

ODDS AND ENDS

The Gathering Of The Clans

By "AN MANGAIRE SUGACH"

to imagine the scene of itself to the people from 7 o'clock onwards ending of Wednesday, dusk is thickening, across the sky. Cars village street: packed Newcastle, Dromcolconneil, Feohanagh, Shanagolden, Ballymale, Kilfinane, Clounrick, Limerick City, Croom, and I don't any other places. Doors crowds alight, laughing crowds. You possible? Yes! They Bruree is taken over by Irish lads and speak Ireland's lang-

AND MELODY.

peep inside the heart. A crowd of is assembled there. Irish dances—Reels, Stacks of Carrick. Here are portions of body, as the jungles of darkest and blaring negroid and tuneless. See blonists filling the air and sweetness—Walsh, Bill Harnett Baird. See, too, Jim Sexton and Mick each take a dreas of and squeeze from it the tunes of Ireland. and you hear Irish your heart overflows

FRANCISCAN SPEAKS.

another peep into the night. The stage may not be albe to those on it; but there as, C.C., Bruree; and Bhal of Limerick (honoured name); and O Cearbhaill of Donnchadh O Har. But your eye picks figure—a youthful Franciscan, Father F.M., from Limerick. peak—six feet and and manhood. All eyes n, who will measure section Irishmen hold ers of the beloved faithful Francis-abours for Ireland are, second only to or God!

NA HEIREANN.

the beautiful Gaelic e says he has come peak on one of the vest of all who died draig Pearse. We tention, moved He changes into antly, because some ple present may not . One day, he prays, ck to Bruree to leple of the place, all now Irish. We get we listen to his inwe take new pride in being doing for the h Ireland.

BE MOCKED."

ed speaker goes on: k for Irish, will be mocked at, peris very village, but "People who do any- will always be cked at." Ah, yes, sh, has not every sh in Ireland a few ck at Ireland's Ireland's songs, and s, and at those who em!

Padraic Pearse the urer wishes to tell, nedness, his deep the shining nobility Listen to his open-

LECTURE.

o time countries are personalities who, rick of fate, appear rreparable. This h an experience not one such individual

voiced Franciscan goes on to tell of the genius that was Pearse—Pearse, who spoke German, French, Latin, English and Irish fluently, who knew Spanish very well; Pearse, whose English prose reached so high a standard that it was deemed good enough to be placed on the course for an Arts Degree in one of the great English Universities; Pearse, whose Irish prose has a classical quality; Pearse, the poet, the lawyer, the orator, the playwright, the schoolmaster, the lecturer, the editor; Pearse, the dreamer and the man of action; Pearse the leader of men, and first President of the Irish Republic; who lavished all his splendid talents and gifts on the cause that led him in his prime to a rebel's death and a quick-lime grave in a Dublin jail yard.

THE COTTAGE IN ROSMUC.

In a voice in which there is a note of pleading, Father Athanasius tells us of Pearse's love and work for the Irish language, whose importance almost none understood better in his time. He tells of the summer months he spent annually in his cottage in Rosmuc, in the Gaeltacht of Connemara. He tells of his last visit there. Listen to his words: "The cottage of Rosmuc was visited by Pearse for the last time in the summer of 1915. As he left it behind and gazed upon it standing alone in its glory on the rocks of Connacht, what must have been his thoughts, knowing it was the last time! What inspiration and enlightenment must he not have got there! What must he think of the Connacht folk after all! They gave him a great deal, and they helped him in the formation of character and spirit, and inspired him to go the whole way in quest of a holy thing. He returns to his own Dublin of Fitzgerald and Emmet and Tone, but he will never return across the Shannon to write and to weep and to arise more determined than ever."

And so the lecturer brings us on to 1916, and Easter Week, and the flaming G.P.O., and Pearse's death before an English firing squad for an Ireland free and Gaelic.

A LESSON TO LEARN.

I have given but a few extracts from Father Athanasius's inspiring lecture. Those who were privileged to hear it in full in Bruree will never forget it; and would gladly travel miles to hear it again. I only wish that all the parents who grouch about Irish could have heard it. I wish the lukewarm individuals, aye, and the scoffers, could have heard the Franciscan speaker as he pleaded for the language of Ireland. He would have made them think; and if they had a spark of pride or sincerity in them they would hasten at once to join the ranks of those who fight to save our native language from death.

CURT NA HEIGSE.

I would I could tell in detail of the Court of Gaelic Poetry, over which Father Athanasius presided later that night—the first held in Bruree since 1746; but I will make amends by publishing the newly composed poems week by week in this column. The Fíll na Maighe—the Maigue Poets—have come back again!

DEBATE ON FASHIONS.

In the debate on the fashions, which was part of the night's programme, there were speakers from places as far apart as Cork and Donegal; one from Roscommon, one from the Rosmuc Gaeltacht in Connemara, one from the Dingle Gaeltacht. All three dialects were heard when the following debated the fashions: Peig de Bhailla, Proinseas Ni Oisín, Eibhlín Nic Gearailt, Neillí Ni Sheoighe, S. O Loingsigh, S. de Craig, S. M. Seoighe, P. O Conaire, P. Mac Eil, S. Mac a' Ghoill agus E. O Cleirigh.

GAELIC LIMERICK.

Bruree's latest Irish Night was the climax to a series of such Irish nights which began in Bruree on December 1st last, and went around to Croom, Kilfinane, Ballyorgan,

LATE DR. CUSSEN

A Fine Character

SPECIAL APPRECIATION

The death took place some days ago at his residence, Spraymount, Ballybunion, of Dr. Michael E. Cussen, for many years up to his retirement on pension the highly esteemed M.O. for Pallaskerry district of Co. Limerick. The deceased came of a very popular and prominent West Limerick family, being son of the late John Cussen, of Kilcolman, Knockaderry. He was brother of the late Robert Cussen, solicitor, Newcastle West, and uncle of Mr. R. J. Cussen, LL.D., sovr., of the same town, and of Mr. Michael Cussen, sovr., Rathkeale. One of the kindest of men, he was held in the highest regard by all who knew him, and deservedly so, for he was the possessor of many admirable traits and characteristics that stamped him as a particularly fine character. The funeral to the family burial place at Grange, Newcastle West, was of huge proportions and of a most representative character, testifying to the great respect and esteem enjoyed not only by himself but by his very many relatives and connections in many parts of the country.

AN APPRECIATION.

The late Dr. Michael Cussen was a delightful person to number in one's circle of friends. His passing has aroused many memories of courtesy, kindness, and, above all, his great intellectuality. Was there a subject under the sun that he could not discuss? What a painter of words he was. They took colour of the most wonderful hues as they were spoken by him. Yes, as a raconteur he had few equals.

He was a very great Irishman, loving every inch of his own land. Though he had knowledge of other places, there was none like his own. The question of Partition had a special interest, and it must have grieved him much that it was not settled in his time.

Probably his most interesting stories were those of the hospital in which he worked in his early medical days. It pleased him greatly when his only son took the same path. Many years later when he came to the hospital, this time as a patient, the past became the present for him. Though many of his colleagues had crossed the Rubicon, there were many friends to listen to the grand stories of other days.

"CONTEMPT OF SELF."

Many were impressed by his "contempt of self." During a very serious illness his thought was for those who cared him, not for himself, and other patients must have learnt a new lesson. He was fearless of the Great Unknown.

For many years the people of Pallaskerry enjoyed their devoted and beloved doctor, who looked after not alone the illness of the body, but had an interest in all their doings. Somehow each of them had a place in his heart, and what a memory he had for recalling some episode in connection with the families he lived for so long amongst. He always had a kindly word for the erring. That was his outstanding virtue.

When the time came for retirement, it was to Ballybunion his thoughts turned, because of its memories of childhood and boyhood days. He chose a pretty spot overlooking the Atlantic. For the mighty ocean he had a great love, and the waves which embraced the beach below the road that led to his house. The waves must oft have rippled with laughter at the stories for ever new which were told by Dr. Cussen.

And now free from the world's cares, its pain and suffering, he sleeps with his ancestors at Grange. May he soon enjoy the presence of the Divine Physician, in whose service he lived for so many years. "The kindest man. The best conditioned and unwearied spirit in doing courtesies." To his family deepest sympathy goes in their sorrow.

M. M. CULHANE,

Richmond House, Hospital.

HALE AND HEARTY AT 97

Mr. Nicholas Dore, Knocknadeha, Tournafulla, Co. Limerick, has celebrated his 97th birthday. He is still following the hares and hounds, and attributes his good health to plenty of hard work and regular hours.

ON AND ABOUT LIMERICK FARMS

Don't Spoil The Pasture

THERE'S A CATCH IN THE FERTILIZER PRICES

Ask Minister About Tramp Menace

(By P. ROCHE)

With very little really broken weather to hamper the work, a great deal of tillage has been done already, and another fortnight will see most farmers ready to plant potatoes, and sow oats. The majority of us, however, prefer to let both crops wait a couple of weeks longer, once we are sure we have the heavy end of the job done, and get some wheat into the ground. It is probably a bit on the late side for Pajbjerg, but Wilhelmina sown this week on average land may be counted on for a good crop, and I have grown Square Head successfully on a cold moory field that was sown on March 9. Our most popular spring variety, Atle, should be sown this or next week, and Kolben a little later perhaps. Both like good soils. Diamante and April Red are essentially April crops, and the latter, if well treated otherwise, can be confidently sown in late April, or even early May. In wheat growing, there is a variety to suit every type of land, but few people believe that the crop takes less plant-food out of the soil than any other of our common crops.

DON'T GRAZE TOO EARLY.

With mild weather and plenty of growth, there is great temptation to turn cattle and sheep on to forward pastures in March. This is bad for the pastures, and the reason may be explained in this way. We cut thistles so that the leaf will not be able to make food to feed the root and so the root dies. Cocksfoot, Rye-grass, Timothy, Meadow-grass, are all perennials and store food in their roots. After resting in winter they spend a great deal of that food in producing new leaves to make more food for the roots and for the seeds. If the first leaves are grazed—sheep can do a wicked job on them—the plant is retarded, and the later grasses which are much less valuable will then get ahead and smother the next young leaves of the early grasses, often killing a proportion of the root stocks. There are times, however, and this year is probably one of them, when judicious March grazing of forward pastures improves them very considerably.

PRICE OF FERTILISERS

The fertiliser merchants have gone all modest this year! They do not publish their prices and some of them, in conversation, assert that they do not yet know them. Farmers should watch the market carefully, and calculate the value of what is offered. Probably the Beet Company's terms will standardise prices for phosphate and I suggest that every farmer should see that he is getting his fertiliser as cheaply. For compound manures—those containing nitrogen and potash or nitrogen, potash and phosphates—the price of each ingredient should be calculated from the single-ingredient manures and the value of the compound manure thus obtained. Here is a simple method but the figures are only chosen for ease in working. If a firm offers 80 per cent soluble phosphates at £20 a ton, then the unit value is £20 divided by 80 or 5s. Now if another firm offers 30 per cent soluble phosphates at £12 a ton the unit price is £12 divided by 30 or 8s. Naturally the farmer would not buy at that price. You can make up the price of nitrogen and potash in the same way by working on the figures for nitrate of soda and sulphate of potash or sulphate of ammonia and muriate of potash or kainit or—in whichever of them the units are cheapest.

"THERE'S NOTHING NEW—"

Most Limerick farmers will remember when the

Where the gaps are too big it is worse than useless to get a thorn from each side to meet in the centre and cover them. A couple of quicks should be planted now instead and cut right back to a foot or less from the ground. The cut side of the thorn should never be left exposed, and if the method outlined above is adopted it need not be; and throwing a sod on the cut rarely helps healing and growth. If the "sceachs" are very old, late laying is easiest, as the branches are less brittle when the sap is running.

THE MAGIC COW.

There used to be a sort of nonsense song around Newcastle West about a wonderful ram and every verse ended "It was the finest ram, sir, that ever your eyes did see." The end of that beast was—"the man that killed the ram, sir, was smothered in the blood, and the boy who held the basin was carried away in the flood," but a herd of cows in Denmark, or somewhere else that they wear long horns, is milking away daily though the famous ram is only a pale shadow of a beast compared to any one of them. I have this on the authority of an Irish daily newspaper, which talks learnedly about "feed units" and explains that each animal gets about 120 lbs. of dry matter a day. The gentlemen who tells us all this would probably be ashamed of themselves if they did not understand all about the latest film star and the technical terms associated with the cinema, but knowing anything about their daily butter is beneath them. But then a Duleek secretary to a Cow-owners' Association, in a letter to a Sunday sheet, says that he gives his cows a stone of oats in addition to hay and turnips to produce two gallons of milk a day!

FEED THEM OATS.

The calving season is beginning and farmers should keep the following points in mind.—Tie the navel cord immediately the calf is dropped, with a string soaked in disinfectant. Take away the calf before or when the cow has licked it. See that the calf gets the beatings. Keep the calf in a dry, bright, airy house, and for the first three weeks feed three times a day with new milk, beginning with six pints a day and gradually increasing to twelve. Give an ounce of crushed oats in the milk the third week and hang up a handful of pulled hay—as if you were pulling thatch—tied with a thick wire where the calf can reach it. Forget the calf muzzle and the porringer with the holes in it—if the calf is well fed its appetite will be clean. Give calves access to clean water and a salt lick, and feed consistently on oats. No calf meal or linseed meal is needed where there is skim milk or butter-milk.

HUMOUR OR DENSITY

Why does Mr. Dillon, Minister for Agriculture, always preface his promises with the statement—"Subject to the general rule that no member of my department will cross a farmer's fence until he is invited"? This parade of an unchallenged virtue is most annoying except to those who think of it as the "my Emma whom I will never desert," of Mr. Micawber. Here are a few of the people who can cross our fences now and we are not complaining—cattle inspector, weeds inspector, veterinary inspector, sheep-dipping inspector, dairies and cowsheds inspectors, workers insurance inspector, factory inspector, sanitary inspector. And while Mr. Dillon was saying this, his colleague was telling the Dail that his work was ham-

GARDEN

Season

(By J.)

THE VEGETABLE

March is a very busy time for the vegetable garden as usual vegetables have been or planted during the week. For the convenience of planting, cultivating, sowing, and a plan of planting made and the vegetables arranged in four main sections—potatoes, beans and beans and roots. In the potato plot early and main-crop potatoes should be sown, but in small may be a better plan to grow only earlies. The "seed" should be sown once and if they are the ground immediately chasing, they should be boxes and placed in frost-proof shed, but they be left in the bags of Epicure is a heavy Duke of York, Sharp's May Queen may be better on most soils.

PLANTING POTATOES

Potatoes may be drilled over or under early under manure and early, do better this way. They may also be planted in ground into which has been dug during the winter.

The latter way is the best as no drills are the "sets" are planted in made with a spade a the sets being placed in inches to one foot apart lines left 2 feet apart. If the ground is cold one gains nothing by sowing and it is best to let sprouting in the boxes soil gets warmer.

By the way, the sprouts be all rubbed off to one and to three for main. Before planting, spread fertiliser on the surface of 4 ounces per square it will be mixed with the planting. A suitable fertilizer can be made up mixing one part of sulphur ash, one part of sulphur monia and three part phosphate together.

THE CABBAGE SECTION

The section of the garden to be devoted to the Brassicae family will be heavily manured with compost and spread over the dug in during autumn on heavy soil, but on light soil is best to dig it in now planting.

On this Brassicae plot have to plant seven or eight of cabbage if one is to have the whole year through.

The following will be included in most garden cabbages, summer cabbages, including York winter cabbage such as January King, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts and Spring cabbage will be and be ready for use in summer cabbage should be planted in Autumn cabbage, Savoy, Brussels sprouts, cold seed should be sown in March and April i.e. late Broccoli and the King be sown in April and should be planted in during May, June and

The January King and should be sown in May out in July and the King be planted in July too. bage is sown in July and out in September and

There are many good cabbages to sow, but I mention just a few that I have done well with me. For sowing in early March, Gre Winninstadt York are

Brussels sprouts must be sown as early as possible in May require a long season. In fact, many gardeners seed in a box in January in a heated glass frame and dibber them in other boxes or a frame are big enough to handle they are hardened off out as soon as possible