

CLANBRASSIL STREET

2

Featuring: Cathedral Lane, Daniel Street, Fumbally Lane,
Harold's Cross, Harty Place, Lombard Street West, New Street,
Mill Street, South Circular Road, and the Poddle River





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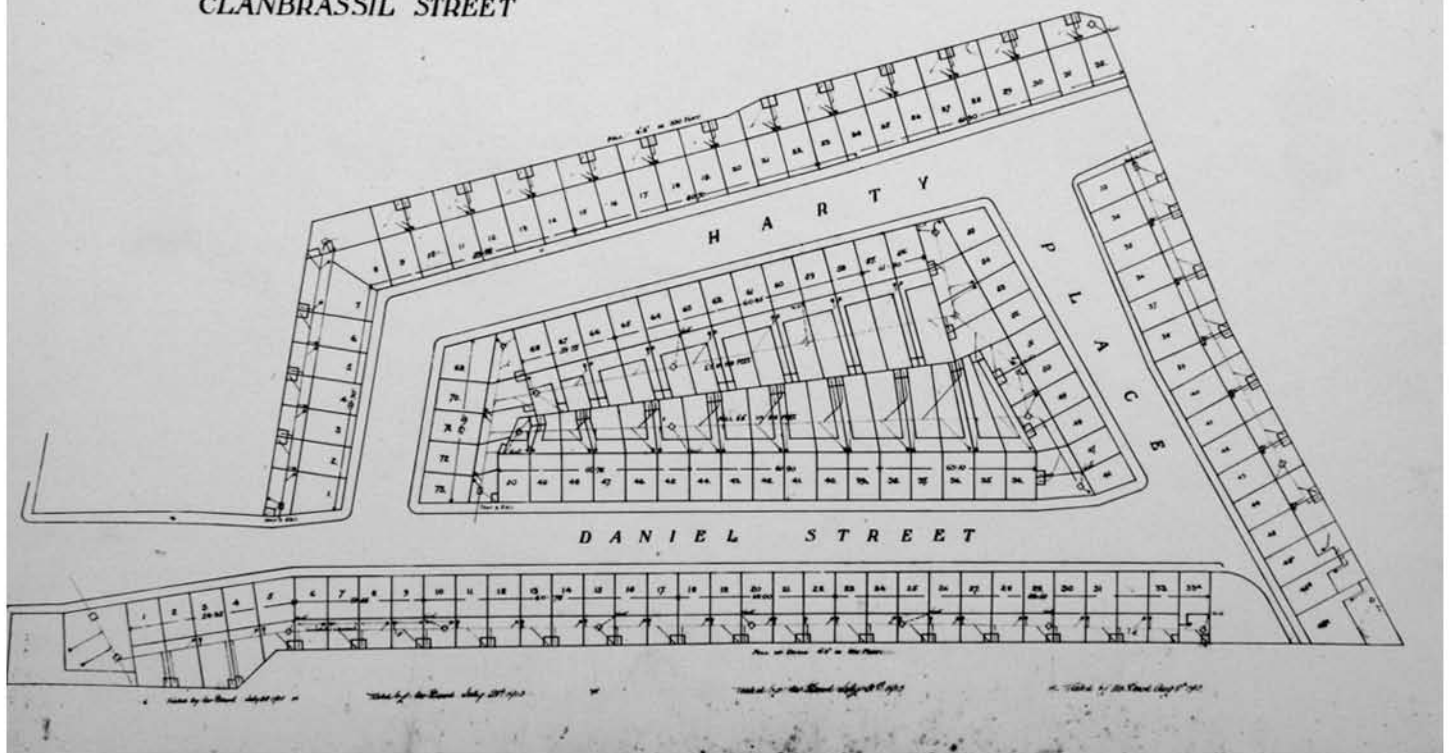


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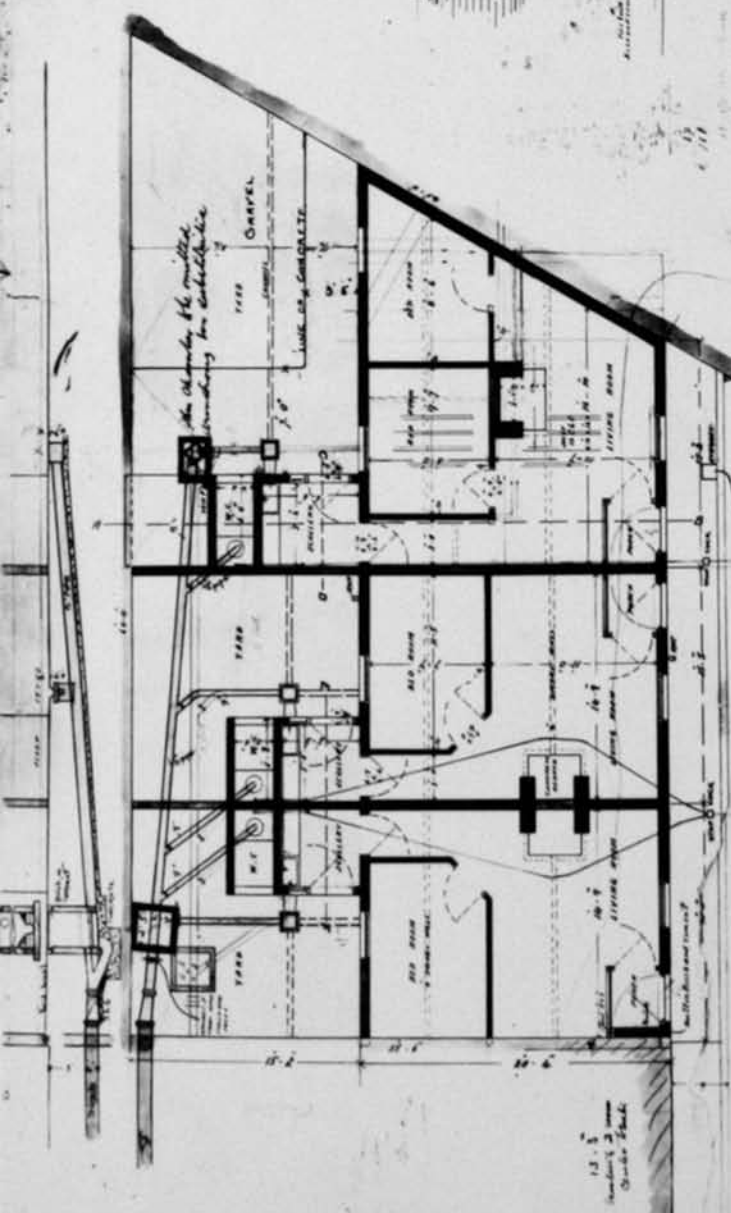
The Dublin Artisans Dwelling Company was found in 1876 to provide suitable housing for the working and industrial classes of the city. It began to acquire land around Dublin, build houses and lease to tenants. It also acquired existing tenements, whether for demolition or improvement, and worked with other companies with similar objectives. Sir Arthur Guinness was the first chairman. The company built 3,600 dwellings by 1933, creating 110 new streets in Dublin.

The company built 128 houses in the Clanbrassil Street area between 1886 and 1892. An extensive archive related to the company's activities can be visited at the Irish Architectural Archive on Merrion Square, who kindly supplied these plans and drawings of the houses built on Daniel Street and Harty Place.

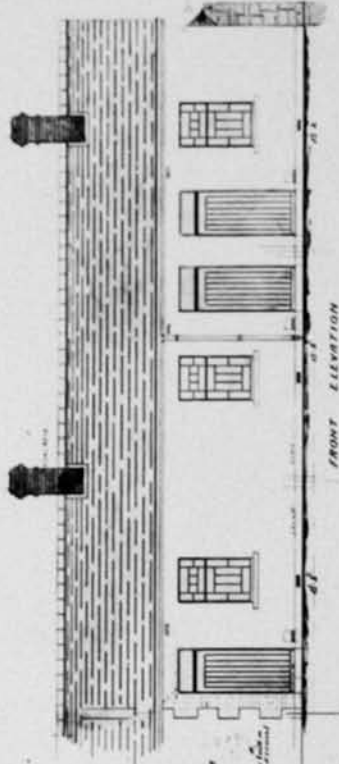
Nº 2

DUBLIN ARTISANS DWELLINGS COMPANY LTD
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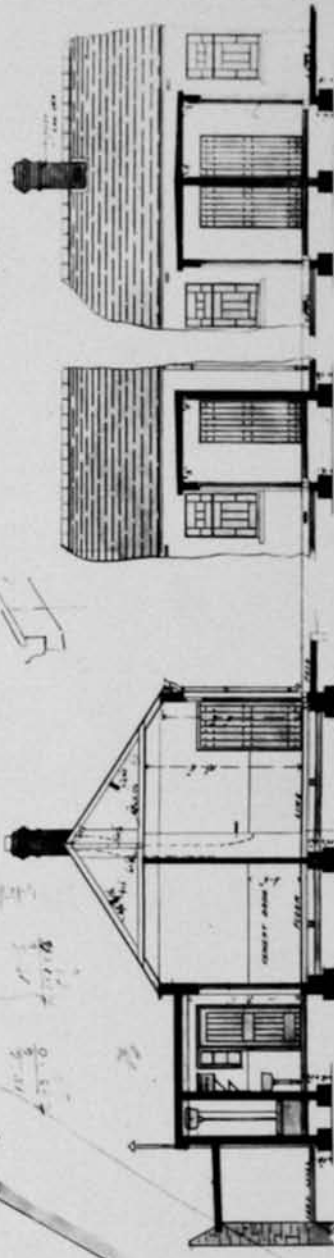
PLANS SHOWING DWELLINGS PROPOSED TO BE BUILT ON PLAYGROUND
AT CLANBRASSIL STREET BUILDINGS
SCALE 1/4" = 1' 0" INCH



PLAN



FRONT ELEVATION



SECTION AT A.D.

SECTION AT C.D.

SECTION AT E.F.

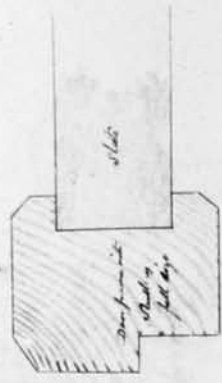


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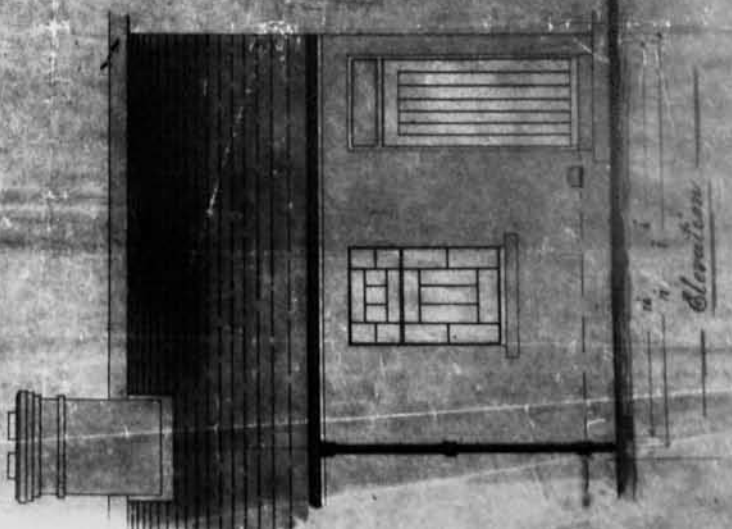
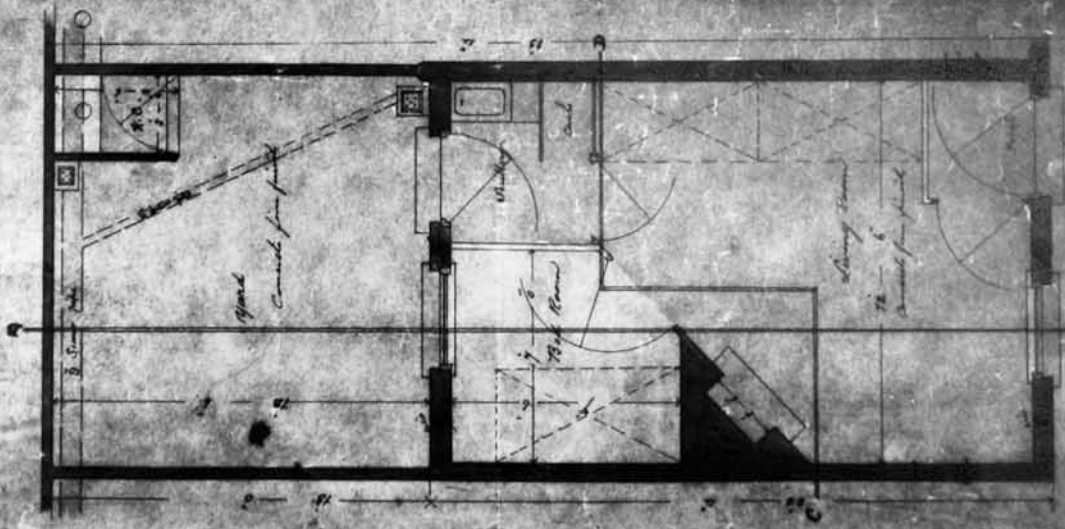
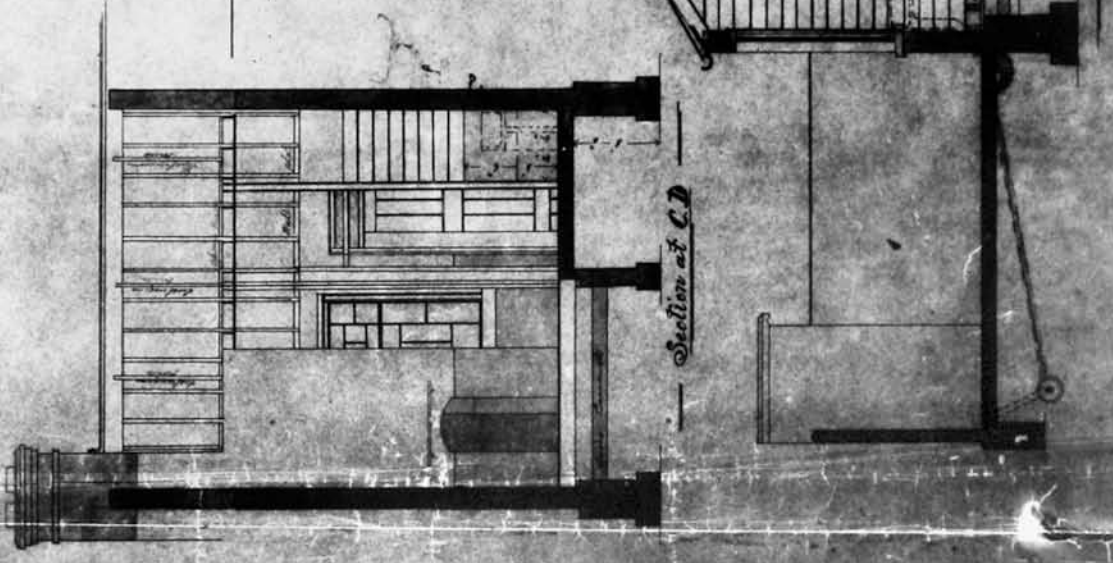
SCALE OF 1/4" = 1' 0" INCH

Handwritten notes:
 1. 1/4" = 1' 0" INCH
 2. 1/4" = 1' 0" INCH
 3. 1/4" = 1' 0" INCH
 4. 1/4" = 1' 0" INCH





Dublin Artisans Dwellings Co. L^{td}
 Clonbrasil Street Area
 1/2 inch Scale



Ken Lawford has kindly shared with us more of his photographs.

As many people know, Ken has been established in the motor industry since 1973, then selling Datsun cars and now he is a main dealer for Nissan. In our last issue we featured a car that he suspended from a crane above his premises on Clanbrassil Street as a promotional campaign in the 1990s. Here, he shares some images of another airborne automobile, at Baldonnell Airfield during an air show there.





Libaas is ran by Mohammed Nascir, who has lived in Dublin for eight years and opened Libaas five years ago. He previously ran the venture at premises on Aungier Street, but has found Clanbrassil Street a better location for the business. The title, Libaas, translates from Arabic as 'dress.' Most of the products are imported from Dubai.



People travelling over to Muslim countries often drop by to buy clothes for their travels, especially Western women who buy Abayas. However, Mohammed stresses the value of his products as casual wear, and for an exciting alternative for parties and events. In recent times, a growing interest in the fashions and styling of Bollywood has resulted in an increase in trade. As the only outlet of its kind in Ireland, customers often travel all the way from Sligo and Belfast to the store.

An in-house tailoring service is available on all garments. Libaas also sell natural makeup, jewellery, footwear, and offer superbly executed henna tattoos, as seen here on Holly O'Brien's arm. Salwar Kameez, traditional Indian dresses, cost from 15 to 200 euros. Kurtas tops, perfect to wear with any trousers, range from 5 to 30 euros. Abayas, traditional Muslim dress, cost between 25 and 60 euros.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1866.

THE POLICE AND THE
STREETS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH TIMES

SIR,—In common with you I admire the Police force as an efficient and trustworthy body of men, and consider, as a rule, they discharge their duty in a way which must win regard for them; but the more I admire this, I am the more pained to see some streets night after night and never see a policeman, especially if required. In Newstreet and Clanbrassil-street, though I pass through both, I rarely or ever see one, and more especially Clanbrassil-street. Not later than last night, when passing through it, stones were thrown freely by boys, and one of them severely hurt a young lady passing at the same time. No policeman was near—indeed I never met one for the last six months in Clanbrassil-street. I dare say it is considered so peaceable there is no need, but what I tell is a fact. If one or two were constantly walking up and down stone throwing would be less frequent after dark.—I am, sir, yours respectfully,

VERITAS.



Peakin Meats, near Leonard's Corner, was originally part of the EastMan English chain of butchers. Current owner Eamon Peakin recalls 'When The Troubles broke out and one of their shops was petrol bombed on Georges Street, they pulled out.' Eamon's father and uncle, who worked there since 1969, then took over the running of the premises, and today it is a very established shop in the area .

Laura Jane

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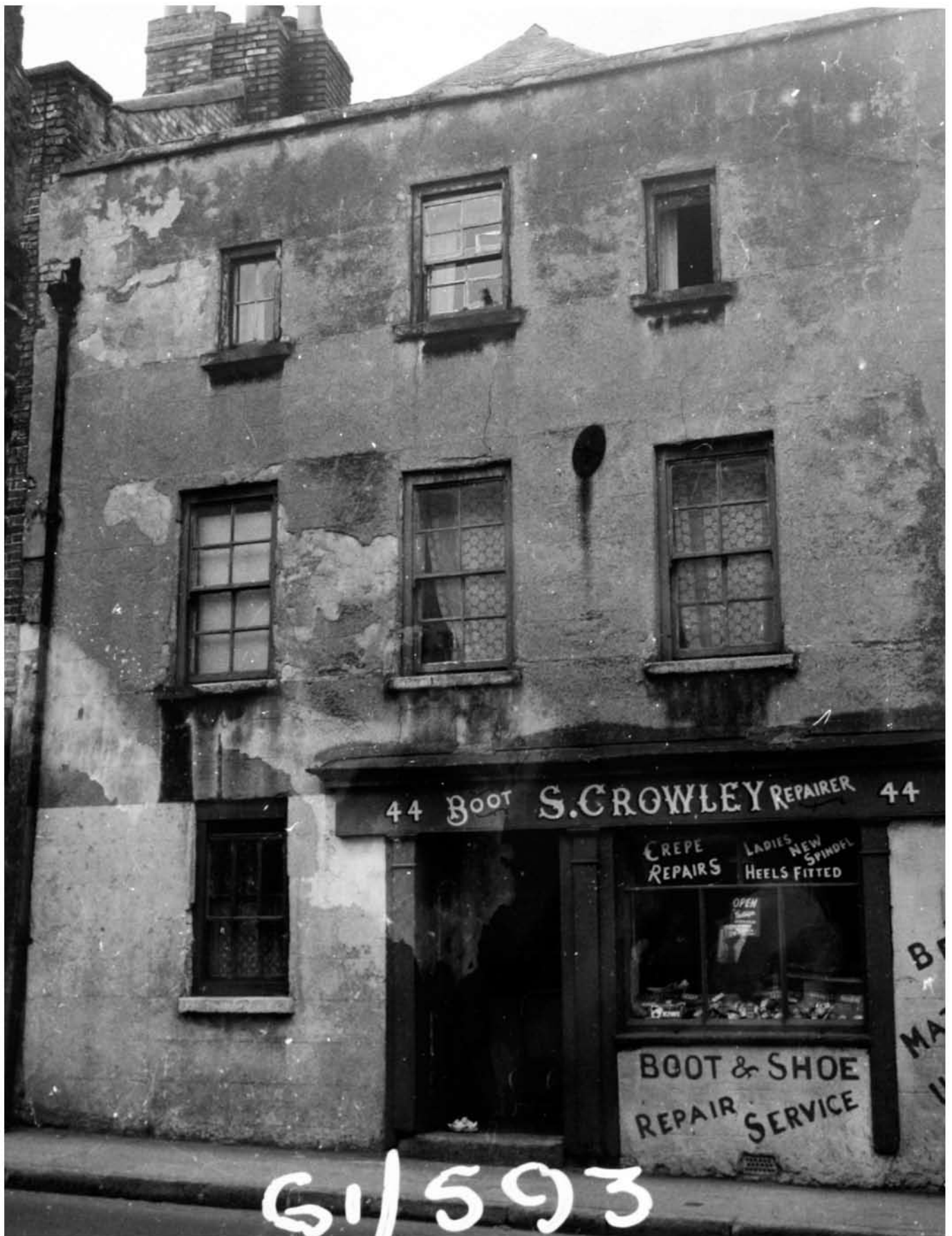
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KEN LAWFORD MOTORS



Red Meats, circled in this photograph taken by Ken, was a large abattoir, Some people might recall herds of cattle ending up in the canal after getting loose on their way to there. A fire in 1992 destroyed the building.



Above is Crowley's shoe repairs shop, once of 44 New Street.
This photograph was taken as part of a survey by the Dangerous
Buildings Department of Dublin Corporation in 1961.



The River Poddle is one of Dublin's best known rivers, even though it is now underground for much of its journey from Tallaght to the city centre. Its original course is underneath the west side of present-day Clanbrassil Street. The thirteenth-century monks of St. Thomas Abbey created an artificial channel at Mount Argus, shaping a new stream two and a half miles long through the Liberties that reemets the Clanbrassil Street branch around Fumbally Lane and flows into the Liffey, downstream of Grattan Bridge.





While the precise source of the Poddle River is somewhere around Cookstown, Tymon Park in Tallaght is one of the last places where the river can be seen. In a 1973 article, Sister Ann Dominica Fitzgerald wrote a very interesting article about the history of the Poddle. It is reproduced on the following pages.

Down the Old Poddle

ANN DOMINICA FITZGERALD O.P.

Sister Ann Dominica FitzGerald teaches in Muckross Park, Donnybrook and is a member of the Old Dublin Society and An Taisce. The River Poddle is one of the reasons for Dublin's existence: artisans settled around its banks for their trades. Today the river mainly flows underground but it is well to remember that the Poddle has an interesting and honourable history.

A few years ago when houses in Ship Street – condemned for old age, dampness and consequent ills – were being demolished the bulldozer suddenly plunged through the surface into a void. The men, on hands and knees, peered down: “Be the hokey! An underground river!”

A few hundred yards away on the top floors of 28 Castle Street labelled outside ‘Bárdas Átha Cliath. Roinn Innealeachtora’ the Corporation engineers were plotting and planning the course of future drains, sewers and diversions, with ruler and compass. They were interrupted by the foreman: and the discovery of a new river. What to do?

As the engineer descended the steps at the back of Hoey's Court and West of the Castle, he readily guessed the answer. “What you have there boys, is the Poddle. What else could it be in Ship Street?”

The drill had broken through the arch of the Poddle buried in the 1800's. It has been rushing away in the darkness there ever since – a ragin' torrent, as the woman in Palace Street opined one day. “I seen it oncet meself when they had the street up.”

The raging torrent is, in fact, a mild little stream. Not only does it begin small (like all streams) but it remains so, becoming very starved indeed where houses or streets have intruded upon it. It rises, says a Corporation report, at Cookstown north-west of Tallaght but if you try to verify this on foot you are liable to lose it, so trickish and ditchlike is it in the upper reaches.



The earliest you can identify it with any certainty is where it crosses under the road, middle of Tymon Lane. And as this is going to become a confusing chapter (for we go coursing up and down the man-made branches) – let's begin by being properly confounding and state that the name of the Poddle is Tymon. Corporation and Ordnance maps refer to it as Tymon until it is (or was) met by the watercourse carrying the Dodder waters into it at Kimmage West. After that everyone calls it Poddle.

But to come back to the recognition of the Poddle in Ship Street: any Dubliner living between Patrick Street and Grand Canal Basin or Dolphin's Barn would easily have guessed Poddle. During the War when excavating for an air-raid shelter in the Coombe, they seven times dug and seven times struck the Poddle. It still has long-buried but intimate and living links for anyone living near the Coombe, though let's hope that one story at least is apocryphal. That one about the grandmother: they forgot to tell her the trapdoor in the front hall had been temporarily lifted and she fell in, was swept away and never seen again. True or not, it certainly is a fact that older residents seldom say ‘Run down the Coombe for a loaf’ but ‘Run down to the Poddle for a loaf....bottle....etcetera’. And a few months ago I was told “Me first cousin married a fella outa the Poddle”.

The how and why of the ubiquitous river suggests a Joxer-like query “What are the Poddle?” For when an insignificant-looking river is multiplied (by the Dodder) and divided, then added to and



Bad living conditions in Patrick Street.

subtracted from – it hardly seems possible that all the hydra heads can stem from one parent Poddle. But they do. And Father Myles Ronan further complicates matters by maintaining after careful research that the original line of the Poddle bed was bypassed about 700 years ago.

* * *

Way back in the Bronze Age the Poddle-Tymon was flowing as today but meeting no obstructions from man, kept right on past the lowest contour line of thirty feet above sea level. It had cut a fairly direct channel through this and in nosing its way to the sea it skirted a small hill and travelled east. The small hill is that upon which Dublin grew, the south bank of the Liffey where Christ Church and High Street and St. Audoen's are still.

It seems more correct to say the Poddle made its way to the sea rather than to the Liffey. Because at that time the mouth of the Liffey was about two miles inland compared to Alexandra Port or Basin today. Or shouldn't we say that reclamation of land has pushed the port out and narrowed the Liffey in? Formerly it spread out thinly and where it met the Poddle it made a pool or harbour. 'Linn' being the Irish for 'pool' we can say that Dublin – Dubh-linn – owes its name to the Poddle. Traders from Celtic times onwards tied up at the Dubh Linn though it must be remembered that there was no town here until after the Viking invasions. They founded Dublin in the Ninth Century and there was another interesting mutation of the name of the harbour. In Scandinavian records Dubh Linn becomes Dyflin, and after the city's foundation they carved for themselves a kingdom known as Dyflinarskiri. It stretched from Skerries to Arklow and from the port inward to Leixlip. Later on we shall see how Henry II and the Anglo-Normans twisted it around to various

forms: Duvelina, Divelena, but under its various disguises what everyone meant was the Black Pool – which was roughly speaking the hollow in Dame Street around the Olympia Theatre and Palace Street. As to why it was black it was always presumed that Haliday (*The Scandinavian Kingdom of Dublin*) was correct in stating it was due to the underlying peat of the area on which the city grew. But in the 1969 reprinting of this book Breandan O Riordain points out in the introduction that Haliday mistook the Vikings' debris for bog; in fact there is a more solid foundation of boulder clay beneath. Perhaps the pool's blackness was due to nothing more than depth, in contrast with the grassy reeds appearing through the shallow tidal Liffey. After all, the river was fordable about 300 yards to the west. Anyway the Poddle was pure.

As well that it was pure: it supplied the citizens with their drinking water right up to 1244 A.D. and with a help-out from the Dodder it kept on doing so till 1776 when a connection was made from the Grand Canal to the City Basin. So the pure little, mild little Poddle..... but listen to this:

November 1787 and a Dublin newspaper reports: "The road leading to Leixlip was yesterday in many parts impassable even by horsemen, and Patrick Street presented a melancholy spectacle, the mountain floods having raised the water in that quarter to a most distressing height insomuch that the inhabitants from the end of New Street to Bride's Alley were necessitated to keep to the upper apartments. A few vessels in the river were forced from their moorings....."

The inhabitants of the New Row and the lower end of Meath Street were yesterday in similar circumstances with those of Patrick Street in consequence of the flood, and last night those of Crampton Court and Palace Street were put to distressing circumstances by the Poddle stream which

breaking through its bounds in Lower Castle Yard inundated the houses of both places.....”

This was fact, not Eighteenth Century hyperbole. The bed of the small Poddle was carrying Dodder water too. How much? Father Myles Ronan, writing in 1927, says “most of the waters” i.e. of the Dodder. Anyone who has seen the Dodder in full spate or experienced flooding at Anglesea Road can appreciate the quantity. Today it is largely turned off again from the Poddle and bridges on the Dodder and nearby houses must look after themselves.

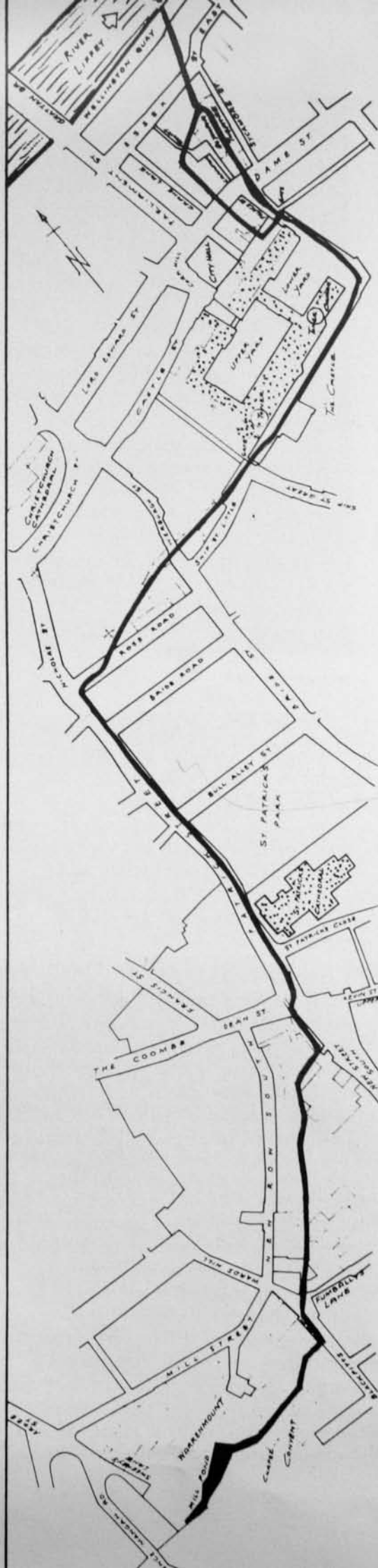
But what was the Dodder water doing in the Poddle anyway? It was there by mandate of the Lord Lieutenant of AD 1244 who had been got at by the City Fathers because between AD1170 (the Anglo Norman invasion) and that date the crises attendant on a population explosion were apparent. In that tiny city ¼ mile wide by ¾ mile long were 10,000 people before the ending of medieval times.

This increase in population was a direct consequence of the Royal Charter of 1171. Henry II spent three or four months in Ireland from November 1171 and could see that his Welsh Norman barons were doing very well indeed for themselves. So as his over-lordship did not bring in much, he thought to fill his coffers (depleted by wars and expeditions) by granting what is since known as the Bristol Charter.

“Henry II King of England Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine and Earl of Anjou notifies that he has granted and confirmed to his men of Bristowe his city of Duvelina.....”

The port of Dublin—thus a crown function—assured Henry of his revenues and Dublin suffered its next invasion, that of the Merchant Trader. For they came from all over, and not only from Bristol. In a space of fifty years they were firmly established with trading and family life, and the Guilds became as organised and as powerful as on the Continent. And from the Continent men still came. In 1226 two hundred and twenty-four new members were admitted to the Merchant Guild and not one of the listed names is Irish, because they were excluded. We find men from Brabant, Louvain, Amiens, France, Norfolk, Oxford..... Ireland into Europe in 1173; but Europe came into Dublin in 1173.

So what with their crafts and their washing and drinking needs it was no wonder that the Poddle was inadequate. Added to this were the monastic foundations. In 1177 one of Henry’s expiatory acts was the establishment of the Abbey of St. Thomas the Martyr (Becket, of course). The following quote from W. St. J. Joyce is interesting: “This establishment, which was really an English institution, was under the patronage of the king



This plan shows the course of the Poddle from Warrenmount Convent to where it enters the River Liffey.

and its abbots, who were appointed and held office subject to royal approval, were ex officio members of the Irish privy council and peers of the Irish parliament, besides which they exercised judicial functions at the court in the Abbey." This if we bear it in mind may help to solve the insoluble mystery of the Dodder/Poddlewatercourse.

Writ for Inquisition in relation to Water Supply for Dublin 1244.

Maurice FitzGerald, Justiciary of Ireland, commands the Sherriff of Dublin without delay by twelve free and lawful men of his country to make inquisition, with advice of the Mayor and Citizens, as whence water can be best and most conveniently taken from its course and conducted to the King's city of Dublin for the benefit of the city and at the cost of the citizens, who have undertaken to pay the amount. By the same twelve men the Sherriff is to enquire whether any damage can arise by thus taking and bringing the water. The Sherriff under his seal and the seals of the Jurors is to return the inquisition to the Justiciary, so that the damage, if any, may be repaired at the cost of the King. Any who oppose are to be suppressed by force and to be attached to appear before the Justiciary at the next Assizes. Those who resist are to be arrested and held until further mandate. Attested by the Justiciary at Dublin, on the twenty-ninth of April in the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry III.

What those Thirteenth Century engineers did was "a brilliant engineering conception" as a Corporation report has it. As we said, the Tymon-Poddle rises near Tallaght and flows north to the Liffey. The Dodder rises in the Wicklow mountains not far from Kippure, and so too does the Liffey. But whereas the Liffey meanders for 85 miles or so (due to glacial action) the Dodder rushes straight down, so to speak, in half the length and meets the Liffey opposite Alexandra Basin. And with its copious supply and its descending cascades it turned many a mill. From near Firhouse it runs roughly parallel to the Tymon about a mile away. And they connected the Dodder to the Tymon-Poddle by aquaduct.

Quickly said, but not so simply done. They had to make a fairly level course. Until 1972 one could follow and appreciate this on foot as it twisted north, south, west and east through fields, under Tallaght road, on embankments and so on. And, from 1244 to 1972 it had remained undisturbed, to all appearances a natural river. The Ordinance maps call it Mill-race because there were at least three mills working up to quite recent times.

This seemed a forgotten-by-accident stream, unmolested, unbuilt upon, for more than 700

years. In fact it was no accident. It was the property of the Corporation, who are the successors of the City Fathers and while the early City Fathers saw to it that every Aquebagelus (water bailiff) did his job of caring for the margins and removing obstructions, the modern City Fathers found they had a very expensive piece of antiquity to care for. For the ancient Fathers also gave grants and rights and it has been a case of buying these back from present owners, or slipping up now and again: constant litigation. Probably the latest – if not the last – case was where the Mill race met the Poddle. Here the last owner of Mount Down Mill sued the Corporation for interfering with his ancient rights by lowering the crest of the weir on the Dodder in 1943. In 1960 he was awarded £20,000 by the Supreme Court.

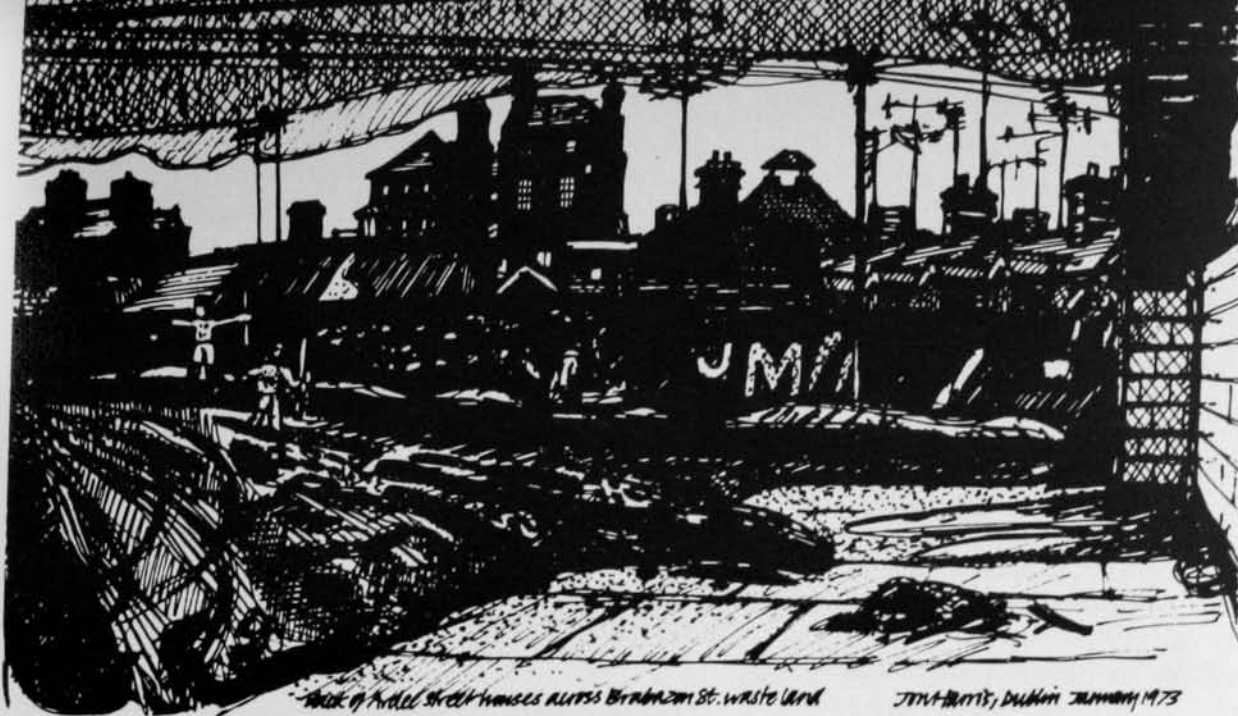
To return to the writ of 1244 it seems that the Dodder link-up was complete by 1245 as King Henry III's Mandate, in existence in England, directs that the King's Hall in Dublin be completed: with water conveyed to it through a pipe from the city conduit.

From now on we are in muddy waters. Until Gilbert published *The Calendar of Ancient Records of Dublin* (1889) and Henry Berry from it pieced together the first account printed (1891) of the Water Supply of Ancient Dublin, no student could get much farther back than 1776 (Grand and Royal Canals built) and 1861 (inception of Vartry supply) *The Neighbourhood of Dublin* by W. St. John Joyce has a good chapter on it, published in 1912.

The Reverend Myles V. Ronan published a paper called *The Poddle and its Branches* (1927) and that seemed to be that. Their account is briefly that after the Mill-race (or watercourse) conducted the Dodder waters to the Poddle, the latter river continued its normal course as far as the spot now identified as a field in Mount Argus. The field is called Tonguefield because of the wedge-shaped stone masonry constructed on the bed of the river in such a way that one third of the water was channelled to the left and two-thirds to the right. That to the left was called City Watercourse; the other the Poddle.

Shortly afterwards, the Poddle divides again: at Mount Jerome, the right-hand branch going by Clanbrassil Street, Blackpitts, New Row, Patrick Street, Bride Street, Ship Street, two sides of the Castle and by Palace Street to the Liffey at Wellington Quay.

The left-hand branch from Mount Jerome goes north, crosses Donore Avenue, Marrowbone Lane, turns back again south down Pimlico, Ardee Street, Mill pond at Warrenmount and meets up with the right-hand branch at New Row and thus on with it to the Castle and Liffey.



Back of Ardee Street houses across Brabazon St. waste yard
 JOHN BURKE, Dublin January 1973

Back of Ardee Street houses looking across Brabazon Street.

We could go on branching and getting confused. But a glance at the Corporation Map names some of the other branches, and also makes clear how the Poddle and Watercourse served the Liberties.

As to the metaphorical muddy waters which we are in the cause is a very detailed refutation of Berry's theory, that the citizens of Dublin diverted the Dodder waters in response to the Writ of 1244. An article by V. Jackson, M.I.C.E.I. in the *Dublin Historical Record* of April 1959 gives a very convincing line of argument to show that the use of Dodder water antedates 1244, and furthermore that the Watercourse was constructed by the monks of St. Thomas' Abbey. And this ties in with Ronan's contention that the whole line of the Poddle from Mount Jerome to New Row via Pimlico is *created*. As he points out, it corresponds with the boundaries of St. Thomas' Abbey.

This could be the explanation for the tame acceptance by the citizens of Dublin, of one third of the Dodder/Poddle water, whilst the Abbey got two-thirds!

On the other hand Jackson's citations of documents do not entirely and satisfactorily rule out the 1244 date, but if it is antiquity we are looking for let's opt for the earlier date. Bearing in mind the privileges of the Abbey mentioned a while back it is not incongruous to identify the "engineers" of the Thirteenth Century with the monks of St. Thomas' Abbey, especially when the following is also noted –

"By these grants (of Henry II and of John) the Abbey territory was raised to the status of an independent self-governing barony or manor, exempt from the jurisdiction of the City and in

temporal matters subject only to kings." (Jackson, *DN Historical Record*. Vol.XV No.2)

This is the origin of "the Liberties" i.e. The Liberty of the Earl of Meath. At the dissolution of St. Thomas' Abbey by Henry VIII in 1538 it was granted to Sir William Brabazon (later Earls of Meath). Hence we have "the Earl of Meath's Watercourse", i.e. that part marked in as the entire "new Poddle" from Mount Jerome back to New Street. And just as an item of interest to give the flavour of the times:

A.D. 1380 It was enacted that no mere Irishman should be permitted to make his profession in the monastery! [Everything therefore, was closed to the Irish and to the Scandinavians. Neither Anglo-Norman church or Guild would recognise their legal existence.]

A.D. 1538 "On March 31st Anno 30th of King Henry Eight the site of this monastery with a malt mill, a wood mill and two double mills, one carucate of land called Dunouer, ten acres of meadow, two of pasture and ten of underwood near the Abbey, were granted to William Brabazon, Esquire, for ever, by military service, at the annual rent of eighteen shillings and six pence sterling."

(from the *History of the City of Dublin*: Warburton, Whitelaw, Walsh).

It is of special interest to see today – still open, and in the centre of Dublin – the Mill Pond belonging to the "double mill" listed above. It is the last open portion of the Poddle still there, within hailing distance of Saint Patrick's.

As to the origin of the name Poddle, it is not so much an inelegant one, as a familiar one. One gets the impression that the river has been named

backwards. A portion called Puddle or Poddle in the built up area of the medieval city and misapplied to the whole stream? This could be the case for three reasons:

- a) 1493 seems to be the earliest reference to the Podell.
- b) Pottle appears in 1662; and Pottle means a measure of land and the Pottle was the river of the Liberty or free grant area.
- c) Extract from Faulkner's Dublin Journal, 10.3.1787.

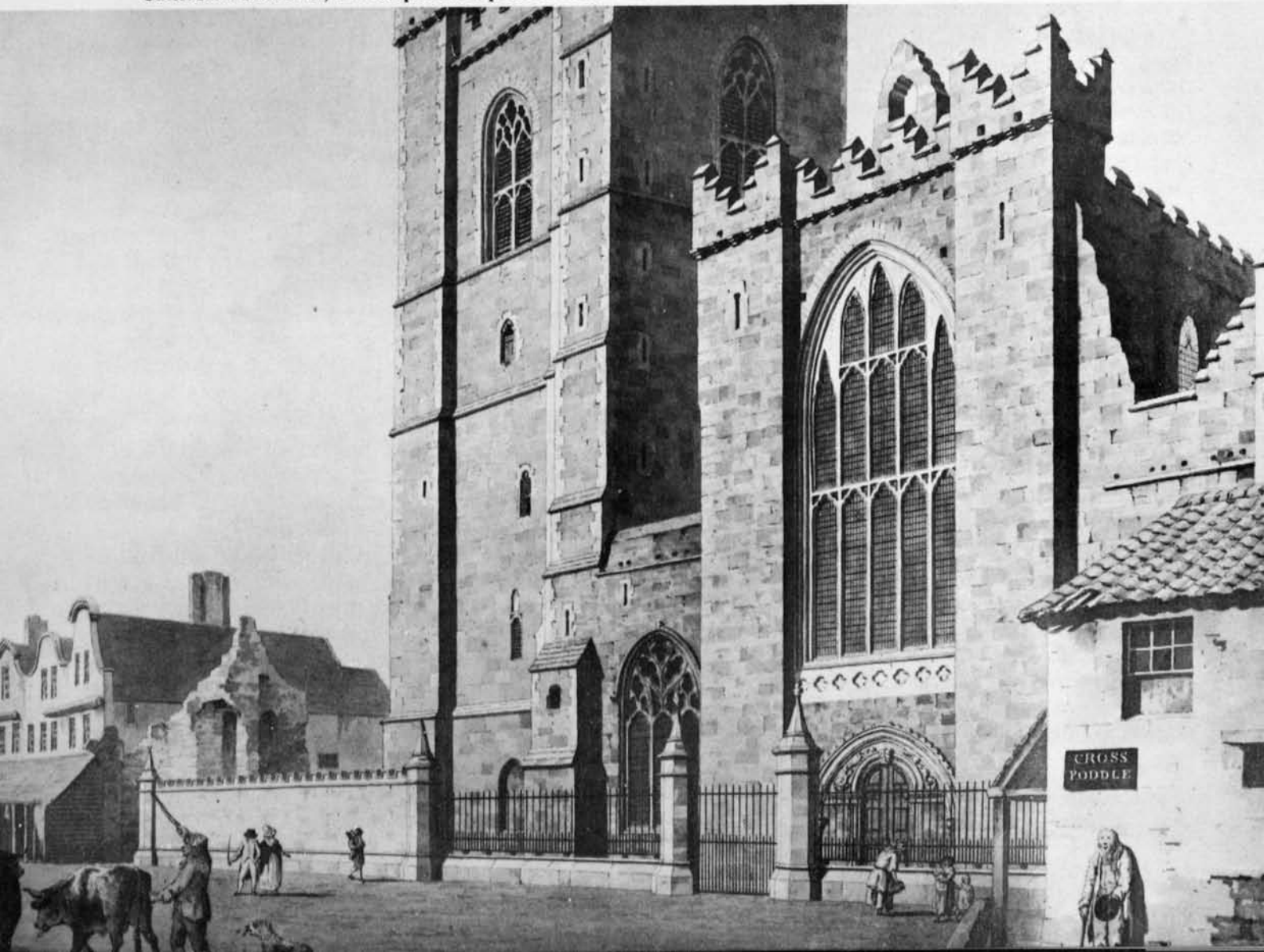
"The river Soulagh (or Poddle, as commonly called) has overflowed the end of New Street, near Kevin Street, to such a degree to make it impassable, so that the folks who pass that way are carried over the stream in Noddies....."

Mr. F. Carroll who supplied the above information in the D.H.R. in 1953, hoped his notes might encourage further research on the river. P. J. McCall said that older residents never said Poddle but the Pottle. And Brookings Map of 1728 gives in the legend "The Archbishop's and Earl of Meath's Liberties are parted by a water course from the Blackpitts to the Pottle....."

But the Malton Print (1793) of the West front of Saint Patrick's includes, quite clearly, behind an old man resting against the wall, the name Cross Poddle. It would appear that the name Tymon is of greater antiquity but because the origin of, and greater length of, this river lay outside the city liberty – and the Archbishop's, and the Earl of Meath's, it did not enter into daily reckonings as did the Puddle or Poddle or Soulagh or Sollagh or Salagh? And dirty it must have been, judging by legislations against pollution. The tanners at Dolphin's Barn were bad enough but in 1538 they got quite specific as to what you might not do....."no manner person may wash foul clothes.....and no man cast no corrupt thing in the same water, as blood of swyne or kyne.....nor wash tripes or puddings there. Fine Xiid."

The water bailiffs of yore may have had something to teach our modern environmental officers! Because evidently the Mayor etcetera kept it fairly within the bounds of usability if not of amenity; by the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century it was quite fashionable to live on the banks of the Poddle. The Earl of Meath had his

A photo of a Malton print of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The Poddle to this day runs underground near the Cathedral. However, the Corporation plan to flow it into the Grand Canal soon.





The Old Mill Race between Sweeney's Lane and Blackpitts. Taken in the early 20th Century.

town residence in Ardee House at one time attached to the old Coombe Hospital.

Quite fashionable it may have been, but no longer safe after the Eighteenth Century set in. Whitelaw in his *Population of Dublin* describes how he worked in the summer of 1798 "undismayed by degrees of filth, stench, darkness inconceivable."

The filth and stench were in the darkness of the tenements of the parishes of SS. James, Catherine, Luke, Nicholas Without and Within, Audoen's, Michael and John, Werburgh, Bride, Peter, Ann, Andrew, Mark and Deaneries of Christchurch and Saint Patrick's. The population he gives for this area is 112,497 (he calls it southside of the Liffey and adds "Harold's Cross, Sandymount and Blackrock cannot with any propriety be considered as part of Dublin"). The numbers nesting in single rooms "Tend to 16 persons of all ages and sexes in a room not fifteen foot square.", meant a festering slum. And as their poverty made it impossible to levy a rate for a sewage system it further meant that the Poddle and courses became open sewers. This explains the anomaly whereby the silk weavers of Dublin c.1220 petitioned for water, while those of 1800 on, petitioned for the filling in of all courses. Death and disease were rampant.

As to why this area became so overcrowded we might begin from 1685 and the arrival of the

Huguenots. This started the Liberties on its career as the industrial centre. The Coombe, Pimlico, Spitalfields, Weavers' Square were built at this time.

The highly skilled and educated Huguenot industry allied to the Guild system (then almost 600 years old) should have been an irresistible combination in terms of industry, but that would be to reckon without English sanctions. Protection of rival British industry however is only half the story. Between 1700 and 1840 the Guilds went into decline – capitalism set apprentices up against their masters, a long painful climb not to be resolved until after the 1920's. But the real rot which destroyed the Guild system was injustice – the old story, religious discrimination. No "Roman" Catholic could be a member of a Guild till 1793, so the decline went on and on. (And Whitelaw noticed "an influx after the late 1798 Rebellion" hiding among the swarming poor).

One has then to blame the Guilds for filling the back streets with an innumerable unskilled Catholic population, illicitly and illegally making and manufacturing and thus helping to bring about the decline of the whole area. A strange reversal – the "Christian" guilds of 1192 – (Prince John's Charter) – with their religious pageantry and patronage, excluding all Irishmen and Scandinavians – but bringing stable, commercial life to Dublin while their protestant descendants by excluding all Catholics brought down the system by lowering

standards – (i.e. those crafts practised outside the guilds by degrees became substandard) – thus creating poverty and beggary. “It is a certain fact that number 6 Braithwaite Street contained a few years since, 108 souls; From a careful survey twice taken of Plunkett Street in 1798 it appeared that 32 contiguous houses contained 917 inhabitants...strange as it may appear, it is a fact that there is not one covered sewer in that populous portion of the Liberty south of the street called the Coombe” (Whitelaw and Walsh, writing in 1816).

So the Poddle was doomed. Portion by portion it was buried. Had it not been for the combination of depressing circumstances, a more affluent population might have supplied the various commissioners with funds to make an independent sewage system.

And all that remains of Poddle today in the Liberties is the small portion known as the Mill Pond, tucked away in a muddy pocket between Warrenmount Convent and Mill Street. This Warrenmount was the “Double Mill” of the 13th century, and, as Brian Mac Giolla Phadraig notes in his historical sketch of the place, residences on the banks of the Mill Stream were much sought after. In the last quarter of the 18th century Nathaniel Warren (High Sheriff of Dublin 1773 – 74; Lord Mayor, 1782 – 83) built himself a fine house here calling the place “Warrenmount”.

By the time the Main Drainage Scheme (1901) was under way the Poddle was beyond (or below) resurrection. The alternative – Dublin Castle prettily and historically moated, for instance, will as a mental picture, draw an incredulous snort or polite smile from the Dame Street/Castle Street/Cork Hill/Parliament Street commuter. But it definitely *is* a might-have-been.....

All Dublin was not, of course, a slum. As late as 1846 *The London Illustrated News* in a two-page picture spread, under the title Capital Cities of Europe has Dublin as No.1 in the series. In the left-hand corner can be seen clearly illustrated, the City Basin and between it and the centre of the city the artist seems to have run out of exact pen-

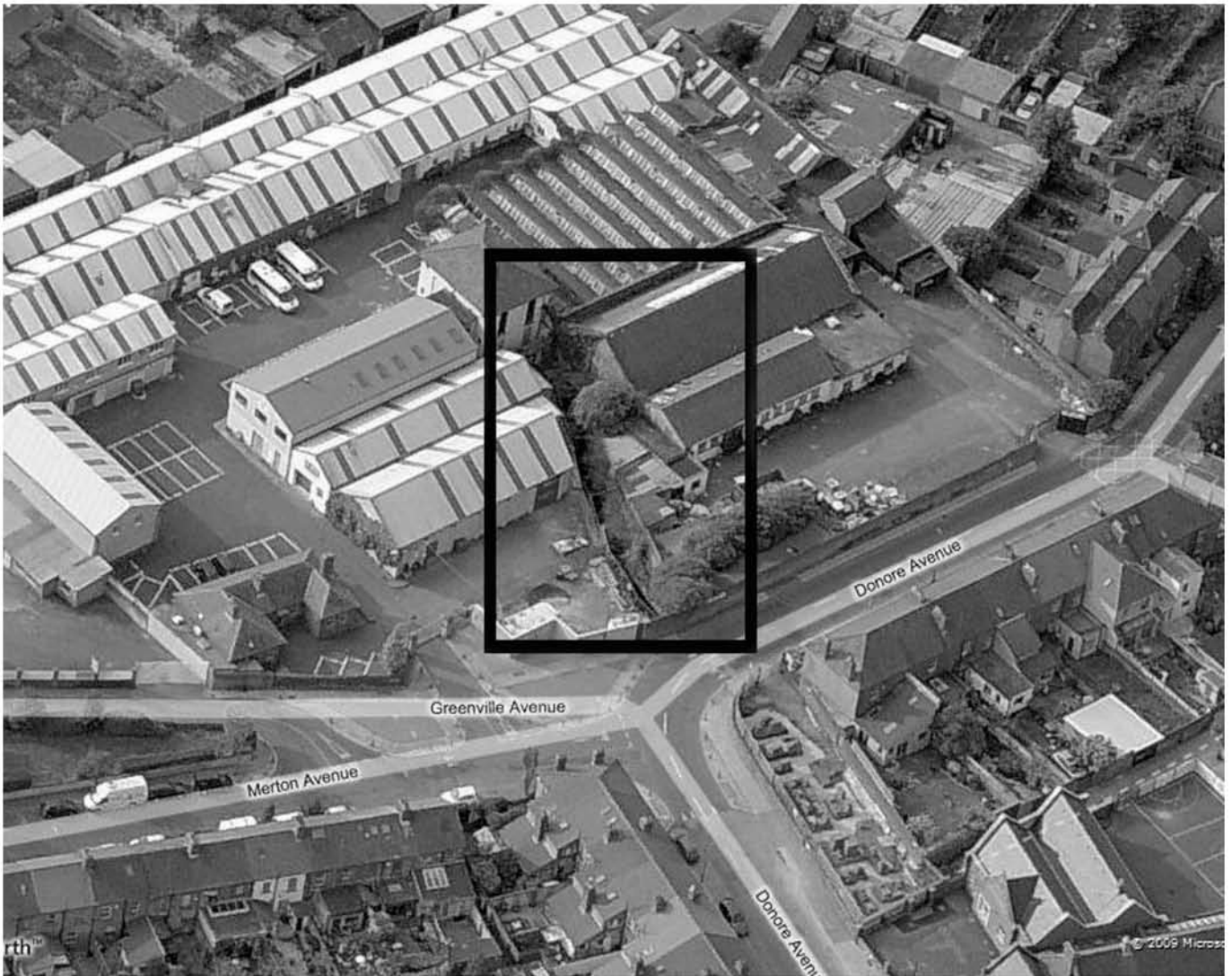
strokes, and lost his grip so to speak, in his attempt to put it down. This is our area under study and appropriately this “liberty” so highly populated, is depicted as a grey confused area. Did the unfortunate citizens ever take a few steps to the west and “perambulate in the salubrious air the cheerful cheerful scene within” the City Basin? Built in 1721 to replace the original one it is described as it was in 1816 by the same Whitelaw who “undismayed” climbed the rickety stairs overlooking the manure heaps in the back yards, reaching as high in places as the first floor windows.

* * *

This is the end of the Poddle. It has surfaced a few times after its first burial through Kimmage. At Kimmage Manor there was until quite lately the curious medieval hangover whereby the Corporation paid the Holy Ghost Fathers the sum of one penny per month for recording the daily height of the river as it wends its way through the grounds. (For some reason connected with College history this task was performed by “Philosophy” – perhaps one needed to be philosophical, as obviously St. Patrick’s Cathedral was no longer in danger of flooding from the Poddle, but the anachronism must have been less of a trial than the anomaly. For it must have seemed ironic to calculate the number of inches of water while all the little fishes were being killed off by somebody’s carelessness higher up before Kimmage...pollution. Residents? Co. Council? Corporation? A factory or some developer? This was about 1971 and perhaps all is well again).

The Mill Pond – the end of the Poddle. Now about three feet wide and two feet deep with no sign of power or history at all, except where it finally cascades underground, under the former old mill at Warrenmount, under Blackpitts, under Patrick Street, the Castle Yard and thus to the Liffey. No sign of history, of power, yet as late as 1952 it gave a final indication. A footbridge crossed it here and by some sad mischance, an engineer, Alfred Hollingsworth, attached to the firm of Autozero whose premises then adjoined, was drowned in about eight feet of water.





At Donore Avenue, just off the South Circular Road, the Poddle briefly emerges over the ground. You can see this site from the 77 northbound bus if you look right before the sharp bend on Donore Avenue.

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Ricky Delaney, owner of Francis McKenna's pub, tell us: "A record of the name F. McKenna with a location at 67 & 68 New Street as a grocer dates back to 1883. In 1887 F. McKenna appears as a grocer and spirit dealer at 35 Upper Clanbrassil Street, now the location of the Harold House public house. The present location of Francis McKenna's pub, at 29 Upper Clanbrassil Street, underwent renovations in the early 1990s. During the process a bottle label was found, bearing the name Francis McKenna. Thus, it was fitting to bring the tea, wine and spirit merchant's name back into present day folklore. The label is now reproduced as a sign above our front door.

The current premises also incorporates the famous chicken and hen lane which has many old memories for many generations in the local area. Francis McKenna's records date back over 125 years, the same length as the GAA. Thus, it seems fitting to see old GAA photos, programmes and ticket stubs on display in the lounge upstairs. As Gaelic games prosper in the capital, let's hope come September we will be celebrating old and present in Francis McKenna's."

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Synagogue's links with Jewish immigration

NEXT YEAR marks the 60th anniversary of the opening of the Greenville Hall Synagogue at South Circular Road, Dublin. But by the time this auspicious date comes round, it will no longer be functioning as a synagogue. The place is of particular sentimental significance to the Jewish community and especially the older generation, those directly descended from Eastern European immigrants.

The closure of the synagogue signals the passing of an era; the end of an epoch when the close-knit Jewish community was concentrated almost entirely in the one small area and Greenville Hall was the centre of that warm, compact universe. In a time when the community's population is rapidly decreasing, there are no longer the numbers to justify three synagogues in Dublin city.

Jack Segal, President of Greenville Hall, as was his father before him, is saddened by the closure and yet is philosophical about it:

"You'll see very few shuls in the British Isles as nice as it. But you see it has served its purpose. Everyone's asking how can you close down such a beautiful shul. But the lifespan of a shul, to me, is a generation. The next generation move on . . ."

The exterior of the building has deteriorated somewhat but the interior is still a source of wonder, with its pillars and ornate blue and cream plasterwork, the domed stain-glass roof-section in a kaleidoscope of colours and, the main attraction, a golden dome dully glowing over the Ark of the Covenant. (The synagogue was damaged in an air-raid in 1941, and by an ironic twist of fate, the repair bill was footed by the German Government of the time.)

It was originally built to unite the expanding number of immigrants settling in and around the warren of streets, which are off the South Circular Road. Some were fleeing Russian pogroms, some feared the threat of conscription; all of them arrived with bags packed full of hopes, dreams and a fair share of ambition. Most had not a word of English. Some

unfortunates actually believed they were in America.

They had fallen victim to unscrupulous boatmen who conned them out of their savings and then dropped them in Ireland.

By the beginning of the 20th century there were enough immigrants in Dublin to warrant at least six conventicles — in St. Kevin's Parade, Lombard Street, Oakfield Place, Lennox Street, Camden Street and Walworth Road. It was the need to unite these fragmented congregations that prompted various members of the community to band together to build a shul.

"What was so special about it?" Jack Segal elaborates: "We attracted the more traditional people. And although Adelaide Road is considered to be the synagogue in Dublin, at one time we had more members and the type of member we attracted was orthodox, very orthodox. Even the Chief Rabbis, the late Rabbi Herzog (father of the President of Israel), Jacobovits and others, they all preferred to pray in our synagogue. It was the one they chose. When we opened it was a very fine building, and we had what was reckoned to be one of the best choirs in the British Isles, the shul was full every Friday night and every Shabbas. When the Greenville Hall was in its heyday there was a tremendous atmosphere there . . . Everything centred around it."

For the Jewish community it was the best of times, it was the worst of times. Those who lived in the area during the period 1925-1940 remember it with the greatest affection.

It seems that the comfort of having kith and kin on all sides more than compensated for the harshness of the times.

Baila Erlich, who runs one of the two Jewish shops left in

Clanbrassil Street (at one time there were over 20) said: "People were wonderful in those days. They had great will-power. You knocked on a neighbour's door, you didn't even knock, and whatever there was, herrings, potato, you shared it . . . there were sing-songs on Saturday nights, Hebrew lessons on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays and the Tennis Club in Parkmore Drive. It was a lovely close-knit community."

Phillip Rubenstein, who had a butchers shop at No. 82 for 30 years, recalls the atmosphere in Clanbrassil Street: "There was nothing like it, Clanbrassil Street on a Shabbas night . . . All the women with their barrows of fish . . . and we'd open the butcher's from 11 p.m. to one or two in the morning. Then we'd have to be up at 6.30 on Sunday to get ready the orders."

And of course, there were the functions in the hall behind the synagogue . . . Many's a match was made at the "hops" and the "dos" that were held there regularly.

IMPERCEPTIBLE

The exodus was imperceptible, at first. By dint of sheer hard work, families prospered and when their kids grew up and married they tended to move to more prestigious areas, like Terenure.

Jack Segal cites this and the fact that many people don't even attend synagogue regularly as prime factors in the decline of the synagogue's popularity.

"Now there are very few Jewish people living in the South Circular Road. We're down to 60 members. Then last year our minister died and we haven't been able to replace him. If you go to a synagogue and you see no children, you know there's no future for it."

These days 13 or 14 on a Saturday is considered a good turnout.

The closure of the Greenville Hall Synagogue in Dublin next year will mark the passing of an era for the Jewish community, writes KATRINA GOLDSTONE.

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The Cabbage Garden, Cathedral Lane

FRUIT growing and gardening were pleasurable pastimes for the wealthy in some parts of 17th and 18th century Dublin. An area south of Kevin Street was laid out in many substantial plots and one of these, named Naboth's Vineyard, was owned by Jonathan Swift. The Dean had purchased the land in 1721 on behalf of the Cathedral and in this welcome addition to the Deanery garden he planted orchards and laid out informal walks for taking exercise. His wall-lined paradise produced crops of apples, peaches, pears and nectarines. Next door to Swift's acres

was another enclosure called Fernley's Garden which almost 80 years earlier in 1649 solved a problem for Cromwell's soldiers. The Roundheads could find none of their favourite vegetables in Dublin so they rented part of Fernley's Garden in which to grow their green cabbages. Ever since then this piece of land has been known as the Cabbage Garden.

Overcrowding in the graveyard of St. Patrick's Cathedral brought about the acquisition by the Dean and Chapter of the Cabbage Garden in 1666. In 1685 part of this new

cemetery was allocated to the Huguenots. The famous banking family of La-Touche were buried here. The last burials took place in 1858 and the graveyard eventually fell into decay. Gravestones fell over or else were put standing against the perimeter wall.

Lord Iveagh suggested that the graveyard should be turned into a public park but this option was not realised until 1979 when it was taken in hand by Dublin Corporation. A beautiful little park with the old gravestones respectfully mounted on or against the walls was opened in 1982.





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Children playing in Malpas Place, off Fumbally Lane, where repainting of the old cottages and houses is in progress.

"OBSOLETE" is how Fumbally Lane and its neighbouring streets of Malpas Terrace and Malpas Place were described under the Corporation's latter zoning of the area between Lower Clanbrassil Street and Blackpitts. One of the few remaining island communities between the cleared sites, carparks and industrial complexes around this part of the Liberties, it can still give you a pungent whiff of what the other streets must have looked like that are long since gone; Coombe Street and Brabazon Row, for instance.

Residents of Fumbally Lane, Malpas Terrace and Malpas Place along with the Liberties Association and the Festival Committee have started a painting scheme of all the houses to launch their renovation project for Heritage Year. The Junior Chamber of Dublin and Bolton Street College of Technology have come in on the venture with their expertise and enthusiasm. Paint has been donated by

THIS IRELAND The Fumbally Lane Project

by Elgy Gillespie

Berger Paints and the Community and Environment section of Dublin Corporation are helping out with assistance and cobblestones.

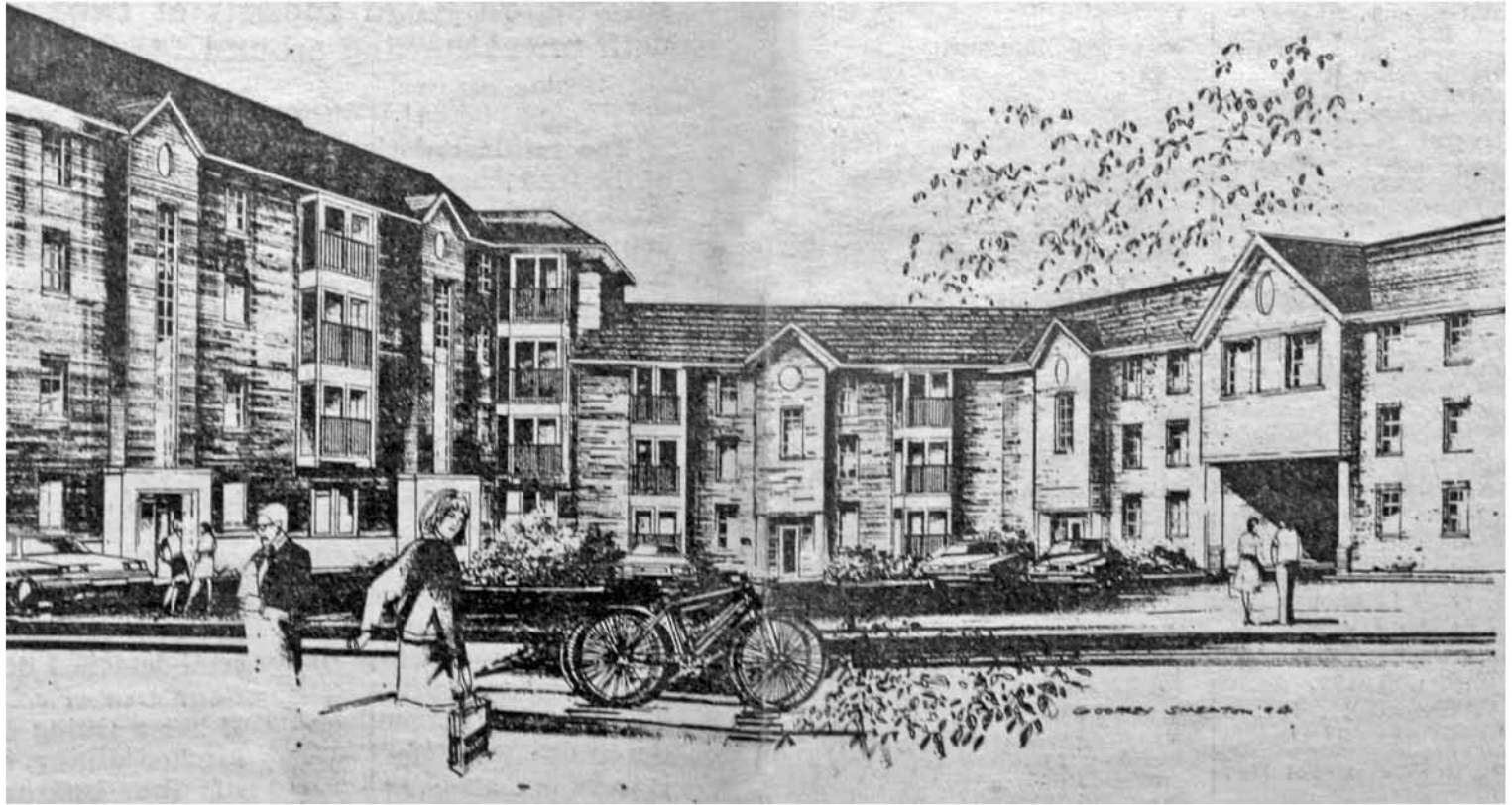
But long term work will involve: the exterior work of replacing guttering, clearing of shores, rebedding of cobblestones, pointing bricks and stonework and trying to divert passing traffic. Then there's the interiors to tackle, with the aid of improvement grants.

Why bother? Because the lay-outs of the housing continues to be enjoyed by the residents who want to go on living there, and who have chosen individual colour schemes for each house to bring out fine proportions and a pleasant aspect.

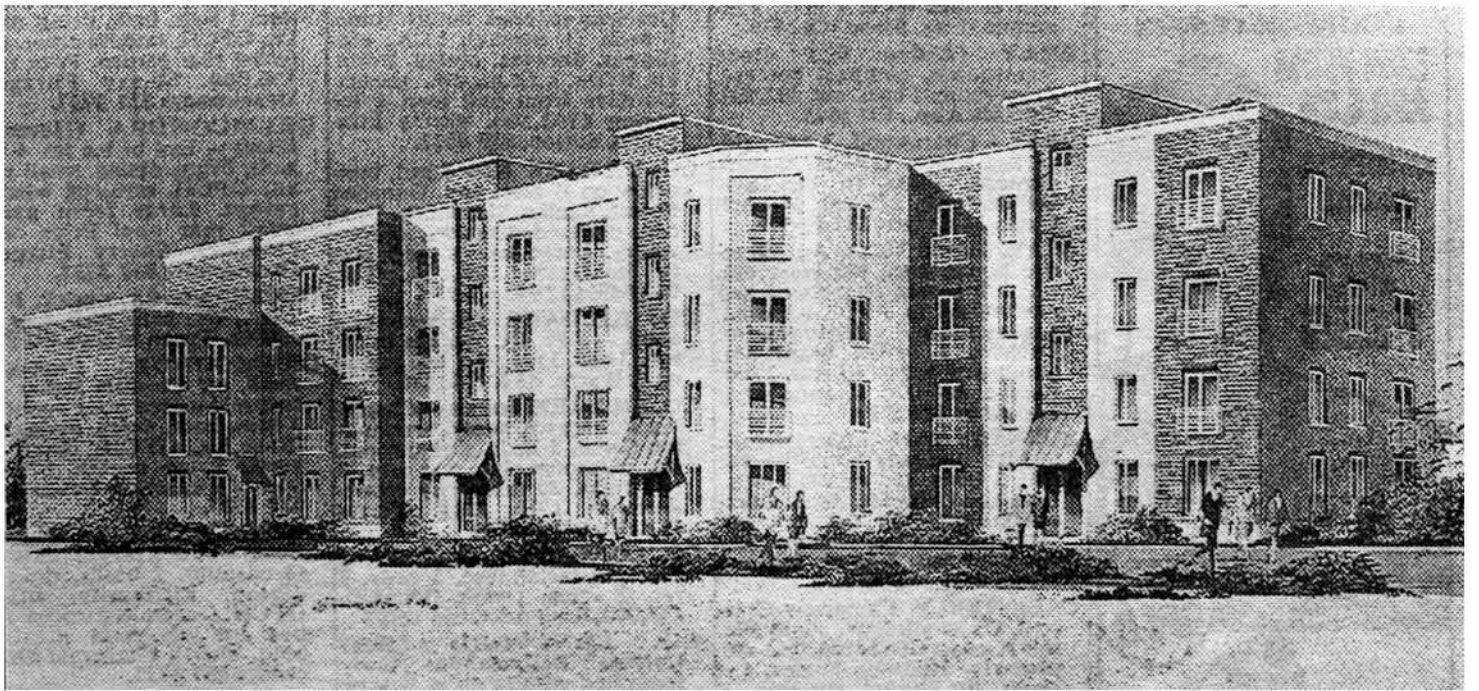
Nobody has come to a very firm agreement on exactly why the Lane is called Fumbally. Historian Peter Walsh points out that it is not named, though drawn, upon Brookings 1728 Map. But a 1741 document talks of a David Fombily leasing two houses to an Anthony Fumbily in Fombily's Lane, which gives the spelling a French (possibly Huguenot?) air. But later maps convert this to "Bumbailiff," which might have something to do with bailiffs living there at one time. Alternatively it could come from *fum baile* (town of the boggy ground). Take your pick.



Bishopsmede, constructed in 1994, featured two-bedroom apartments from £49,500 to £59,500.



Greenville Place was constructed in 1994 as a large complex of ten apartment blocks, with one-bedroom apartments priced from £41,000 and two-bedrooms from £52,570. Noting its location, backing onto Clanbrassil Street, promotional material at the time noted 'The Grand Canal is only a stroll away and the development is within reach of plenty of the best south-side recreational facilities. It is, after all, almost a straight run from here to the Dublin Mountains.'



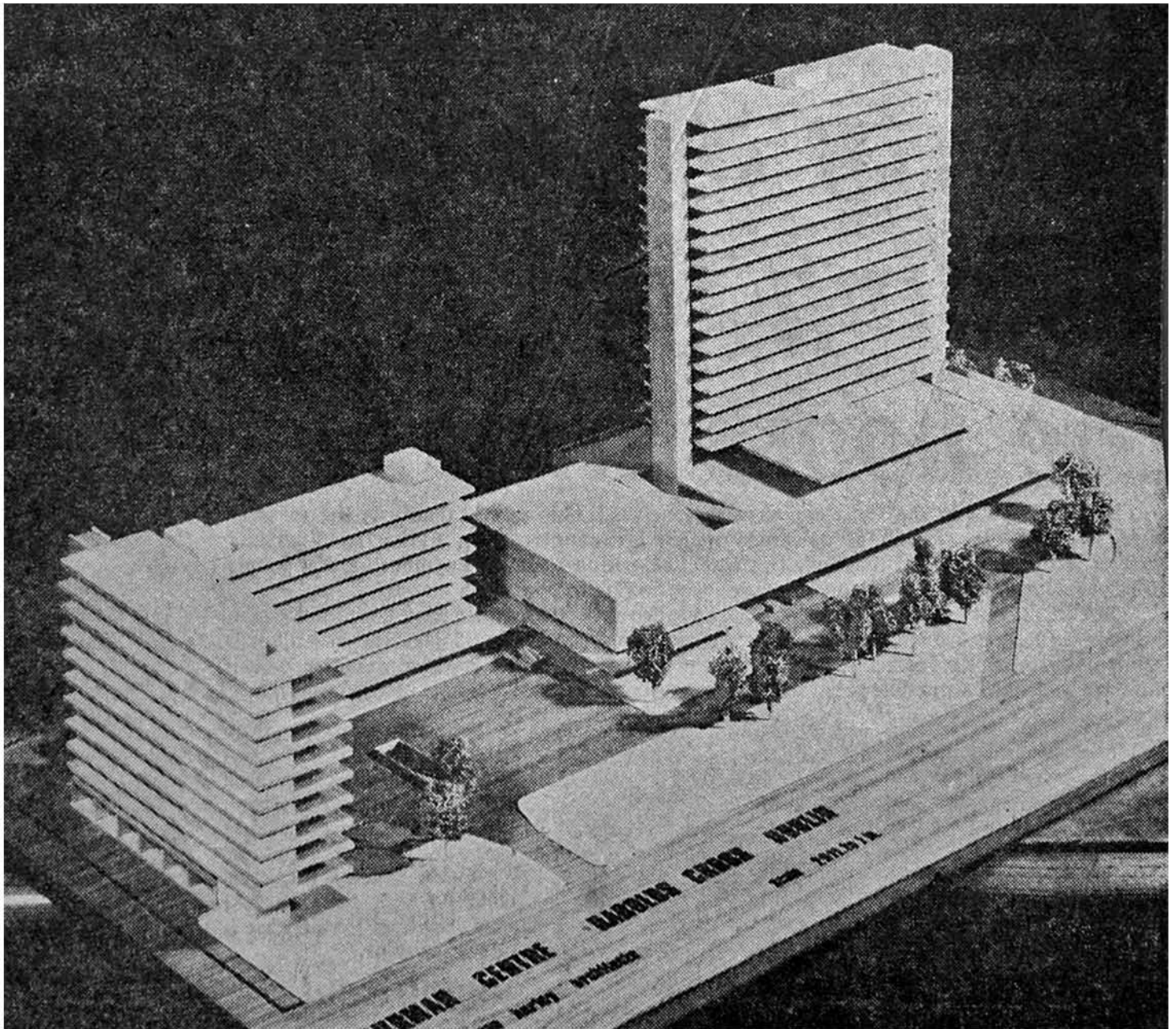
The Mill, Weaver's Square, 1997, consists of 61 apartments. Pre-construction prices were from £36,950 for one-bedroom apartments, and from £47,950 for two bed units.



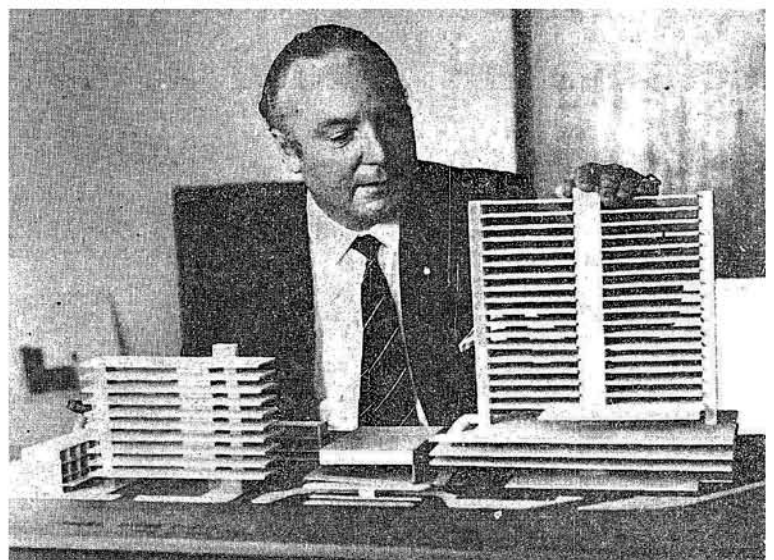
Liberty Court of 1998 features 67 apartments. One-bedroom apartments from £94,950, two-bedroom units from £119,950 to £155,000. Car parking spaces cost an additional £10,000.



Cathedral Court on New Street consists of 107 apartments, and came to the market in 2006 with one bedroom units for 385,000 euro, and two bedroom units starting at 515,000 euro. Car parking spaces cost an additional 40,000 euro.



1969: Burmah Oil Company then owned a filling station at Harold's Cross, looking onto the Grand Canal. It was sited on 4.7 acres. In an attempt to diversify their operations at the site, chairman and managing director Kenneth P. O'Reilly-Hyland (right) unveiled a model for the Burmah Centre, a development featuring a 17 storey, 420 room hotel. The hotel was to be built in speculation of the rich tourist influx due to the future introduction of jumbo-jet aviation in the early seventies. A 10-storey office block, apartments and a supermarket also featured. The architects were Tyndall Hogan Hurley. The scheme was to cost £3.5 million. It was never built.



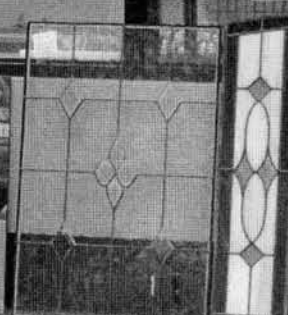
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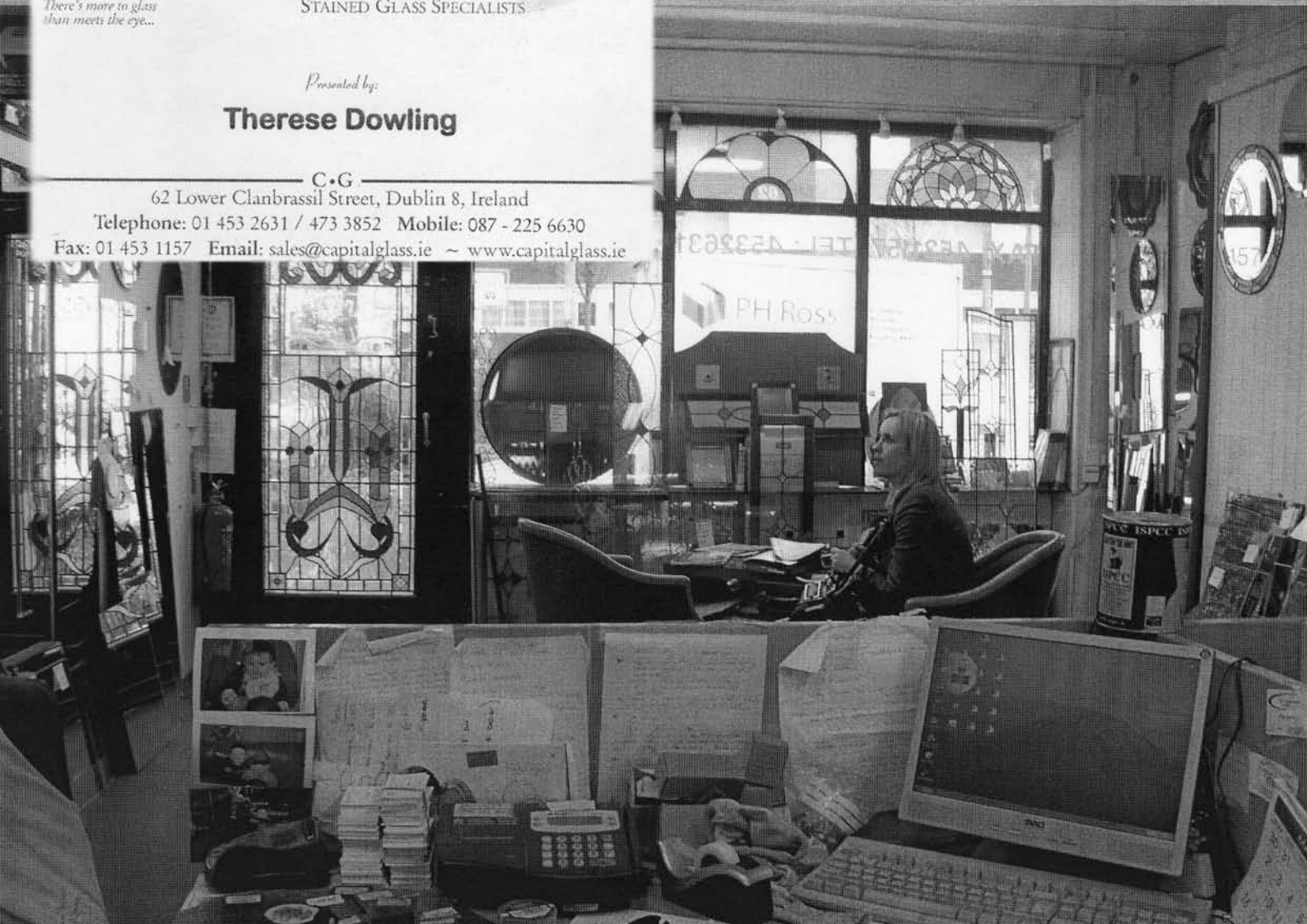
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Capital Glass Company Ltd was founded in 1981 by Therese Dowling and Michael Nolan, (former resident of 42A Lwr Clanbrassil St.). Michael has since changed careers.

Therese Dowling, is Managing Director, she has a "hands on" approach to management and has worked very hard to build up CAPITAL GLASS into the success it is today. Luckily she has a great team behind her who all know the business inside and out. Members of this team include her daughters Joanne, Janet and her son-in-law John Mitten. John has been with Capital since 1988. He is a local, originally from Black Pitts. Therese has always encouraged local employment. So too has she supported local businesses. Where possible we will shop local for what we need. This way we can all share in the wealth.

We still buy our Tea Bags, Biscuits and Loo Rolls in "Eddies" like we have done for 28 years. Kelly's is the place for our breakfast scones and in more recent years The Lotto Ticket. Our local Post Mistress Geraldine always has time for a quick chat when we purchase our monthly stamps. Gerry and Phil and Staff in Leonard's Corner Café Bar are always welcoming when we fancy something nice to eat. Over the years we have enjoyed the company and hospitality of The McNally Family Members who own the Headline Bar, many of us would regard them as firm friends of ours.

For many years we were neighbours to Eileen and Tommy Ebbs (Drapers). When they had gone we saw a new breed of Business rising. The mixture of cultures living and working beside us is invigorating. The international food stores have brought a new lease of life to Clanbrassil St. We have a great relationship with all our neighbours new and old.

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● Ms Rukhsana Ahmed (left) and Ms Asiya Altawash with their children who will be attending the new Muslim national school in Dublin.

Muslim school opens in autumn

ALTHOUGH Ireland does not have a large immigrant population, it may come as a surprise to learn that we are seen as a friendly, multi-cultural society by the growing Muslim community in Ireland, which is to get its own national school next September.

Now about 5,000 in numbers, Muslims in Ireland come from the Gulf region, Malaysia, North Africa and, of course, Ireland itself, as well as other European countries. Occupations range from the predominant ones of student and medical doctor to other professions, tradespersons and running food, catering and other businesses, according to the leader of the Dublin Islamic community, Yahya Muhammad Al-Hussein.

"The first Muslims came to Ireland mainly in the late 1950s and more followed in the late 1970s and the 1980s," he says, adding that most of them came to study, especially at the Royal College of Surgeons. Increasingly, they also come to study engineering and sciences at universities and regional colleges.

The lower fees used to be a big attraction, although Ireland is now as expensive as Britain, Hussein explains, but they get a good education here and the training provided by Aer Lingus, Telecom Eireann, the ESB and other semi-State bodies for those on overseas training programmes is excellent.

Shaheen Ahmed, whose business owns a number of shops in the Dublin area, also explains that a lot of people came to Britain in the late 1950s as workers. "They established a business and then either

The first Muslim national school in Ireland has just been sanctioned by the Minister for Education, Ms O'Rourke; **TRISH HEGARTY** reports on the origins of the Irish Muslim community and what they do here.

expanded to Ireland or came here because the market in Britain was flooded," he says.

"The Government of Ireland has good relations with some of the Muslim countries and it is a neutral country itself," says Ahmed on the attractions of Ireland to Muslims from overseas. "Also, you get a good education here and it is a nice country."

"English is spoken here and at this stage many people have relatives here too," adds Nabeel Hammad, secretary of the Islamic Society in Dublin.

"But the main thing is the attitude of the people," says Hammad. "Unlike many other Western countries, I would not say that Ireland is a racist society — it is just personal ignorance or prejudice that you meet."

Hammad believes that this is partly due to the fact that many people emigrate from Ireland to other places and that this gives them a wider view of other races. Ahmed feels also that the fact that Ireland was a colony of Britain, like the countries of origin of many Muslims, creates an affinity.

Asiya Atawash cites the Irish Constitution as a plus. "It gives rights to all religions, not just the Catholic one," she says. Rukhsana Ahmed praises the fact that religion is stated to be the most important part of the school curriculum, although no set religious curriculum is set

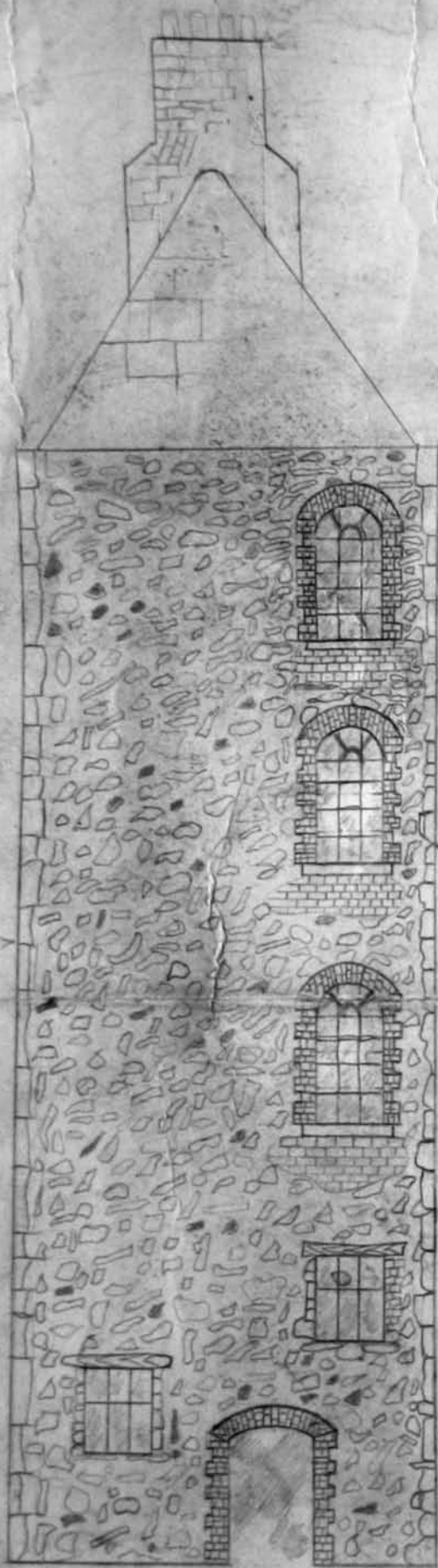
down, so it is up to each religion to decide that.

However, up until next September, when a national school will open in Dublin, Muslim children attended the State schools and had to receive their Islamic education outside school hours, adding an extra burden to them and their parents, says Ms Ahmed.

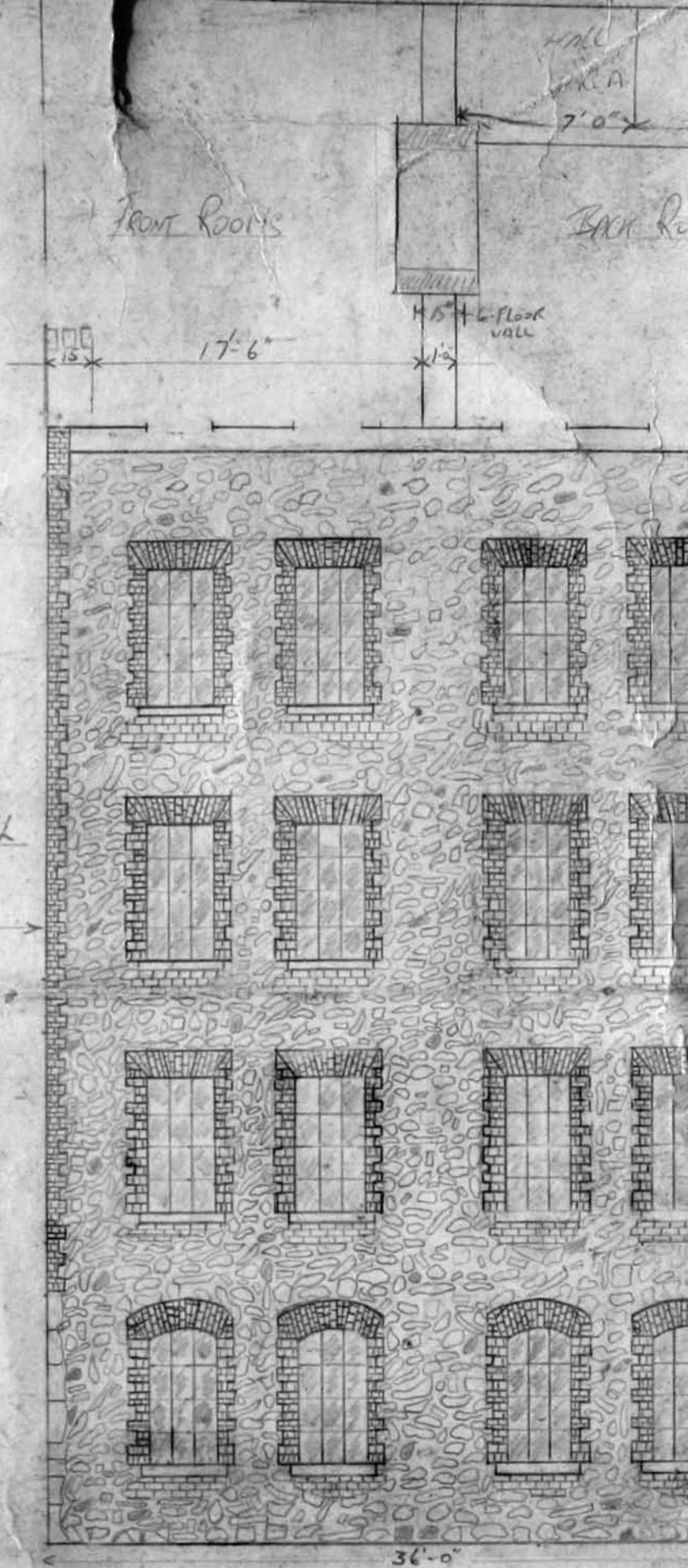
This meant that the children had either to be kept out of the religion class, which in some cases was not allowed due to lack of supervision, or had to sit through religious instruction which was often contrary to their own. Also, because of having to receive their Islamic education at the weekend, Muslim children were not as free to play with the other children on their street as they and their parents wished, says Ms Ahmed.

For these reasons, the Muslim community welcomes the new school, and its non-secular curriculum, which can provide the Islamic education for the children during school hours. But this is not the only aspect of Ireland's non-secular state to be welcomed.

Apart from an emphasis on religion, on the Constitution, Nabeel Hammad feels that the ordinary person in Ireland "is more humane, and the way of life here is less materialistic than in many other Western countries".



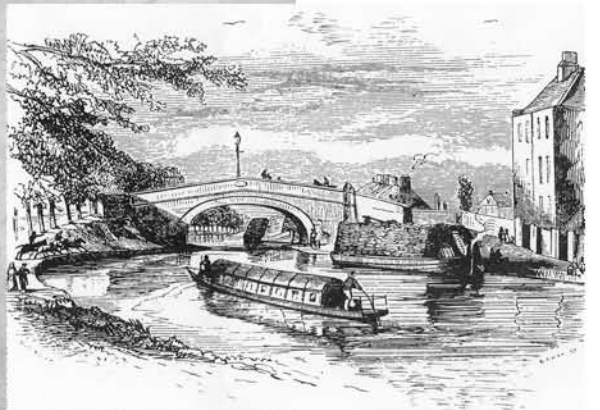
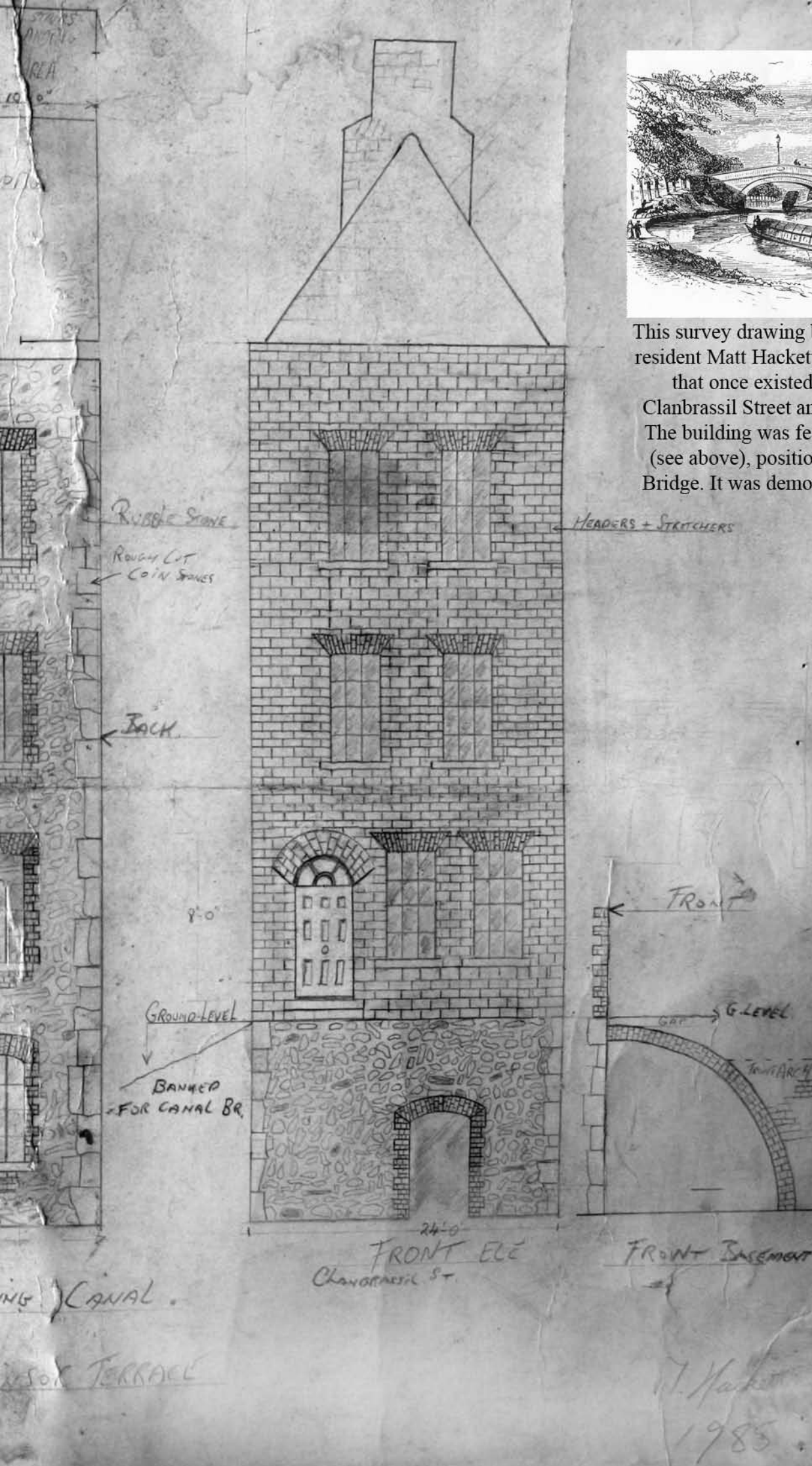
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SIDE VIEW FAC

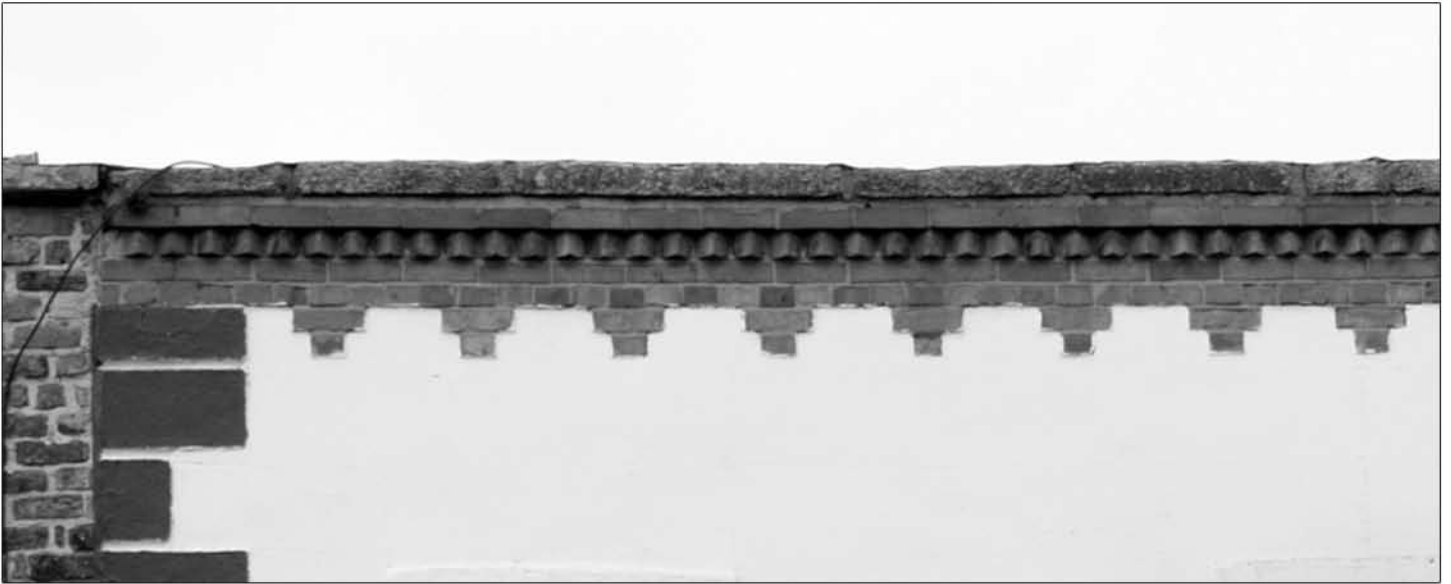
BUILDING AT CORNER CLARBASSIL ST + W

BUILT 1791-1798



This survey drawing by Clanbrassil Street resident Matt Hackett details the building that once existed at the corner of Clanbrassil Street and Windsor Terrace. The building was featured in Issue One (see above), positioned beside Emmet Bridge. It was demolished in the 1980s.

M. Hackett
 1985



Tadhg O'Keefe, Associate Professor of Archaeology at UCD, recently identified the brickwork on the upper cornice of Buali on Clanbrassil Street as being of the piecrust style.

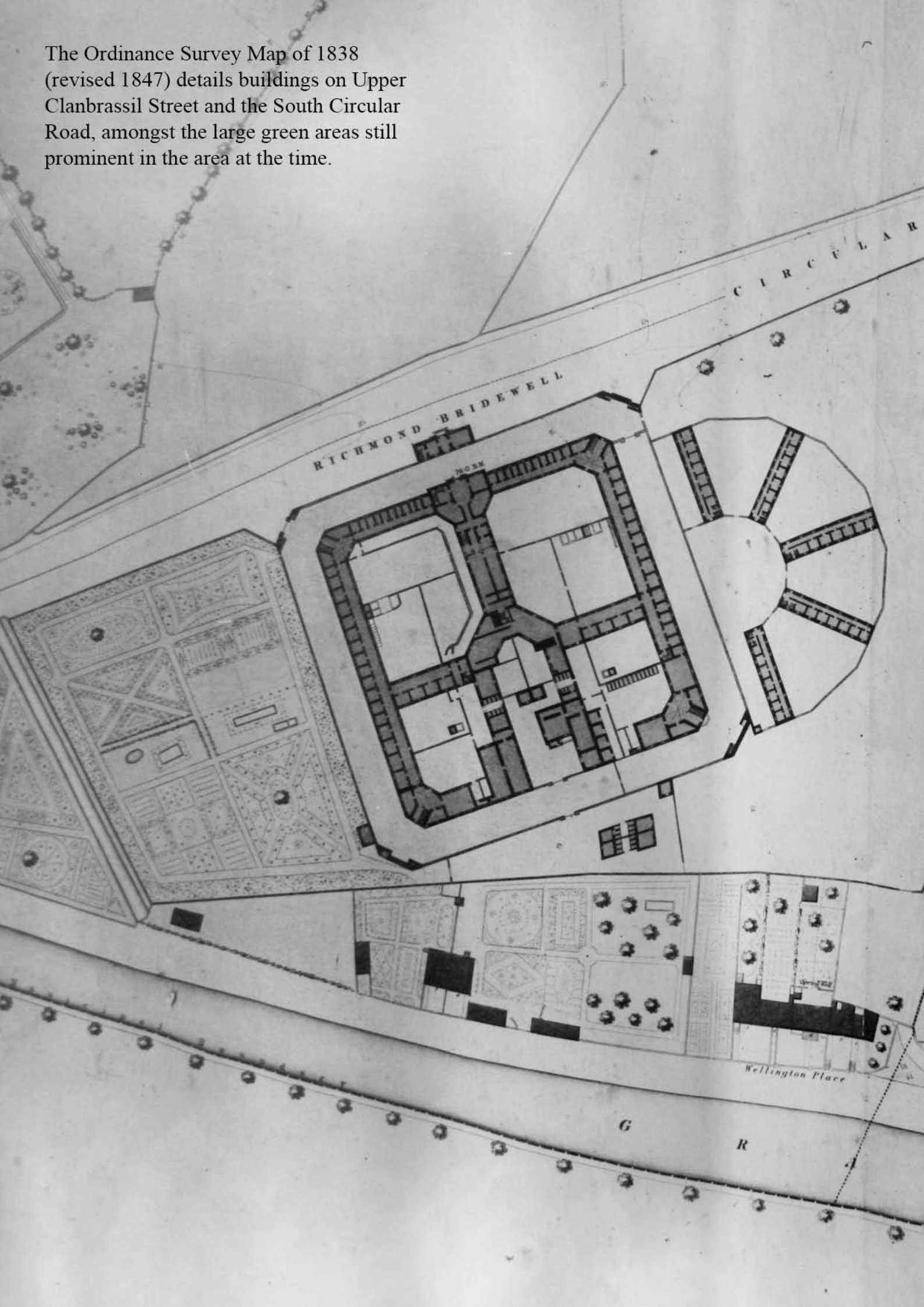
Patricia Atkinson of Harty Place writes short stories, and here publishes one entitled 'Why I hated school.'

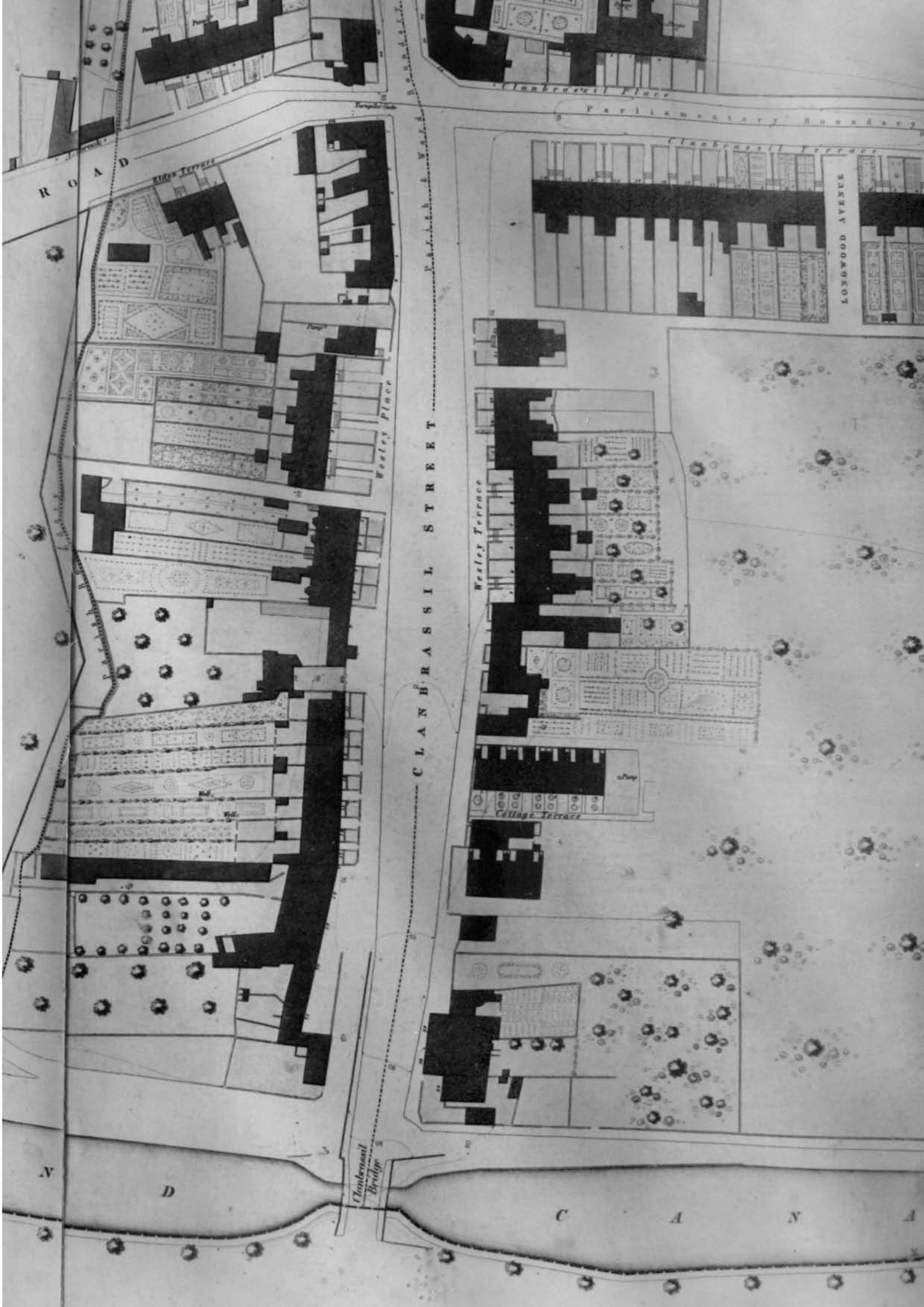
When I was a child, I was always sick. I spent the best part of my childhood in and out of hospital. In those days when you were sick in hospital, you never saw a teacher. Your education was neglected and when you were well enough to go back to school, you were put to the back of the class because you could not keep up with the other kids. I hated school because the teacher treated me like an outcast, but there is one day that will stay with me for the rest of my life.

I was late for school because it had been snowing. The teacher did not want any excuses. She was in on time so she expected me to be in on time too. She told me to hold out my hands. She raised the cane above her head, she brought the cane down, I pulled my hand out of the way and the cane struck her on the leg. She went mad. She started foaming at the mouth. She grabbed my hand. The cane made a hissing sound as it cut into my flesh; she continued hitting me, the cane cut into my flesh, she drew blood. I had to bite into my lip to stop the tears streaming down my face. The blood ran down my fingers on to the floor. This made her angry when she saw the blood on the floor. She took a rag from her drawer, she threw the cloth at me and told me to clean it up. I was on my hands and knees wiping up the blood. She grabbed me by the neck and made me face the wall for the rest of the day. She told me she did not want to see my stupid face for the rest of the day.

I can not remember how many strokes of the cane I received that day. I was dazed and sick to my stomach, I put that terrible day out of my mind. Many years have passed but now and again I think back to that terrible day. I may be in the middle of doing something and my hands begin to tingle. I have broken many a cup and saucer. I think that is why I had such a hard time learning to read and write.

The Ordnance Survey Map of 1838
(revised 1847) details buildings on Upper
Clanbrassil Street and the South Circular
Road, amongst the large green areas still
prominent in the area at the time.





R O A D

Kiloh Terrace

Parliamentary Boundary

Clanbrassil Place

Parliamentary Boundary

Clanbrassil Terrace

LONGWOOD AVENUE

Wesley Place

CLANBRASSIL STREET

Wesley Terrace

College Terrace

Clanbrassil Bridge

N

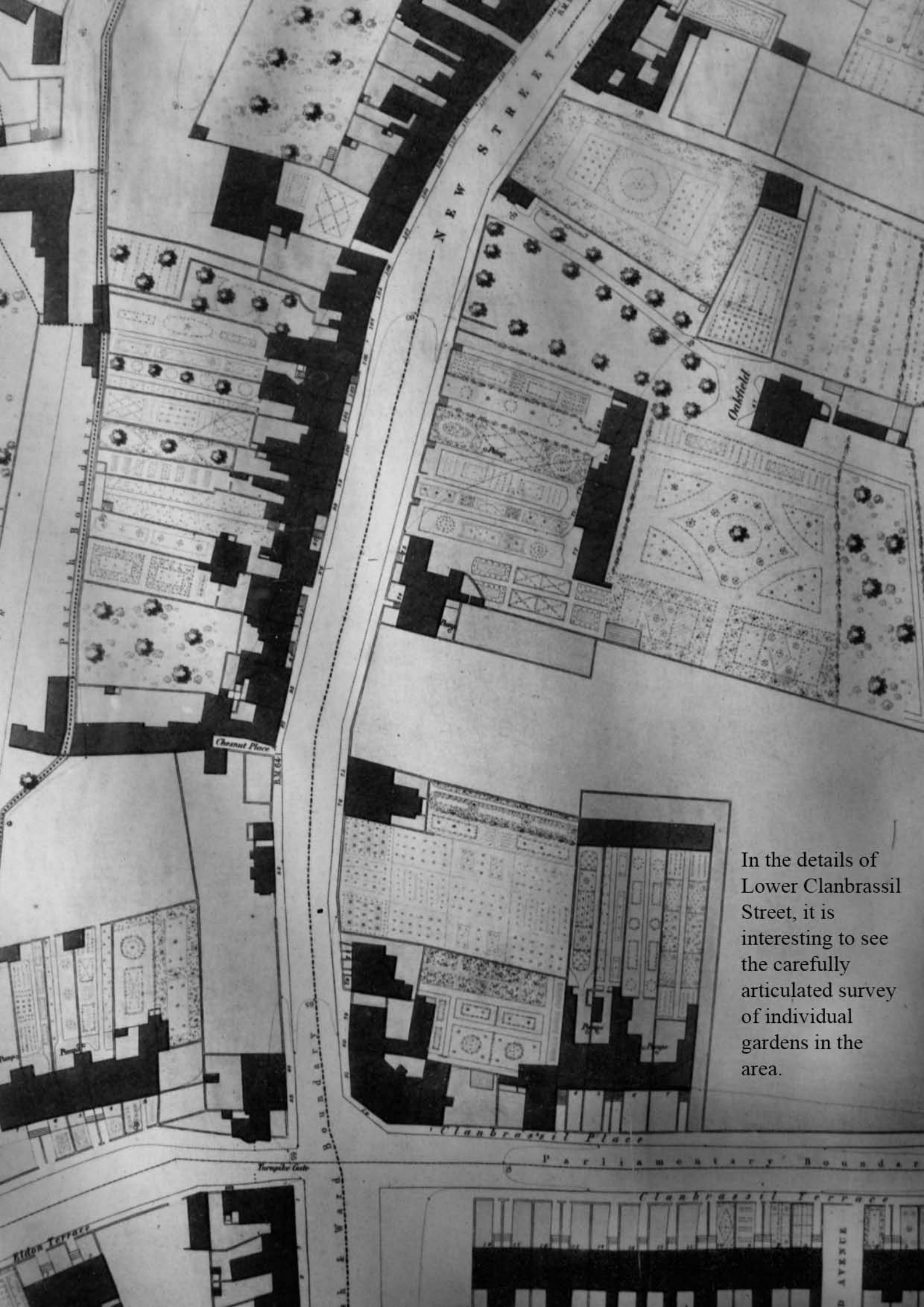
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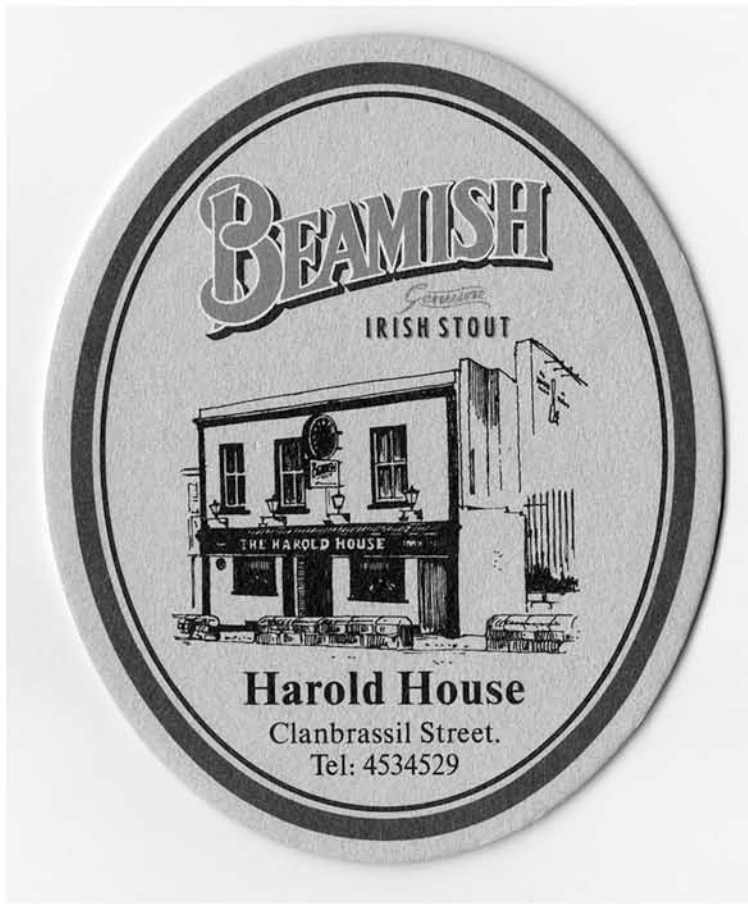
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In the details of Lower Clanbrassil Street, it is interesting to see the carefully articulated survey of individual gardens in the area.



Here, Gerry Ryan of the Harold House shares some of his images of his premises at 35 Upper Clanbrassil Street.



PROPOSED ELEVATION

SCULLY · ROBERTS ARCHITECTS

Job Title THE HAROLD HOUSE

Drawing Title PROPOSED ELEVATION

Huguenot house bricked up by P + T

By Frank McDonald

A BUILDING listed for conservation in the Liberties area of Dublin, which is probably the only surviving Huguenot house in the city, has been bricked up by the Department of Posts and Telegraphs despite repeated demands by the Liberties Association that it should be restored.

The house, in Mill Street, off Newmarket, dates from the early 18th century and was acquired last year by the Department as part of a parcel of property adjoining a new telex exchange — even though the Department has no use for the premises.

Last December, after thieves had gained entry to the house and removed irreplaceable staircase banisters as well as lead flashing from the roof, the Department promised that it would be made secure by bricking up the front doorway. However, no work was carried out for almost three months — during which time a fireplace and other fittings were stolen.

Last month, an adjoining Victorian mission hall, which the Department also owns, was destroyed by fire after vandals gained access to the unprotected building. Two days before the fire, the Department had received a letter from the Liberties Association suggesting that the hall, which was vacant, could be converted to provide community sports facilities.

The mission hall fire obviously prompted the Department to take steps to secure the adjoining house. Within a matter of days, the doorway as well as the windows on the hall floor and first floor were sealed with concrete blocks — much to the anger of the Liberties Association which insists that it was carried out without any architectural supervision.

The Department did not consult Dublin Corporation on the matter because the State enjoys an example from planning control under Section 84 of the Planning Act. However, no private property owner would be permitted to brick up a listed building without being granted planning permission. The State is only required to consult a local planning authority when it proposes to construct a building.

Mr Pat Garry, a local teacher and member of the Liberties Association, said it was "quite unnecessary" for the Department to brick up the windows to make the house secure. The fact that

this had been done without, at the same time, repairing the serious defects in the roof, showed that the Department was "not concerned to preserve the building."

Last February, the Department refused to allow the association's architects — Cochrane, Flynn-Rogers and Williams — to carry out a detailed survey of the house, which contains very fine wood panelling, on the grounds that such a survey would be undertaken by architects from the Office of Public Works. So far, this has not been done.

Mr Garry noted that 1986 would be the tercentenary of the arrival of the Huguenots in Dublin, yet there was virtually nothing left of houses they had built — mainly in the Liberties area. For that reason alone, it was vital that the Mill Street house, although altered somewhat in the last century, should be restored to mark the tercentenary.

The Christian Brothers had also founded their second school in Dublin there before moving on to larger premises. "If the Department was prepared to hand the building over to the Liberties Association, we could set about restoring it with the aid of an AnCO youth training scheme. This would give young people in an area of high unemployment some very valuable experience."

Mr Garry said the Liberties Association has written several letters to the Minister for Posts and Telegraphs, Mr Mitchell, about the matter. "However, all we have been told is that the Department might, at some stage in the future, want to use the house for offices. This is ridiculous in view of the fact that they have leased well over 100,000 square feet of offices which have still not been occupied."

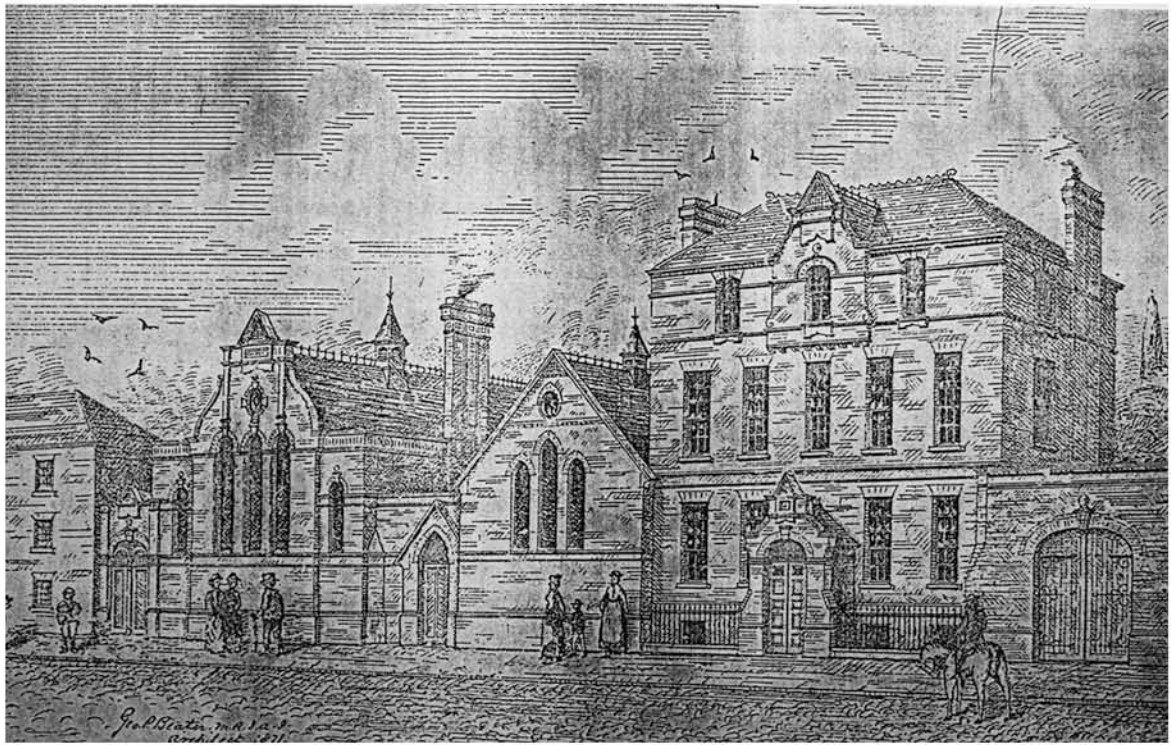
Instead, he said, the Mill Street house should be restored for use as a community facility, possibly as a museum or a seminar centre, but, one way or another, they would put it to good use. Similarly, the fire-damaged mission hall could be renovated to provide squash courts or other much-needed sports facilities in the area.

The Department of Posts and Telegraphs was requested to respond to the matters raised by the Liberties Association, but a spokesman said that a parliamentary question had been tabled for answer in the Dail during the next few weeks and the Department was precluded from commenting on the matter in the meantime.



Frank McDonald's newspaper article was written in 1983. The building is still bricked up today (above and right).





Above: an etching of the Mill Street schools and mission building that appeared in the Irish Builder in 1871. Below: a photograph detailing the now-destroyed interior of the mission building. Both documents were found at the Irish Architectural Archive at Merrion Square.



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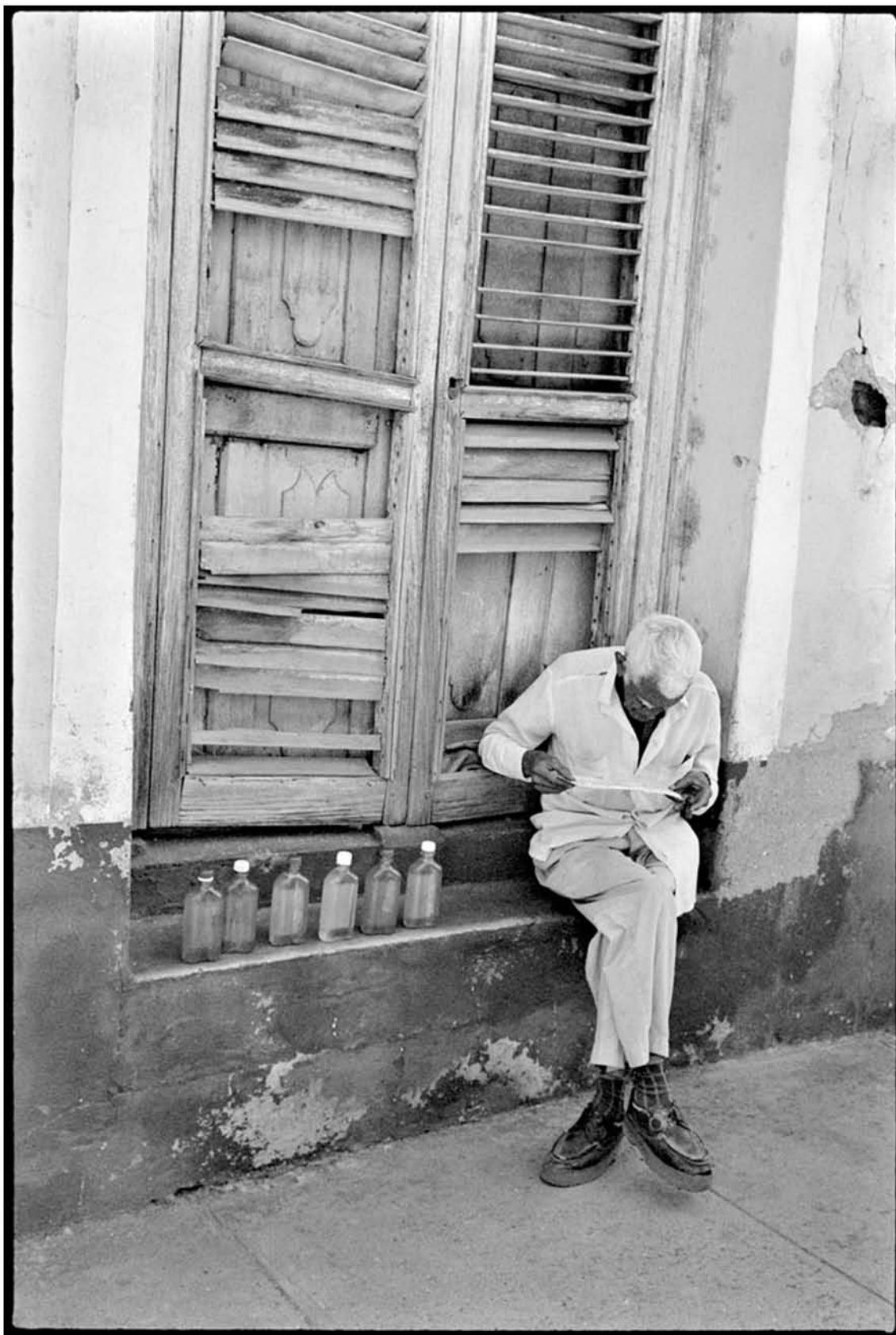
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A gable end at Lombard Street West, with a circular window.

Exhibition of original photography by local resident Paul Harris.



Blackpitts resident Paul Harris, a self-taught photographer working with 35mm film street photography, was runner-up in last year's Aesthetica Creative Works Competition.

Paul has had group showings in the Bad Art Gallery and the Gallery of Photography. The exhibition - 'cubaOne' - will be his first solo show and will feature limited editions of images from the streets, small towns and rural villages around the island of Cuba during the last weeks of Castro's presidency. 'cubaOne' opens Wednesday 22nd July 6-8pm, in Barista's Café, Ballymoss Road, Sandymount and will run until October.

See www.paulharris.ie



At 21A Lower Clanbrassil Street, The Furniture Doctor now offers furniture restoration, gilding, French polishing, and advice on sales and valuation on both antique and contemporary furniture. An alternating display on the footpath outside the shop is always carefully composed by owner Pat Cooke. Contact him on 085-2895539.



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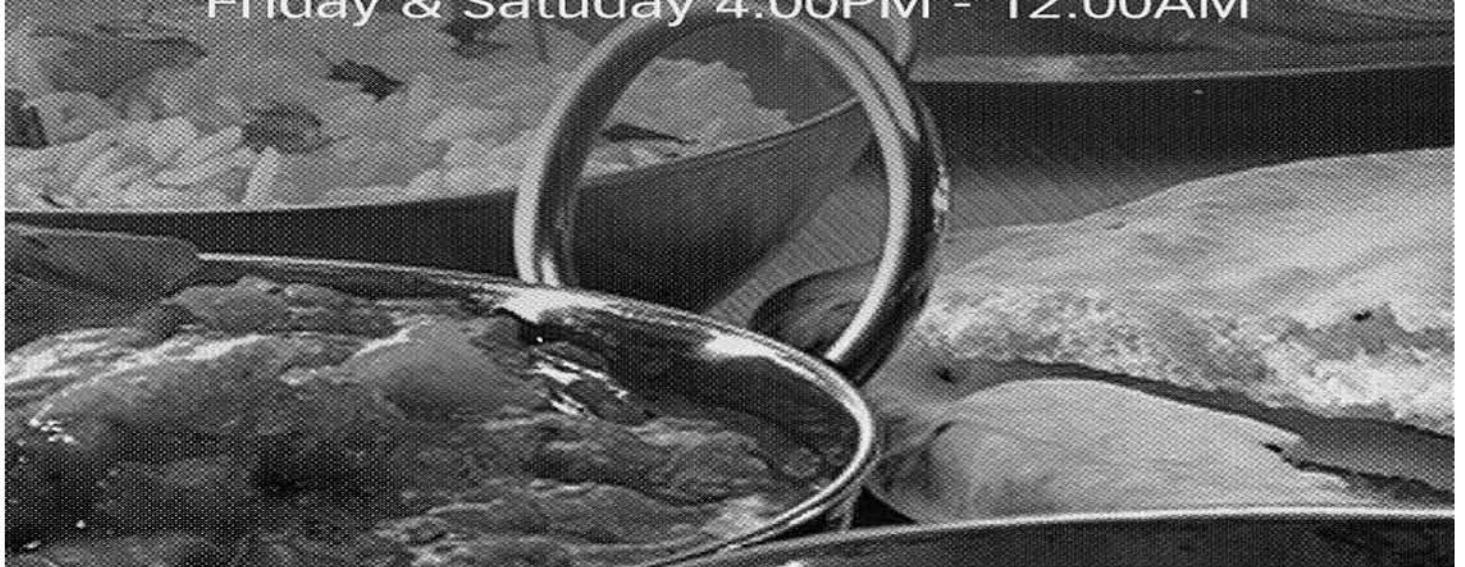
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This is the second of two free magazines about the history and life of Clanbrassil Street and its neighbourhood that have been distributed locally throughout 2009.

The first issue is available to be downloaded for free on the internet, at <http://www.projecthmedia.com/ucdcp/blog/2009/04/clanbrassil-st-research-zine-launched.html>

Both issues were compiled and edited by Sean Lynch and Holly O'Brien, who wish to thank all contributors for their generosity.

These magazines are part of Placing Voices, Voicing Places, a collaborative arts project that focuses on ideas of spatiality, materiality and identity in Dublin City. The project is organized by CREATE, the national development agency for collaborative arts, the Heritage Council, University College Dublin and Dublin City Council.

