

BLUE SAIL ▶

VISITORS PLACES DESTINATIONS

DUBLIN DOCKLANDS STORIES: 4 'HEROES' & 4 'SUPPORTING'

CONTENT FOR FÁILTE IRELAND

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1 ABOUT THIS PROJECT

PURPOSE

As part of its long-term work to develop Dublin Docklands as a visitor destination, Fáilte Ireland commissioned Blue Sail to help identify, research and develop a series of stories for visitor-facing stakeholders to use. The aim is to strengthen interest in Dublin Docklands and deepen the visitor experience, by revealing the human stories that are often overlooked or invisible to the visitor. These stories should inform and inspire stakeholders so that they find ways to communicate the Docklands' fascinating past and present, developing the services and experiences they offer so that visitors have a deeper, richer experience. The stories are not marketing copy, although stakeholders can use them to inform their marketing – and can use the copy (whole or in part) in their promotional work if they wish.

WHY STORIES

We are storytelling animals. Since earliest times, people have used stories to make sense of the world. Nothing hooks and holds human attention like stories. Stories have a rhythm and a shape – an arc and a flow – that means we remember them. They tap into our emotions and paint pictures in our imaginations. In tourism, we're in the business of emotions, of transformative experiences, of mood-enhancing moments, and of making memories. Understanding Dublin Docklands through its stories will give visitors a deeper, more memorable experience – and something they will want to tell others about.

METHOD

We developed the stories in summer 2020 in consultation with key stakeholders from the Docklands Tourism Development Group (DTDG). We reviewed recent strategic documents and research – in particular the new Docklands Visitor Experience Development Plan, the work on the Docklands Narrative, and the Water's Edge Framework. We also looked at public-facing websites (destination marketing and also websites of organisations, individual attractions and businesses), at travel guides and at TripAdvisor, to see which places, icons and stories came to the fore. We did an online survey of DTDG members to help identify the key places in the Docklands for visitors, and icons associated with Docklands. Then we facilitated an interactive online session with representatives from DTDG to delve deeper into the material, discussing themes that the stories should cover. Having reached a consensus on themes, topics and sources of information, we set to work researching and writing the stories.

HOW THE STORIES CAN BE USED

The stories can be used to steer business development ideas – to inspire new services, restyles/refurbs etc. They may suggest themes for meeting rooms, bedrooms, menus, window displays. They can be used to develop events and festivals, trails, exhibitions, itineraries and packages. They may prompt ideas for new partnerships and joint promotions. They can be used as (or to inspire) content for websites, blogs, social media posts, e-news stories. They can be included in guest information at reception or in bedrooms. They may inspire a display in a public area, words on windows or images for the walls. Snippets can appear on chalk boards and menus, on mats and matchbooks. They can be included in creative briefs for photographers, film-makers and writers. They may be included in staff induction material, embedding a sense of place.

2 HERO STORY – THE CITY’S SOUL

It’s a story of constant change. Of ingenuity and pioneers. And it’s where Dublin city was made.

Almost three centuries ago, a daring project to tame the tides saw the building of the longest sea wall in the world. South Bull Wall still stretches into the middle of Dublin Bay today. The walk out there is breathtaking. The engineering feat is awe-inspiring. And the impact has been profound. For without the Wall, there would be no port, no Docks. And without its Docklands, there would be no modern Dublin.

Dublin Docklands has been changing and evolving ever since this land was reclaimed from the marshes at the tidal mouth of the River Liffey. When the Grand Canal Docks were built in 1796, they were cutting edge – and the largest docks in the world. They put Dublin Docklands at the heart of a network that stretched through Ireland and out across the world, its energy and spirit fuelled by its global reach.

And that’s still the case today.

Because these days you will find the European HQs of tech and financial sector giants sitting alongside the wharves and warehouses, and alongside the communities who have lived and worked here for generations. Tens of thousands of new workers add to the industrious buzz that’s long been hard-wired into this part of the city.

Nothing stands still here. The Docklands are constantly moving, night and day, as bridges swing open, ships arrive, cranes dance, tides turn, spaces are repurposed and the skyline is transformed.

Concert-goers crowd into bars and restaurants around the 3Arena – formerly a massive cast-iron warehouse, now Ireland’s premier live music venue. Windsurfers and paddle-boarders skim across the 18th century docks. International delegates arrive at the world’s first carbon-neutral constructed convention centre – its tilted glass atrium giving panoramic views across the water.

Historic landmarks like the elegant dome of The Custom House, the red and white stripes of the twin Poolbeg Chimneys and the huge façade of Boland’s Mill have been joined by striking contemporary designs by world-famous architects, such as Libeskind’s Bord Gáis Energy Theatre with its dramatic curtain of glass, and Calatrava’s soaring Samuel Beckett Bridge.

There's drama on a smaller scale too. At night the illuminated cabin of resurrected Crane 292 hovers in the sky more than 100 feet above us, a forest of 8-metre-high red poles light up across the Grand Canal Square and on the North Wall Quay a 1km walkway of small glass cobbles – lit from below and each containing tiny metal and copper fish – leads us towards the sea, where this story began.

In this part of Dublin you'll start to feel the energy of the city's engine room, the buzz of international trade, the warmth of locals rooted in port life, and the clean salt air of Dublin Bay. Even better, you may just find you've left the tourist trail behind and discovered the city's soul.

3 HERO STORY – THE DOCKS

You hear running water, as if you're under the River Liffey, strange clangs of machinery, and the thuds of pick and shovel. Dig, dig, dig.

It feels real. And the Diving Bell under which you're standing is real. But it's above water now, on Sir John Rogerson's Quay looking across the river to moored boats and shiny glass-fronted buildings.

From the outside the Bell seems like an unusual red-orange metal sculpture. In fact it's a relic of the Docklands' industrial heritage. A masterpiece of engineering art, you could say, and it's the key to creating Dublin's modern port.

Now the smallest of small museums, the Diving Bell opens a door onto stories of big ambitions, big characters, big challenges and big achievements.

It was Bindon Blood Stoney, Dublin's pioneering Victorian port engineer, who dreamt up the Diving Bell as part of a daring new scheme to build many of the port's quay walls, including the one where you now stand.

Picture it. After the hollow, bottomless Bell was lowered onto the riverbed, compressed air (you can hear it whooshing around you) was fed into the chamber where six men then got to work with their shovels clearing the ground at their feet. Later, Stoney's special floating crane dropped massive 350-tonne concrete slabs into place.

It was backbreaking work, shovelling five tonnes of mud out at a time. They say the noise sounded like chiselling on your ears. If you were lucky you might scoop up a fish for your supper. Gritty men, gritty humour. Divers, dockers and labourers have always been the backbone of Dublin's maritime prosperity.

The story of this river port city, of the ebb and flow of commerce that has linked it to the rest of Ireland and to the world, has always been about taming the water: channelling its energy around harbour and bay, docks and quays, and canals.

Vikings, Anglo-Normans, Tudors – they all came and settled, and built trading routes on the water. Yet surprisingly, most of today's Docklands area was still under water some three centuries ago. Treacherous sandbanks – the North and South Bulls – lurked in the wild bay, shipwrecks were common, and the Liffey was prone to silting up.

But Georgian genius tamed the Bulls and straightened the channel from Ringsend to the city; built the huge North and South Walls either side of the Liffey and Dublin Bay, and the East Wall up the River Tolka. Great engineers of the age like John Rennie rose to the challenge. People and businesses flocked in to develop reclaimed 'lotts' of land; British Royalty blessed new docks; railways arrived; connections flourished.

But it hadn't been all plain sailing. Strong personalities as well as strong currents shaped the docks story.

Take a walk along the quay from the Diving Bell and cross the river to the copper-domed Custom House. Built in 1791, it's now a celebrated icon of Dublin Docklands.

However when John Beresford, the Chief Commissioner of Revenue in Ireland, first proposed locating his new customs and excise HQ in what was then marshy wasteland, he caused a scandal: not least because his relatives owned land around it that would rocket in value as docks business became focused there.

Undaunted by opposition – he wielded such power he was nicknamed 'King of Ireland' – Beresford smuggled architect James Gandon into Dublin. Mobs would attack his building works. Locals would swim in the waterlogged foundations. But despite it all, over ten years, Gandon's masterpiece of European neo-classicism was built.

Sculpted heads above arches and entrances of The Custom House showed the gods of Ireland's rivers; cattle heads honoured Dublin's beef trade; statues of Africa, America, Asia and Europe proclaimed Docklands' diverse trading links with the world. The quaysides teemed with the comings and goings of the famous Guinness ships, with cargoes of beef, butter and whiskey streaming out, and with coal, tobacco, sugar and tea pouring in.

Yet there were to be more twists in this tale because in 1921 The Custom House would be set ablaze during the War of Independence (incidentally, 95% of munitions used in the war were smuggled in via Dublin Port). You can follow the fortunes of this remarkable building further in its new interpretation centre (2021).

Meanwhile modern maritime trade continued its shift eastwards along the Liffey. Which brings us back to the pioneering Diving Bell and how it helped transform Dublin from a tidal harbour into a thriving deep-water port where the world's biggest ships could berth.

Maybe you arrived on, or will while away time watching the gleaming cruise vessels that moor here. Some two million passengers, and many millions of tonnes of cargoes, use the Port's gateway to and from the world each year. Or perhaps you'll wander the historic Docklands quays and lunch in the wine and tobacco warehouse reinvented as the chq Building.

Or pause at the bronze statue of The Linesman on City Quay and think of centuries of extraordinary-ordinary dockers: the casuals and the 'button men' guaranteed first pick of the day's cargo work. Maybe in the evening you'll enjoy one of the world's top music acts performing in the former goods depot that's shape-shifted into the 3Arena.

Because nothing stands still in Dublin Docklands. Past, present and future flow together. And now you know the story of how it happened.

4 HERO STORY – DOCKLANDS SOUNDS

It may have started with the ripple of water, the shouts of Vikings, the clash of Anglo-Norman swords, the clamour of dockyard trade. But in modern times the Dublin Docklands sound and beat have morphed into music that touches the soul.

It's said that "all of Dublin stopped" when Luke Kelly died. The Dubliners' frontman with the intense and passionate voice was born and raised in the Docklands. The Dubliners have been called Ireland's first urban folk group, and Kelly "a troubadour of the downtrodden". And there's no doubt his Docklands roots gave him an affinity with radical causes. The connection lives on through an extraordinary piece of art by the Royal Canal – an 8ft sculpture of Kelly's head, his halo of red hair intricately replicated by hundreds of copper strands. And another giant face hovers over the docks: the Dubliners' founder Ronnie Drew is commemorated with a huge portrait on one of the port cranes.

Music history is made around here.

Near the Luke Kelly sculpture, on Sheriff Street, U2 performed an unannounced rooftop gig in 1982. The world-famous band has its spiritual home in Dublin Docklands: they've recorded eight of their albums – including the Joshua Tree – at the Windmill Lane Recording Studios. The original Studios were just behind the band's favourite quayside pub The Dockers but then moved to an art deco building – part of the old tramline depot – on Ringsend Road 30 years ago. It's still the stuff of legend, with the industry's A-listers choosing to record there, from The Rolling Stones, Kate Bush and The Cranberries, to Sinead O'Connor, Lady Gaga, Ed Sheeran – and Hozier, who recorded his powerful Nina Cried Power here with legendary soul singer and civil rights activist Mavis Staples. Now these working Studios have started to run one-hour tours, so music pilgrims can step onto hallowed ground to see behind the scenes, and learn more about the creative process.

And U2 are bound up with the history of the waterfront music arena too – the 3Arena, consistently named as one of the top 10 busiest venues in the world. Built in 1878 at The Point, where the North Quay meets the East Wall, the arena was originally a rail terminus for the Midland and Great Western Railway. U2 recorded part of their Rattle & Hum album in the vast cast-iron warehouse while it was being transformed – then returned to play four nights, the first of many sold-out concerts there for their home crowd.

The Docklands is the backdrop to any number of music videos – from U2 performing from a barge on the Grand Canal Basin in Gloria and the shots of Poolbeg Towers and the raised East Link Bridge on Pride (In the Name of Love), to Phil Lynott's original Old Town video with its

poignant final shot as Lynott walks off towards the horizon along the South Bull Wall. (Phil served as an apprentice at an iron foundry on the East Wall Road.)

And these days there's a new way to experience live music in the Docklands: paddling a kayak on the Liffey at high tide for a series of unique performances by Dublin bands, playing on boats under the bridges as you go.

Exciting or moving, romantic or rebellious, high-energy or reflective – the parallels are obvious. Music feeds the soul – and Dublin Docklands is the soul of the city.

5 HERO STORY – DEPARTURES, ARRIVALS & RETURNS

“Remember your soul and your liberty.”

These were the parting words of a father to his sons, 12-year-old Patrick Quinn and his six-year-old brother Thomas, in late August 1847.

Famine was ravaging Ireland and the Quinn family had been forced to emigrate, along with 1,490 other tenants from Strokestown Park Estate in Co. Roscommon. After walking 165km to Custom House Quay in Dublin – you can follow in their footsteps today along the National Famine Way – they sailed for Liverpool and then to Quebec.

Almost a third of the Strokestown passengers perished crossing the Atlantic. But the Quinn brothers, though orphaned in that late August following their arrival in Canada, were lucky. Adopted into the local community, they enjoyed good educations and became priests: model immigrants making their way in the world.

Today the Irish Diaspora across the globe is estimated to be some 70 million people. Many have ties to ancestors who sailed from Dublin’s North Wall or Custom House Quay.

They emigrated for so many different reasons to do with soul and liberty. Pushed by circumstances, religious pressures, economic need, social constraints. Pulled by hopes, opportunities, adventures. It’s a story full of nuances, of shades of dark and light.

Among the darkest episodes, of course, is the exodus of people like the Quinns fleeing the Great Famine, *An Gorta Mór* (1845–1849), when potato blight decimated crops. Around one million Irish people died and more than another million emigrated, many to North America. Up to 100,000 perished on board unseaworthy, overcrowded ‘coffin ships’.

Dublin’s Custom House Quay witnessed some of the first waves of famine emigrants. Imagine the hope and trepidation of the 210 passengers – labourers, carpenters, blacksmiths, housemaids, children – boarding the *Perseverance* that sailed from here on St Patrick’s Day 1846, captained by 77-year-old William Scott.

Amazingly, everyone aboard the *Perseverance* arrived safely in New York and 216 people stepped ashore... ship’s mate Shadrack Stone and bosun Michael Kelly, both from Dublin, two seamen and two apprentices had decided to try their luck in the ‘Land of Opportunity’ too.

So many souls. So many tales. Walking along Custom House Quay today, mingling with the ragged-clothed sculpted figures of the Famine Memorial, perhaps you're suddenly caught up in a sweep of emotion.

Nearby on the impressive replica emigrant ship *The Jeanie Johnston* you can see for yourself the cramped conditions that passengers endured. Yet she too defied the odds, transporting 2,500 Irish emigrants on 16 transatlantic voyages without loss of life, thanks to a wise captain and a good doctor. Lights of hope in the darkest of times.

Departures are also about arrivals. About adapting. Making new connections.

A few steps away from *The Jeanie Johnston*, in the atmospheric vaults of the iconic chq Building, EPIC, The Irish Emigration Museum broadens and deepens the story. Some 10 million Irish people left their homeland, from the 17th-century Flight of the Earls and Wild Geese soldiers to modern times.

Famous and forgotten voices recalled. Familiar and surprising scenes re-lived. Here's your chance to meet scientists, politicians, artists, writers (and occasional outlaws) of the Irish Diaspora who made their marks around the world. It's like discovering Ireland from the outside in: Every Person Is Connected in this global story.

There's the poverty-to-power rise through the generations of the Kennedy family embodied by US President John F Kennedy, great-grandson of an Irish famine emigrant. It's striking: 22 US presidents have boasted Irish heritage. Perhaps they had a sense of home from home? After all, James Hoban, who helped out on the building of Dublin's neo-classical Custom House, emigrated and became the architect of The White House in 1792.

Other stories are less well known. So many women, for example, became quiet pioneers. Sometimes it was a question of grasping destiny, like the young orphan girls dismissed as "workhouse sweepings" who sailed (including via Dublin) to Australia from 1848: taken out to provide a domestic workforce – and wives – to a male-dominated society with roots in earlier waves of penal transportation. Many girls settled. Many thrived. It's believed some 30% of today's Australians have Irish blood.

Or how about Sarah 'Fanny' Durack, born to Irish emigrant parents in Australia. She won the first women's Olympic swimming medal in 1912 and broke a total of 12 world records. Or there's 'Madame Dragonfly' Cynthia Longfield, who left Ireland after the family's ancestral home

was burnt down in 1920 in the War of Independence: Cynthia became an intrepid explorer, hacked her way through jungles, and made her name as a world dragonfly expert.

Icons of suffrage, medicine, computing, design: many more Irish women found that emigration opened doors; they blazed trails and found their voices.

Departures are also about returns. About reconnections.

It was by moving out into the world, sailing from Dublin's North Wall in 1904, that James Joyce also found his voice, in the books that made him famous. The author claimed that if his home city suddenly disappeared, it could be reconstructed out of *Ulysses*, and many a visitor has since come book-in-hand to wander, taking in sights like the Great South Wall, perhaps imagining a three-masted vessel "homing, upstream, silently moving, a silent ship."

Because Ireland will always be home.

Back in 1887 Father Patrick Quinn, who had escaped the Great Famine as a 12-year-old, followed "the cherished dream of his life" by returning from Canada to Ireland for a visit and reconnected with family members.

Many others since have renewed their links and today people come from around the world to EPIC and the Irish Family History Centre to trace their ancestors and their stories.

6 SUPPORTING STORY – FREEDOM ON THE WATER

It suddenly happens. The moment time vanishes. And you're flying above the water. Pulse racing. Arms taut. Totally energised.

They call it flow, or being in the zone. And you're in it, wakeboarding at Ireland's first cable wakeboard park. Based in Dublin's Grand Canal Dock, surrounded by glass-fronted buildings of the docks' renaissance, the urban adventure is just a quick step away. And here you are: picking up the riding basics, or nailing tricks over big and small kicker obstacles.

The River Liffey has always been the lifeblood of the city, and a sense of adventure has always lured people here, from Vikings to modern-day movers and shakers. Now it's your turn to channel the vibe, wakeboarding where river meets canal or taking the plunge with other exciting water activities.

Old and new flow together as you explore on a lively Viking Splash Tour, cross from quay to quay on The Old Liffey Ferry, or kayak with the tide up and down river getting novel views of landmarks from water level. Hitting the pause button, you sit in your kayak listening to some of the best musicians in town playing Music under the Bridges. Sounds echo and you feel them ripple right through you.

With another swoosh of the Liffey's waters you can be back in Grand Canal Dock aboard Escape Boats for an adrenaline rush cracking codes and mysteries. Or windsurfing or stand-up paddleboarding – the sheltered surroundings and flat water are perfect.

In between times pack some carbs for energy with artisan bakes on the waterfront, or Mediterranean bites on a canalside terrace. Both are great for people-watching. As evening falls, perhaps sink a drink in the floating Boat Bar and Bistro of the MV Cill Airne, watching quayside lights beginning to dance across the river.

And tomorrow? You could cruise out into Dublin Bay where once a year the Lord Mayor casts a spear, a wacky-cool ceremony to mark the city's boundaries that dates back more than 500 years.

Wind in hair, salty spray on cheek: any day-after-the-night-before cobwebs are soon whisked away as you go with the flow.

7 SUPPORTING STORY – SPACE TO BREATHE

Strolling along the cobbled paths of the Campshires, trees on your left, broad river on your right, long views of boats and bridges stretching ahead, you feel pretty relaxed. Thoughts bob along. Among them perhaps: why the name Campshires? And of course there's a story hiding just below the surface.

In this case it's to do with the British regiments like the Gloucestershires and Leicestershires who used to camp on the quays either side of the River Liffey in the 19th century when coming and going through the port – hence the nickname camp-shires came about.

Today the landscaped Campshires are part of the dynamic wave of rejuvenation sweeping through Dublin Docklands. Yin and yang: such spaces – walkways, cycle tracks, squares – are as important as new building in moving forward. Spaces to breathe and to enjoy freedom in the city.

In Grand Canal Square on the south side of the Liffey, innovative landscape design by Martha Schwartz takes the lead, with criss-cross paths, and criss-cross red and green 'carpets'. Here too there's a fusion of old and modern stories: green planters of marsh vegetation reminding of the original wetland area of the site; the red resin-glass carpet with its glowing red light sticks rolling out from Daniel Libeskind's dramatic Bord Gáis Energy Theatre, and into and over the dock.

The square lives and breathes with movement. Equally you can sit, quite still, on the many benches, watching the cosmopolitan world go by, watching stand-up paddleboarders on the dock waters.

Irish breakfast on a café bar terrace by the canal; bakes, cakes and coffee on the waterfront: there's no doubt the open air enhances your appetite. So too, the views from the Rooftop Bar & Terrace of The Marker Hotel on Grand Canal Square: sipping cocktails and gazing over the Docklands to Dublin Mountains and the Irish Sea. Or kick back at Ryleigh's Rooftop Steakhouse at The Mayson on North Wall Quay: succulent, warm flavours on your palate, vistas of the iconic Poolbeg Towers, Dublin Bay and mountains beyond.

And why not follow those views tomorrow or the next day? City and nature, land and sea come together on a walk or cycle ride along the Great South Wall, red Poolbeg Lighthouse. Snaking out, out into the bay, 4km of bracing, breezy escape, seabirds wheeling above, seals

bobbing below, and more stories swirling in the wind: from Vikings arriving in their longboats, to historic shipwrecks and a local love story of a man saved from the waves.

Breathe deeply, enjoy the open spaces, add your own story.

8 SUPPORTING STORY – STILL GOING STRONG

Few people will have heard of Aeneas Coffey and even fewer drinkers would count a customs and excise officer as a friend. But here's a classic gamekeeper-turned-poacher tale...

Coffey (born 1780, most probably in Dublin) forged a career in the Customs and Excise service and was known as a stickler for upholding the law – surveying hundreds of Irish distilleries, smashing illicit stills, and even risking life and limb in skirmishes with illegal 'moonshiners'. During one confrontation he was lucky to survive being bayoneted.

Yet Coffey also showed signs of inventive genius, superintending experiments into distilling including a 'spirit safe' to deter fraud. And so in a curious turn of events, when he retired from office in 1824, he channelled his knowledge into perfecting new whiskey making processes.

In 1830, while running Dublin's Dock Distillery (once in Grand Canal Street), Coffey applied for (and was later granted) a patent for a highly efficient continuous still. But instead of welcoming the economic advantages of the apparatus, Irish distillers spurned it. The alcohol it produced was so pure as to lack flavour and character, they declared, compared with their traditional pot still whiskey. Others, however, thought Coffey's invention was great, especially the Scots who happily blended in different whiskies for flavour and used the Coffey Still to conquer world markets.

Thus Aeneas Coffey, taxman-turned-distiller and largely unsung hero, influenced the apparatus 'still' used by many distillers around the globe to this day: just one of the many stories of Irish contributions to the world that you can discover at Dublin Docklands' EPIC, The Irish Emigration Museum.

9 SUPPORTING STORY – THE BRIDGES OF DUBLIN DOCKLANDS

“Be out listening to everything, looking at everything and thinking it all out afterwards.” Writer Sean O’Casey’s advice holds good for visitors to Dublin Docklands today, where there are always so many sights and sounds to take in – and sensations to experience. Not least the elegant pedestrian bridge named after O’Casey himself – known affectionately by some Dubliners as “the quiver in the river”, because of its slight bounce.

Several of the Docklands’ bridges have been designed to move, so that tall ships and other large vessels can travel up the Liffey. Lifting, rolling or swinging, these bridges are not simply a means of crossing – though that’s important too of course. No, these are engineering wonders and bold symbols of regeneration.

The biggest and boldest is the Samuel Beckett Bridge. Spanish architect Santiago Calatrava has created a swooping beauty that makes the heart soar, gifting the city with a dramatic new icon. Its asymmetric design calls to mind a Celtic harp, lying on its side. The steel superstructure was constructed in Rotterdam and took a week to cross the 1,000 kilometres of sea atop an enormous barge. Crowds gathered as it entered port – it took more than one attempt to fit this extraordinary cargo through the Tom Clarke Bridge at high tide. Lit up at night, or swinging open by day, the Beckett harp is a stunning sight.

But every bridge here tells a story. For Joyce aficionados, the Loopline Bridge will always recall a line from Ulysses. The Talbot Memorial Bridge pays tribute to one of the Docklands’ poorest and gentlest of souls – Matt Talbot was a reformed alcoholic who lived a memorably pious life. For fans of pioneering engineering, the Scherzer Rolling Lift Bridges at the entrances to Royal Docks and Custom House Docks speak of historic industrial grandeur. And the Tom Clarke Bridge – spanning the Liffey at its widest point and taking a good two miles off many journeys – gives due (some would say overdue) recognition to the man whose name is first on the 1916 Proclamation of the Irish Republic.

These bridges are integral to the Docklands. They give us new perspectives on the water, the city, the horizon. They help us to make connections – quay to quay, north to south, past to future. And above all, they invite us to explore.

10 APPENDIX: ATTRACTIONS & EXPERIENCES

THE CITY'S SOUL	South Bull Wall walk; Grand Canal Docks; 3Arena; CCD; Custom House; Bord Gáis Theatre; Samuel Beckett Bridge; Crane 292; Grand Canal Square; Freeflow glass cobbles
THE DOCKS	The Diving Bell; Custom House; Custom House Quay (one of the locations for The Read); The Linesman statue; chq +Building (former tobacco and wine warehouse); 3Arena (one of the locations for The Read); The Ferryman pub, Sir John Rogerson's Quay; The Harbourmaster Bar and Restaurant, IFSC (former dock office / harbourmaster house); The Windjammer – Early House; Cill Airne; Grand Canal Dock / Spencer Dock / Royal Canal; Liffey River Cruises; Dublin Discovered Boat Tours; The Old Liffey Ferry / Liffey Ferry No. 11; Dublin's Deep Sea Port / North Wall Campshires – self-guided walks http://fivelampsarts.ie South Bull Wall walk (views of Bull walls / port); Scherzer Bridges. Digital 'experiences' (resources): Dublin Port (Diving Bell videos) www.dublinport.ie/about-dublin-port/a-city-port ; Dublin Port Archive https://dublinportarchive.com ; Dublin Dock Workers www.dublindockworkers.com . [In development: Graving Dock heritage zone; planned opening event March 2021, Anu Productions play Book of Names (http://anuproductions.ie). Proposed guided tours]
DOCKLANDS SOUNDS	Luke Kelly statue; Ronnie Drew Crane; Windmill Lane Recording Studios (visitor experience opened 2020); Dockers Pub; 3Arena; Grand Canal Basin; Poolbeg Towers; East Link (now Tom Clarke) Bridge; South Bull Wall walk; Music Under The Bridges kayaking tour
DEPARTURES, ARRIVALS, RETURNS	EPIC – Every Person Is Connected; Irish Family History Centre; The Jeanie Johnston; Famine Memorial; National Famine Way; Custom House Quay; chq Building; North Wall; Campshires; Luke Kelly statue (Kelly left as a 17-year-old in 1957, by ship from the North Wall); Admiral Brown statue; World Poverty Stone – community solidarity v. poverty around the world; Dublin Discovered Boat Tours; Liffey River Cruises; Dublin Bay Cruises; North Wall Campshires – self-guided walks http://fivelampsarts.ie ; Digital 'experiences' (resources): The National Archives of Ireland early 20 th century / Dublin / emigration and migration) www.census.nationalarchives.ie
FREEDOM ON THE WATER	Wakedock; SurfDock; City Kayaking; Escape Boats; Music under the Bridges; The Old Liffey Ferry / Liffey Ferry No. 11; Dublin Bay Cruises; Dublin Under Sail (Dublin Discovered Boat Tour); Viking Splash Tours; Great South Wall walk / cycle; Campshires; Waterways Ireland Visitor Centre; Places to eat including: MV Cill Airne / Osteria Lucio / Il Valentino / Café Bar H / Herbstreet / J2 Grill and Sushi; Brew-dog Dublin Outpost; The Ferryman pub, Sir John Rogerson's Quay; The Harbourmaster Bar and Restaurant / Coffee Shop; Poolbeg Yacht and Boat Club; Dublin Bay Biosphere; In development: White Water Rafting centre at George's Dock / Water animation on the Liffey / Floating Markets at Grand Canal Dock; Events: eg Lord Mayor's Casting of the Spear / Liffey Swim / Dublin Port Parade of Sail / Festivals & Events hosted in George's Dock / South Docks Festival

BREATHING SPACES	Campshires; Rejuvenated walkways and cycle tracks; Freeflow installation; Grand Canal Square; Mayor's Square; Rooftop dining and views: The Marker Hotel / The Mayson; Canalside / waterfront outdoor eating & drinking including: Il Valentino / Café Bar H / MV Cill Airne; Walking / cycling: Great South Wall; Run Concierge at The Marker Hotel; Watching the sun rise, standing on the Tom Clarke Bridge
STILL GOING STRONG	EPIC (for the Aeneas Coffey story); Custom House;
THE BRIDGES OF DUBLIN DOCKLANDS	Sian O'Casey Bridge; Samuel Beckett Bridge; Tom Clarke Bridge; Loopline Bridge; Talbot Memorial Bridge; Matt Talbot statue; Scherzer Rolling Lift Bridges. Digital resource: www.bridgesofdublin.ie

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DUBLIN DOCKLANDS STORIES: SHORT STORIES & NUGGETS

CONTENT FOR FÁILTE IRELAND

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11 DOCKS AND PORT

Diving bell secrets ... Bindon Blood Stoney, pioneering Victorian engineer, is celebrated for his diving bell, a marvel of engineering used in the building of the Dublin Port's quay walls. But spare a thought for Scottish confectioner and amateur engineer Charles Spalding who trialled an earlier diving bell. He and his nephew Ebenezer Watson used it to dive to the wreck of the *Belgioso* in Dublin Bay in June 1783 hoping to recover an alleged treasure chest. Tragically they suffocated. There were rumours of foul play by an assistant who ignored signals to pull the men up for fresh air but it was more likely an accident. The truth – like the alleged treasure chest – remains hidden, washed over by time and tides.

Father of Irish Cement ... Not only did Bindon Blood Stoney pioneer a diving bell that would continue to be used in Dublin's Docklands right into the 1950s. But he also championed the revolutionary idea of using gigantic 350-tonne, pre-cast concrete blocks for quay wall foundations including the North Wall Extension and Alexandra Basin. The blocks were seven times bigger than any before them, and they made stronger walls faster and more cheaply. Thus Stoney became hailed as the Father of Irish Cement. Oh, and he designed innovative lifting shears – like a huge floating iron crane – to lower the blocks into place on the riverbed. Clearly a man of parts who knew how to put everything together in the big picture.

Bells and whistles ... Did you hear about the crewman who could whistle through his ears? Working underwater in the compressed-air atmosphere of the Diving Bell he suffered burst ear drums. If he held his nose his breaths hissed out through his ears.

Lucky catch ... Sometimes when the Diving Bell was raised, cold water seeped into the bottom. They say if you were lucky you might catch a fish for your supper, which was probably quite welcome after shovelling tonnes of mud from the riverbed.

Divelment and wind-ups ... Ironsides, Philosopher, Foot and a Half, Jigger, Thumbs, Man of a Thousand Faces... Once you'd been given a nickname on the docks, it stuck. 'Divelment' and 'wind-ups' were all part of the working day.

'Fatser' Currie ... Why the nickname 'Fatser'? Because he was a docker with a 48-inch waistband. But he wasn't fat. He would stuff his jeans with newspapers on the way into work and return home minus the newspapers but with whiskey and cigarettes. A gentle giant, Fatser could teach you all about 'dockology'. He knew a few other life lessons too. During the Second World War he 'took the King's shilling' – he had a

family to feed – and fought in the Far East, survived capture by the Japanese and forced labour on the notorious Burma Railway. It was more than three years before he returned home. Yes, Fatser was a legend in his own lifetime.

Button Men ... Imagine the insecurity. In the morning you gathered at the docks for the Read – several were held, at various locations including Custom House Quay and the area where the 3Arena now stands. Stevedores and gangers picked men for whatever work needed doing that day, maybe unloading coal or grain. Anyone left went without work until they vied to be chosen at the next Read. To combat the degrading hustle, a trade union list of full-time dockers was drawn up in the 1940s and registered men were issued with buttons. The Button Men got priority for jobs – and the best jobs – and the casuals took what was left. The system continued until ‘de-casualisation’ of work in the 1970s. It’s still recalled that it was a good idea to keep the stevedores’ glasses filled in the pub at night if you wanted to be chosen at the Read next day.

Dockers’ remedy ... It was back-breaking, grimy work, shovelling coal with your Number 7 shovel in a ship’s hold. Some dockers tried to keep the dust out of their lungs by sucking on a lump of coal.

Reading between the lines ... They’re all there in The Name Book: every manual worker employed by the Dublin Port and Docks Board from 1906 to 1914. Labourers, apprentices, stonecutters, coaling gangs, boatmen, night firemen. Wages are listed. Misdemeanours are noted – “discharged for being drunk and disorderly”, “discharged for losing time”, “striker”. Lives are squeezed into columns leading from year to year: take 17-year-old Arthur Edward, for example, apprentice fitter in 1905, notching up pay rises, transferring to the electric station, then onto a dredger boat as 3rd engineer, then in 1912: “Left. Gone to sea”. (Perhaps your imagination follows him?) The ink is fading on the pages now but the lives won’t be lost. Looking to the future Dublin Port Archive has digitalised The Name Book for all to look into the extraordinary-ordinary characters that peopled the docks 1906 to 1914, www.dublinportarchive.com

Changing lives ... Do you have a wife, a daughter, a sister, a niece, a cousin who would like a job that pays well? It was a simple enough question. Simple but life-changing for many women. It was 1915. World War One was raging. Large numbers of Irish men had left to fight on the Western Front. So, the question was put out to those still working on the shop floor of the dockyards, calling for their women to join the war effort. Some 200 local women came and took up work at the Dockyard War Munitions Factory. It opened a door. It opened minds. It opened up new futures. Skilled in sewing, knitting and dextrous with their hands, the women quickly took to making bomb shells. It wasn’t just the good pay that was welcome. It was the pride in contributing to the effort to keep their men, their families and neighbours alive. It gave a new sense of self-worth and possibilities. So when the munitions factory closed down at the end of the war Mary Johnson, just 16

when she had joined, felt a new freedom to be different. Instead of entering domestic service as might be expected of her she became a dancer in the theatre. Some people frowned. But it paid well. She was good at it. She changed her life.

Hoggers, boilers and woodeners ... In the days when ships loaded and unloaded their cargoes on Custom House Quay, hoggers, boilers and woodeners could be spotted on the prow. Who were they? Under the demon spell of drink, hoggers would search empty barrels of Guinness for dregs. Boilers and woodeners filled empty whiskey barrels with boiling water and rolled them along the quay so that the water became flavoured with any alcohol still infused in the wood.

Casting of the Spear ... When the Lord Mayor rides out into Dublin Bay and throws a spear into the water, quite rightly you might wonder what's going on. In fact, you're witnessing a tradition that dates back more than 500 years to 1488 when it's recorded that the then Lord Mayor of Dublin, Thomas Mayler, rode out on horseback and cast a spear as far as he could into the sea. The aim was to mark the city's boundaries eastwards. Today's annual re-enactment ceremony reminds us of Dublin's role as a medieval port city and the remarkable history of Dublin Port since its establishment as a trading post some 1,200 years ago.

12 CELEBRATIONS, FOOD & DRINK

This and the other ... Cosmopolitan vibes have always sizzled through Dublin Docklands, not least when Italian immigrant Giuseppe Cervi arrived in 1882. He set up one of the city's first 'hot chip' stalls, on Pearse Street (formerly Great Brunswick Street), not only tempting locals' tastebuds but also adding to their lexicon. His wife Palma, with limited English, would point to the fish and chips and ask hungry customers: "uno di questo, uno di quello?" ("one of this and one of the other?") – the famous Dublin "one and one".

Toast of the docks ... George's Dock was named for fun-loving George IV, but unfortunately the philandering king failed to show up to formally open it in August 1821. Partying and "a social engagement" with the lovely Marchioness of Conyngham at Slane Castle were cited for the royal absence. Luckily Lord Castlecoote stood in to do the honours and afterwards everyone headed for nearby Stack A for a Champagne breakfast. You might head there too if you're in need of refreshment: the transformed wine and tobacco warehouse now known as The Chq Building hosts diverse and scrumptious places to eat and drink, from bakehouse to coffee shop and brewery.

Good times keep rolling ... The Prince and Princess of Wales (later King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra) did a better job than George, dutifully turning up to give the royal blessing to the Alexandra Basin in 1885 – though it was noted in *The Times* that "after the protracted labours of the day, their Royal Highnesses did not appear at their usually early hour." Yes, they had been partying the night before...

Hawk-eyed ... Spencer Dock, opened in 1873, was named after the 5th Earl Spencer, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, known as the Red Earl because of his distinctive long red beard. We don't know what he did the "night before" but it's recorded that he sailed into the dock aboard the royal yacht *Hawk* to a fanfare of trumpets while excited spectators climbed ships' rigging on the river to get a good view. Incidentally, the Earl was a great-great-uncle of the late Diana, Princess of Wales.

Toast of Ireland ... October 22, 1856 saw surely one of the most stirring banquets in Irish history. The idea of Fergus Farrell, Lord Mayor of Dublin, and funded by a campaign that raised over £3,500, The Great National Banquet was staged to celebrate Irish soldiers returned from the Crimean War. The Stack A wine and tobacco warehouse provided the suitably spacious venue and over 3,600 soldiers, plus dignitaries and around 1,000 guests tucked in. No time for military rations this: knives and forks plunged into 230 legs of mutton, 250 hams, mountains of beef and meat from 200 geese, 200 turkeys and 100 capons, as well as 100 venison pasties, 2,000 loaves of bread, three tons of potatoes, 100 rice puddings, 260 plum puddings and (phew!) much more. Wines and drinks flowed including 3,500 bottles of port. Then after speeches

and toasts hailing “the Crimean heroes” and “liberty”, the troops marched off (one suspects a little less crisply) to catch their trains. Today Stack A has morphed into the modern chq Building and maybe your lunchtime choices at its cafés and bars will err towards lighter treats. But in the atmospheric restored wine vaults of Ely Bar & Grill or amid the hum of the varied street-food offerings, half close your eyes and imagine that remarkable October 22, 1856.

Food for thought ... The 1926 Year Book for the Port of Dublin records that stabling and pens on the North Wall allowed for around 3,500 head of cattle, horses, sheep and pigs to be handled at any one time. During the spring season (February to May) the export of eggs reached around 150 tons a day, and in their various seasons “immense quantities” of butter, bacon, fish and other Irish produce were shipped out.

And glasses ... The 1926 Year Book also records upwards of 20,000 mixed casks of “wet goods” could be stored in Custom House Docks’ bonded warehouses.

And cups ... Plus, Dublin was the largest duty free port for tea in the British Isles, holding an average stock of 5,000 to 8,000 packages per annum: In the Custom House Docks’ warehouse “... the choicest teas are blended to suit the various waters, hard and soft, and delivered to all parts of Ireland.”

Comings and goings ... The 1926 Year Book for the Port of Dublin records principal exports: bacon, biscuits, butter, cattle, eggs, extra stout, farm produce, foreign extra stout, horses, mineral waters, pigs, sheep, stout and whiskey. Principal imports: artificial manure, barley, cement, coal, feeding stuffs, flour, fruit, Indian corn, iron and steel, oil (including motor spirit, paraffin and petroleum), paper, sugar, tea, timber, tobacco and wheat.

13 THE CUSTOM HOUSE

Changing places... The 18th-century Custom House is widely celebrated for its neo-classical elegance. But many of the leisured classes of the time objected to the bustle it would bring: “all Hurry, Crowd and Annoyance which necessarily attend Trade, will be brought even to the Doors of our Nobility and Gentry, and many of those elegant streets in which they now reside, will become the Common Passages for Porters and Cars, loaded with the necessaries of life, and all kinds of merchandise, to be diffused throughout the whole City.” All the same, architect James Gandon was smuggled into Dublin in 1781 and he set to work on what would become his masterpiece, setting the scene for Custom House Quay to become the bustling hub of Georgian and Victorian trade.

King of Ireland... The Rt Hon John Beresford, who recruited James Gandon to build The Custom House, wielded such power as Chief Commissioner of Revenue in Ireland that some nicknamed him the King of Ireland. Such a whiff of corruption and nepotism swirled around his decision to re-site The Custom House to a location where his relatives’ surrounding lands would likely rise in value that one can assume the nickname wasn’t entirely flattering.

In the swim... The land on which The Custom House was built was so swampy that locals would take swims in the foundation trenches.

Building connections... The Custom House is renowned as James Gandon’s masterpiece of European neo-classicism. Less well known is that a certain James Hoban helped out in the early stages of its building. Hoban would make his mark elsewhere, taking his ambitions overseas to America where in 1792 – one year after Dublin’s Custom House was completed – he won a competition to design a mansion for the president in Washington. The White House has since become one of the most famous buildings in the world and if presidents have felt at home there, that’s not surprising, either: many, including John F Kennedy, have traced their ancestry to Irish emigrants.

Neptune’s prophecy... Amid statues representing Industry, Commerce, Wealth and Navigation that adorn The Custom House completed in 1791, Neptune is depicted chasing away Famine and Despair. Some have interpreted it as a prophecy. Because waves of desperate Irish emigrants would take to Neptune’s seas from these very quays in order to escape the Great Famine of 1845–1849.

14 PLACES & SPACES

When life's a lottery ... the reclaimed land known as North Lotts was so named because it was parcelled out via a lottery set up in 1717 by Dublin Corporation.

Ring of truth ... Ships mooring between Sir John Rogerson's Quay and Ringsend ran their ropes through rings and where the rings ended – well, naturally that was Ringsend. So the popular tale says. Dip deeper into local wave-washed history and another explanation rises to the surface, which says Ringsend is an English version of the Irish 'Rinn-abhann' – the end spit of land.

Ringsend cars ... Before the marshy area of the South Lotts was reclaimed, locals resorted to 'Ringsend cars' – like horse-drawn rickshaws with specially designed wide-rimmed wheels – to get across the sandy wetlands. There were even races on the Strand in the 17th century.

World's your oyster ... the 'allotments' of the South Lotts tended to flood following storms. So a few bright entrepreneurs cultivated oyster beds.

Misery Hill ... Tales tell that Misery Hill got its name because at one time poor lepers walked up it to reach a rather down-at-heel leprosy hospice. They were accompanied by a man tolling a bell and another man carrying a 40ft pole to keep everyone at a safe distance from the 'unclean' lepers. Hence the expression: "I wouldn't touch him with a 40ft pole."

More misery ... Another tale tells – there's always another layer to local tales – that Misery Hill was so named because the corpses of felons hanged at Gallows Hill were brought back down here then hoisted up to be left as gruesome deterrents to anyone tempted to make trouble.

The long and the tall of it ... You'll find the Docklands' pioneering spirit written everywhere in stone. But not set in stone. Because it's always evolving and pushing new boundaries. Take the Grand Canal Docks – the largest in the world when they opened in 1796. Or the Great South Wall (aka the South Bull Wall) extending more than 4km into Dublin Bay – the world's longest sea wall when it was built in the 18th century. And now there's the modern Capital Dock Residence, spread over 22 floors – Ireland's tallest building. To name just a few exclamation marks in the Docklands story.

Mark of respect ... What's in a name? A whole lot of heritage re-cast in a modern vision at The Marker Hotel. It goes like this: all along the Grand Canal's 82-mile length traders would pass cast-iron markers, with the final one set in Dublin's Grand Canal Square where the hotel now stands. So the name gives a nod of respect to the canal and a contemporary embrace of the Irish love of adventure, travel and trade; taking local history forward with a new sense of place.

Campshires ... Strolling along the campshires, the stretches of cobbled paths between the quay and road either side of the River Liffey, you might wonder at the name when there isn't a tent in sight. It all goes back to the time when British regiments – like the Gloucestershires and Leicestershires – used to camp here in between setting off or returning from overseas. Hence camp–shires.

Taming the bulls... For centuries the wild, open waters of Dublin Bay presented dangers to shipping. The North Bull and South Bull sand banks lurked to either side of the mouth of the River Liffey, massive breakers swept in during storms, silt clogged the riverbed. Wrecks were common. Or winds prevented vessels from reaching the city for weeks at a time. In the end, the North Bull and South Bull Walls were built in the 18th and 19th centuries to protect the river channel – they still do to this day. But why the name 'bull'? It's another word for 'strand'. Or some say the name came about from the fearsome roar of breakers over the North Bull and South Bull sand banks. If you take a bracing walk along the great South Wall to Poolbeg Lighthouse to enjoy the exhilarating views of sea and mountains, listen out to the waves whooshing against the pier. An echo of tamed bulls?

Lighting the way ... In early times turf or coal were used to create lighthouse light. Poolbeg Lighthouse was reputedly the first in the world to be lit with candlelight, and then, in 1786, with oil.

15 DEPARTURES

The prime of our Nation ... In 1846 the *Irish Quarterly Review* noted the arrival of a melancholy procession amid the ever-changing bustle of Dublin's quays. The "beautiful pile of the Custom House" towered alongside the masts of shipping that included the *Perseverance*. Because on St Patrick's Day that year, this ship was in the vanguard of vessels sailing directly to New York with emigrants escaping the Great Famine. It would become a familiar scene, but even so there are surprises. "It is not a departing crowd of paupers", the *Review* intoned, but "the bone and sinew of the land": farmers, tenantry, the young and strong, "and the prime of our Nation!" The passenger list records occupations of the 210 passengers – labourers, weavers, housemaids, carpenters. Many are noted as in their 20s. By May 1846 William Scott, the seasoned, 77-year-old captain of the *Perseverance*, had sailed the ship to New York, and 216 people went ashore. The extra six? The mate Shadrack Stone and bosun Michael Kelly (both from Dublin), two seamen and two apprentices are listed as having deserted. They too had decided to take their chances in the 'Land of Opportunity'.

The Ocean Plague ... Emigrant Robert Whyte sailed from Dublin for Quebec on May 30th, 1847, keeping a chronicle of the eight-week voyage that was published as *The Ocean Plague* the following year. Whyte writes: "The captain and his wife were kindly enough, she dosed the sick with porridge containing drops of laudanum [sic] and a little girl, born during the voyage, was named after her." So why the title of the book? Because, Whyte writes, "On June 15th ship fever broke out, 110 passengers are shut up in the unventilated hold of a small brig, without a doctor, medicines or even water." By July 9th half the passengers and crew were feverish; on July 25th they anchored off land; on August 1st the sick were eventually taken off. For some it was too late. Harrowing as the account is, it's sobering to think that conditions on board – and the well-meaning captain and his wife – were better than many other emigrants experienced.

Paying the price ... The cost of keeping a pauper in the Roscommon Poor House averages about 2s. 9d. a week, that is £7 3s. a year. The cost of emigration to Quebec averages £3 12s. The cost of clearing this surplus population would be £5,865, the cost of supporting them in the workhouse £11,634, so the difference in favour of emigration is £5,769. These were the calculations noted by a land agent to Major Denis Mahon during the Great Famine, helping to persuade him to pay for the assisted emigration of many of his Strokestown Park Estate tenants. Escorted by a bailiff, 1,490 of them duly walked 165km from their homes in County Roscommon to Dublin's Custom House Quay in 1847 before travelling onwards to Liverpool and sailing aboard some of the most notorious 'coffin ships' bound for Canada. Almost a third of these

emigrants perished crossing the Atlantic. The episode provoked public outrage, and Major Mahon was shot in the chest and killed as he drove through his estate. Patrick Hasty and James Cummins were tried and hanged for the deed. The famine continued. More emigrants would lose their lives. More landlords would be murdered. The price of the Great Famine.

Priceless bravery ... In December 1851 the *British Queen* foundered in snow blizzards off Nantucket Island. She had sailed some eight weeks earlier from Dublin with her cargo of 228 Irish emigrants bound for New York. Even before the impending disaster some had whispered that *British Queen* was an ironic name for a vessel taking emigrants fleeing a famine which Victoria and her government had done so little to alleviate. As the ship's hold filled with icy water, already two passengers had died of cold. Yet sometimes, amid the torrents of despair that drove people from their homes, friendly hands reached out. It happened that terrible December. The people of Nantucket, spotting the vessel in distress, sent two schooners to rescue passengers and crew, and all were brought safely to shore with no further loss of life. Taken into local homes, some of the emigrants even decided to stay rather than continue on to New York. The wreck of the *British Queen* was sold for US \$290. The bravery of those who risked their lives to save the emigrants. Priceless.

The American Dream ...? While some Irish emigrants escaping the Great Famine found work and prospered in America, it was not all rags-to-riches. Many people struggled to make their way, deterred by NINA on job advertisements: No Irish Need Apply.

Home from home ... By 1850, there were more Irish-born citizens in New York than in Dublin.

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