

Greystones Archaeological & Historical Society

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25th Anniversary Volume

Discovering Greystones and the Environs



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Discovering Greystones and Its Environs

Published in 2013, this was the Society's seventh journal. The majority of pictures in this volume were sourced from the National Library of Ireland's Digital Collection. Some images were also provided by Avril Price-Gallagher and Colin Love. Just click on a title to access the full paper.

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Chairperson's introduction

This, the seventh volume of the Greystones Archaeological and Historical Society Journal, marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Society itself. Founded on 5 December 1988 by the late Jim Brennan and others, the Society's primary aim has been to promote interest in the history and heritage of the area through an annual programme of lectures and outings, and through involvement in a range of related local activities. In the past year alone, for instance, it has hosted the annual Jim Brennan Memorial Lecture, given in 2012 by Rob Goodbody, held as part of the La Touche Legacy Conference, and has collaborated with the La Touche Legacy Committee in the publication of volume I of the extremely successful Greystones: its buildings and history – volume II is currently in preparation. A novel venture for the Society was its contribution to the 2012 Culture Night celebration - a programme of readings and music, held in the uniquely atmospheric setting of Leo Ireton's shop and attracting an overflow attendance. The Society's website under the editorship of Frank Deignan, is now well established as a source of information on its activities and as a resource for those seeking historical and genealogical information. It also carries news of past and forthcoming events, and includes online versions of all the Society's previous journals.

See www.greystonesahs.org.

This anniversary issue of the Journal takes the form of an anthology of Greystones, in words and images, from the late eighteenth to the mid-twentieth century. Beginning with early references to 'the Grey-stones', an isolated and scattered settlement off the main highway, inhabited only by a few fishermen and their families, the extracts which follow trace the town's story through the following 150 years, to its emergence as a seaside resort attracting visitors from all over Ireland and beyond. The resulting collection, in focussing on the first century and a half of Greystones's existence, offers a multi-faceted account of life in the area prior to the major developments of the 1960s and '70s. The pieces chosen are drawn from a variety of sources – travel-writing, biographies and memoirs, witness statements, newspaper reports, pamphlets and poetry. Some of the material may be familiar, but much of it will be little-known – indeed, the range of sources which came to light in compiling this collection has been a revelation, and will, we hope, help to foster awareness of the heritage of our own place, and stimulate further enquiry into some of the lesser-known aspects of its past.

While this is not an exhaustive history of the area, it does touch on many of the significant themes and events which have made Greystones what it is today. These include the town's maritime associations, the coming of the railway, its tourist industry, and the events, tragic, mundane and quirky, which have shaped its development. Personalities who appear in these pages include the philanthropic Mrs Peter La Touche, the unfortunate former rebel Thomas Dogherty, the heroic John, William and Herbert Doyle, the militant suffragist Hanna Sheehy Skeffington, the playwright John Millington Synge, and the 1916 leader and future President, Eamon De Valera, as well as a host of other characters.

Neither this publication nor the various activities of the Society could have been undertaken without the generosity, both in time and effort, of a number of people. Foremost among these is editor, Frank Deignan, whose expertise, commitment and resourceful and imaginative input have brought this Journal to fruition. Colin Love and Leo Ireton have very kindly contributed material, as has Avril Price Gallagher, whose drawings are a particularly attractive feature of this issue. The health of any society is inevitably dependent on the calibre of its committee, and in this ours has been more than fortunate: thanks to all its members - Alice and Frank Deignan, Colin Love, Leo Ireton, Joan Jones, Christy O'Connor, Ann Sheerin and Aileen Short – for their unstinting and constructive support at all times. A particular word of appreciation must go to outgoing member Pat Brennan, for the wisdom, depth of experience and common sense which she brought to the business of the committee, and the Society itself, over the years.

Finally, in this anniversary year, a special vote of thanks and congratulations is due to all our members, both those of long standing and those of more recent vintage. Their unfailing enthusiasm and loyal backing for the Society's aims and activities throughout its lifetime serve as the greatest tribute possible to the memory of its founders, and guarantee its continued prosperity into the next quarter century – at least - of its existence.

Rosemary Raughter - Chairperson

GREYSTONES ARCHAEOLOGICAL & HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Greystones: not on the map

The Post Chaise Companion, William Wilson, 1786

The following extract is from an early traveller's guide. While it mentions several place names still current in the vicinity, no reference is made to Greystones itself, which was still nothing more than an insignificant fishermen's settlement close to the ancient site of Rathdown.

However, later authors such as Robert Fraser, Rev G N Wright and Samuel Lewis (all represented in this collection), draw attention to the possibilities for development of the area's resources, to its scenic attractions, and to the innovations introduced by improving landlords, most notably the energetic and philanthropic La Touche family of Bellevue.

Two miles and three quarters from Bray, on the L. is Rathdown, the seat of Captain Tarrant; and nearly opposite to it, at the distance of about half a mile is Templecarrick, the seat of Colonel Rawson.



Three miles and a half beyond Bray is Killincarrick, a small village; and half a mile beyond it, on the R. is Kindlestown, the seat of Mr. Bunn; and near it, that of Mr. Wilson. There is a road that leads from this to Delgany, on the R.

A mile beyond Kindlestown, on the L. close to the road, is Charles-land, the seat of Mr. Edwards; and a quarter of a mile, on the R. is that of Mr. Fitzwilliam.

Half a mile from Mr. Fitzwilliam's seat, on the L. is Ballygannon, the seat of Sir Hopton Scott; and half a mile further, on the same side, near Kilcool, is Retreat, that of Mr. Brass.

At Kilcool are an inn and the ruins of a church.

Above is a map, from A New & Accurate Map of the Kingdom of Ireland, Taylor & Skinner, 1778, which, on the right hand side, shows the area discussed in the text. Although the reproduction is not very clear; what can be seen is that Greystones is not considered important enough to rate a mention.

The genuine trial of Hugh Woolaghan,

yeoman ... on Saturday, October 13, 1798, for the
murder of Thomas Dogherty (Dublin, 1798)

The 1798 killing of Thomas Dogherty, an amnestied rebel, has been described as ‘one of the most blatant yeomen reprisals’ of the immediate post-rebellion period. Hugh Woolaghan, a member of the Newtownmountkennedy corps, stood trial for Dogherty’s murder at Delgany in October 1798. Woolaghan’s acquittal posed a direct challenge to the liberal amnesty programme currently being pursued by the viceroy, Cornwallis, whose intervention to negate the verdict and bar the members of the court-martial from sitting in other cases was greeted with fury by extreme loyalists. Woolaghan, a mason who had worked at Ballymurtagh near Arklow, had acted as an informer prior to and during the rebellion. Following his acquittal, he worked as a builder in Dublin. On Woolaghan’s career and the significance of his trial, see Ruan O’Donnell, *The rebellion in Wicklow: 1798* (1998).

As an incorrect ... Copy of the Minutes of the General Court Martial, held at Dublin Barracks, on Saturday, the 13th of October, 1798 ... has been printed ... we think it a duty ... to give to the Publick ... the Proceedings, as ... minuted down by the proper Officer of the Court ...

The prisoner Hugh Woolaghan of Middleton in the county of Wicklow was charged with shooting and killing Thomas Dogherty at Dogherty’s home on 1 October. It was alleged that he was encouraged to do so by his fellow yeomen, also of Wicklow, Charles Fox and James Fox. James Fox was also charged with having fired at Margaret Barry, Delgany on the same date. The prisoners pleaded not guilty.

The first witness called was Mary Dogherty of Delgany, mother of the dead man. Asked if she knew the prisoner, Mrs Dogherty replied that she did and:

that on last Monday week, the prisoner, Hugh Woolaghan, came into her house at Delgany, and demanded to know if there were any bloody rebels there? That on the deponent’s answering there were not, only a sick boy, the prisoner, Woolaghan, then asked the boy if he was Dogherty’s eldest son; upon which the boy stood up, and told him he was; and that Woolaghan then said, Well, you dog, if you are, you are to die here; that the boy replied, No, I hope not. If you have anything against me, bring me up to Mr Latouche’s, and give me a fair trial, and if you get anything against me, give me the severity of the law; that Woolaghan then replied, No, you dog, I do not care for Latouche, you are to die here. Upon which deponent said to Woolaghan (he then having the gun cocked in his hand) For the love of God, spare my child’s life and take mine; that Woolaghan replied, No, you bloody whore, if I had your husband here, I would give him the same death, and then snapped the gun, which did not go off; he snapped it a second time, but it did not go off; upon which a man of the name of Charles Fox (but not either of the two prisoners at the bar) came in and said, Damn your gun, there is no good in it; and That, that man (pointing to deponent’s son) must be shot. That deponent then got hold of Woolaghan’s gun, and endeavoured to turn it from her son; upon which the gun went off and grazed her son’s body, and shot him in the arm; that the boy staggered, leaned upon a form, turned up his eyes and said, Mother, pray for me. That on Woolaghan’s firing the gun, he went out of the door, and in a short time returned in again and said, Is not the dog dead yet? That deponent replied, Oh yes, Sir! He is dead enough; upon which Woolaghan replied, For fear he is not, let him take this (firing at him again;) that deponent at the instant was holding up her son’s head, when he fell and died.

Also in the house when Woolaghan entered were Thomas’s two sisters, Esther and Mary, both of whom left at different times during the confrontation. James Fox the elder – the prisoner – was outside the door with a gun, ‘but took no act or part’ that Mrs Dogherty could see in the killing, nor did James Fox the younger, the other prisoner.

The Glen of the Downs

Asked if her husband and son had not been involved in the rebellion, Mrs Dogherty replied, *'I cannot tell'*, and she denied that another son had been killed at Dunboyne while fighting with the rebels. He was, she said, alive and working at his trade. Questioned as to whether Thomas had been a rebel, *'and engaged in the battle of Dunboyne against the King's forces'*, she denied any knowledge of this, but conceded that he had been accused of it. She also admitted that he had been taken prisoner as a rebel, *'and was put on board a ship in the river, where he was sick, and was got off by Lord Cornwallis's orders through Mrs Latouche, and afterwards put into the navy hospital.'*

Mrs Dogherty was then shown a paper on which was printed a rebel song:

*Rouse Hibernians, from your slumber,
See the moment just at hand,
Imperious tyrants for to tumble,
Our French Brethren are at hand.*

*Vive la, united heroes,
Triumphant always may they be;
Vive la, our gallant brethren,
That have come to set us free ...*

She denied ever having seen the paper or heard the verses before. Asked where her husband was, and how long he had been away from home, she replied that *'he is now in Dublin, working at his trade of brogue-making; but he was reaping at home at Delgany about a month before this.'* She had last seen her other son three months before, at Newtown Park, *'working at his trade of brogue-making.'* Finally, she was asked if she had ever heard *'of any quarrel or dispute between your son and the prisoner Woolaghan'*, to which she replied, *'I never did.'*

The next witness was the dead man's sister, Esther Dogherty. Asked to describe the circumstances of the killing, Esther stated that Woolaghan had come to the house *'last Monday was a week, between nine and ten o'clock in the morning'*, and that there were five people in the house at that time – her mother, her brother and three other children. Her account of the initial exchange tallied with that of her mother (married to her father Harry Dogherty) but after her brother was shot for the first time, she ran out of the house, and only heard the sound of the final, fatal, shot. As both Charles Fox and James Fox the elder were outside at that time (the latter *'standing against the church-wall'* three perches away), Hugh Woolaghan was the only person who could have fired it.

Under cross-examination, Esther denied ever hearing that her father and brother were accused of involvement in the rebellion, that her other brother was killed at Dunboyne, or that Thomas had been at that battle or any other. She and her mother had been living in Delgany throughout, and her mother had left Delgany only once in the past four months, *'when she came to town ... as she heard my deceased brother was working at the market-house.'* She had heard that Thomas had been arrested as a rebel, and that he had been released *'by the interference of Mrs Latouche with the Lord Lieutenant.'* Her other brother she had last seen *'about five or six weeks ago at Delgany.'*

Margaret Barry (at whom James Fox was alleged to have fired a shot) was called next, but told the court *'that she had nothing to say against James Fox, or any of the prisoners at the bar.'*

This closed the prosecution case. The first witness to be called for the defence was Richard Byrne, a private in the Wallace Fencibles. Questioned by Woolaghan, he claimed to have

known Thomas Dogherty, his father and brother, and to have believed them to be rebels. He alleged that he had *'seen them exercise with poles or pikes at Mr Johnson's fields at Killincarrig, four miles beyond Bray, in the beginning of last Spring.'* Thomas, he said, had even tried to recruit him: he *'asked me, Why I was not in among the body? What body? Said I; upon which he said I leave you as you are.'*

It was also Byrne who claimed to have discovered the copy of the rebel song.

This paper came out of the pocket of Dogherty's mother, in the church-yard at Delgany the day on which the coroner's inquest sat on the body of her deceased son, and I picked it up, conceiving it to be a bank note; but finding there was no stamp on it, I shewed it to a friend, as I cannot read myself, and he told me it was a damned good thing, and the first time I saw Captain Gore, who commands the Newtown Mountkenedy yeomen, I gave it to him.

Since his enlistment, Byrne had been staying at the *'Rendezvous-house, Cavan-street'*, but prior to that had lived for about ten months at Killincarrig, half a mile from Delgany, as servant to a widow.

Edward Weyman, a private in the Newtownmountkenedy corps also claimed to have known the Doghertys, and described all three men as *'reputed rebels.'* In response to a question as to whether Mary Dogherty had ever given him *'any furniture to keep'*, Weyman confirmed that she did. She sent her daughter to me just after the Ancient Britons had been at Delgany, requested she might leave some leather and other articles in a sack at my house, which I consented to, and she sent them accordingly, and I kept them. About a month after the action at Mountkenedy she offered them to me for sale; and when I pointed out the mischief that arose from the rebellion, she, with her lifted-up hands, cursed the authors of it, and said, that it brought ruin on herself and family; and that she had not seen her husband or sons for some time back. This conversation took place sometime about the beginning of June.

At the prisoner's request, the Court was adjourned until the following Monday, 15 October. The first witness when the trial resumed was Thomas Vicars, who stated that he understood that Thomas Dogherty *'had been in arms against the King's forces at Nedstown, county Westmeath, was tried by a Court Martial, and was sent to one of the guard-ships in the river Liffey, to be transported; but to my knowledge, by the intervention of Mrs Latouche to Mr Cook and General Craddock, he was liberated.'* Vicars could not say whether Dogherty had any *'protection'* or had taken the oath of allegiance after his release.

Isaac Sutton of Rathdrum then took the stand, and testified that he had known Thomas Dogherty: *'I was taken prisoner by the rebels, near Roundwood, county Wicklow, about the month of May last; and he was one of the guard over me, for I heard his name called – Thomas Dogherty; and he answered to the name, and that he was a brogue-maker at Delgany.'* Questioned further, however, he was unable to say for sure that the Thomas Dogherty he had encountered was the deceased man.

George Kenny, Corporal of the Newtownmountkenedy yeomen, then gave evidence of orders issued by Captain Armstrong of the King's-county Militia, in command at Mountkenedy: these were that anybody of yeomen meeting with those they knew or suspected to be rebels *'need not take the trouble of bringing them in, but ... shoot them on the spot.'* However, he denied any knowledge of the events of 1 October, as he *'was confined to my bed on that day.'* He described the prisoner as *'a sober, faithful, and loyal yeoman'*, who acted in accordance with his duty. Thomas Dogherty *'was always considered as a rebel'* and, given this reputation and the orders received, he himself would have felt justified in shooting him.

John Fox of the Newtownmountkenedy Yeomen confirmed Captain Armstrong's order to shoot rebels on sight. Like Kelly, he had not been present during the raid on the Dogherty house, but considered Thomas, his father and brother to be rebels, and would have felt justified in shooting them himself. He knew of no quarrel between Dogherty and the prisoner,

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and considered the latter '*a good and loyal subject.*' He added that, while he could not swear to it, he had heard and believed that Dogherty senior was now with the rebels.

Nathaniel Heyes of the Newtownmountkennedy Yeomen testified to the prisoner's good character and loyalty, and confirmed the orders given by Captain Armstrong. Lieutenant W Tomlinson of the Rathdrum Yeomen Cavalry confirmed that '*it was generally understood that orders were given to the corps, not to bring in any prisoners, but to shoot any that were known to be rebels.*' Lieutenant George Audaun of the Mountkennedy Yeomen gave evidence of Woolaghan's loyalty and '*that he never knew him cruel*' or to '*act with inhumanity*', and Captain Archer, of the Mountkennedy Yeomen, who had known him since he was a child and for whom he had worked in his trade as a mason, described him as '*sober, diligent ... ready to obey the orders of his officers ... and ... a good and loyal subject.*'

Lieutenant Richard Gore, also of the Mountkennedy Yeomen, testified to Woolaghan's good character, his obedience to orders, promptitude, zeal and courage, and further offered '*that it has been the practice of the Corps to go out to protect themselves and the property of their well-affected neighbours.*' Captain Gore, commander of the Newtownmountkennedy yeomen, similarly testified to the prisoner's excellent character: he '*knew him to be a loyal and brave soldier and never knew him guilty of any act of inhumanity; and that it was the practice of the corps, to scour the country without any officer ... that they understood it was their duty, to shoot any rebels they met with, or suspected to be such*', and that he had heard '*that the other corps had similar directions, in other districts.*'

This closed the defence, although the prisoner did inform the court that he could produce '*more evidence ... to the same purport, if thought necessary.*' He then handed in his address, which was read to the court. In this he protested his lifelong loyalty to King and Constitution: '*everything like treason or disloyalty, filled my mind with indignation and abhorrence.*' He had left another yeomanry corps some months previously because it was tainted by disaffection, and the outbreak of rebellion and the '*savage outrage and cruelty*' which it unleashed had prompted in him '*a degree of resentment, which, perhaps could not be justified in less agitated times.*' The deceased and his family, he claimed, were '*notorious rebels*'; Thomas Dogherty had returned to the county without a Protection and without taking the oath of allegiance, and was certainly prepared to rejoin the rebels. Those who had testified to the circumstances of the killing were '*persons to whom the Court will hesitate to give implicit credit ... The mother of the deceased gave her evidence in a manner highly suspicious, and palpably contradicted herself in two or three instances. She denied having ever seen the written paper produced to her, and yet it was proved to have come out of her pocket, so that she is not that kind of witness upon whose testimony the life of any man should be forfeited.*' His own good character, meanwhile, had been attested to by '*respectable witnesses.*' He cited Captain Armstrong's orders as authorising his action: '*the deceased was universally known to be an active and dangerous rebel; he and his family were fomenting disturbances in the county at the very time he lost his life, as appears by the paper produced.*' He concluded by denying that he acted out of '*private malice*': the evidence showed, he said, that he '*did not even know him [Thomas Dogherty] by sight.*' He had acted in accordance with the orders given to him, '*and was influenced by no motive but my anxiety to do my duty, and to preserve my own life and property, and the lives and properties of my neighbours.*'

The Court then asked to see the record of Thomas Dogherty's General Court Martial. Dated 18 July 1798, this showed that Thomas Dogherty, along with fifteen other men, had been tried at Slane, found guilty of rebellion and sentenced to death.

The Court, having taken into account all the evidence, found that Hugh Woolaghan had shot and killed Thomas Dogherty as a rebel, but acquitted him of the charge of murder.

Ipswich Journal, 27 October 1798

Saturday last the Court-martial met ... As soon as the Court sat he [General Craig] informed the Judge Advocate, that he had a letter to deliver to the Court by the command of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant [Charles Cornwallis], which it was his Excellency's pleasure should be



Charles Cornwallis
(portrait by J Singleton Copley)

read publicly. He then presented the letter, which ... was as follows: I am directed by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant to inform the President and Members of the Court Martial who sat on Saturday last, on the trial of Hugh Woolaghan, a yeoman, that his Excellency highly disapproves of their conduct in acquitting the said Woolaghan, who was fully proved to have been guilty of a most cruel and deliberate murder. I am also to inform the Court, that it is his Excellency's pleasure they should be immediately dissolved. His Excellency has declared, that Hugh Woolaghan shall be for ever incapable of serving in any corps of yeomanry, Militia, or regulars in his Majesty's service; and directs, that a new Court-Martial shall be summoned for the trial of such persons as yet remain to be tried. It is his Excellency's pleasure that no person who sat on the trial of Woolaghan shall be summoned on the new Court-

Martial.

Greystones possibilities

General View of the Agriculture and Mineralogy, Present State and Circumstances of the County Wicklow, Robert Fraser, 1801

At the northern part of this coast, near Bray Head, a rivulet runs through a beautiful vale, from Mount Temple, emptying itself, into the sea, at the Grey-stones, where I found a rock of compact argillite stretching out into the sea, and forming a fine natural harbour, with an excellent roadstead adjacent for ships of any burthen, from fishing vessels, to the largest frequenting those seas, and which at a very moderate expense, in forming the rock into a quay, and deepening inwards, could be made of great importance to the numerous fishing vessels, on this coast, and to the whole Channel trade...

Adjacent to this harbour, is a plain, which might be formed into a convenient village, into which the fishermen scattered on the coast, might be with great advantage collected, and under a benevolent land owner, freed from the heavy oppressions, to which we found them subjected, in being forced to pay for their cabins and a patch of land, a most exorbitant rent, amounting to the rate of four and five guineas an acre. And by having some improvement made of this harbour, they would not be exposed to the losses, to which they are so frequently subjected, by having their boats beat to pieces, by the surf, on the beach, which also prevents their pursuing their industry, but is the occasion of numbers annually perishing, in returning from the fishing ground.

The Glen of the Downs

A Guide to the County of Wicklow, Rev. G N Wright, 1822

At a distance of about three miles and a half from Bray is the entrance to the Glen of the Downs, so called from its opening into a country abounding in a species of fertile grounds usually called Downs; it is formed by two very abrupt hills of an elevation of twelve or thirteen hundred feet, clothed with wood from the lowest level of the glen to their summits. The distance between the two opposite sides of the glen is so small as only to admit a good carriage way, which runs along the margin of a little murmuring stream.



Glen of the Downs

Near the north entrance of the glen a small plot of ground has been reclaimed, and improved into a beautifully verdant lawn, at the remote extremity of which stands Mrs. Latouche's Cottage, built with the best possible rustic taste: it contains a number of apartments; one on the ground-floor is appropriated to the purposes of a museum, and a second is used for a banqueting room, where Mrs. Latouche sometimes entertains her friends at luncheon. In front, the roof projecting considerably affords a covering to a rustic bench, standing on a flooring of fancy paved work, before which a little rivulet gurgles along in a most pleasing manner, and meanders through the lawn, until at last entering the surrounding groves, it is totally lost sight of. On the opposite side of the road a corresponding lawn is laid down, planted with many picturesque-formed and luxuriant trees; and on the summit of the hill, behind this little improved spot of ground, a few cottagers reside, whose chief support is derived from supplying parties from Dublin with accommodations, either in their cottages or on the green turf before them, to enjoy their cold collation. Driving through the glen, to the left, and on the summit of the hill above Mrs. Latouche's Cottage, are seen the Banqueting-room and Octagon Temple, the situation of which cannot fail to excite the astonishment of the passengers in the glen below, for they appear ready to leave their aerial station, and mingle with the enormous masses of rock in the bottom of the vale, which themselves perhaps once

Behind the cottage is a winding path, which speedily conducts the active pedestrian to this object of curiosity, and an easy and gently ascending road winds round the hill in a southern

THE GLEN OF THE DOWNS

direction, and back to the Octagon Temple. The high road is continued through the bottom of the glen to the gate of Belle View demesne, and thence to Delgany village and church.



Mrs "Latouche's" cottage

The most judicious arrangement for visiting the glen of the Downs, Belle View and Delgany, after reaching the cottage, is as follows:

having visited Mrs. Latouche's Cottage, ask permission to walk through the woods along the private road to the top of the hill, while your carriage drives through the glen, by the high road, to the gate of Belle View demesne, where it should remain until the return of the party. As the hill is ascended, an extensive prospect of rich and cultivated Downs, is had at each extremity of the glen, and from which, as has been mentioned, it derives its name; to the north the Sugar-loaf Hill, in form of a perpendicular cone, the vertex of which is composed of horn stone, with quartz rock of a purplish or pale pink colour; the apex of the cone is extremely pointed, the mountain itself completely insulated, and measuring 2,004 feet above the level of the sea. The Great and Little Sugar-loaves, together with Bray Head and Shankill, are all detached mountains, and being composed mostly of quartz rock, stand ... like so many monuments that have resisted the abrading power of the elements, while their more decomposable associate clay slate has given way.

Belle View

A Guide to the County of Wicklow, Rev. G N Wright, 1822

Suppose, then, the visiter to have undertaken the expedition just now mentioned (of proceeding by Mrs. Latouche's private road along the front of the wooded hill, beneath the octagonal temple), a most extensive and diversified view is gradually disclosed; to the south, the richly wooded and highly improved tract of country from Delgany to Wicklow, bounded on the east by the sea, and on the west and north by lofty mountains, which afford so much shelter, that the climates at the northern and southern sides of the chain are sensibly different.

This vast and fertile tract of country, which is thickly inhabited by gentry, is composed of an alluvial strata of limestone-gravel, pebble, limestone and marl, all of which can be converted to the purposes of manuring. In the last of these substances, viz. marl, the fossil horns of the Moose deer are found, an animal of enormous size, formerly an inhabitant of this country, and still existing in North America. A head and antlers of this stupendous creature were some years back discovered in a marl pit in Mr. Archer's grounds near Inis-tymon. A violent dispute has existed for years amongst naturalists as to the classification of this Hibernian animal, some calling it the Elk, while others, with more propriety, have endeavoured to establish the truth and certainty of its being of the species called amongst the Algonquin nation, Moose. In a pit belonging to Mr. Brownrigg in this county, many specimens of fossil remains have been found; the horns found at Inis-tymon, are preserved in Newtown-mount Kennedy-house. Having reached the southern extremity of the hill, a pretty seat is discovered, sheltered by trees, consisting of drapery and ornaments in the style of an eastern pavilion; it is usually called the Turkish Tent, and commands a view of the fertile vale towards Newtown-mount Kennedy...

After indulging in this delightful prospect, the visiter leaves the tent, and proceeds along the top of the hill, in a direction exactly contrary to that by which he reached it, by a path winding through thick shrubberies of evergreens, for a distance of near a quarter of a mile; on the left side of this walk a little cottage is concealed amongst the trees, where an old woman resides, whose chief employments are the care of the octagon room, and to attend upon visitors.



The Octagon House

BELLE VIEW

The Octagon House is a small building, raised upon a rock in an extremely exposed and elevated situation; the interior is lined with drapery, and assumes the appearance of a bell tent; from the windows, which are glazed with plate glass, there are varied and extensive views, that to the south, over the Downs, to the north, of the Sugar-loaf; Scalp, &c.: there is here a small but judicious collection of books, and some few shells and minerals. In the hall of the octagon building is a stuffed panther, so placed, that it scarcely ever fails of startling the stranger who enters unconscious of its presence.

Below the octagon house is a very curious building of rustic masonry, or rock-work, called the Banqueting Room; it is built in the Gothic style, and in imitation, probably, of a room excavated from a solid rock; in 1822 it was much gone to ruin. The Octagon building, which was erected in 1766, is the design of Mr. Enoch Johnson; the Gothic Banqueting Room was built in 1788, after the design of Francis Sandys, Esq., an eminent architect, and a native of Ireland, who died at Belle View on the 18th of July, 1785.

To the east of the octagon house, on the very summit of the hill, is a Rustic Temple, which must have been a very pleasing object, and from which is the most extensive view in all the grounds of Belle View, for, from its elevated situation, the view is uninterrupted on every side. This little temple, being composed entirely of wood unbarked, and not being attended to, is going fast to ruin, but enough of it remains to mark out the spot as an admirable station for viewing the surrounding scenery.

We now quit that part of Mr. Latouche's demesne, which cannot fail to excite the highest feelings of pleasure and admiration in the lover of beautiful and enchanting scenery, who feels more gratification in being under an obligation to nature than to art, and who is engaged more (as Wicklow tourists generally are) in the search and admiration of the beautiful than the



'Belle View' Gardens

useful. We come now to speak of Mr. Latouche's house, gardens, conservatory, &c.

This respected and amiable family are the descendants of David Digges Latouche, an officer in La Caillimote's regiment, who fought at the battle of the Boyne in 1690.

The late David Latouche purchased the lands of Ballydonough (now Belle View) in 1753, from the Reverend Doctor Corbet, Dean of Saint Patrick's, Dublin. The demesne originally consisted of but 300 acres of fertile land, but considerable additions have been since made to it: the house is a plain but extensive structure, the centre part of which was built in 1754, and the wings afterwards added: the expense of the whole is estimated at about 30,000l.; very extensive out-offices are attached, besides a house, devoted to the use of a number of poor female children, whom Mrs. La Touche, with that benevolence which appears almost inseparable from the very name of this most amiable family, educates, clothes and supports, until they are of a sufficient age to enter upon more important tasks in life. The system of educating the poor of Ireland is now very generally adopted, and many of the resident gentry have day-schools attached to their establishments: the benevolence which prompts this line of conduct, cannot be sufficiently admired, while, at the same time, the noble-minded and charitable persons with whom the practice originated, should not, on this account, be deprived of the deserved praise of being the originators of the charity; amongst whom the respected individual, the beauties of whose demesne are the subject of these pages, holds a conspicuous place, nor are her charities confined to the neighbourhood of Belle View and Delgany.

In the mansion of Belle View there is nothing to attract the attention of the traveller, if we except a very neat and tastefully appointed chapel, and one or two pieces of stained glass.



'Belle View' House

From the terrace, in front of the house, there is an extensive sea view, and a distinct and pleasing prospect of the numerous gentlemen's seats around, Downs Lodge, Tinny-park,

BELLE VIEW

Woodstock, Mount Kennedy, &c. The soil of the lawn and demesne, now very productive, was, about fifty years ago, overrun with rocks and furze and marsh, and have been reclaimed and improved, as they now are, at the great pains and expense of their active and energetic proprietors. The lands are so much above the level of the sea, that it must have appeared questionable, at first, to what degree of perfection their improvement could ultimately be carried; but the experiment has been attended with the most complete success, and has established the fact, that lands in so elevated a situation will amply repay the expense of cultivation.

It must here be observed, that such an attempt should never be made without first insuring shelter from the cold winds by extensive plantation, as was done at Belle View.



The conservatory at 'Belle View'

Behind the mansion-house is the conservatory, an object of much attraction to visitors. From Mrs. La Touche's dressing-room, with a bathing-room adjoining, a conservatory extends two hundred and sixty-four feet in length, furnished with some of the rarest exotics, and supplied with the choicest fruits in all seasons. For the design and execution of this very beautiful and ingenious piece of workmanship, the owner is indebted to Mr. Shanley, who was several years employed in the undertaking; the expense is estimated at four thousand pounds and upwards. There are two very elegant gardens in front of the conservatory, and near them is an extensive kitchen-garden on the declivity of the hill.

Greystones: a small fishing hamlet near Delgany

A Topographical Dictionary of Ireland Volume 1, Samuel Lewis, 1837

Delgany, a post-town and parish, in the half-barony of Rathdown, county of Wicklow, and province of Leinster, 91/2 miles (N.) from Wicklow, and 151/4 (S. S. E.) from Dublin; containing 2286 inhabitants, of which number, 188 are in the village.



Delgany, Main Street

Towards the close of the fifth century a religious cell was founded by St. Mogoroc, brother of St. Canoc, at this place, which was anciently called Dergne, or Delgne; and in 1022 a great battle was fought here between Ugain, King of Leinster, and Sitric, the Danish King of Dublin, in which the latter was defeated. The parish, which is situated on the mail coach road from Dublin to Wexford, and on the lower road from Bray to Wicklow, and is bounded on the east by the sea, comprises 3782 statute acres, as applotted under the tithe act, and valued at £4965-12s-2p per annum. The land is fertile, the system of agriculture much improved, and there is scarcely any waste land and but very little bog. The village is beautifully situated in a sequestered spot on the banks of the stream that waters the Glen of the Downs, and consists of about 30 houses and cottages, which are built in a very pleasing style. A small manufacture of straw plat and nets is carried on; and about three miles to the south of Bray Head, on a low rocky point, is the small fishing hamlet called the Greystones, where is a coast-guard station, which is one of those that form the district of Kingstown. This point, which is a headland of slate projecting into deep water, has been considered by Mr. Nimmo to afford a suitable site for the construction of a harbour, and his estimate for erecting a serviceable pier is £4000. This would enclose an area of two acres for an outer harbour, and of one for an inner harbour, with depth of ten feet at low water. The scenery is richly diversified, and the neighbourhood is embellished with numerous seats, of which Bellview is the chief. It is situated in the Glen of the Downs, which is a deep ravine formed by a disruption of the mountain, apparently by

NEWTOWN MOUNT KENNEDY

some convulsion of nature, with precipitous sides, richly clothed with wood. Near its northern entrance stands Mrs. Peter La Touche's rustic cottage, on the margin of a fine lawn.

The eastern part of the glen is included in the beautiful demesne of Bellview, the seat of Mrs. Peter La Touche. The stately mansion, to which extensive offices are attached, was built at an expense of £30,000 by the late David La Touche, Esq., who, in 1753, purchased the lands of Ballydonagh, now called Bellview, and in 1754 erected the house, which has been subsequently enlarged by the addition of wings. Behind it is a conservatory 264 feet in length, furnished with many rare exotics; it cost £4000.

An elegant domestic chapel is in its immediate vicinity. The demesne, containing above 600 acres, commands a variety of magnificent prospects. There are several walks leading to the Octagon House, Banqueting-room, and Turkish Tent; and within it is a park of 55 acres, well stocked with deer. These beautiful grounds are open to the public on Mondays and by special application on other days. Besides Bellview, there are several other fine seats affording delightful mountain and marine views, the chief of which are Templecarrig, the residence of Major Beresford; Glencarrig, of the Rev. H. Madden; Coolagad, of R. Fox, Esq.; Rathdown, of W. Morris, Esq.; Kindlestown House, of Capt. Morris; and Kindlestown Lodge, of J. Evans, Esq.

The living is a rectory, in the diocese of Dublin and Glendalough, united by act of council, prior to the year 1700, to the vicarage of Kilcoole and Kilmacanogue, together forming the union of Delgany, in the patronage of the Archbishop. This union also comprehends the ancient



Delgany Church (Avril Price-Gallagher)

chapelries of Killossory, Doran or Hartain, Kilbride, Carrick, Kilmacbur, Glassmollen, and Grangenowal, which are now only known as townlands. The tithes amount to £206-2s-33/4d, and of the union to £594-19s-4p. The glebe-house stands on a glebe of more than two acres near the church. The church, which was erected in 1789, after a design by Whitmore Davis,

and at the sole expense of Peter La Touche, Esq., is a spacious and handsome structure, enlarged in 1832, by a loan of £1200 from the late Board of First Fruits: it is in the later English style, with a lofty embattled tower surmounted with pinnacles; the altar is on the north side, and the font of black marble was presented by Chalworth Brabazon, Esq. At the east end is a handsome monument to David La Touche, Esq., finely executed by Noah Hickey, a native artist, consisting of a full length figure of the deceased in a standing posture, surrounded by several members of his family. In the R. C. divisions the parish is partly in the union or district of Kilquade, and partly in that of Bray.

The parochial school, and a school at Greystones, are supported by subscription; and at Windgates is a school on the foundation of Erasmus Smith; all are under the superintendence of the Protestant clergyman. Here is a dispensary in connection with that at Newtown-Mount-Kennedy, also a parochial library and a poor-shop for supplying the necessitous with goods at cost price; and two legacies, amounting to £67-10s, have been bequeathed to the poor. On the farm of Mr. W. W. Ireland is the picturesque ruin of the chapel, or cell, of St. Crispin; and at a short distance from it, in a deep ravine towards the sea, stands the ruins of the castle of Rathdown, the ground plan of which may be traced, and the basement story of a tower, the walls of which are four feet thick are still visible. On the townland of Kindlestown are extensive remains of Kindlestown castle. The remains of the former church are in a burial ground at a short distance from the present building; and in the small hamlet of Windgates is a very large cairn.

Delgany church

A Guide to the County of Wicklow, Rev. G N Wright, 1822

The village of Delgany lies about a quarter of a mile to the east of Belle View gate; the road is along the demesne wall, and there are many neat and tasteful cottages on the road side. The town has grown up under the fostering hand of the amiable proprietor of Belle View, whose name is proverbial throughout the kingdom for intelligence, benevolence, and nationality; it is laid out with judgment, and the cottages are built with excellent taste in rustic architecture. There is a day-school for poor children in the village, and other little institutions for the benefit of the industrious poor, which, though now common in various parts of the kingdom, were first established by the owner of Delgany. Next after the delightful situation and view from the village, the church is the object most worthy of attention; it is a light Gothic building, 102 feet in length by 34 in breadth: over the western entrance a steeple rises 90 feet in height, containing a clock and bell; beneath the dial-plate of the clock is inserted a stone tablet, bearing the arms of the La Touche family, together with the following most suitable and modest inscription: —

*This church was built
A. D. 1789.
Of thine do I give unto thee,
O my God.*



Delgany Church

The church was built by Peter La Touche, Esq. in 1789, after a design by Whitmore Davis, of the county Antrim; and upon its completion, in 1790, thanks were returned in the public

papers to the generous benefactor, in the name of the parish, by the Rev. Joseph Stock, rector, and the church wardens, John Scott and John Rawdon, Esqrs. In front of the church-door is a long shed for the protection of horses, carriages, and servants, during service, a plan quite novel, and a most useful appendage to a country church.

The interior of this very pleasing structure is rendered even more interesting by a splendid monument to the memory of David La Touche, Esq. an early member of this distinguished family; it is entirely of white marble, and was executed by Noah Hickey, an Irish artist; the situation of this very fine piece of sculpture is considered by some pharisaical persons as improper, viz. in the eastern end of the church, where the high altar should stand; the same objection was urged against the situation of Lord Corke's monument, in Saint Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, and the monument was ultimately removed by his excellency, Lord Strafford. The La Touche monument stands exactly opposite the western entrance, and from its great height, 24 feet, is a very striking and, affecting object; on the entablature are placed three medallions, one of the Right Honourable David La Touche, on the right Peter, and on the left John; and on one side stands a figure of Mrs. Peter La Touche, holding a cornucopia. The lamented character to whose memory this splendid monument is raised, is represented in large life, standing on a pedestal, which is placed in a niche on the apex of the pediment.



La Touche Monument in Delgany Church

On a broad tablet beneath is this inscription:

*Sacred to the Memory of
David La Touche.
On the front of the Urn is inscribed,
Born December, M.DCC.IV.
Died M.DCC.LXXXV.
And on the sides is the following epitaph:
He added unfeigned integrity of principle
To a mild and benevolent nature,
And the most engaging gentleness of
Manners;
But the purity of his mind
Was most strongly evinced
In his constant and unaffected piety.
His life,
Though long and prosperous,
Escaped, alas! too transitory.
Riches, in his hand, became a general blessing:
His profusion was a disinterested liberality
To the deserving:
His luxury,
The relief and protection of the
Poor and defenceless.*

The monument is enclosed by railing, outside which the female children, adopted by Mrs. La Touche, sit during service on Sundays; the communion-table stands at the north side of the church, in a semicircular recess, and behind a skreen of clustered columns, supporting pointed arches, the central one of which is twenty feet high. In front of the communion table stands a baptismal font of black marble, presented to the parish of Delgany many years since, by Chatwoth Brabazon, Esq. Above the grand western entrance is Mr. La Touche's pew, occupying the whole of the gallery at the western end; it is of carved oak, highly polished, and in the pointed style. There is always in the summer season a very full, and what is usually termed a very fashionable congregation at Delgany Church.

At Delgany was once a religious cell, belonging to St. Mogoroc, the brother of St. Canoc, who flourished about the year 492. The situation of this cell was unknown, until the identity of Dergne or Deigne with Delgany was pointed out by the learned Dr. Lanigan, and sadly mistaken by Archdall, who says it was near Sletty, in the Queen's County. There was a battle fought at this precise place, called Dergne, or Delgne, in the year 1022, in which Ugair, King of Leinster, overthrew Sitricus, the Danish King of Dublin. "This," says Dr. Lanigan, "is mentioned by Colgan, who cites the Annals of the four Masters; and by Ware."

Newtown Mount Kennedy

A Guide to the County of Wicklow, Rev. G N Wright, 1822

About three miles from Delgany, and 17m. 2f. from Dublin, stands the village of Newtown Mount Kennedy. Although not a picturesque or romantic object itself, it is surrounded by the most delightful and enchanting scenery, and would be an excellent place for the tourist to take up headquarters for a short time.



Newtown Mount Kennedy

There are a number of gentlemen's seats around, and the sea is but a short distance. From this place, as a centre, he could strike off upon very pleasant short excursions each day, and return to dinner. The Glen and Demesne of Dunran, the Devil's Glen, Glenmore Castle, Kill-tymon Glen, the Demesnes of Newtown Mount Kennedy, Altadore and Hermitage, with many others, are within easy distances. There is a very comfortable inn in the town, where the traveller is certain of being treated with great courteousness, and the charges are very moderate.

The house and demesne of Newtown Mount Kennedy are very well worth the attention of the inquisitive tourist; the demesne is extensive, highly improved, and beautifully situated; this whole tract of land, about fifty years ago, was totally wild and barren; about this period it was purchased by General Cunningham, afterwards Lord Rossmore, who then retired from public life. This demesne, as well as that of Dunran, were planted by his lordship, and the soil of the vallies and low lands hitherto useless, reclaimed by that energetic and sagacious nobleman, principally by the application of marl and limestone gravel. So great was this excellent man's taste and ability for agricultural improvement, that, beginning from fifty acres, he extended his demesne and farms from Newtown Mount Kennedy to the southern extremity of Dunran, nor ceased until he had expended 64,000l. in improvements.

A very great natural curiosity, formerly a natural beauty also, was to be seen in the lawn of his lordship's demesne at Newtown Mount Kennedy, a large arbutus tree, thirteen feet six inches in circumference, and about eighteen feet in height; this curious and beautiful object, quite superior even to any of the same species at Killarney, was unfortunately blown down, and split

THE WICKLOW EXCURSION

into two parts; these arms have been judiciously laid down, so as to take new root, and from their present dimensions, the enormous size of the tree, when perfect, may be readily perceived.



Devil's Glen Waterfall

The house is a large square building of great simplicity and elegance; it is in the Ionic order, and after a design by Wyatt, executed by Mr. Cooley, also a very eminent artist. From the portico in front is a charming view of the improvements, and woods terminating in the mountains; and from the rear is a commanding prospect of a highly cultivated country, bounded at the distance of two miles by the sea. In the hall of this splendid mansion were

preserved the fossil horns of the moose deer, found in a marl pit on Mr. Archer's ground, at Inis-Tymon. On Mr. Brownrigg's farm several specimens of this species of fossil have also been found, always in marl pits; in the marl pits of Germany, fossils of the elephant, rhinoceros, and turtle, have been discovered. The house and demesne are now the property of ----- Gunne, Esq., but generally let for the season to some person of rank in Dublin.

The Wicklow excursion

Shamrock Leaves or The Wicklow Excursion, 1823

Shamrock Leaves or The Wicklow Excursion is a book that consists of a series of letters from Georgina to her sister Mary about a sightseeing trip over a number of days to various places of interest in County Wicklow that she, family members and friends undertook. The letters are in verse, some would say doggerel, form and provide an enchanting perspective on travel in Wicklow in the early part of the 19th century. No doubt to provide gravitas to the observations in the letters, a male editor of the book offers a commentary on the quality and imagery of the verse, admitting along the way that the lady (Georgina) indeed has had some exposure to a classical education!

Letter 1 from Miss (Georgina) Dawson to Mrs. (Mary) De Courcy, at Dunmore, near Waterford.

Dearest Mary, though fate may keep sisters apart,

*I would have mine partake every joy of my heart;
I would have good De Courcy too share my diversion,
So shall treat you forthwith to a Wicklow Excursion.*

*In vain did Mamma say her health was dubious;
We told her the air of the hills was salubrious:
In vain did she plead her fat horses' antiquity;
We said they grew old in a lazy iniquity:
In vain did she urge the expenses of travelling;
We coax'd and we teased till we ended her cavilling.
On Friday, of August the twenty-fifth morning,
All Friday's ill omens courageously scorning,
Resolved from dull Dublin at last to elope,
Mamma, sister Lizzy, myself; Mister H*pe,
Stept into the carriage, in rural array,
And off the fat horses set trotting for Bray.
On their green Dos-a-Dos, gay with shawl and with scarf,
We were closely pursued by our friends from Clontarf:
The Major was there with his dear little wife,
And there Cousin Harriet, all spirits and life,
And there too, to show him the ridges and rocks,
Mister Netterville brought Master Mercury Foxe.*

*Sister, I think I should never be weary
Of viewing the Bay from the Craggs of Dunleary:
But the prospect from Bulloch is pleasanter still,
And yet more from Killiney's majestic hill.
O how can men congregate closely in towns,
With a valley so near as the Glen of the Downs:
Where refreshment we took, 't was Mamma's inclination,
And we sipp'd of a Naiad's pellucid oblation?*



Sightseers in the Glen of the Downs

*Who would not prefer the rose, woodbine and myrtle,
With a cold roasted fowl, to the Castle and turtle?
And who, that could perch on a rock like an eagle,
Would wish to be squeezed up at parties vice-regal?*

*But my Muse, I perceive, has been soaring too freely:
I ought to have told you that near Cabinteely
A relic worth note, of a barbarous age,
In the small vale of Brennan, the search should engage.
'Tis a huge granite mass, laid on pillars uncouth
When the fortunes of Erin were yet in their youth;
This Cromlech has rested in rudeness sublime,
Untouch'd by the chances and changes of time;
Unimpaired as when Druids encircling it stood,
And wild rites were perform'd by those Priests of the Wood.
Art's fabrics, constructed with skill and with cost,
Tombs, temples and palaces sink to the dust;
But the plain rugged pile of the Savage remains,
Resisting the ruin that Nature ordains.
By this ancient memorial Glen-Druid is charm'd;*

*And the black-bird that carols there oft is alarm'd
By the foot of the stranger who thoughtfully strays
In quest of the work of druidical days.
Well: we thought, on arriving at Newtown-Mount-Kennedy,
'T was proper to shew the poor horses some lenity;
So there for awhile we reluctantly waited;
Then impatient stroll'd on while the animals baited.
But the long dusty road not so much we admired;
Soon the light Sylph of Calpe complain'd she was tired,*

THE WICKLOW EXCURSION

*And sinking down gave the pedestrian fit o'er,
And lay like a daisy cut down by the mower.
Her example prevailing beside her we sank,
Like so many buttercups dotting the bank;
Till the carriages roused us, our idle limbs troubling,
Like the Black-cart collecting the Vagrants in Dublin.
But our ardor return'd when again we began
Nature's haunts to explore at the Pass of Dunran.
On the left a rough wall of high rocks you behold,
Clad with heather and broom, rich with purple and gold;
On the right a tall hill with a curtain of wood,
And between them a road, winding—just as it should.*

*In this charming retreat it was almost a sin,
To think of our dinner at Newrybridge-Inn.
But the keen mountain air, with its flutter unsteady,
Would sing nothing else but "Your Dinner is ready!"
So to Newry we went; but alas! but alas!
The schemes of poor mortals are fragile as glass!
To the Inn we drove up, and the Landlord tript out,
"No Room, plase your Honors!" and wheel'd right about.
For rooms we had written, for rooms and for dinner;
But the first in the race of the cup is the winner:
Activity taught by a recent defection,
Colonel Wh*te here at least had secured his Election.
So onward to Wicklow we heavily went,
Too hungry be sure to be very content.
But when we got there, we made light of our care,
And drove to the Green-tree that branches so fair.
To the Green-tree we drove—but alas! but alas!*

*Fate seem'd to have doom'd us to dine upon grass;
Like Nebuchadonnezzar, Babylon's King,
Who grazed seven years like a four-footed thing.
"No Room, plase your Honors!" the landlady said,
With a very self-satisfied toss of the head.
"No Room!" cried Mamma, "Why, thou infamous Tree,
"Be the curse of the Fig that was barren on Thee!
"May thy veins than turf-ashes be speedily dryer,
"And the axe lay thee low to be food for the fire!
"For unblest was the hand that first taught thee to climb;
"And the day of thy birth was a stain upon time!
"Smug Clerks, and Attornies, with pens in their ear,
"In alleys and lanes can get plentiful cheer;
"Dull drudges, that scarcely know clover from oats,
"Thrust mutton and beef down their ravenous throats:
"But we, Lovers of Nature, are likely to die,
"Unrelieved by a pitiful blackberry pie!"
To exertion inspired by her eloquent tongue,
Away, right and left, then the Gentlemen sprung.
The Major was here; his Lieutenant was there;
The others went puzzling they didn't know where;
No end now appear'd to their hunts and their courses;*

*Mamma was all fidgets at keeping the horses;
The people look'd out of their windows and giggled;
Mamma, quite provoked, said she'd ne'er be inveigled
Again to expose coach and horses to ravages,
Stared at and starved by impertinent savages.*

*So, after much blunder, and numerous chidings,
The Gentlemen brought some encouraging tidings:
They had found out a place near the bridge to regale us,
An inviting abode, 'twixt an Inn and an Alehouse:
And there we all gladly alighted at last,
And waited till nine for a charming repast.
We young Ladies, you know, like the blossoms that share
Our delicate natures, could live upon air;
But Mamma is a foe to etherial refection,
And those creatures the Men are of coarser complexion.*



A typical Inn, late 1800s

*While waiting, Dame Health put it into our heads
To ask for dry linen, clean blankets and beds;
But, when we had calmly proceeded to ask it all,
The Landlady said we were "very fantastical!"
To our H*pe we appeal'd, who flew, swift as an arrow,
To smooth down the plumes of the pert little sparrow.
With the sweet oil of flattery soon he succeeded,
The ruffled plumes fell, and our wishes were heeded.*

THE WICKLOW EXCURSION

*O Sister! O Sister! these Men we may vex,
But they have their revenge on our variable sex;
When we frown they submit, and implore our humanity;
Then get what they wanted, and smile at our vanity.
So H*pe, winning H*pe, told a flattering tale,
And obtain'd sheets well aired, when nought else could prevail.*

*While we settled this point, it grew later and later;
So till dinner was served Mamma scolded the waiter.
But when it did come—O ye Gods and ye Goddesses!
The Feast should be chanted in Iliads and Odysseys!
On a huge green-edged dish Seven Chickens came steaming!
Seven Chickens! O Mary, we couldn't help screaming!
Not mere little chicks of the Lilliput tribe,
But monsters of Brobdingnag, vain to describe!
Then came, Mister H*pe had so got into favour,
Half the side of a pig of particular flavour;
And, to crown all, a hot roasted quarter of mutton,
Big enough for two months to have feasted a glutton!
You remember, no doubt, that our party was nine,
So judge if we had not sufficient to dine;
And the whole, you will own, was so tasteful and pretty,
'Twould credit have done to a Dinner-Committee.
Our Hostess in skill quite eclipsed Doctor Kitchener,
Mister H*pe had so well found the art of bewitching her.*

*Yet perhaps, as we all were both hungry and droll,
'Twas the true feast of reason and flow of the soul.
For a day past like this there was nothing to grieve;
The crosses of morning were pleasures at eve:
Like a gay group of children unwilling to part,
When our lids heavy grew, we were light at the heart:
But to let us sit late, your Mamma was too wary,
She sent us to bed; so go you to bed, Mary.—*

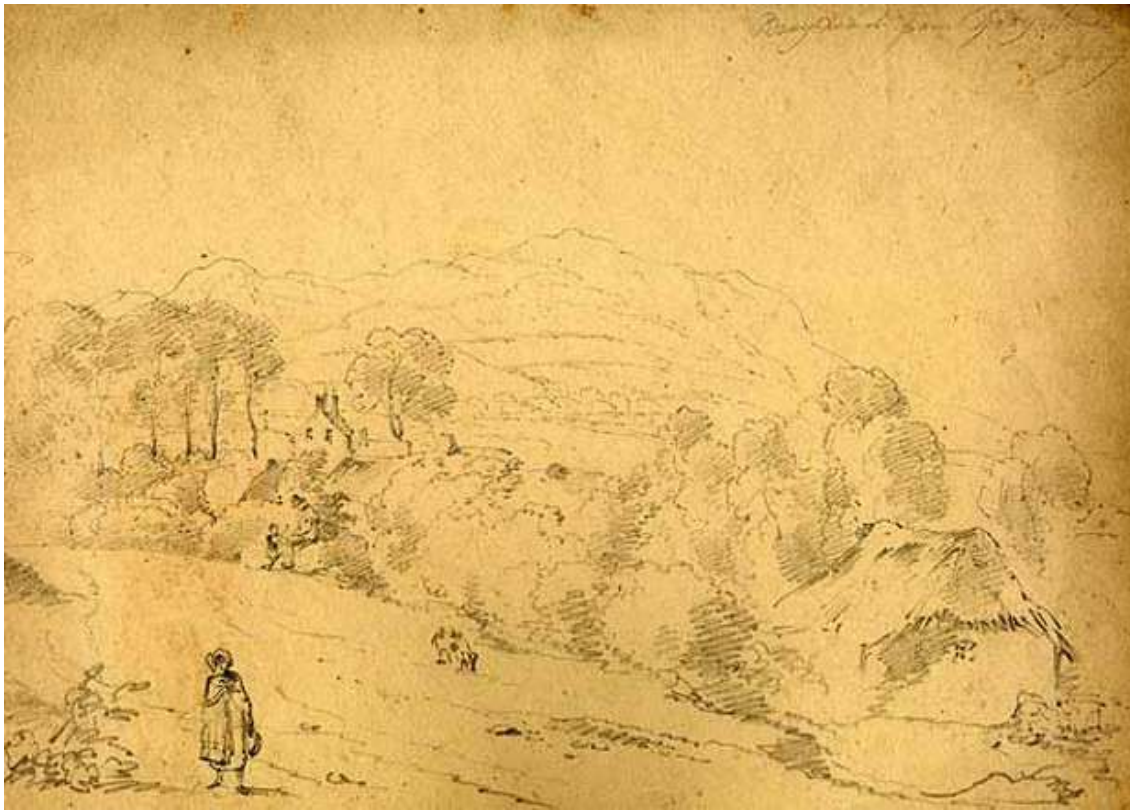
Georgina.

Greystones and its environs: a personal view

The life and letters of William Urwick, D.D., 1870

Rev William Urwick (1791-1868) was minister of the York Street Congregational Chapel in Dublin from 1826 to 1866, a leading figure in the evangelical movement, an advocate of temperance and an anti-slavery campaigner. From the 1830s on, he spent his summers in Greystones with his family, travelling back into the city to take Sunday service and returning to Greystones on Monday. The local beauty spots, the pastimes and the outdoor preaching and hymn-singing described by Urwick would be familiar to successive generations of residents and visitors.

For the health of Mrs Urwick and the children, it became necessary to secure change of air and sea bathing, and accordingly, in the summer of 1830, lodgings were obtained in a fishing village, about two miles from Delgany, and fifteen miles from Dublin, called the Greystones. It was a lovely sequestered spot, consisting of a coastguard station, and about two dozen cottages, built out upon a flat promontory of rock, extending about half a mile along the coast,



between Bray Head and Wicklow.

These rocks present abundant scope for studying geology, the strata being upturned and tossed about in extraordinary lines and curves, while nothing could be more delightful to the health and rest-seeker, than to go out and sit among them, basking in the sunshine, with the deep clear sea dancing at his feet. Many an hour did he spend with his children, sitting out upon the rocks reading as they played.

The cottage which they first occupied ... was called Dame Doyle's cottage, Dame Doyle being the mother of a large family, and her sons being the foremost and most enterprising of the fishermen. The cottage was not large, and the contrivances for sleeping accommodation gave endless amusement. Immediately in front, looking northwards, lay the north shore, in the near

GREYSTONES AND ITS ENVIRONS: A PERSONAL VIEW

corner of which "the coomb" was a natural harbour or basin, sheltered from all points but the N.E., which the fishermen chose as their place of launching and of landing; their boats, when at home, were drawn upon the strand.

This north shore is steep and pebbly, but as the tide falls, easy to walk upon. It extends two miles, passing the "Gap", where a stream and a winding lane come down from the country to the sea, and terminating in the "Red Rocks," at the foot of Bray Head. The view, looking northwards from Greystones, is unsurpassable for grace and beauty. To the right is the Irish sea, along the horizon of which, at night, the Kish Light is visible. As the eye travels northwards, Lambay Island is first discerned, then Howth, then Dalkey Island and Killiney. Bray Head stands out nobly in the centre of the picture; its height from its sea line to its summit, and the beautiful sweep of its outlines against the sky, are seen better from this point than from any other. Next, as we turn westward, are Windgates Hill and Little Sugar Loaf, also most graceful in its shoulders and its sweep. Great Sugar Loaf presents the outline of a perfect cone of gray cold rock behind, and Kendlestown Hill, Bellevue, and the Downs Hill may be said to terminate the picture on the west. Southwards from the platform of rocks another beautiful beach extends for miles, that portion of it bounded by Drommin Hill ... being called by the fishermen the South Shore. Every break, every nook and cranny of the rocks had its appropriate name – "*the flagstaff rocks*", "*the sofa*", "*the bathing strand*", "*the drawing-room*", "*the amphitheatre*", "*the hermitage*", and so on. Looking down upon it from the country, Greystones does not present any features very striking or attractive. It looks bleak and bare. But the views, in every direction looking from the place, are beautiful, and it is no wonder that it has since become a favourite summer resort. Its aspect now is quite changed. The sea has made considerable inroads; the railway has made its way along the coast; and, instead of a few fishermen's huts, we find a goodly number of substantial cottages and houses. To Greystones the family resorted every summer for many years, and their stay was usually three or four months. In 1838 some kind friends in the York Street Church took and furnished the cottage at the extreme point by the flagstaff looking northwards, (which the coastguard officer, Captain Curtis, had occupied,) for the use of their pastor and his family; and many happy summers were spent there ... The change was most refreshing, from the noise and dust of the city to the calm and quiet of this resort.



Some 'rocks' in Greystones

On Sundays, Mrs Urwick usually took the children to the Independent (afterwards Presbyterian) Chapel at Bray, and sometimes to Delgany Church, where the holy and gentle William Cleaver ministered ... He usually had two curates ... one of whom held a homely cottage service at Windgates on Sunday evenings; and when Dr Urwick spent the Sabbath at Greystones, he conducted a service in one of the cottages there, and preached frequently in the open air at the flagstaff. Greystones became to Dr Urwick ... one centre of his local and domestic affections ... There it was he found rest and refreshment after the excitement of a city pastor's life; there it was that he enjoyed that thorough relaxation which he so much needed, in strolls with his children along the shores or up the mountains, or in boating excursions to the caves round Bray Head, to Killiney, or to Wicklow; or in moonlight walks to see the fishermen seining, or in watching their excitement during the mackerel season; or in occasional longer expeditions by car to the Dargle, the Devil's Glen, the Seven Churches, or Lough Bray.



Cottage in the Devil's Glen

Thither, even to the end of his life, he loved to go, if it were only for a day, to enjoy the bracing sea and mountain air, and to revive sweet memories of happy times gone by, and with his grandchildren to live over again those earlier days.

The railway arrives

The crucial factor in Greystones' development came in the mid-19th century, with the opening of the railway. Although the station itself was not built until 1859, the line from Bray to Wicklow was completed four years earlier, opening in October 1855 with the 'experimental trip' described in the *next article*. 'The man whose indomitable perseverance and energy have gained him a world-wide fame' was, of course, Isambard Kingdom Brunel, who drew up the plans for the tunnels under Bray Head. Little more than a decade after the line was opened, the dangers of this new mode of transport became tragically apparent with *the Brandy Hole railway accident* of 9 August 1867, in which two people were killed and several injured.



Greystones railway station

For further information, see Aileen Short, '[Notes on how the railway came to Greystones](#)', GAHS Journal, Volume 2, 1995 and Peter McNiff, '*Railway encounters*', (2005).

Dublin and Wicklow railway

Freeman's Journal, 16th October 1855

On Saturday last an experimental trip was made on the portion of this line extending from Bray to Wicklow, and was eminently successful. Several of the directors and a number of their



Bray Station

friends formed the excursion party ...

The public are familiar with the history of this railway. The line first projected was known by the name of the Dublin, Wicklow, Wexford, and Waterford Railway ... Owing to peculiar circumstances the original plan was not carried out, and the company, in 1851, procured an act for the present line to Wicklow ... They were enabled to enter into an arrangement with Mr Dargan, who has completed the undertaking with his usual enterprise, promptitude, and success. The portion of the line between Dublin and Bray, and from the latter place to Dalkey, a distance of sixteen miles, has been in operation for more than a year. The distance between Bray and Wicklow is sixteen miles, now ready for opening; and the distance of the part between Dalkey and Kingstown, two miles, has just been brought into operation. The whole will shortly be put into uninterrupted communication with the Dublin and Kingstown Railway, making a total length of forty miles brought into one system, proceeding from Westland-row and Kingstown to Dalkey, and the shores of Killiney Bay, to within a mile of Bray, where it forms a junction with the line carried direct from Dublin via Dundrum and the flanks of the Dublin mountains.

Passing the station at Bray, the line is carried round the formidable headlands, reaching an elevation of about 70 feet above the sea, along the edge of the cliffs, which rise to a great height, nearly vertical, out of the water for three miles. The coast is here deeply serrated, and

DUBLIN AND WICKLOW RAILWAY

the projecting formation being both rough and irregular in its outline, the railway is sometimes carried through deep cuttings, sometimes along a ledge of the rock retained by lofty walls, at other places supported on timber viaducts striding the ravines of the coast, the three leading projections of which are pierced by tunnels for a distance of 400 yards, and form marked features in the engineering of this interesting section of the company's works; and at an elevation of 100 feet above the railway is carried a foot road, from which these singular works may be viewed with much effect.

The exceedingly difficult task of cutting through such a vast mass of rock as the seafront of Bray Head, and overcoming the obstacles presented by the deep earth slopes, could only have



Bray Head Tunnel

been accomplished by the man whose indomitable perseverance and energy have gained him a world-wide fame.

At about three o'clock the train started from Bray, and passed through what might, from the heights above, appear a formidable pass, but, viewed from the railway, the observer is assured that all is as secure from accident as if the line ran entirely on a level plain, and not the slightest apprehension of danger need be entertained. The various bridges crossing the sea inlets are of the most solid construction, and the tunnels, which are splendid monuments of enterprise and skill, have been completed in the most perfect and durable manner. Upon leaving the last tunnel the line runs almost level to its present termination.

The station-houses will be fine specimens of simple and useful architecture ... The station at Greystones is within a short distance of the Glen of the Downs, Bellevue, Delgany, and the Sugar Loaf mountains. Kilcool, the second station from Bray, is contiguous to Newtownmountkennedy, Hermitage, Woodstock, &c. The third station is at Killoughter, and the last on the Morrough, near the town of Wicklow ... Along the route the most beautiful and attractive scenery is presented to the traveller's view ... and the country about is studded with handsome seats, and well wooded and picturesque demesnes.



Wicklow Station

The town of Wicklow appeared to be much improved, and now that the line to it is complete, will doubtless soon rise to greater importance and prosperity. The view of the country, and the coast from the hill behind the town is one of the finest that could easily be conceived ...

On returning to Bray, the gentlemen invited to be present at the trial trip dined together at Breslin's hotel, where every attention was paid to their comfort and convenience ...

Railway accident at Bray Head

Freeman's Journal, 10 August 1867

When I arrived here this morning nothing could exceed the consternation which was caused by the terrible intelligence which was received, that the up train from Enniscorthy, had run over one of the fearful chasms of Bray Head, and that all the passengers were killed and the engine and carriages dashed to atoms. Persons on numerous cars were to be seen driving off in haste to the scene of the disaster, and the passengers leaving by the early trains for town were filled with a painful sense of the truth of the saying that "*In the midst of life we are in death.*" The statements which have been made, however exaggerated, forms ready credence, as all are well aware of the dangerous character of the line where the catastrophe has stated to have occurred. Telegrams announcing the accident were despatched to town, and Mr Waldron, Chairman of the Company, Mr Maunsell, Secretary, Mr Payne, Manager, the engineers, and a large staff of workmen proceeded by special train for the scene of the calamity, which is known as the Ram's Scalp-bridge, crossing the chasm through which the mountain torrents flow into the sea at what is known as "*the Brandy Hole*", because in times gone by it was a favourite resort for smugglers running contraband goods.



Railway accident at Bray Head, 1867

I lost no time when I heard of the accident in proceeding to this place, and I cannot convey the slightest idea of the terrible sight which met my eyes. Contrary to the report which had been made, the train went over the bridge at the mountain and not at the sea side. Beneath, at a distance of forty feet, was to be seen the engine and tender turned bottom up and bulged and broken as if they had been made of tin. The platform of a third-class carriage stood in a semi-

upright position, sustaining the second third-class carriage, which partially overhung the precipice. The first and second-class carriages and the ... luggage van were partly dragged off the rails, which were warped and wrenched by the pressure of the falling engine and third-class carriage. The platform of the bridge was torn up like brown paper, and the inner rails were smashed and borne down into the chasm beneath. The platform of the third-class carriage to which I have referred was providentially the means by which all in the train were saved from destruction, as the base of it settled in the earth, and the upper end getting jammed under the third-class carriage which followed it prevented it hauling over the entire train. The couplers and coupling chains also did good work, as they did not break off, and by that means kept the second carriage suspended, I may almost say, in mid-air. I never will forget the fearful sight which met my view from the centre of the bridge. At one side was the sea rolling into the rocky inlet one hundred feet below, with portions of the broken carriages lying on the beach, at the other Bray Head rising above the chasm, in which were to be seen the dying and the dead as they were being removed from the debris, and the piles of earth and falling stones which had rolled down the cliff. Young and old, male and female, were to be seen writhing in agony and presenting a most lamentable appearance.

Seafaring

As Robert Fraser had noted in his General view of the ... County Wicklow (1801), seafaring and its dangers were a constant feature of life in the vicinity of Greystones. The introduction of a coastguard service offered some assistance to ships in danger, although on occasion, as the account of the [*foundering of the 'Rival'*](#) shows, seamen had to rely on their own ingenuity for survival. In 1872 a more effective system was introduced, with the arrival, to great acclaim, of the [*first lifeboat*](#). Nevertheless, the sea continued to claim its toll of lives, and one of the most memorable tragedies occurred on 14 October 1892, when three local men, John, William and Herbert Doyle, were killed in an attempt to [*rescue a ship in danger*](#). An [*appeal*](#) was quickly launched for assistance for their families, and their courage and the impact of their deaths on the local community were commemorated in a poem, '[*The heroes of Greystones*](#)'.

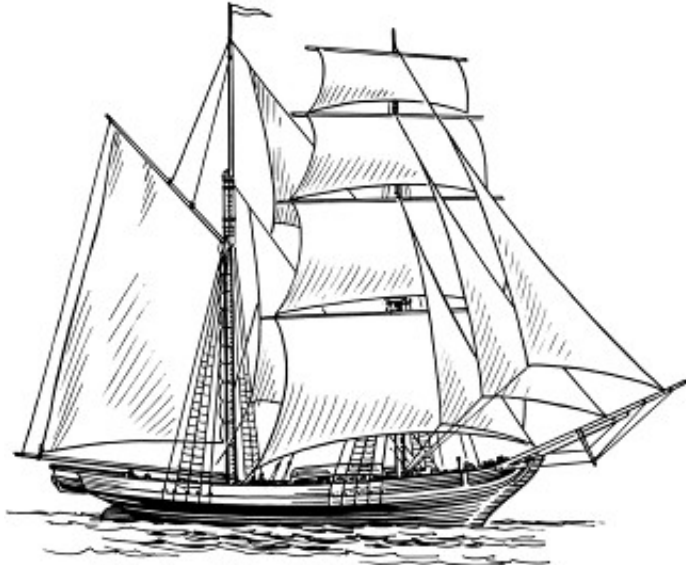


Inclement weather in Greystones

The foundering of the brig “Rival”

Freeman’s Journal, 30 September 1854

In reference to the loss of the above vessel, the master has published the following statement:-
“The Rival sailed from the Clyde on the 2d day of September, 1854, bound for Genoa, with a cargo of iron and coal, from which day, until the 11th of September, nothing of moment occurred, when we then encountered very heavy weather ... with a heavy head sea, and the brig springing a leak. For a considerable time we were able to keep the pumps clear, but the leak gained on us, whereupon we deemed it prudent to bear up for the Channel. When



A typical brig (P Scott Foresman)

entering the Channel on the 14th day of September, blowing a heavy gale from W.W.S., scudding under a close-reefed topsail with six feet water in ship’s hold, a barque passed us at midnight, bound up Channel, which I hailed, and was answered in English. I stated that our vessel was in a sinking state, and requested to be taken off, or, for the barque to lay by us till daylight. But, notwithstanding our distress, the barque squared away, and left us to our fate. By great, and almost supernatural exertions, we managed to keep our vessel from going down during the night, and until about one o’clock next day, when she foundered. Previous to the

vessel sinking, I succeeded in getting the crew into the boats, together with some spirits and bread, and after much difficulty we got safely landed at Greystones that night, wet and fatigued. Upon our boat touching the beach at Greystones, the coast-guards came alongside and seized everything we had, and even permitted the mob ashore to steal the small quantity of provisions left. The seamen were greatly distressed and annoyed at such a reception, and, rather than give the coast-guards the satisfaction of taking the spirits and tobacco, &c., they threw all overboard in their presence. Although wet with the sea washing over us, and very much fatigued, the coast-guard officer denied us all shelter; and, although it was night, we were all obliged to walk on to Bray, about five miles distant, not being able to get lodgings at Greystones. To the captain of the Union, of Wicklow, who took us on board, and gave us dry clothing, I beg to return grateful thanks, on behalf of myself and crew; and also to Mr Marshall, of Dublin, agent for the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners’ Benevolent Society, who provided us with free passages to Belfast.”

An incident at sea

The Irish Times, 11 February 1861

The Mary, a brigantine, of Warrenpoint, port of Newry, went ashore near the Railway Station-house here, and just opposite Killincarrig House, the seat of Sir Vincent Hawkins Whitshed, Bart., on Saturday, about one o'clock. A hurricane was blowing at the time, and no boat could possibly live in the sea at the time. As far as the spectators could judge, the vessel was about seventy-five tons burden, and she was laden with coal. Four of the men were in the rigging, and one on deck. Almost all the inhabitants of the village were upon the beach, and ready to offer assistance, but to no avail. Such was the violence of the storm that no assistance could be given the crew from land, and they all perished, within one hundred yards of the shore. No communication could be had with the unfortunate men. Their names are not known, nor was the port from which they came. But had the vessel been of ordinary strength, so as to withstand the violence of the storm for a quarter of an hour or so, there is no doubt whatever that the coastguard, with the *Malby* apparatus, would have been able to save the lives of the crew.

At present only a small portion of the vessel can be seen; no bodies have been washed ashore, but a portion of the sails, anchors, rigging and spars have been found and are in the custody of the coastguard ...

As soon as the vessel was seen to be in danger, the mortar and life apparatus, under the direction of the Board of Trade was placed in readiness, but although the vessel did not strike upon a rocky point, such was her rottenness that she parted in two in a few minutes ...

We understand that several other wrecks have occurred upon the Eastern coast, during the late storm, but as the railway communication between Bray and Wicklow has been interrupted by the storm, we have not yet heard the particulars.

Launch of Greystones lifeboat

The Irish Times, 5 August 1872

The retirement of Greystones, that delightful sanitarium on the coast of the County Wicklow, was enlivened on Saturday by an interesting and festal ceremony. The occasion was the launching of a life-boat, *Sarah Tancred*, and it drew to the beach a large number of the neighbouring gentry, the summer residents, and the indigenous rustics and fishermen. The midday trains from Bray, Kingstown and Dublin brought also to the spot a large contingent of ladies and gentlemen whom the hospitality of their local friends and the intrinsic charms of the locality detained till a late hour in the evening. The weather was all that could be desired, the country folk dressed in holiday attire, and gay equipages and fair ladies, dressed as for a flower show, made old Greystones look as it had never looked before. The boat is a magnificent specimen of her class, very large, strong enough to brave the buffeting of the roughest seas and to support treble the number of human beings that could by any possibility be packed into her. Her full crew consists of twelve oarsmen, a steersman, and a man at the prow to fire from a rocket apparatus the rescuing rope to a foundering ship. She was decorated on Saturday with a profusion of flags, and was drawn in procession from the railway station to the beach on a stout four-wheeled truck dragged by six horses. Her crew was on board, as hardy a lot of salts as one would wish to see, all of them in red Guernsey shirts and cork jackets. The last circumstance suggested a hope that the spectators were to be entertained by witnessing an upset and an immersion, but these amusements did not form part of the programme. She was launched very easily and quickly, and if always manned as she was manned on Saturday, will, no doubt, do good service for years to come. The cost of building her, and the substantial boat-house in which she lies when not in use, was about £500. This sum was the bequest of a Mr Tancred, who was born and reared within two miles of Delgany, and quitted the neighbourhood in early youth to seek his fortune in more stirring places ... Besides its name, which is that of the donor's deceased wife, the boat bears on it the title of the National Life-boat Institution ... The very moderate funds required to maintain the boat in full efficacy, and always ready for its benevolent mission, are to be derived from voluntary contributions, and especially from the contributions of the counties Wicklow and Dublin.

Greystones lifeboat in the 19th century

The Bray People and other sources (edited by James Scannell)

Between 1871 and 1896 the Royal National Lifeboat Institution (R.N.L.I.) had a lifeboat station in Greystones but it was not overworked during this 25-year period as the lifeboat was only launched three times. The North Wicklow Coast is a treacherous one for the mariner with numerous hazards including the long line of sand banks from Dublin to Wexford on which many ships have come to grief down through the years.

In 1871 the R.N.L.I. established the Greystones Lifeboat Station which was formally opened by Lady Meath in July 1872 who also named the first lifeboat stationed there, the 33ft. 10-oar *Sarah Tancred*, which was launched into the sea from a special carriage. This lifeboat remained stationed in Greystones until 1886 and during its period of service took part in three rescues, the best known being that of the crew of the yacht *Nicomi* in 1873. On 17th May 1873 this yacht from Dun Laoghaire was observed in distress off Bray Head in a heavy sea and the lifeboat was called out to effect a rescue. While the lifeboat was on its way to the yacht, its owner decided that he would try and run the yacht ashore at Bray Head but the heavy sea running would have wrecked it and drowned the occupants had he proceeded with this course of action. Fortunately the lifeboat arrived just before he attempted to do this and took on board the yacht's four occupants. Due to the heavy sea running a landing could not be made at Greystones and so the lifeboat had to sail to Wicklow to land those rescued before returning to Greystones.

One of the most memorable rescues occurred on Sunday 30th September 1876 when the brig *Leona* got into difficulties off Bray due to a navigation error by the captain who mistook the light marking the wreck of H.M.S. *Vanguard*, sunk the previous year at the Kish light, while a strong north-east gale was blowing. Finding himself off Bray Seafront and not in Scotsman's Bay off Kingstown (Dun Laoghaire) as he believed, the captain raised a distress signal which was seen by the Bray Coastguard Station. The Kingstown (Dun Laoghaire) and Greystones lifeboats were called out but the Greystones lifeboat could not be launched from the North Beach due to the severe north-east gale blowing and was brought, still in its launching cradle, overland to Bray. Accounts do not record if they used the Old Bray Road or the current one but in any event the crew would have faced a severe climb on the approach to Windgates using either route. When the Greystones boat eventually reached Bray, the crew attempted to launch it from the Putland Road end of the beach but weather conditions made this extremely difficult and virtually impossible. The Greystones crew ceased their launch attempt totally when the Kingstown lifeboat was sighted approaching the *Leona* and allowed it to carry out the rescue instead.

After effecting the rescue of those on the *Leona*, the Kingstown lifeboat capsized while heading in towards Bray beach to land those rescued. One lifeboat crewman was drowned as were a number of the rescued brig's crew. The Greystones lifeboat took part in the shoreline search for survivors before returning home.

This lifeboat was launched on one other occasion but no further lives were saved.

In 1886 the *Sarah Tancred* was replaced by the larger 37ft. 12-oar *Richard Brown* which remained in service until the station was closed in 1896. This lifeboat was never called out during the decade it was based in Greystones.

Coxswains at Greystones were John Doyle, 1876 – 1892, and Edward Archer, 1892 – 1895.

The heroes of Greystones

On Friday night, October 14, 1892, a heavy sea and north-east gale prevailed in the Irish Channel, during which the schooner *Mersey*, which was moored alongside the jetty at Greystones, threatened to break up where she lay, and the owner resolved to let her drive on the beach. John Doyle and William Doyle, with Herbert Doyle, son of the latter, went out along the jetty to cast a rope to the vessel, and having done so, were returning when a great wave came and engulfed them. They had often gone out to save life, and were famed for their bravery. John and William Doyle leave large families, for whom a subscription is being made. The disaster has prompted the following lines:-

Only three simple fishers – two lusty men and a lad,
The stay of two poor and humble homes that yesterday were glad;
Their hands were hard from toiling – from dragging the ropes and sails,
For often out in the Irish Sea they'd weathered the western gales;
But they had often plunged in the deep, and battled the angry wave,
And risked their lives and the children's bread a fellow's life to save.
There was nothing heroic about them – only two men and a lad –
But they're stiff and dead in the billow's grasp, and the hearths are cold and sad,
And tears and sighs fill hearts and eyes that yesterday were glad.

There was trouble that night on the deep, and the waves were lashing high,
And the winds were howling in the shrouds beneath the frowning sky;
And the cordage creaked as it only creaks when Davy Jones has spread
His arms to grasp in icy clasp his harvest of the dead.
The boat was straining to the beach, the sea had seized its prey,
And soon would snap the staying cords and bear its prize away;
For the bonds that hands of man had wrought exert their power in vain
When the anger of the skies breaks forth, and the tempest's sinews strain.

Now, help for the ship which doom awaits, no faint help must it be,
And muscle and heart must be stout and brave to face that raging sea;
For over the staunch high pier it breaks, and strikes with maddening force,
Sweeping before it mightily whate'er would stay its course.
But there are hearts to face that gale, and hands who'll try to reach
And save that ship from the tempest's jaws, and they're ready on the beach.

But now while they struggle with thews all bent, watch how the surges rise,
And see that torrent rushing on high, rearing to the skies.
"Come back, come back!" – along it sweeps and rises o'er the pier.
"Come back, come back!" they cry in vain to ears that can scarce hear.
Too late - for as lighting leaves the heaven, and in a minute of time
Descends to earth, and takes its course, all bright, from clime to clime,
Sudden it rose that mighty wave and round the hapless men,
Swept as no human power can sweep, incircling them, and then -
Oh! then - sweet sister, hold your breath, and wives your tears prepare,
For by that slender cord three lives are hanging lightly there.

Back goes the wave, and, God of Love, the men and boy are – where?
Ask of that wave, beseech the winds, and yield ye to despair,
For the Lord of the deep has taken them; it was the gleaning day,
When He hath willed to gather them into His home away.
But shall the widow weep for bread, and shall the children cry?
And while we wreath the statesman's tomb, shall they of hunger die,
The kith and kin of those fishers three – two simple men and a lad –
Who weep in the darkened homes to-day that yesterday were glad?

Appeal

The Irish Times, 17 October 1892

Sir,

I appeal to the residents, visitors to this summer resort, and the public generally, on behalf of the poor widows and orphans of John Doyle, coxswain, Greystones lifeboat, and William Doyle who, with his eldest son Herbert, lost their lives yesterday off Greystones Pier, whilst assisting to save the schooner Mersey from being wrecked during the fearful easterly gale. They were washed off the pier by a tremendous wave and drowned instantaneously in the sight of many people, none of whom could render the slightest assistance.

Their means of support depended almost entirely on the precarious calling of fishing. John and William Doyle leave widows and two large families, numbering six and seven respectively, of quite young children, who are entirely unprovided for. I am sure I will not appeal in vain through your medium in asking aid for these unfortunate families. It is the saddest accident that has occurred here for many years.

The following gentlemen have agreed to act as a committee with me for this good object, and any subscriptions sent to them or to myself will be thankfully received: - David R. Pigot, Esq., Thornbank, Greystones; R. Cathcart Dobbs, Esq., Knockdolian, Greystones; J. G. McEntagart, Esq., The Beach, Greystones.

Yours, &c.

Arthur Hughes, St David's, Greystones.

15 October [1892]

Holidaymaking

From the mid-19th century on, Greystones attracted ever-growing number of holiday-makers, some arriving by excursion steamer on day trips, but most travelling by train and renting houses in which they lived for three or four months every summer. One of these annual visitors was the young John Millington Synge, whose family had a longstanding connection with Wicklow. Long after Synge's death, his brother, Rev Samuel Synge, recorded his memories of those summers, of their childhood pursuits, of the town as it was then and of the various houses in which they stayed. With the growing popularity of the area, a number of hotels, boarding houses and businesses were established to cater for visitors' needs. The opening of the Grand (later the La Touche) Hotel in 1894 was an indication of the importance of the tourist industry to Greystones,



Holidaying in Greystones

and of the hopes of prominent local figures for further development.

Special excursion steamer

Freeman's Journal, 25 July 1874

A SPECIAL EXCURSION STEAMER

will be despatched to

GREYSTONES AND BACK ON WEDNESDAY, 29th July

and every Wednesday till further Notice, Weather, &c. permitting, for the accommodation of Tourists and others wishing to sail through Dalkey Sound, Killiney Bay, and past Bray Head, the Beautiful and Romantic Scenery, dotted with picturesque Villas, reaching to the water's edge.

The Steamer will leave the Custom House Quay at 11 a.m., Kingstown at 12 noon, returning to Kingstown about 6; Dublin about 7 o'clock p.m.

N.B. Passengers will be afforded an opportunity of landing at the Pier, if possible.

Tickets

First Class	3s each
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Second Class	2s. 6d. each
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Children	Half Price
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Parties should bring their own Refreshments on board.

Memories of J M Synge

Letters to my daughter: memories of John Millington
Synge, Rev Samuel Synge, 1931

For many years, until we were quite big boys, your Uncle John and I used to go down to Greystones for a while every summer with our family ... Greystones was very different when we first went to it to what it is today. The railroad that used to be in those days has now in some places been entirely washed away into the sea. The inner accommodation bridge was not even thought of in those days. There were very few houses in Greystones. There were none at all on the Burnaby Estate. Above the church along Church lane there were no houses. Along Church Road very few houses, and, of course, no road on either side of the railway between the station and the bridge, although there was a right of way in those places. The Coastguard Station was only just built or building, and between the coastguard station and the railway station, round by the sea, there were no houses of any kind. [Footnote: To be accurate I must



add that when I wrote the above I had forgotten the two large houses at the east end of the Coastguard Station. They were called East House and West House.] All was fields and country, and visitors might walk where they liked. The ladder at the Gentlemen's Bathing Place was there, but out on the promontory of rock on the north of where it is now. There was no wall round the bathing place, and no flat place cut out in the rocks. There was no police station, and no other place of worship but the church, which was much smaller than it is now. It had no wing on either side, no gallery, and no end part where the gallery now is. There were but very few houses for visitors to take. The railway station board was marked "Delgany and Greystones." ... Until the railway was made, not so very long before, Delgany, being much nearer the

coach road, was of course the more important place.

To Greystones, as I have tried to describe it here, we first went to stay for a time in summer of 1875. For years each summer fulfilled all our expectations of the autumn, winter, and spring in between the visits. How we loved Greystones! Your Uncle John and I could there pick flowers and berries in the country round, or play on the shore, or sail our numerous small boats in the pools on the rocks. Sometimes he and I played at the rectangular little pool in the rocks just below and a little to the right as you look across from where St David's now stands, but we liked better the other pool close to it on the south, into which the sea did not wash so easily. Your Uncle John used also sometimes to go with me to bathe on the south shore, but his health did not encourage very much bathing on his part. As your Uncle John grew up, we used to take longer walks sometimes together. One day I have distinct recollections of going up to the top of Little Sugar Loaf with him before sunrise, but that special morning I rather think that we did not see much on account of the fog that so often hangs over the sea at that hour ... In the earlier 'eighties, your Uncle John and I used to be very fond of going to the top of Furze Hill (the little hill just west of Greystones) in the summer evenings, and then running down full tilt a little later. The hill in those days was very much wilder than it is now, and of course had no golf course; neither had the Burnaby estate any houses in the fields below ...

Your Uncle John and I stayed in various houses when we went with our family to Greystones for the annual summer visit ... We stayed in 3 Bethel Terrace (the terrace otherwise known as Mattie Doyle's cottages) our first summer in Greystones ... Our second summer at Greystones we stayed at Westview 1. I think Merville and Westview 2 had not been built. Menlo had not been built either, I think. We stayed in Westview 1 several summers. We also stayed in

MEMORIES OF J M SYNGE

Trafalgar House and in Menlo and in Bushfield House, and in Stanley Terrace, next door to the shop. Stanley Terrace is now known as Whitfield House 1 and 2. We often stayed in Prospect House (Glen Lodge) [as well as] Dromont and Rathdown House, in the neighbourhood of Greystones ... One of the years that your Uncle John and I were at Menlo, Merville was being built. Your Uncle John and I slept in the same room. I remember, one Saturday morning early (the men in those days began work about six o'clock) hearing one of the workmen, who was working at Merville, call out to his companions, "We'll all be blind drunk tonight." Your Uncle John was still asleep at the time and did not hear him. Poor man, that was his highest enjoyment. Could a man like that ever do anything much in this world, or could he ever be happy in Heaven if he got there? He was, very likely, not a man belonging to Greystones. I don't think very many of the Greystones men were like that.

Opening of the Grand Hotel, Greystones

Freeman's Journal, 4 June 1894

The Grand Hotel, which has been built at Greystones, has just been opened, and on Saturday a large number of gentlemen, in response to invitations issued by the Directors, attended at a dinner given in the hotel in honour of the occasion. The new hotel is built quite near to the sea, so that when the tide is in, the water comes within a few yards of it. The architect was Mr W M Mitchell, while the building, etc., was carried out by Mr Kiernan and Mr Baird. The hotel reflects credit on everybody who has been associated with it. There are no fewer than forty rooms in it, and these include billiard and smoking rooms, a commodious coffee room, and a ladies' dining room. The entire hotel is furnished in the most luxurious style; and beyond all doubt this splendid edifice adds a fresh element of beauty to a district which is singularly rich in its possession of those picturesque combinations of hill and dale for which Wicklow is renowned. From the north Bray Head frowns down upon it; westward the wooded slopes of the Wicklow Mountains, and on the south and east, the mighty sea. Nobody could pitch upon a lovelier spot for a hotel. Hitherto Greystones has been rather neglected; now with a hotel like this, and the cordial co-operation of the railway company, it may fairly be said to be raised to a position of friendly rivalry with Bray. During the summer months coaches will be run at frequent intervals between the Grand Hotel and Glendalough. The gathering at the hotel on Saturday evening was a most enjoyable one in every way, and the dinner was served in first-class style. Mr W J A Fox presided. On his right was Lord Powerscourt and on his left the Lord Mayor (Alderman Dillon) ...



Grand Hotel, Greystones

After dinner, the Chairman proposed the toast of "The Queen," which was cordially drunk, the entire company singing "God Save the Queen."

OPENING OF THE GRAND HOTEL, GREYSTONES

Lord Powerscourt gave the toast of "Prosperity to the Grand Hotel." The opening of a hotel like that, he said, was a most pleasing and happy sign of prosperity in the district, and it necessarily led to further prosperity (hear; hear). He himself had been engaged in building for the last 30 years, and therefore he took a special interest in the erection of a new hotel in his part of the country. It took a good deal of trouble and much skilful management to construct a house which was at once comfortable and convenient. As far as he could judge, these qualities had been combined in the Grand Hotel (applause). He heartily thanked the directors for having invited him to that dinner, for a function like that was one of the pleasantest things in a man's life (applause). He had great pleasure in giving the toast of "Prosperity to the Grand Hotel."

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm.

The Chairman, in replying, said he felt deeply sensible of the kind manner in which the toast had been received. On that day Greystones came into friendly rivalry with Bray (applause). The guests who had gathered there on that occasion had helped to forge a second link in the new hotel movement. Three weeks ago he addressed them on the occasion of the opening of the hotel at Glendalough; now Greystones held out the hand of fellowship, and sent a cordial welcome to tourists and others to the Grand Hotel (applause). The new movement was one of vital importance to Ireland. If Ireland did not get so large a share of American dollars as she ought to get, it was not for want of scenery. Many Irishmen were able to say they had seen Switzerland, Norway, and the Continent generally, and they made it a sort of boast that they had never visited Killarney ("mere shame"). In conclusion, he thanked them all for attending the opening of the Grand Hotel, and he believed it would be the starting point from which Greystones might trace its future prosperity (applause).

Mr R Gow proposed the toast of "The Irish Railways." It gave the directors of the hotel great pleasure to see the railway companies of Ireland so well represented among the guests. He hoped this fact augured well for the new hotel movement and the new tourist movement in Ireland. If the railway companies and the hotel proprietors worked well together, there was no mistake about it, that the best results would follow, for there was as much for the tourist to see in Ireland as in Norway, Switzerland, or any other land under the sun. Since they had begun the building of that hotel in Greystones, they had received from the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway Company the best support they could have expected. Both the chairman and other directors had done everything in their power to assist them. If all Irish hotels and railway companies worked together like this, Ireland would be all right bye and bye (laughter and applause). He would ask them to drink the toast of "The Irish Railways" ...

The toast was duly honoured ...

Lord Powerscourt next proposed the health of Mr Fox, the chairman [of the Grand Hotel Company], and Mrs Richardson, the manageress.

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm.

Mrs Richardson returned thanks in a capital little speech, in the course of which she said that she had seen nearly all the big hotels in Europe, and that the Grand Hotel was one of the



Lord Powerscourt

prettiest. She promised to use her utmost endeavour to make every visitor feel that he is in a home from home (applause) ...

The company separated after the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," the guests from Dublin and other places north of Greystones getting home by a special train at half-past 11.

Major and minor incidents in Greystones

The following two pieces describe contrasting instances of disorder in Greystones, the first the killing of a farmer's wife by a neighbour and its aftermath (page 87), the second and much less serious incident, an altercation between carmen at Greystones Station (page 91). It seems likely, coincidentally, that the Richard and Christopher Gorman who appeared in the second case were related to Richard Gorman, whose wife, Winifred, was the victim of unlawful killing some years before.



Glen Lodge, formerly, until 1922, Greystones Garda Station

A farmer's wife shot dead by an artisan

Freeman's Journal, 17 August 1896

Delgany, Sunday.

Last night a terrible murder was committed at Kendalstown, about midway between this village and Greystones, and up to the present time no reason has been assigned for the awful deed. It appears that about ten o'clock last night Mrs Winifred Gorman, aged about fifty years, and wife of a small farmer named Richard Gorman, was shot dead by a tenant of the latter named James Sweeny, who resided with his wife and children quite close to the Gormans. Sweeny is a native of Blackrock, and about thirty-four years of age. He has been for a long time past foreman bricklayer in the employment of Mr Wm Harpur, contractor, Greystones. The deceased's family are most respectable people, and very popular in the district. As far as can be ascertained, it appears that on Friday last there was some trifling discussion about fowl between some members of the families, who were, with this exception, always on the best of terms, and very little heed was taken of the matter. It would seem, however, that the matter

weighed on the mind of the deceased, with the result that she referred to it in some way last night while in Sweeny's house, whereupon he took up a loaded gun and shot her dead, and then went and gave himself up to the police. The prisoner was, it is stated, quite sober during the evening, and at six o'clock yoked an outside car and drove Mrs Bridget Gorman, a relative of the deceased, who is also a neighbour of the parties, to Greystones to do marketing. He afterwards went out with Mrs Sweeny, and the latter left her baby in charge of Mrs Bridget Gorman until her return. At 10 o'clock Mrs Gorman went to Sweeny's house to see if she might bring back the baby, and whilst there the deceased also came in. Deceased made some observation about what happened on Friday, whereupon Sweeny went over to a table, took up a loaded gun, and fired at the unfortunate woman, who turned towards the door, but dropped on the threshold and expired in three minutes. Mrs Bridget Gorman, on seeing Sweeney take up the gun, made an attempt to seize it, but before she could do anything the gun went off and all was over. The poor woman was struck powerless by the awful suddenness of the outrage, and could not do anything or even properly remember what was said or done on the occasion. She remembers saying to Sweeny, "Jem, have you killed her. I'll go for the police", to which he replied, "Never mind, I'll go myself." He then left the house, went direct to the police station at Delgany, and stated that he had just committed a felony – that he had accidentally shot a woman at Blacklion, near Kendalstown. He was taken into custody on his own accusation, which subsequently proved to be true.

Subsequently ... the person was formally charged with having on 15th August at Kendalstown, Co Wicklow, wilfully murdered Mrs Winifred Gorman ...

Mrs Bridget Gorman, wife of Peter Gorman, farmer, Rathdown Lower ... deposed that on the previous night ... at 10 o'clock ... she went over to the prisoner's door and knocked at it. Prisoner asked, "Who is that", and witness replied, "It is I, Jem, open the door." He asked, "Is there anyone with you", and witness replied, "No." He then opened the door, and returned into the kitchen, and witness followed him ... Just at that moment Mrs Winifred Gorman ... walked into the kitchen and said something to James Sweeney about something that happened on Friday, but owing to the fright she afterwards got she could not remember what the observation was ... Prisoner then took up a gun ... Witness tried to catch hold of it but lost all power of herself, and he then fired it at the deceased, who was retiring in the direction of the front door ... Witness said, "Did you kill her, Jim: I'll send for the police." He said, "You need not mind; I'll go myself", and then left ... Witness examined the deceased and found that she was breathing, and she went out and sent for the priest. Witness went back and held her hand until the pulse ceased to beat ... The neighbours gathered round and ... Father Luby and Dr Brannan arrived soon afterwards, and the police came subsequently, and took charge of the body ...

Cross-examined by prisoner – Didn't the woman commence to barge me when she came into the house? I don't remember anything but what I have told.

Prisoner – Didn't she tell me to go and do so and so, and say that I was a liar? I really could not tell whether that happened or not.

Mr Meldon then formally remanded the prisoner until the next Petty Sessions at Bray.

Dundee Courier, 26 August 1896

James Sweeney, a building foreman, who was charged last week with the murder of an old woman named Winifred Gorman, the wife of a farmer residing near Greystones, County Wicklow, has been sent for trial at the Leinster Winter Assizes.

Western Daily Press, 5 December 1896

At the Leinster assize, held at Waterford yesterday ... James Sweeney, who was charged with the capital offence in connection with the death of Winifred Gorman ... was found guilty of manslaughter, sentence being deferred.

Freeman's Journal, 7 December 1896

James Sweeny, who was ... convicted of manslaughter, was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

According to the 1901 census, Ellen Sweeney, James Sweeney's wife, was working as a domestic servant/cook in Bray. The 1911 census lists James Sweeney, bricklayer, living in Bray with his wife and four children (three of whom had obviously been born since his release).

Disagreement at Greystones station

Edited by James Scannell from newspaper sources

There are two sides to every story as this incident will reveal. Until the widespread availability of motor cars and the operation of public transport in its current form, many men made a lucrative income by transporting people to and from railway stations in horse drawn vehicles of various types. Greystones was no exception but on New Year's Day 1908 a row broke out between three carmen outside Greystones station which resulted in this trio appearing at the Bray Petty Sessions on Saturday 18 January 1908.



Carmen in Greystones

James Evans, Carman, summoned Richard Gorman and his brother Christopher Gorman, also from Greystones, for assault while Richard Gorman made a counter charge against James Evans for assault.

Presiding with 5 other magistrates and Mr Meldon, R.M., was Mr Devaynes Smyth, who first heard from James Evans who said that on New Year's Day (1908) he was sent by Lady Ball Greene to the (Greystones) railway station to meet Dr Williamson off the 3.23 p.m. When he arrived in the station, he did not see the doctor alight from the train but did see three ladies who asked him if there was a private trap available to bring them to Delgany. Evans said there

was none but advised them that if they went over to the other side of the station it might be there and if it was not, they were to come back to his cab and could go with him but if they met their car on the way, he would not charge them anything for it as he was going up to Lady Ball Greene to inform her that the doctor had not come on the train. He went on to testify that when he was near the Railway Hotel, Richard Gorman drew up alongside him and struck him twice across the face with his left hand. Evans said that he told Gorman to mind his own business as he did not want to have anything to do with him. He then testified that Christopher Gorman then leapt off his cab, removed his coat quickly and told his brother to pull the witness from the cab.

Smyth:	Did you do anything to him?
Evans:	No, not then. When the man jumped down and told his brother to pull me down, I took my wrench from out of the car and told him that if he hurt me I would use it on him. Then I managed to get down and draw it, when they put in the glass door of the cab and then a policeman came on the scene.
Meldon:	Was the fare inside?
Evans:	The ladies?
Meldon:	Yes.
Evans:	No.
McFarland:	Are the defendants carmen ?
Evans:	Yes, sir .
McFarland:	And you are a carman?
Evans:	Yes, sir.

Mr Meldon put in to Evans that the reason he was assaulted was that he did not let the ladies go and take their cars (i.e. the Gormans) to which Evans said that the ladies did not want to take their cars because they were expecting a private one. In reply to further questions Evans said that he was on good terms with the brothers but had not been speaking to them for some time. Mr Meldon asked if this was the result of a quarrel to which Evans said 'No' and said that the last time he was speaking to one of them was when he got him with his horse's leg over the shaft of his car and that he got down and cleared him.

Cross examined by Richard German, Evans was asked '*Did you not go down to try and break up my car at the Railway Hotel?*' and when he gave a smart answer of '*Oh sure, I did not see your car at all*' was told by Devaynes Smyth to answer his question as his last reply was not an answer to the question put to him and he then asked him '*Did you try and break up his car*' to which Evans replied '*I did not.*'

R Gorman:	Did you not take a wrench and assault me with it?
Evans:	When your brother tried to pull me down.

Once again Devaynes Smyth was not impressed with the tone of this answer and told Evans not to make a speech and to answer the question.

Smyth:	Did you assault him with it (i.e. the wrench) ?
Evans:	I did not. I did not strike him with it.
R Gorman:	Did you use bad language?

Evans: No. I do not use bad language. I am not given to that my friend.

This last remark led to an outburst of laughter in the court.

Devaynes Smyth then asked Evans if he had any other witnesses who could confirm that he had been assaulted and specifically was there anyone who had been present at that time. Evans replied that a large number of people had seen the assault by Gorman and that he did not take any particular notice of them. Devaynes Smyth then asked Evans where had the incident happened and in reply was told that it was on the road opposite Mr McFarland's door as near as could be.

Meldon: Did the incident happen outside the railway station?

Evans: It did. I was going to inform Lady Ball Greene that Dr. Williamson had not arrived on the train and to find out if I was to wait for the next one to arrive.

Meldon: When did the Gormans leave the station – before or after you?

Evans: After I had left the station.

Meldon: How far away from the station was the incident site?

Evans: It was only a few perches.(5½ Yards = 1 Perch)

Meldon: Was it opposite the door of McFarland's?

Evans: Yes - it was just opposite the door.

The final question in the case Evans v the Gormans came from Mr Meldon who asked Evans if had a witness to which he replied he did not.

Now the court heard the counter case in that Richard Gorman alleged that Evans had assaulted him on that New Year's Day. Richard Gorman's version of events was that three ladies walked out of the railway station opposite the Railway Hotel and that he drove up to them and informed them that he was available for hire. Evans then drove down and told him that he would break up his car. Evans interjected at this stage '*The three ladies did not want to hire a car*' and was told by Devaynes Smyth to keep quiet. Gorman continued with his account in which he said that Evans drove up on his inside and said that he would break up his car if he – witness – did not pull out. Evans interjected again '*That's a lie.*' Gorman resumed his evidence and said that his brother was there and that he had caught his horse and pulled it out into the road when Evans used a lot of bad language. Evans then got down and took out a wrench from the well of his car. Evans said that this was so. Gorman said that Evans then assaulted him by striking him a blow with it on his arm when he put it up and only that he interfered with it, it was not for assault that he would in court that day for but manslaughter – a remark that resulted in an outburst of laughter in the court.

Mr Meldon entered in the spirit of things by asking Gorman '*Would you not have had him charged with murder?*' - a remark which was greeted with more laughter - to which Gorman replied '*No but it would have been murder if he had hit me with it and I have two witnesses to prove it.*'

Devaynes Smyth then asked Gorman if that was his evidence and was told that it was and then invited Evans to question him but cautioned him not to make statements while doing this. However Evans said that there was no point in asking Gorman any questions when he was making wrong statements.

At this point Devaynes Smyth got annoyed with Evans' attitude and reminded him that he was not to make speeches and wondered why he did not want to ask him any questions and was told by Evans that he did not wish to question him as what he said was wrong.

Devaynes Smyth left it at that and waited for George Milne, another carman to give his evidence. Milne said that he was standing at Greystones station on New Year's Day when Richard Gorman, who was standing at the Railway Hotel, drove over to three ladies who just came out of the station. James Evans then drove up and was on the outside but wanted to get on the inside. He told Richard Gorman to pull up or he would break up his car. Christopher Gorman then pulled the other's horse into the road and the next thing he saw was Evans on the ground with a wrench in his hand and then a bit of a tussle. In reply to a question from Devaynes Smyth Milne said that Evans was standing on the ground and that he got between them when Evans put the wrench through the window of his cab and saw Evans strike Richard Gorman with the wrench. When Devaynes Smyth asked Evans if he wished to question the witness, Evans said that he had no questions to ask him.

Meldon: Are you related to the Gormans?

Milne: No. I am related to Evans and am a carman as well.

Present in the Court was P L McDonnell, the Town Clerk of Bray Urban District Council who between 1898 and 1899 had handled the administrative process under which the Bray Township Commissioners became Bray Urban District Council under the Local Government (Ireland) Act, 1898, which introduced the county council system of local government to Ireland. There were always problems with carmen in Bray and when McDonnell was asked by Mr Meldon if any of the three people in court had been summoned under the bye-laws, he was informed by him that there are no bye-laws in operation in Greystones but that some of the Greystones carmen were registered with the Council in Bray (to operate within the township). Mr Meldon found this hard to fathom and remarked that the carmen could do what they like in Greystones and was told by Devaynes Smyth that Greystones had no urban council.

After this revelation, the next witness heard was Laurence Ryan, also a carman. He said that on New Year's Day Richard Gorman was taking three ladies down to Byrne's Hotel when James Evans drove up and told Gorman that he would break up his car if he would not pull out into the road. When he got down from his vehicle he saw Evans assaulting Gorman with a wrench on the arm and then George Milne went over and separated them.

Devanes Smyth asked the witness if he had been there at the start of the quarrel and was told that was the case. One of the other magistrates, Col. Rowan Hamilton, asked the witness if he was a carman and was informed by the witness that he was and drove for George Milne.

In the arguing no one appeared to be concerned about what had happened to the three ladies whose conveyance had caused the row between Evans and the Gormans. But Mr Meldon hadn't. He asked the witness where were they while the carmen were arguing and Ryan's reply '*They got into my car*' led to another outburst of laughter in the court. Once order was restored Mr Meldon asked the witness if he was swearing that he saw Evans strike Richard Gorman with the wrench and was told that this was the case and that the ladies were getting into his cab at that time. Evans then interjected '*The ladies never wanted any cab.*'

Christopher Gorman was the next witness called and said that Evans took a wrench out of his cab and '*insaulted*' his brother by striking him on the arm with it. Mr Meldon quickly picked up on this term of '*insaulted*' and said to the witness '*He insulted your brother with the wrench?*' to which Christopher Gorman replied '*Yes and that was all he knew.*' But Meldon returned to the attack '*Do you mean that this man Evans went and took a wrench out of his cab and assaulted your brother without any provocation?*' but Gorman declined to answer.

Meldon: Was there any provocation?

Gorman: James Evans took the wrench out and insulted my brother.

MAJOR AND MINOR INCIDENTS IN GREYSTONES

Devaynes Smyth was not impressed with this answer and indicated to the witness that while they were aware that James Evans had taken out a wrench to assault his brother he wanted to know what made him do this. The reply he received was –

Gorman: He (Evans) went over to where my brother was with the ladies. Evans was trying to get inside to drive these ladies when he told my brother that he would break up his car if he did not clear out of the road.

When Mr Meldon asked which of the carmen eventually got the ladies, Gorman said '*Nobody*' which resulted in another outburst of laughter in the court with Evans then interjecting '*The ladies did not want a cab.*'

Sergeant Barry said that Constable Webb came upon the scene and told each of the three men that he would summon them if they did not prosecute each other. Mr Meldon asked the sergeant if he knew anything about the three men and he said that they were three very decent men. Devaynes Smyth remarked that they appeared to be respectable looking men and Mr Meldon, perhaps realising that this was the type of heated row in which threats and words are said in the heat of the moment, suggested that perhaps the best course of action would be to make the three of them shake hands and become friends and then dismiss both cases, a remark which drew a further bout of laughter in the court. When a Gorman said that he thought it would be a good idea, there was renewed laughter.

In his final words to the three carmen Mr Meldon said that the next time they got three ladies for a fare they should divide them amongst themselves - a comment which resulted in the court rocking with laughter and his final words were to the three to go home and that the cases were dismissed.

There is an interesting observation about the case - Constable Webb who came on the scene at the time of the argument for whatever reason told them they were to initiate actions against themselves or he would summons them and one wonders why he did summons them and if Sergeant Barry had a quiet word with him afterwards about his course of action given the magistrates' dismissal of the case.

Flour mill

Freeman's Journal, 26 August 1871

First referred to in Samuel Lewis's 1837 topographical survey, Killincarrig mill was initially owned by Arthur Jones of Killincarrig House, then by the Hawkins-Whitshed (later the Burnaby) estate, and was known for many years as 'Courtney's mill'. This 1871 letting notice provides information on the mill at a time when it was in full operation. Further details of the mill's history can be found in Sean Daly, '[The old corn mill, Killincarrig](#)', GAHS Journal, Volume 2, 1995.

To be let ... the Flour Mill of Killincarrick, near Greystones, with the Dwelling-house, Offices, and Garden, now in the occupation of Mr James Courtney, who is removing to other concerns.

The Mill contains three pairs of flour stones of the best quality, with the necessary machinery for cleaning wheat and dressing flour, and one pair of large stones for grinding Indian corn, with sifter for dressing meal.

The entire is driven by a powerful waterwheel 22 feet high with inverted segment, &c.

There is also an auxiliary Steam Engine, horizontal, 20-horse power, with patent boiler, adapted for driving the Mill in connection with or without the water-wheel.

The district produces abundance of wheat of the finest quality.



The flour mill in more recent times

The Dwelling-house contains two Sitting rooms, four Bedrooms, Kitchen, and other necessary apartments.

The Mill and concerns are situate within less than a mile of the Greystones Railway Station on the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford Railway.

Mr Courtenay will show the premises.

Proposals in writing will be received ... by Alfred H Wynne, Esq., the Receiver, Collon House, Collon, County Louth ...

The Burnaby Stores

The Bray People Newspaper (various dates)

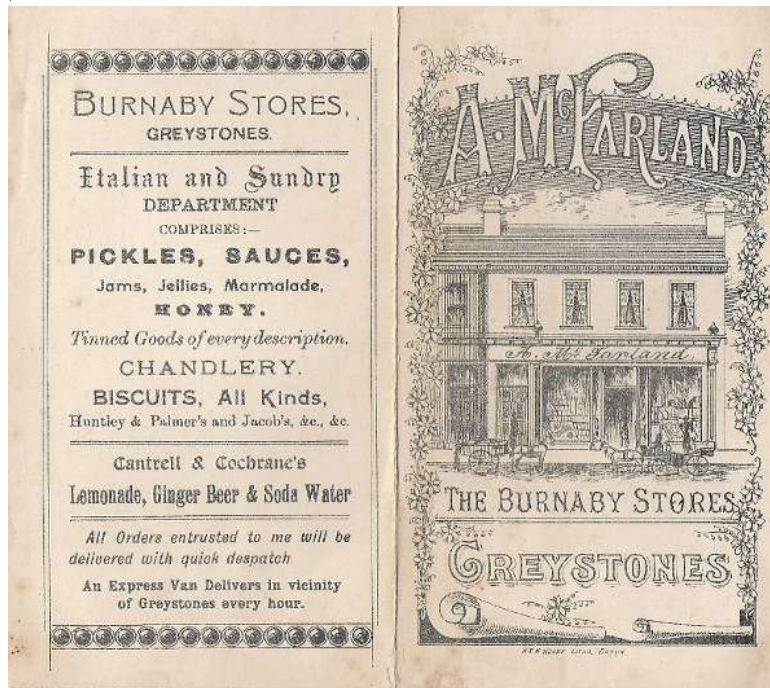
Andrew McFarland came from Omagh to Greystones at the end of the 19th century. In 1897 he purchased some land on the corner of Church Road and Killincarrig Road, opposite the Greystones train station, and paid the princely sum of £800 to develop two shops with accommodation above. (He also developed the row of small red-brick houses on Church Road.) According to the archives the builder who carried out the work was a Mr PJ Kinlen, after whom *Kinlen Road* in *The Burnaby* is named.



A McFarland's shop

Andrew set up a successful grocery business in one of the shops which he and his family lived above. Andrew's son Claud took over the running of the shop when Andrew died in 1937 and it remained a family business until 1970, when Claud retired.

The grocery shop was called *The Burnaby Stores* (see a copy of advertisement circular below). Many of the older residents of Greystones will have fond childhood memories of the shop, especially at Christmas when the windows would have been decorated with nuts, boxes of currants and raisins, and green and yellow candied peel; the other stacked high with Wexford hams.



Advertisement for The Burnaby Stores, early 1900s

The Burnaby Stores.		Greystones.	
Tea Department.		Provision Department	
Extra Fine Moning and Souchong ... 2 8 Finest Congou, Pekoe flavour ... 2 6 Rich Indian Tea ... 2 4 Special Family Tea ... 1 10 A Good Strong Tea ... 1 4 <i>A Reduction of 2d. per lb. allowed to Purchasers of 5 lb. and upwards.</i>		COMPRIES:— MATTERSON'S & SHAW'S LIMERICK HAMS & BACON, Gams, Joles, &c. Dublin Mild-Cured Hams, Bacon, &c., &c.	
Coffee.		BEST WICKLOW HAMS.	
Genuine Mocha, Freshly Ground 1 10 Finest Jamaica, " " 1 6 Coffee mixed with Chicory 1 4 Cafe de Paris (Newsom's) in Tins 1 8 Essence of Coffee (Camp Large) Per Bottle ... 0 10		MATTERSON'S SAUSAGES, &c., FRESH THREE TIMES A WEEK.	
Sugars.		Butter, Roll and Cool,	
Finest Loaf Sugar ... 0 2 " " Preserving per stone 2 4 Demerara Crystal ... 0 2 Moist Sugar, Pure Cane ... 0 2 " " " " " " 0 1		CHEESE, EGGS. FLOUR, OATMEAL, BRAN, OATS, LARD, &c., &c.	
* * *		* * *	
A TRIAL RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.		Sold at Lowest possible Prices.	

Competitive prices!

The shop next door to *The Burnaby Stores* in the early part of the 20th century operated as a chemist. In 1921 – 1922 this was refurbished to accommodate what was then the *Royal Bank*, and Andrew McFarland opened up the first bank account in this branch. In 1966 the *Royal Bank* was incorporated into *Allied Irish Banks* (AIB) and in 1971, after Claud retired, AIB took over *The Burnaby Stores* shop and has been there ever since. Four generations of the McFarland family were at the bank's official re- opening in 1971, including Claud's son-in-law Paul Hatton - who was then one of the managers with *Allied Irish Banks* in Greystones. The old *Royal Bank*/*Allied Irish Banks* shop is now Eugene's Newsagents.

Suffragettes in Greystones

The Irish Times, 26 October 1910

However remote it may have seemed from the hurly-burly of national and international politics, Greystones could not escape their reverberations. In 1910 the Pier was the site of a pivotal event in the campaign for women's suffrage, when militant activists Hanna Sheehy Skeffington and Hilda Webb disrupted a visit by the Chief Secretary (for further details of this incident click [here](#)).



Greystones Harbour

others interested in the welfare of the district, and shown the tumbledown heap of masonry, which is practically all that remains of a pier constructed less than a quarter of a century ago. He had not proceeded far on his rounds when he was taken possession of by two ladies, one of whom walked on either side of him. Most onlookers assumed that the ladies, like other persons present, were merely interested in the welfare of the locality, and their approach consequently attracted very little notice. Their voices were, however, soon raised to so high a pitch as to suggest that some more lively topic than the reconstruction of a pier was under discussion. Mr Birrell was at length heard to say that he had many deputations to receive, but the answer was – *“You would not hear our views, and so you have left us no alternative but to approach you in this way, and we shall do so every time you appear in public.”*

The Chief Secretary looked round despairingly ... It seemed as if he was actually about to call for help, and though the situation was most annoying to persons intent on serious business, yet it had its ludicrous side, and it was the latter, judging by numerous guffaws, which most prevailed for a time ... Mr Birrell tried to escape, but in vain ... One lady did practically all the talking for both, and it was quite evident after she had uttered the first few sentences that the task which she had undertaken was by no means beneath her powers.

Sir James Dougherty [the Under-Secretary] ... stated that the question of piers had nothing to do with votes for women. “Indeed, it has,” said the lady, “we pay rates for piers, and we are entitled to be heard even here.” *Some gentlemen then turned rather angrily on the ladies ... “You are a disgrace to your sex,”* shouted one of the gentlemen. *“You are a disgrace to humanity”* retorted the lady.

Yesterday the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr Birrell ... motored to Greystones for the purpose of inspecting the pier, which was represented to him by the local authorities as being in such a condition of dilapidation that a grant of State money was urgently necessary for its re-equipment. The Chief Secretary was met by members of the Urban District Council, several clergymen, and



Augustine Birrell

Mr Birrell was meanwhile practically a prisoner, and for once his buoyancy of spirits seemed



Hanna Sheehy-Skeffington

to have completely deserted him. A cry of "Police" was raised, and a young constable walked sheepishly across the street ... but hesitated to act. Then Mr William Redmond, M.P., advanced, and spoke most courteously to the ladies, assuring them that he was a warm advocate of their cause. He said that he had been authorised to state that the Chief Secretary would receive a deputation from the Women's Suffrage Association on Friday. *"Thank you, very much,"* was the reply. *"That shows that there is something to be gained by bringing some pressure, even on a Chief Secretary."* Amidst a good deal of laughter the ladies walked away. The constable, who seemed very much perturbed, said, *"How could I tell that them ones would turn up at Greystones?"* The remainder of the inspection was carried out under calmer conditions.

It was stated that the two ladies were Mrs Sheehy-Skeffington and Miss Webb.

The charm of Greystones

Both Weston St John Joyce (below) and [Samuel French](#) paint an almost-idyllic picture of life in Greystones in the early years of the 20th century. Both, however, hint at darker histories: Joyce referring back to the brutalities of 1641, French looking forward to the cataclysmic war declared on a 'cloudless' day in August 1914.

The Neighbourhood of Dublin: Its Topography, Antiquities and Historical Associations, Weston St John Joyce, 1912

Resuming our journey, we presently enter Greystones, some thirty years ago only an insignificant village consisting of a group of cottages around the Coastguard station, but now bidding fair to become one of the first watering-places in Ireland ...

Greystones possesses an irregular frontage of nearly a mile in length, and extends inland from the sea in a south-westerly direction to within a short distance of the hamlet of Killincarrig, which it threatens to absorb, as also, in time, the more distant village of Delgany. The sea is visible for a considerable distance inland, as the ground gradually rises from the shore. There is ample accommodation for bathing, both off the rocks, and at the pretty strand immediately south of "The Grey Stones" ... The houses are for the most part detached or semi-detached, instead of being built in terraces.



A recent picture of Killincarrig Castle

The great charm of Greystones consists in its unconventionality and the absence of the features which go to make up the typical modern watering-place, while its golf-links, its picturesque surroundings, and the pleasing combinations of rural and seaside scenery in its neighbourhood, combine to render it a most attractive and restful holiday resort.

From the top of the Killincarrig road a field-path leads by the golf-links, through a wood, to the village of Killincarrig, entering the latter beside the grim, ivy-clad ruins of an old mansion popularly known as "Killincarrig Castle", which appears to date from about the Elizabethan period. There was a tradition current that Cromwell slept a night in it, which may have had some foundation in fact, as his troops were engaged in several skirmishes in this neighbourhood during the troubled times of 1641-2.



Killincarrig Village

Killincarrig stands upon a considerable eminence, commanding views both of the sea and of the mountains inland, and although the village is of considerable antiquity, the old houses have nearly all disappeared, and have been replaced by dwellings of a modern type.

In 1641 some troops were quartered in a temporary barrack in this village to protect the property of residents in the neighbourhood. In connection with the sojourn of this garrison, it is recorded in Dudley Loftus's minutes of the Courts Martial at Dublin Castle, that one Kathleen Farrell was arrested at Killincarrig as a spy, taken to Dublin, and sentenced to be hanged, which sentence, it may be presumed, was duly carried out. Another case from the same locality was that of John Bayly, a soldier, who was tried for desertion. As the penalty for this offence was usually death, there must have been some extenuating circumstances in his case, as he was merely sentenced to run the gauntlet of the soldiers stationed at Killincarrig, the soldiers armed with switches, and the culprit with his back bare and his hands tied behind him. The carrying out of this sentence probably provided a pleasant day's amusement for the inhabitants of the village, who doubtless had anything but friendly feelings for the soldiers quartered there, and were heartily glad when the time came for their departure.

Greystones before World War I

Greystones, 1864-1964, Samuel French (1964)

During the whole of this period [before WW1] our main mode of transport was the railway. Motor cars were as yet in the experimental stage, proceeding in clouds of dust with much



South Beach, Greystones

blowing of horns and frequent breakdowns. At night thick darkness brooded over our streets until in 1910 a local company was formed and an electric power house was erected in the Hillside Road, which continued to serve the town until taken over by the Electricity Supply Board.

For nine months of the year the "City Fathers" met each morning at 7am in the men's bathing place for a morning plunge before breakfast at 8am and catching the 8.45am train to Dublin. Those who missed this train had to join

the Wexford train at 10am, which usually ran late. "It is impossible," it was said, "to be late for the ten o'clock train!" For local transport a number of Carmen provided carriages known as vis-à-vis and side cards which awaited the arrival of the trains at the railway station.

During the first decade of the present century most of the houses in Greystones were built by the owners for summer letting and remained shut up from the end of September until Spring. Then the inhabitants were busy getting ready for the season which opened on the 1st of June.

The letting months were June, July, August and September. Then on a summer evening men in dinner jackets, and ladies in evening dress, strolled on the seafront until approaching darkness and evening chill warned that it was time to retire indoors. It was then that the boys saw the girls home, for papas were very strict and all the family had to be in before dark.



Greystones Cottages

On the south beach a row of bathing boxes catered for the ladies and here mothers and daughters spent the morning until lunch time. In the afternoons a drive to the Glen of the Downs or a walk to the top of Little Sugar Loaf were popular, although some were taking up a comparatively new pastime and played golf on the new course on the slopes of Jones's Hill.



Golfing in Greystones

Life was very calm and peaceful to the very eve of the outbreak of the First World War. The 4th of August 1914, was a day of cloudless sunshine.

The de Valeras in Greystones

Eamon and Sinead de Valera and their children came to live at Edenmore, Kinlen Road, Greystones following de Valera's release from prison and his election as Sinn Fein president in October 1917. This would be their home for several years, although de Valera himself was absent for much of the time. In May 1918 he was re-arrested in Greystones - the circumstances are described below by his 1916 comrade and predecessor as President of Ireland, Sean T O'Kelly. Following his escape from Lincoln Gaol in February 1919, he travelled to the United States, where he remained for the following eighteen months. During this time Michael Collins visited Greystones regularly to check on the family's welfare. De Valera returned secretly to Ireland in late 1920, prompting widespread speculation as to his whereabouts. Newspaper reporters calling at his home were received by a smiling, but uncommunicative, Bean de Valera.



Eamon and Sinead de Valera, 1910

Exeter and Plymouth Gazette, 20 May 1918

Action by the government to suppress German plot

Sinn Fein leaders taken and deported

... The arrest of de Valera, the Sinn Fein leader, took place while he was on his way home. He left Dublin at 10.45 on Friday night, and while changing at Bray, County Wicklow, into the train for Greystones, was accompanied by some police, who arrested him on arrival at Greystones and conveyed him to Kingstown in a motor ...

Sean T O'Kelly, President of Ireland 1945-59, W.S. 1,765, Bureau of Military History, 1913-21, Re National Activities, 1898-1921

It may be of interest to record something that I was told happened in connection with the arrest of De Valera that night [17/18 May 1918] on his way home to Greystones where he then lived. De Valera travelled by train from Harcourt St. to Greystones. What I was told was that when the train stopped at Bray the driver of the engine or his assistant came to the carriage in which De Valera had taken a seat and told him that two detectives had got



The de Valera family

into the train at Dublin and that they were in a compartment a few carriages or so behind him and that they felt sure that their intention was to arrest De Valera that night in Greystones. They said that they would slow down the train coming into Greystones before they arrived at Greystones station at a certain point which they indicated to De Valera and they advised him to jump out of the carriage on the off-side and that he could easily get away, and afterwards they would put on speed. De Valera thanked them for their information but did not take any action on the advice offered. It appears that when De Valera stepped out of the carriage at Greystones the two detectives approached him and put him under arrest.

Piarsa Beaslai, 'Michael Collins: chapters from his life', Cork Examiner, 24 August 1926

It was characteristic of Collins that he found time, amid his multifarious activities, and the stress and danger of his life from day to day, to visit Greystones regularly, and keep De Valera informed of the welfare of his wife and family. It was a risky action, as the house was liable to be watched, and visitors to a small seaside town during the winter were likely to attract

Aberdeen Journal, 3 January 1921

Is de Valera in Ireland?

Thorough search

... In Ireland the question of the moment is – “Where is Mr de Valera?” ... There was still no information in Dublin as to the reported return to Ireland of Mr de Valera. The military who boarded the American cargo steamer Portia on its arrival on Friday morning, the day on which Mr de Valera was said to have landed, are still mounting guard over the vessel at North Wall ... Mrs de Valera, interviewed at her home at Greystones, a quiet little seaside resort near Kingstown, merely smiled, and as the interviewer, in his eagerness, proceeded to question her, she laughingly declined to make any statement.



Eamon de Valera (1920s)

Greystones: topographical and general survey

I.T.A. Topographical and General Survey, undated, but early 1940s

In the decades following Independence, Greystones continued to attract visitors: a guide published in 1932 describes it as a seaside town 'which has found the true secret of popularity. Set beside a glorious sandy beach, it is a place where berry-brown holiday-makers lounge happily in the warm sunshine between bathes.' And the Irish Tourist Association Topographical and General Survey, carried out in the early 1940s, noted its facilities: bathing boxes for rent at £1 10s a month, excellent accommodation, and amenities which included a range of sports and cinema 'nightly' at St Kilian's Hall. For further information on this survey, see Ciara O'Brien, *The Irish Tourist Association Topographical and General Survey: Co Wicklow*.

Greystones [pop. 1,535] is an improving resort on the east coast, 17 ¼ miles south of Dublin, 5 miles south of Bray and 13 ½ miles north of Wicklow. The main road ... from Bray is through lovely country comprising hill and valley and pretty wooded grounds with attractive gardens. On the right clear-cut outlines of the giant coves, the Great and Little Sugarloaf mountains, are a conspicuous and attractive feature of the scenery from whatever viewpoint they may be observed. The road in the vicinity of Windgates passes between the great bulk of Bray Head on the one side and on the other the lesser Sugar Loaf which is close at hand. A network of roads links the town of Greystones with many places of interest, including the Glen of the Downs, Delgany and Newcastle.



Church Road, Greystones (1940s)

During recent years [Greystones] has grown in popularity both as a holiday place and as a select residential district. The atmosphere of the former quiet fishing village is retained in the white-washed cottages of the harbour and its environs whilst the Burnaby Estate with its modern residences, wide tree-lined roads and neatly trimmed hedges, exemplifies admirable planning and ordered taste. It is interesting to note that all the roads are named after some member of the Whitshed family. The original residence, an unpretentious building, was at one time an hotel, and is now occupied by the Free-State Military. The La Touche Estate now constitutes the business quarter of the little town and contains numerous furnished houses available for letting during the holiday season.



Burnaby Estate, Greystones

Good accommodation is provided for visitors who, according to taste or means, are adequately and satisfactorily catered for at excellent hotels, guest houses and other houses, ranging to tiny cottages. Greystones has a well-planned 18 hole golf course and tennis and bathing and offers several other forms of outdoor recreation, not least of which are walking and hill-climbing in the vicinity ...

To ascend the Sugar Loaf Mountains is an ambition of many visitors to Wicklow and Greystones is one of the most suitable bases from which to do so. The coast comprises miles of sand and pebble beaches, gently shelving towards the sea and affording opportunities for excellent and safe bathing ...

Cherry Orchard, comprising 5 acres of the Killincarrig Estate, is said to have been sown with Spanish cherry seedlings over 300 years ago. In addition to the cherry trees from which it is named, other fruits, flowers and shrubs are grown in the gardens, which, some four years ago, attracted the attention of the Scottish Educational Authorities, who sent an expert photographer to take a colour film of the Orchard – from bud to harvest. The film was exhibited throughout Scotland ... Refreshments are supplied to visitors at the Cherry Orchard by the proprietress, Mrs Devereux.

[On bathing, swimming and diving facilities] Mixed bathing is allowed, off rocky promenade special gentleman's bathing place, provided with spring boards. During the season about 100 bathing boxes – most of which are privately owned. Geo. Archer & W. Sperly rent boxes to visitors @ £1-10-0 per month and pay royalty of 2/6 per box to the Burnaby Estate ...

Conveyances for hire: taxis and touring motors from Walker's Garage and Watson and Johnson; bicycles from Allen C Evans, La Touche Place, 2/6 per day, and horses from John Doyle, Blacklion, operates '*horse-drawn vis-à-vis*'.

[Amenities listed include sea angling, golf, hunting with Bray Harriers, Gaelic football, camogie, soccer, rugby, hockey, lawn tennis, billiards, badminton, table tennis, bridge, athletics and cinema at St Killian's Hall: '*pictures shown nightly*'.]

The Society welcomes New Members.

If you are interested, please contact our Secretary:

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