mornings many people passed our house walking to church, others came in pony and trap. Sadly the church is now a ruin. Derralossary Church was a pre-reformation catholic church. There was a priest Fr O'Neill buried there in 1795; his headstone is close to the church. Across the road from the church were stables where the ponies were tethered while service was being conducted in the church. Later these stables were converted to a school which served the parish of Laragh, Derralossary, and Calary until the early nineteen eighties when it was closed. Later it was sold and converted to a residence.

To my right as I walk to Roundwood first was Jack Lowe's farm. Jack lived there with his three sons Jimmy, John and Ned. Jack was widowed when his wife Mary died in 1940 while their sons were very young. She was from Tomdarragh and a sister of Lucy O'Brien [Sinnott] who now lives in Kilpedder. Jimmy was the eldest and I

knew him better than John and Ned as he was a constant visitor to my uncle Peter, Jimmy died a few years ago after a long illness R.I.P. Mary Ryan [Snr] worked at Jack Lowe's and her brother Jack also worked there occasionally. When the Lowe's sold Oldtown it was bought by a family from the Wicklow area. I think Hogan was their name. During the summer the older children would walk to the Silver Strand at Wicklow, they would set off after the eight-thirty Mass on Sundays and would return home about nine o'clock in the evening, one would hear them singing as they skipped along the road. This farm is now part of Roundwood Park.

Further along the road was Charter schoolhouse where the Redmonds lived. There was Min and her brothers. When their house was sold, it was bought by Mrs Marshall. She was also a constant visitor to my uncle Peter and I remember they would talk for hours. Mrs Marshall appeared to be a little eccentric but she was a very kind lady.

At Roundwood Lodge there was Eddie and Eileen Power. They had moved from Dublin and found country living a challenge. This house had been the curate's residence until the new house was built in Roundwood beside the Health Centre.

At the old school Mrs Kane lived with her daughter Mary who later married Ned Darcy. That was the extent of houses on the road at that time.

My aunt and uncle were elderly and when they were no longer able to carry their groceries from Roundwood, Sean Brady who had a shop in the village would deliver their groceries on Friday evenings. He would always sit and have a chat with them, which they appreciated very much. Sean also collected their old age pension at the Post Office for them. Mrs Brady used to bake for the shop and Sean would usually bring some of her homemade bread and cakes, these were very welcome. My aunt was getting very feeble and no longer able to bake at that time.

The Legion of Mary was very active in Roundwood at that time. I have memories of different ladies visiting on a regular basis. There was Mrs O'Brien from Togherbeg and Mrs Roberts whose husband

was a garda in Roundwood. Mrs McDonald who later moved to Tramore with her husband Dick and family. Rene Gannon who was sacristan at the church for many years. There may have been others but their names escape me at this time.

I know my aunt was always very pleased to see them. It was socialization especially as my aunt was housebound at that time. We had no electricity as rural electrification came to this area around 1955. My uncle and aunt did not agree to have the electricity then. I expect they could not comprehend how it worked. Therefore we had no radio, the only entertainment being neighbours visiting each other. John McDonald from Drumeen was one of our most regular visitors he came every week on his bicycle. Only a few people had any other means of transport at that time, he would always come around eight o'clock and stay about two hours. Then he would go to visit Mrs Pierce in Raheen who was his sister. He would always say there was no hurry, as Mrs Pierce would still be working.

Ben Murray from Roundwood Bank and Jim Brennan from Annamoe were also regular callers. Mrs Byrne of Raheen would come a couple of times a year.

Jim and Ben Malone of Baltinanima farmed the land beside our house and seldom a day passed that they were not seen chatting to my uncle at the gate on their way in or out of their farm.

One day in particular I will never forget was 2nd November 1957, the day that Jim Malone was killed at the bottom of the Derralossary Church lane. Just minutes before it happened Jim and Ben were chatting with my uncle at our gate. Within half an hour Jim Brennan arrived to bring my uncle to the cemetery at Glendalough as it was All Souls Day. He told us of the accident, it was such a shock to my uncle especially as they were talking only minutes earlier. Jim Malone's funeral was the last day my uncle was out of the house and he died the following January.

I hope I have given a little understanding of how important our neighbours and friends were to all of us, and how much they were appreciated. I often think what comes around goes around so no doubt

my uncle and aunt were good friends and neighbours when they were younger and able. Therefore they enjoyed many happy hours with good friends and neighbours in the latter years of their life.

These are some of my childhood memories and no doubt others will remember things differently.

OH - GOOD LORD

Author unknown or not admitting to it!

The Horse and Mule live thirty years yet nothing know of wine and beers
Most Goats and Sheep at twenty die and never tasted Scotch or Rye
A Cow drinks water by the ton and so at eighteen is near done
A dog in milk and water soaked and then in twelve short years he croaks
Your modest sober, bone-dry hen lays eggs for Nogs then dies at ten
All animals are strictly dry the sinless live and swiftly die
But sinful ginful, beer-soaked men survive some three score years and ten
While some of us though mighty few, stay sozzled till we're ninety-two

How to Weigh Cattle the Easy Way! - Answer

80 inches in girth x 68 inches in length = 5440
5440 ÷ 144 = 37 square feet x 23 = 868 pounds.

Buried in Calary

Amongst those buried in Calary are Cecil Harmsworth King and his second wife Dame Ruth Railton. He was one of the great newspapermen of the twentieth century and was proprietor of the Mirror group. She was the founder of the English National Youth Orchestra.

Though born in England, he spent much of his childhood in Dublin and they came back to live in Donnybrook in their retirement. They used to visit churchyards in the vicinity of Dublin for the purpose of choosing a suitable burial place. Having spent many Sunday mornings on this quest they eventually arrived on a damp autumn morning at Calary Church. As soon as the car drew up Cecil King announced 'This is the place' and so they both now rest at the foot of a Scots pine in the quiet graveyard near the Sugarloaf.

His memorial service in St Patrick's Cathedral in 1987 attracted a large congregation that included such unlikely fellow-worshippers as the Rev Ian Paisley, Daithí O Conail and the British Ambassador.

The editorial team wishes to thank all who helped with the 16th Journal and made it possible.

In particular:

Máirtín MacSiúrtáin who gave us such a good start including passing on a number of articles;

To the contributors who troubled to submit them;

To Johnny who was tolerant and helpful when we took over the kitchen table.

Now all we need is constructive criticism and meaty articles for the 17th Journal.

ISSN 0791-2684

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