

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

SHANKILL,

DURING THE "REIGN" OF THE EXTERMINATOR,

SIR CHARLES DOMVILLE,

AS RELATED BY

MR. JOSEPH MILLS, (feart buirde),

SHANKILL.

PUBLISHED BY

ST. PATRICK'S BRANCH OF THE GAELIC LEAGUE,

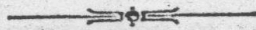
SHANKILL.

Price " " " 3d.

" Ní béid Éire gan Saorú, gan Saorúla go deo."

an Cló-Gumann, Eo., Gula Ára Cló.

COZAR 1 LEAT-TAOIB.



In bringing before the public the following sketch of the evictions in Shankill under the late Sir Charles Domville, the Committee of the Shankill Branch of the Gaelic League do not claim to present a complete account of the events and characters of that time. The Committee are aware that many faults and omissions may be found in this booklet; but have published it more with a view to revive and stimulate interest in a stirring time in local history than for any monetary benefit likely to accrue to the Branch from it. The older generation, who witnessed these scenes, have almost passed away, and the younger ones were likely to lose all knowledge of the events which led to the removal of their village from the Hill of Shankill to the side of the Dublin road (the ancient *Slige Cuatann*). With the style of the narrative it has not been thought well to interfere, it being considered best to give it as nearly as possible in the style which the narrator himself found most convenient for bringing to his recollection the events he describes.

The Committee will be grateful to any readers who will supply additional information on this subject which may be embodied in a second edition if such be found necessary. The Committee, whilst having no reason to doubt the accuracy of the general matter of the booklet, disclaim responsibility for any matter introduced into it directly bearing on the evictions.

Committee, St. Patrick's Branch,

Gaelic League, Shankill.

Lugnasa, 1906.

PREFACE.

IN entering for the competition of supplying a history of the Townland of Shankill I have given the history of the evictions carried out under Sir Charles Domville. Every eviction I have named occurred within my own recollection. Of the history of Shankill before Sir Charles, I can only say that in my boyhood I heard men say that in the old times a man named Mick Kearney came and settled on the hill of Shankill, great grandfather to the late Peter Kearney mentioned elsewhere. In old times there was a farm owned by Harry Gravel now occupied by Mitten. There were 12 families under the one roof, but there were only three names—Woods, Sheridan and Corcoran—through intermarriages when there was nothing there but rocks and furze. But I know that on the hill of Shankill in my earliest remembrance the houses and homesteads were nearly as thick as blackberries in the autumn, the poor cottier with his little mud wall cabin and a patch of ground in which he raised potatoes for the support of his family. They and their families (the male portion) found employment with the higher classes which we knew as gentlemen farmers, of which Mr. Ben Tilly, of Chantilly, was the largest land-holder, and a splendid type of the class I have mentioned. He at the time farmed the side of the country from the Bray road, where Mr. Doyle's house now stands, back to Rathmichael Church and over to the Lordello road. His workmen and these poor people around the place with whom he was acquainted had in him and his family sympathising friends in joy or sorrow and substantial aid in trouble. In a few words the people's interest were his, his big heart was in Chantilly and that heart broke when a quibble of the law gave Sir Charles the power to evict him.

The next to him was Mr. Henry Greville, or Gravel as the people called him, he was also large-hearted and open-handed to all his employees or any of the poor people who wanted his help. Like Mr. Tilly, he knew and had a friendly word for every one around. No matter how poor, his hand was always ready to help them.

There used to be a great deal of interest among the young people centred on the harvest homes given by Mr. Ben Tilly and Mr. Harry Gravel, where all the tenantry on both sides used to be gathered for a night's feasting and dancing, and the Master and Mistress and all their families and a good number of guests used to join with as much gusto and pleasure as any of the peasantry. A good deal of the little places on Shankill belonged to the labouring men from either of those families. As the lads grew they were employed either outside on the farm or in the stables, and any of the girls who were not required at home the ladies of those families either gave them employment themselves or got them situations with their acquaintances. But landlord and tenant were evicted and those happy old-fashioned relations broken up.

The next in the esteem of the people was Mr. Wm. Turbitt.

Sir Charles died in France a bankrupt, it is believed he was out of his mind, his successor, Mr. Wm. Donville, only lived three weeks and his son, who inherited after him again, was an idiot. The Court of Chancery receives the rent now.

The mills of God grind slowly but they grind exceedingly small.



“ They say God’s world is wide enough and plentiful for all,
And ruined cabins were not stuff to make a lordly hall,
He might have let the poor man live and all would have lordly
been,
But heaven its own good time will give for the coming of the
‘Gael.’ ”

History of the Evictions under Sir Charles Domville in Shankill.

IN the month of January, 1905, Patrick McQuaid left Westland Row Station by mail train for Bray. He alighted at Ballybrack, or rather Killiney Station, and hired a car to continue his way, first informing his driver that he wished to be set down at Loughlinstown. The passenger looked like a returned American, and the driver watched him closely, wondering who he could be. Very little conversation passed between them till they were passing a gentleman’s estate when McQuaid asked his jarvey who owned this place now. The jarvey replied that the owner was a gentleman named Domville.

“ Is he any relation of the famous Sir Charles Domville who put out such a lot of people in Shankill and Pucks Castle some years ago?”

“ He might be, but I can’t tell, sir, for I was not drivin’ at the time.”

“ Well,” said McQuaid, “ I am looking for a little information on the matter if I could find the man that would give it to me. What is your name, my man?”

“ Morgan Byrne, sir, but the chaps have stuck a nick-name on me; they generally call me ‘Shots.’ ” “ Begor sir, said ‘Shots,’ “if you want information you’re just in the ring, there is Yellow Joe just going up the Cherrywood Road.”

They had arrived at the Bridge of Loughlinstown by this time, and “Shots” called Joe and told him there was a gentleman there he thought from America, who was looking for information about Sir Charles. Joe came back. Mr. McQuaid bade him “Good morning, Joe, do you know anything of the late Sir Charles Domville?”

“ Begor I do, sir,” said Joe, “he made me know him.”

“ Well, Joe, can you spare me this day?”

“ Yes sir, alright.”

"Now Morgan, you and Joe might as well come and have a liquor. What's yours, Joe?"

"A pint, sir."

"Well, Morgan?"

"I'll take a drain of whiskey, sir" said the jarvey.

"A drain indeed, give him half a glass Joe, a pint, and put a naggin in a bottle."

Pat himself took nothing for the present. Having dismissed the carman, the day being a good day for walking, clear, bright and frosty the two men, Joe and Pat, took their way up the Cherrywood Road, Pat explaining that it was for a paper circulating among the Irish people in Chicago that he was looking for the information, and requesting Joe to be as accurate as possible owing to the time that had elapsed since the evictions took place. Joe on his part promised to do all he could to satisfy him.

"Now Pat," said Joe, "this is the commencement. A place belonging to a Patrick Maguire, a carpenter, who was evicted, next is the cottage of John Magee, at the old orchard near the Viaduct."

They passed the Viaduct and went on to a cottage near Dr. Hunt's gate, in which lived Jack Toole, also evicted from his farm in Shankill. Continuing their walk, Joe pointed out the place where the biggest farmer in the locality, a Mr. William Turbett, was evicted from; the place is now occupied by Mr. Thomas Grehan.

"Come up a bit of this road, Pat, I want to show you where Peter Lawless lived that used to take the tails off all the horses in the country when no one else knew how. You see the house is now levelled and gone, and a new road in its place. Now we will turn back and go up the road to Bride's Glen. To your right is the old Glebe House where old Dr. Hunt lived. He was the Parish Minister of Rathmichael and St. Paul's, Bray. The best friend the poor ever had; a dinner for forty people every day they came for it, and medicine for the sick poor any time of the day or night they called. He was succeeded by a Mr. Burton, who I believe, was an Englishman. He was a good charitable man, making no distinction as to creed as long as the people required his aid. The next house that has been levelled belonged to Owen Doyle, who raised the lime stones and burned them and made the lime himself. Sir Charles planted great plantations of fir and larch in the place where the homes of the people once stood. The next places I can call your attention to are the levelled homes of the Widow Higgins, and the Widow Walker, and Pat Nocton. Now Pat, we are at the butt of Cassidy's Hill. If you like we will go up Rathmichael Lane where I will show you some more of Sir Charles's handiwork. Now here are the ruins of Billy Ryder's old house. This is the new road made since the evictions."

"Begor Joe," says Pat, "this is a fine level country about here; who owns those fine comfortable looking cottages there?"

"The Rathdown Board of Guardians. Come further up the lane, Pat. This is the house John Wolohan was evicted from, a man the name of Mulligan occupies it now. That tall house up there on the hill belongs to the Dublin Corporation in connection with the waterworks. You see here is the old graveyard, and this house beside it is the home from which poor Sam Turbett was evicted, a man Kennedy occupies it now. Here is the graveyard where all our people are buried, and which a zealous member of the Rathdown Board recently wanted to be closed up. He has since had the sense to resign, and I think so much the better. About the gate of the graveyard is the old Fair Green, where in the good old times the Fair of Rathmichael was held, when there were more people in Shankill than there are since Sir Charles made his appearance or got his grip on us. Rathmichael was a flourishing town; you can see the mark where the tents stood and the green sods piled here and there to mark each one's lot. The fair was abolished on account of the faction fights. Many a good head was cracked there before the fair was moved to Carrickmines. Now we may as well go back, all the old people that lived about here are in their graves now, God rest them, and their families scattered everywhere."

In silence they walked along till they came to the road again when Pat said, "Joe, you did not tell me who lived in those cottages."

"Throth then," says Joe, "they are just a lot of Banyas."

"What's that?"

"Och, people that originally belonged to the County Wicklow, and have come down a few years ago, and have now got labourers' cottages from the Rathdown Board. They just belonged to no place."

Pat laughed at the description, and they continued their way down the lane to the end.

"Now," says Joe, "we are on Cassidy's hill again. There on the top of the hill, in to your right, is where o'd Jimmy Cassidy lived, who was served with an eviction notice the same as the rest of us (by Sir Charles).^{*} He went to law and won his case (the first lawsuit), but the landlord brought it on again and again. Poor Cassidy's purse was not able to stand the constant law expenses, and he was then evicted, poor and broken-hearted. But, although he evicted them it was not in his power to exterminate them, as they moved lower down to the Village of Tillystown, where they thrive, and two of his grandsons have given good assistance to the Gaelic League. The next place where you will see the sign of Sir Charles's paw is at Jim Kavanagh's, whom we all knew as

^{*} The Ballycorris river rises in the Three-rocked mountain, another stream in a place called the White Well, under Glencullen, near Ross's Factory. It makes in a portion of its course a boundary between Sir Charles's estate, and it flows round the lower part of Cassidy's farm, and divides it from the ground then owned by Mr. T. Green, now by Mrs. Stephenson; it also flows by the farm then owned by Mr. William Turbett, dividing it from the Cherrywood Road and the Glebe. Mr. Charles's estate lies at the south of the river from Ballycorris down.

"Squinty Jim." He was evicted about the same time as Cassidy. The next is a man named Hogarty, whom we knew as Miller Hogarty. On the opposite side of the road was Felix Hughes, who was also evicted. Further on the same road were two more families also evicted, named Stephen Hastings and George Byrne. Now, Pat, here is Puck's Castle. The last person who lived in it was Peter McGlinn, a noted brickmaker. He kept a shop in the old castle, and even sold rush lights. Well, Pat, if you wish to come with me back to Rathmichael Churchyard I will take you by the passage where the piper went down playing his pipes and never came back. He was playing some old Irish air when he was last heard, but it was never decided whether it was the "Blackbird" or the "Coulin." The opening of the passage is here in Puck Castle.

"Thank you, Joe," says Pat, "but I think I am safer where I am."

"Then, Pat, come back on Sir Charles's estate. This is the road to Jack Bracks. To the right you will see where Poor Jemmy Dolan was evicted; it's now occupied by a man the name of Reilly. Now, Pat, look to your left, where Pat Brown, the Miller, lived. He was evicted also. If you look across to the north you will see where the mill used to stand. Brian O'Brien owns it now. The next is the noted Jogger Doyle, who was a noted gaffer when the railway run first round Bray Head. Keep to your left. This is the house of the noted John Brack, who fought Sir Charles in law, for his house and home at the same time as Jemmy Cassidy. But Brack won because the back of Brack's house was in the mearing ditch which divided Sir Charles's estate from a lady named Miss Bellet; neither of them could evict him, and so he remained in possession. Jack is only a short time dead. His son Peter occupies in his stead now.* We are now in view of Moll Confrey's, which in old times was a noted shebeen. Come on over to the big chimney, and I'll soon show you a sight; look down to the right, about fifty perches to the Shot Tower, where Treacy, the noted shot-maker made shot for exportation and home use for the Mining Company of Ireland for nearly half a century. This industry has now lapsed, and the shot is got from England, except a little which is still made in the Shot Tower. In fact after Treacy no man can make it right. Now, Pat, look to the west, and you will see the Three Rock Mountain. This side of it is the Golden Ball. Do you see that large old house, four storeys high deserted and forsaken. Well, that was a linen factory belonging to Mrs. Moss. When he had it working a little while after bringing the machinery and getting it fitted up and building a nice row of cottages for his men, he left it so, and it fell away. Some say he died,

*Just below John Brack's, on Sir Domville's ground, is the Ballycorris National School, built in 1861 at the expense of the Mining Company, instigated thereto by Mr. William Harold, then Clerk of the Company, he having had some difficulty in finding in the whole yard-full of men (then working in the lead work) any man or boy able to read or write well enough to act as tallyman in Kingstown for the loading of coals, bricks, etc. The Board of Education was appealed to and compelled Sir Charles to give the site for the School.

and others that he got interested in Sugar Refinery in Ringsend — I don't know which, but the mill and machinery fell into disuse.

Now you know the Scalp. That is very little changed, because the landlord is Lord Powerscourt. Now we will turn back till you see the remains of the houses that once stood on the hill. The first one, you remember, belonged to John Confrey. The next house belonged to Nicholas Hickey. It is now occupied by Hogarty. The next houses are those of Nancy Butler, Onery Byrne, Joe Mason, and Pat Gaffney. Where they once lived is all covered with furze; neither house nor home can now be seen, where those people lived in comparative comfort. Look down the glen and you will see where John Harrissor "Fairy" Harriss, as we used call him, lived. There is a large field called Barndarrig* with a raheen in the middle of it, surrounded with thorns and granite stones, where the fairies used to be seen before six o'clock in the morning dancing an eleven handed reel. Now, Pat, come to Corrig Callaghan or Katty Gallagher, as we always called it. Now, here is where John Butler lived, but as you see his house is levelled and the furze growing over it years ago. Now a little bit further, is or was Jemmy Dunne's, it's levelled too † Now I think its time to take a little rest and refresh ourselves, so we will sit down here by the old well." Joe picked up a bit of crock, washed it clean, and gave his companion a drink, which refreshed them a little.

"Oh, Joe," if I had a drop of malt with this I would be glad.

"Well," said Joe, "I have the naggin in my pocket I brought from Loughlinstown."

"The very thing," says Pat. So they divided the naggin, mixed with water from Dunne's well, lit their pipes, and rested for a while and talked of the strange doings. Amongst other things Joe told his companion was what led up to or preceded the wholesale evictions was an agricultural show which Sir Charles got up in Santry for the benefit of his tenants in Santry and Shankill, but the Santry men only put in the poorest of their produce, while the foolish Shankill people, to win the prize, borrowed, and in some cases stole better turnips and mangolds than they were able to raise themselves, with the result that Sir Charles decided that the land that could produce such fine crops could pay a good deal more rent, and anyone that grumbled went out, and some that were inclined to try and pay went too. Joe kept on telling all about the old neighbours who were no more.

"There is no house about here now, Pat, except the landgrabbers."

"Well, Joe," said Pat, you have a great head. How old are you?

"Oh, said Joe," I am fifty-nine the next wet day, but now if

* In Barndarrig is the fence that divides the townland, Puck's Castle, and Shankill.

† A man the name of Ned Hanavan got Jemmy Dunne's place. He held it for about thirty years, when having made money enough, and not having family, he sold it to a man named Summers.

you are rested its time to be on your feet again, for you have a good deal more to hear and see. This is the next house Sir Charles levelled, the home of big Pat Butler, that was ploughman for Mr. Harry Gravel of Shankill Castle. The next was the house of Jack Cleary, another working man of Mr. Gravel's. The next place levelled was Tom Toole's, at the head of Bawnock Lane, who also worked for Mr. Gravel. Now come down to the Cherry Orchard, noted for miles round the Co. Dublin, and attended by Mrs. Bassett, whose cottage was at the lower end of Bawnock Lane, but it is levelled and gone like the rest. Pat, come back again to the green road to where old Matthew Byrne used to live. He got the land of four separate families as soon as they were put out, and made a good farm for himself. His son Matt succeeds him in it now. The small holdings belonged to Tierney, Doyle, Everett, and Keogh. The next place is Peter Kearney's who holds the lands from which Sir Charles cleared Molly Toole, Larry Byrne and John Byrne. Peter Kearney was alive till a few years ago. His nephew Peter Byrne, now occupies his place. Now we will go on to the head of Ballymain Lane. Now, Pat, this is the boundary between Sir Charles Donville's estate and that of Lord Powerscourt. The first here whom Sir Charles put out was John Whelan, the next was Billy Woods, the next Maurice Woods. On the land that was Maurice Wood's stands a Druid's altar, whose existence is not known to everyone. On this farm three estates meets—Domovile, Rialls and Powerscourt. Those three holdings were thrown together to make the farm at present held by Whelan of the County Brook. The next eviction was a man named Pat MacAneny, whose land also fell in to Whelan. Pat, this is where Sir Charles built his Iron Bull-proof House. When he was about to be married to Lady Margaret St. Laurence, daughter of the late Lord Howth, and half sister to the present Lord, he had a small Catholic Church erected in the house, but he forgot to get it consecrated, and a very short time after his marriage had it pulled down and the iron sold. A man presumably from Dublin bought it and stored it in Peter Kearney's, but forgot to come for it. The next houses levelled are those of Maggie Mason, Mary Burke, and that of Charlie Kearney, the noted furze cutter. And now we come to Andy Doyle's cottage; he was on the estate of Miss Roberts, which now belongs to Captain L. Riall, Esq. Doyle then was not evicted, and you can still see his cottage standing, now held by his daughter, Mrs. Julia Kilbride. The next cottage levelled was Larry Lawless's; the land has fallen into Kilbride. The next houses levelled were Christy Farrell's, Tom Doyle's, Darby Doyle's, and Mick Farrell's; these were all labouring men, and had their little cabins and bits of land. They were evicted, their homes levelled, and their bits of land put into one farm for a man named Ned Seepworth, whose father was a Scotchman; what his original trade or business in Shankill was, I never met the man who could tell. But Seepworth went away, and when going, he let his place to a man just returned from America, named Smyth. But, as he never came back to claim it, it remains in

Smyth's hands still. Now, we are at Shankill Quarry, where there used to be a great many men employed, but now there are very little. Near the Quarry stood the house of Bidy Reid, which we knew as the Windy House; it is levelled and gone also. The next house levelled belonged to a man named Patrick Walker, a labouring man; the next was that of John MacAuley, road contractor, on the site of which is now built a labourer's cottage, under the Rathdown Board of Guardians. The next cottages laid low were those of Peter Murray's, Mary Mill's, Martin Sullivan's, and Harry Purcell's, better known as the lawyer. The land was taken by a gentleman, named Dodwell, who married a young lady from Shankill, named Fowler, the daughter of Councillor Fowler. Opposite those were the levelled homes of Ned Thomas, Kitty Butler, and Billy Mullay, their ground fell in to the best bidder.

"Now we will go down to Kitty Tracy's. This was the noted Kitty, who kept the shop and kept the dancing on Sunday. The boys and girls, men and women, came from all parts of the parish to Kitty's dance. Carty, the piper, a tailor by trade, came from Bray to play for her. She was fairly well-to-do, and had four tenants of her own on the opposite side from her own house, named Will Geelon, Isaac Mason, Anthony Cronan and John Walsh. The ground from which those people were evicted fell into a farmer named Denis Carr, and his family after him. Kitty's own place and the land she held fell into Mr. Dodwell, before mentioned.

"Now we come to Shankill Castle. At the time of Sir Charles it was held by a gentleman farmer named Mr. Henry Greville, or Harry Gravel, as the people around called him,—a good, generous, open-hearted man, a good employer, a friend of the poor all round.* Shankill Castle is now held by a gentleman named Murray, son-in-law to Mr. Dodwell.

"Now, Pat, look up the road here which we know as the Lordello road.† The first house on the right is where Mr. Hackett, minister of Crikken church, was evicted from. Now here is the old Rathmichael lane, where Tom Byrne, the blacksmith and noted

* At one time Mr. Harry Gravel kept a large shop for the benefit of the Shankill people, on which he lost £400. He was married to a Miss Hunter. They had a large family. One child of his died, a little girl, who must have been idolized by her mother, for when the family were emigrating to America, after being evicted by Sir Charles, this poor lady employed a workman named Toole, who used to be a confidential man, in her husband's employment, to go to Tallow Churchyard and exhume the little one's remains, and put them in a box which she brought with her to America.

There is a large oven in Shankill Castle, or was some time ago, where Mr. Greville baked all the bread used by the family.

† There is a little river flows beside the Lordello Road, better known as Tracey's River, which owing to the nature of the ground appears to be flowing up the hill. There was, in my young days, a part of the road that the driest day in Summer was always wet. A gentleman who was lodging in Lordello, observing the damp spot constantly in the road, got some men to dig round it, and raised a large stone about five or six stone weight. He had it washed and got it hung up, and every 15 or 16 seconds there was a drop of clear water fell out of it. I was told it was taken to London. They say it takes the dampness from the atmosphere

furze-hook maker, lived. Come up the lane a few perches with me. Do you see those two stones there? They are moved from their old position, but still mark the spot where they used to stop and say the *De Profundis* over the dead going to the graveyard. General Cockburn, who lived in Shanganagh Castle, coveted the cross and got two men to go with a horse and cart to steal it out of it. The night they chose for the work was a beautiful moonlight night, but they no sooner stirred the cross than the wind rose and the rain fell heavily, but they still persevered and put the cross on the cart. The horse, which up to that night would pull kindly any weight, refused to draw the cart and cross, and kicked it off him and his harness also, and the men had to draw the cart and cross themselves home to Shanganagh Castle. A serious accident, happened to one of them in unloading the cross, and some members of their family came to some misfortune.

"On the opposite side of the road lived two workmen of Mr. Ben Tilly, a gentleman who farmed the whole side of the country. Those men lived on their master's land, but both he and they were evicted in the wholesale clearance. The labourers' houses were levelled, and in Mr. Ben Tilly's house, Chantilly, a gentleman, Commander Riall, now resides. A gentleman named Perran occupied another residence on part of Mr. Tilly's property, which he subsequently let to the Congested Districts Board.

"Now, before we go down the Ballybride road, this is the Protestant church of Rathmichael which Sir Charles's father, Sir Crompton Donville, left the means of building for Dr. Hunt, before mentioned, but before the church was roofed Dr. Hunt died. Sir Charles finished the church, and offered a premium of £5 to any one who would open it with a wedding. To the sorrow and indignation of the Catholic residents of Shankill, a most respectable farmer's son was found to do the job, and the poor fellow could never be said to have thrived after. God rest him, he has atoned for his follies long ago. Now we will go down Ballybride road, where we will see some other footsteps of the renowned Sir Charles. A farmer named Peter Toole, who built his own house and also a house for letting, is first on our way. At the time of the evictions he had the spare house let to a Catholic clergyman named Father Fleming, who was the first chaplain to the Rathdown Union; they were both evicted without any compensation. The next on the list are the homes of a few small farmers named Mat McDowd, Jerry Walsh, and Peggy Toole. Those houses are all levelled and gone. Mr. Carr has the place now.

"The next house is Silvermount; it was the home of a Mr. Hillis, who had a watch-dog—Barney—who was a terror to the people going about the place at night. A man the name of Jer. Walsh got the thrashing of Mr. Hillis's corn, which occupied a week, when Mr. Hillis paid him his week's hire, and dismissed him. Hillis went to get the corn cleaned sometime after, but found nothing but straw and chaff. 'Ah, Barney,' he said to the dog, 'you took a bribe.'

This place changed hands several times, but lastly a gentleman named Perrin, a counsellor, bought it, and lived several years in it, and in the little round lodge lived Mr. Perrin's man, named Jem Bryan, nicknamed 'The Cat.' The Cat was a queer lad, but he was not a native of Shankill, but we forgave him for that, for we always accused him of stealing geese out of Denny Carr's fowl-house. Cats are fond of fowl, but this always made us forgive him for not belonging to Shankill.

"So now come along to Ballybride itself, where resided the Right Honorable Plunkett. He lived in Ballybride cottage, and was an ancestor of the Hon. Horace Plunkett that is so much talked of. The next place on the opposite side is John Byrne's, better known as John the Wash: he built the house two storeys and a farm house beside it, and some little out-offices, but Sir Charles put them out without one shilling compensation. The place is now in possession of Mr. Joseph Mitten. The next place is Ellerslie, where a gentleman of the name of Biggar, a Ballast Master in the employment of the Port and Docks' Board, lived at the time we are speaking of. In that house, Pat, I was born, in Ellerslie House, and I have told you my age almost to a day. A Mr. Smyth rents the place now.

"We will now go down this old lane, better known as Maddock's Lane, to where a priest named Father Murphy lived with his two brothers, Dr. Murphy and Mr. William Murphy. The cottage he lived in was belonging to a gentleman named Toole. Well, Toole took it into his head to put out the priest, and gave his bailiff, Jerry Scully, of odious memory, instructions to act, and Scully evicted him. He was brought to the only house of entertainment then around Shankill, or rather on the Shangannagh road from Bray, which was where the Police Barrack now stands. The house belonged to Mr. Byrne, or 'Tight Sides,' as the boys called him, and there the poor evicted priest found shelter. The boys of Shankill carried him back and reinstated him, in spite of O'Toole, and the next move Scully made was to set fire to the house over the priest and his brothers. The priest was got out of the fire and died from shock in the very house which had given him shelter before.

"Up at the end of this lane is a nice cottage, a gentleman's residence, called Springmount. At the time I am telling you about it was occupied by a Baron Hughes. His daughter became the wife of Lord Morris. Baron Hughes was a good, open-handed gentleman and very charitable to the poor around.

"So we will now go back down the lane and down Crinken Lane. There was about the year '38 a man killed in Crinken Lane, named Johnny Doyle. He was a market-man for Toolles of Willford. The wheel of his cart struck a stone in the wall, belonging to Markleys of Sherrington (now Ertey). The cart was turned over and he was killed. He lay on the road half the night before he was found. About the year '58 there was a man of Dodwell's killed at the corner of the same lane going to Bray.

"Now, Pat, turn towards Bray. For a little while there was a fine cottage of Mr. John Neill, the schoolmaster of Shankill, but it was levelled when Breslin of the Marine Hotel, Bray, had Crinken House. Now the lodge of Crinken House used to be called White's Lodge, for White was the gentleman's name who built Crinken House. I was baptized in the lodge, so I ought to know something of the doings of the place.

"Well, Pat, there was a story about Crinkin House, when it was building, which I may as well tell you. There was a Catholic Church in Crinkin in the year 1822, and opposite the Church, on the other side of the road, was a publichouse, kept by a man the name of Tom Murray. Well, the men used to be paid in Tom Murray's every Saturday night. This poor Carpenter, a North of Ireland man, was amongst them. They used to sleep in the bottom storey of the house where they were building, where there were some floors laid down on this Saturday evening. Some dispute arose between the men while they were getting paid in Murrays. It was quashed there, but that very Saturday night the poor Carpenter disappeared and never was heard of; his tools and some of his clothes remained there, but he never came back to claim them. There was some alterations going on about the place, a few years ago, for the lady who now owns the place, the Widow of the late Bishop Walsh, and I was expecting to hear of the Contractor coming on a hidden grave, but he did not.

"Pat, we will go down Alley's river road here. Beside the river is where the cottage of Kitty Byrne, better known as "Kitty, the Cackler," used to stand. She used to rear and sell about 300 ducks in the year. Mr. Breslin before mentioned got it levelled too. Now, here is the place, called Athmore, in which an old Catholic family named Gernon lived. The gentleman's name was Mr. Christopher Gernon. A man the name of Pat Morgau built the house; he also built Springmount, Ballybride Cottage before mentioned, and Cliften Lodge at the sea side of Corbawn Lane. I believe they were all mud walls. There are a few words to be said about the publichouse then kept by Tom Murray. Murray sold out, and a man the name of Claffey took the house. It was not very well kept then; the pubs were then open from after last Mass of a Sunday. There were no police between Bray and Cabinteely, and we got in, when we wanted, before and after hours. You never saw such fights as used to be there, and the Shankill boys were always in the thick of it. The Bray boys used to come that far to meet them, and have little chaps behind carrying their sticks for them ready for use. I myself saw the pavement outside the shop red with blood out to the county road. I even saw one man knocking down another with a crutch, on a Sunday morning, and the people going to first Mass in Little Bray.

"I have told you there was a Catholic church opposite Tim Murray's publichouse, afterwards Claffeys; so there was, for a while, but in 1834 a gentleman named Magan purchased the ground on which it stood. It was in the parish of Kingstown then, and Father Sheridan, the parish priest, had not a proper lease of the

ground on which the church stood, so Magan gave them notice to quit, and gave them three years in which to make their arrangements, and begone. After much trouble the site of a new church was got in Gurtchen's Lane, Little Bray, from a man named Jemmy Coghlan. The people made sure to have a good long lease this time. The first Mass was celebrated in Little Bray, in 1837. There is a cross in Little Bray, the date on it is 1810. That cross was made in Glenchree, and it was to be brought to the chapel in Crinkin. There was no way of bringing it, only on low log wheel cars. They broke down half way on the road, and the men had to get rollers, and work at them night and day till they got it to Crinkin. When the new church was erected in Little Bray, the cross was brought there, and set in the chapel yard, where it now stands.

Now, Pat, come on towards home; we will walk along, and the next stop will be at General Cockburn's grand gate. I want to show you the old churchyard, known as Kiltuck, where the cross he had stolen from Rathmichael now stands. Here, in the house, where the police barrack is, was the publichouse belonging to Mr. Byrne, where the poor evicted priest got shelter when his own house was burned over him. Behind the police barracks was the home of the Dempsey family, who lived and worked under John Quin, and kept hackney cars after. Pat, the eldest son, was a famous ploughman; but Pat went to America, and all the rest of the family are dead, and gone away. A man named Reilly now occupies his place, and seems to be doing well.

"I suppose you know where old Pat Fleming lived. He is dead now this 20 years and more. The old workshop is falling to decay. A man named Murphy from the Co. Wicklow came and bought out Collins that lived on the property and had a sort of agreement or lease from Fleming, and set up in the same business about 32 years ago. He was a younger man and a more up-to-date carpenter, and he got a lease from Fleming for himself, and built a new house and establishment. He has a large family of sons and daughters, and the sons are all able to help him. The boys are all members of the Branch of the Gaelic League in the village of Shankill. They can speak Irish and teach it to the youngsters all round, and keep them all in amusement learning the Irish dancing."

"Be that as it may," said Pat, "the Gaelic League is going to do more for Ireland in the future, if the people only stay at home and support it, than all their members of Parliament, except one, have done in the old times, for it will make the people know the value of themselves in their own country and make them strong and self-reliant, not ashamed to say they are Irish and stick to it, and, please God, keep them from emigrating or joining the British Army. Joe, if the people at home knew what they had to do to earn their bread in America, they would never venture there."

"Now, Pat," said Joe, "you saw the barracks where the old publichouse stood. Now, here in the Shanganagh Hotel, is a grandson of the man who kept it, doing well, increasing and

multiplying—like all Irishmen. So, you see, everyone has not to go to America to do well. He has two fine little lads, and two little daughters so far. Now, you will see here is Simon Doyle's house and forge. He was brother-in-law to Pat Fleming, the carpenter, but he and his wife are dead and gone too. His son, John, has the place now and has a fine family of boys and girls also. The boys are grown up and working away, giving him all the help they can, but he is strong and young himself yet.

"Now, Pat, there are no old neighbours up along the road; so come up to Shankill bridge, where I will give you a view of the village of Tillystown. Now you see we have got a Post Office and a Telegraph Office. Now just stand a little this side and look down. This is the field that Mr. Ben Tilly let to the evicted tenants of Sir Charles when that gentleman ordered them to hell or the sea. This field was divided into plots, and every man that took a plot was required to build a house on it. Of course a good many of the boys and girls and some whole families emigrated; but the most of us settled here, and, thank God, we are all alive and well to-day, and got a bit every day since he put us out; but where he is—I am afraid is not known. I was at an open-air concert (I can't say the Irish name) given by our Branch of the Gaelic League, and I heard the recitation about Lord Waterford, and it struck me it would apply equally to Sir Charles Domville."

"Well Joe," said Pat, "you have given me plenty to think about and I think I'll try and board a train for Dublin; it's getting late, here is 5s. for the day you have lost on my account."

"I'll not take 5s., Pat, I'll take 2s. if you like, but no more. If I have lost the day I had pleasure in raking up old times and getting someone to talk to that would take an interest in them, but you might come down to my cabin and have something to eat, it's sure to be ready by this time."

Pat declined with thanks, after again pressing Joe to take money from him which was not accepted. The two friends parted with a cordial handshake, never on earth to meet again, perhaps.

PEAR BURDE.

