

ABOUT LIMERICK FARMS

To Plant This Month

PLANTING AND STACKING IN BAD WEATHER

(By P. ROCHE)

are being cut... crops well and... sufficiently good... almost ripe in... in rather... barley will be... will scarcely... foot crops are... being well and... the average.

CLOVERS AND RYE GRASS

Early red clover could be sown now with every prospect of a yield of five or six tons or more of first-class food. Sown at the rate of a stone and a half to two stone of seed to the acre, it requires no nitrogen dressing but will repay both phosphate and potash. About sixteen pounds of seed mixed with five of good Italian ryegrass also provides a satisfactory crop and one that is more popular than the clover alone.

Another useful mixture for June cutting would be a stone and a half of giant Italian and about half a stone of trefoil. Hardy green turnips or starters are also a useful stand by if sown during August. How to sow any of these crops depends on how the farm is worked. Not many of them could be sown on the stubble without a great deal of labour or on potato ground. They could also be sown directly on newly-broken ground like a winter oat or wheat crop.

WINTER SOWN CROPS

It used to be the custom in Limerick to sow both winter oats and winter wheat. Now no one sows a winter variety of either crop, though it would make things a lot easier in the harvest if we had crops coming in a couple of weeks earlier than the usual time. Not, perhaps, this year, when the corn harvest is on the heels of the hay. There are a couple of varieties of winter oats that will stand any weather and mature early; we all know that winter wheats do well here. There are also winter barleys, that are frost resisting and good yielders. Winter rye on land that is too poor for other corn crops would also provide a good bulk of useful grain for feeding. Winter beans or a mixture of beans and wheat would give us a better food balance for all stock and is easy to grow, but lime is necessary for a satisfactory bean crop. For beans sown alone a simple method is to plough the land in eight inch sods about four inches deep and drop the seeds into each third furrow. About two bushels of seed are required for an acre. Planting time is October.

HOUSE CALVES NOW

I do not think there is any advantage in leaving calves out after the end of this month and there is the serious disadvantage of risk to an outbreak of hoose. While we coddle every other animal on the farm we let the calf take a long chance. It is true that on some farms calves are housed in dark and dirty, ill-ventilated houses, so that they get delicate, dirty and verminous in a few weeks, and where this is likely to happen it is perhaps better to risk keeping them out as long as possible. Calves should be housed in a shed open to the air and light, and "the best door is a gate." Where calves are still getting skim milk there is a temptation to forget giving them water to drink, and this causes all sorts of trouble, often death. Calves only eat their bedding when they are short of salt or water, or when they are suffering from a definite mineral deficiency disease due to wrong food and wrong conditions. Our cows would be better if we blew up half our cowhouses and replaced them with shed to which the beasts might go in very bad weather if there is no three or hedge shelter on the land.

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Announcement

IS ABSOLUTELY NO DISTINCTION BETWEEN THEIR POLICY AND ANY OTHER FOR FOREIGN COMPANY, HAVE DECIDED THAT IN

WHAT THEY PAY And What They Get FARMERS AND CENTRAL FUNDS

(To the Editor, "Limerick Leader.")

DEAR SIR—If I read his remarks aright, I gather from your report of the last meeting of Limerick County Committee of Agriculture that Mr. D. P. Quish, Co.C., thinks the farmers are not getting their due share from the national income by comparison with what they contribute to it. I wonder had he his tongue in his cheek when making this comment? Whether he had or not the facts are altogether against him. When the Cosgrave Government was in power it issued official figures showing that at that time—some years before Flanna Fall came into power—the agricultural community then represented 57 per cent. of the population of the Twenty-Six Counties; it contributed 30 per cent. of the total revenue, central and local, and received 59 per cent. of the benefits of the total central and local expenditure. These are very interesting figures in themselves, and show that the farmers were then in a very favoured position—getting back almost twice as much as they contributed. But their position has improved very much, relatively, since then. It is plain, to anyone who is not deliberately blind to the truth that the farmers are at present getting out of the central funds, in a variety of ways, substantial benefits out of all proportion to what they put into them.

COUNTRY'S MOST IMPORTANT INDUSTRY

Agriculture is the most important industry in the country and it is quite right and good national policy to treat it generously so as to help its full development. What I and others like me object to is the claim constantly made by some agritating and political farmers that while their class are badly treated they are carrying everyone else on their backs. So far are they from carrying others on their backs that they are not even pulling their own weight. They are actually a drag on the rest of the community, who are called upon to pay subsidies and other contributions to make up for the lack of full output from the land.

Professor Lyons of University College, Cork, stated some time ago that in a particular year—1947, I think—a statute acre of Irish arable land was producing £9 worth of wealth, while the same area in England, with inferior land and climate, was producing £27 worth. This big difference wants some explaining. The Irish farmers are being treated with more than generosity by the State and are in a far better position than most dwellers in the cities and towns.

COST OF LIVING

The cost of living does not press nearly so heavily on them, for, unlike the unfortunate urban residents, they have no need for daily recourse to the shops. A point they always forget, too, is that while the prices of everything they have to sell have soared to great heights, the cost of their main raw material, the land, has not increased an iota—in fact, it has come down in most cases, due to the operation of the Purchase Act. This is an advantage no other class in Ireland can boast of. The farmers have also a special privilege in the fact that most of them—almost the whole lot, indeed—are immune from payment of income tax. In this they are particularly favoured by comparison with their city and town cousins. A poor fellow in a town earning, say, £4 a week, if unmarried, has to pay income tax, while farmers netting in many cases thousands clear escape any such tax. Can any honest man say this is fair or just? None of our political parties, past or present, has ever given a thought to this question for the very obvious reason that the farmers and their relatives are the biggest voting power in the country and have a huge say in elections.

HOW GENERAL IMMUNITY AROSE

The funny thing about the general immunity of the farmers from income tax is that they have inherited a privilege given by the British Government in the old days to the landlords. Griffith's valuation was originally fixed as the standard or measure of the income tax a landlord in Ireland was called on to pay. The meaning of this was that no matter what rent he was able to squeeze out of the unfortunate tenant he would escape income tax on all amounts over Griffith's valuation. This standard was taken over for the tenants, and is being maintained by our own Government, and means in operation that only a very few farmers here and there are liable for any income tax at all. In view of the few facts I have mentioned, and I could add a great deal to them only for regard for

WHERE MEMORIES LINGER Ancestral Home Of Smith O'Brien

CAHERMOYLE'S PAST AND PRESENT

CAHERMOYLE is to-day the West Limerick home of the great Oblate Fathers, who have preserved all the impressive grandeur and picturesqueness of the magnificent mansion that was once the ancestral home of the great Irish patriot, William Smith O'Brien. The fine, spacious building, with many extensive additions and alterations, is a novitiate for the reception and training of young priests of the distinguished Order. The visiting stranger is surely apt to pause for a while and admire without having an opportunity of reflecting on the traditions and memories that still linger in the hallowed walls and lovely grounds and walks of the estate. For this, if for no other reason, the following article written by a young lady from the Ardagh district, and passed on to a representative of the "Limerick Leader," should prove of more than ordinary interest. The writer, who wishes to remain anonymous, is now resident in Canada.

AN IRISH ARISTOCRATIC FAMILY

The lonely little country churchyard, obscured amid a wealth of mighty ancient trees, little befits the burial place of one of our great patriotic Irishmen. Yet it was the wish of William Smith O'Brien that he should be brought to his ancestral home in Cahermoyle to spend his last days. Not, indeed, that the place is unworthy of so great a man, because patriot or poet might sleep peacefully amid these peace-giving scenes. Here you will find the drip of the wetted trees, here you will listen to the stream, murmuring, as it flows under the bridge leading to Rathonan's simple dignified graveyard, and here you will see a great tomb, the burial place of the O'Briens.

"Pro libertati patriae" is the de-severing epitaph.

On a warm June day, 1864, the bones of one of our noblest and best were here entombed. On looking through the iron grating at the entrance of the tomb, one would imagine that one would see a coffin laid on a stone ledge. But this would only be imagination, as all within that monstrous grating is steeped in Stygian darkness. The tall lank grass gives an air of perfect rustic beauty to the whole place.

A WILD AND LONELY PLACE.

It is a wild and lonely place; the surrounding graves are almost hidden among the weeds; the old Protestant church rises up in a dark mysterious silhouette smothered in the dark, dark trees, and the stream near by chants a lament for those sacred dead. One would not wonder if some poet rested here and wrote a parallel to Grey's elegy.

Do we find poets in this district?

Yes. And it would be disappointing if we found no poet, among the O'Brien family. The poetry of Charlotte is not well known to-day, nor, indeed, was it ever. This charming queen of nature was deaf, deaf to the music of that flowing stream, deaf to the hidden choir among those leafy trees, and deaf to the sonorous voice of her noble father, William Smith. Yet she once heard all these, but only for a very few years when came affliction. And a terrible affliction it was to this young girl, in the rosy bud of youth she was stricken and then spent the rest of her short days, hungry, in fond longing to sounds of the outer world.

EDWARD AND HIS SON DERMOD

Charlotte had a brother—Edward. This fair young man was brought up on English soil, an alien to his worthy family's aspirations. This is a strange and sad truth. While studying in a London medical

school he met and fell in love with the beautiful daughter of Surgeon Smyllie, and brought her home to Cahermoyle. Our lonely little Irish dwelling place had little attraction for this city girl, and soon afterwards they left, and Edward took his bride to live in Dublin. It was here Dermod was born, but it was not here he spent his childhood. No, it was in Cahermoyle.

A landscape painter, and little wonder! The Cahermoyle scenery was indeed inspiring. The magnificent grounds, the antique mansion, the pure freshness of the country air—for all these Dermod had the meeting soul—"The light that never was on land or sea."

Happy souls that nature moulds thus! The artist grew to manhood, married an Irish lady, Dublin born, and brought her to Cahermoyle. She loved it. Any Irish person would.

HE KNEW MORE OF ART THAN FARMING

Dermod O'Brien's picture of "Bringing Home the Cows to be Milked" is typical of the man's own personality. It is typical of the scenes among which he lived; and the love he bore them. Likewise was his lady wife, but both of them knew very little about management of a farm. Each year brought less income, and each year called for greater outlay. On every Saturday night the servants bill, alone, amounted to a total of £80, and in those days the nearby village of Ardagh could boast of its "wealthy" inhabitants.

Once they employed an old man, whose name we will pass by. He was a story-teller of some repute among the children, and on summer evenings he was to be found leisurely resting under an apple tree, the children around him listening wide-eyed to his concocted stories. On several occasions his master found him thus, and at last said to his wife one day:—"That man must go—he does nothing."

"But, darling, what would the children do?" She never thought that it was just extravagant to have a servant such as this enthusiast employed.

A SAD DAY CAME

Thus was life, and years passed by. The children are children no longer, but now young ladies and gentlemen, who often wonder at their lady mother's troubled brow. Then a day comes when she tells them, tells them broken-hearted, that they can no longer live in their beautiful home. The cost of living is far too high for their diminished income. Their father is worried, more so than their mother, for this place is in his very bones. It haunts him like a ghost; its shadow never leaves him; and its voice is now articulate in bidding him farewell.

Farewell to Cahermoyle for ever! It was a sad day for them when they left it, left peace and tranquillity behind, and went to live in the city of Dublin, the horrible noisy city of business.

The wonderful ancestral home was sold, sold for £10,000 when its worth was far greater. The Oblate Fathers now have their Novitiate there.

MEMORIES LINGER

The place is magnificently kept; no busy gardeners there. Visitors come and gaze at its beauty, and few think that this was the birth place of William Smith O'Brien. One thinks of Egloria when one stands before that beautiful grotto built by the brothers themselves; one thinks of the scene in Calvary when one stands before the marble image of the Crucifixion, and one thinks that there is truly a God in nature as one walks the secluded laurel-trimmed paths, the noise of flowing waters at one's feet. Yes, this is a place well worthy of its past and present inhabitants.

MOLUA WELL "Patterns" Of The Past

FEAST DAY ON 4TH OF AUGUST

IN the parish of Martinstown, I called by the old generation "The Red Bog," is a holy well known as "Tobar Molua," that is "The Well of Molua" (writes a correspondent).

His feast day occurs on 4th August, and in years gone by pilgrims used to come in thousands from a radius of twenty miles to "do their rounds" at the well, and finishing up at Emylgrennan graveyard, a few hundred yards distant. In several cases their faith was rewarded by miraculous and semi-miraculous cures. Of late years there has been a considerable falling off in the number of pilgrims who come, and it is difficult to know the reason why, but probably the chief reason is because enough has not been written about the place. Thanksgivings for cures and favours received have not been published, and thus the young generation are being kept in the dark.

PRAISEWORTHY WORK

It is grand and consoling at the present time to see the beautiful work which the Martinstown Guild of Muintir na Tire, under the able guidance and untiring zeal of the Parish Priest and Curate, Fr. Coleman, and Fr. Frawley, are doing to safeguard the holy well, and to erect a suitable shrine later on which will be worthy of the great Saint Molua, Patron Saint of the parish. A neat circular wall has been constructed, and the space which it encloses is being nicely cemented, while the original stone work around the well has been carefully preserved. Martinstown has thus set an example as to what should be done to all such holy wells and sacred places throughout the country.

The late Canon Mangan when curate at Martinstown published a very interesting pamphlet, sometime in 1913 or 1914, in which he gave all the known history, life and labours, miracles of St. Molua as far as he could find.

We regret, however, that just at the moment it is impossible to have Father Mangan's book republished, but a short digest of it has been sent to the Catholic Truth Society, who have the matter under consideration. St. Molua is often called St. Malo. Now this is quite wrong. St. Malo was born in Wales, came to Ireland for his education, became a great friend of Saint Brendan the Navigator, whom he accompanied on his voyages. Molua was born in County Limerick, was educated at Bangor in the year 660, where he made rapid progress in piety and learning. He had four brothers.

One day when the Abbot paid a surprise visit to his cell he found an angel teaching him. It was here he got the name Molua, which means My Lua, because there were several other students named Lua and as he was a great favourite with the Abbot he used call him Molua to distinguish him from the others, and that name clung to him ever afterwards.

FOUNDED A HUNDRED MONASTERIES

St. Molua founded a hundred monasteries throughout Ireland and at Emylgrennan he founded a monastery and also a college, because beautiful scenery had a wonderful effect on him and his monks, and Emylgrennan became a place of great importance afterwards.

On the slopes of Slieve Bloom, in somewhat similar scenery, he founded the famous monastery of Clonfert-Molua. It is hard to say whether Clonfert takes its name from being the scene of his miracles or his place of burial. According to a revelation, the soul of St. Molua was received into Heaven with special rejoicing, because of his mildness to all when on earth; the face of no man was caused to blush through Molua, for he was mild to all, and governed his monks with great piety and gentleness.

Space, however, prevents the publication of other interesting stories, but according to the old generation apparitions of the Blessed Virgin were seen at Martinstown Church about eighty years ago, and crowds used to come there at the time.

FOYNES SHIPPING

On Friday morning, the 21st inst., the tanker s.s. "Basset Hound" arrived in Foynes Harbour, bringing 1,100 tons of spirits for the Irish Shell Oil Co. On Saturday, the Irish naval corvette, "Cliona," arrived in the harbour on a courtesy call. She remained over the week-end.

NEW COMMISSIONER FOR OATHS

The Chief Justice has appointed Mr. Thomas E. F. Bennett, solicitor,

The DUTCHMAN'S Gin

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