

law and history then conducted by the MacEgans, and studied also at Burren in Clare about 1595 under Donal O'Davoren. In 1650, in the College of St. Nicholas in Galway he completed his volume of pedigrees. He was intimate with Roderic O'Flaherty, author of the *Ogygia*, *The History of Iar Connacht*, and the *Ogygia Vindicated*. After the loss of his family property in the war of 1641-52, he entered the service of Sir James Ware, and gave him valuable assistance in his works on Ireland. The following note is to be found in one of Sir James Ware's Irish manuscripts: "This translation began by Dudley Firbisse in the house of Sir James Ware, in Castle-street, Dublin, 6th November, 1666." He compiled a glossary of Brehon laws, a fragment of which is in the Library of Trinity College, and a biographical dictionary of Irish writers of which no traces have been found. Altogether there are five copies of ancient glossaries in his handwriting in Trinity College. He was murdered in 1670, in his eightieth year, in a small inn near Skreen, in Co. Sligo, in protecting a young woman from insult.

## The Book of O'Gara

In the poem to the inauguration ode of Donach or Dunchadh O'Brien, the fourth Earl of Thomond, published in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society, contained (according to O'Flanagan) among other valuable poems, in a volume which he describes as "a manuscript folio of paper, bound in Turkey leather, and gilt on the edges." This compilation was made by the Rev. Mr. O'Gara, a Franciscan, who was forced to fly his native city of Galway, during the Cromwellian Wars. Characteristically, these persecuted friars took with them what they could of their literature. Father O'Gara during his years of exile in Louvain collected and transcribed many poems in Irish. After his death this valuable volume came back to Ireland and passed into the hands of the Dalys of Dunsandle. At the sale of the library of Denis Daly some difficulty having arisen in reference to the purchase of the volume between O'Flanagan and the Rev. Mr. Brewick, chaplain to the Countess of Moira, at that time a patroness of the poet, Thomas Moore, and others engaged in the cultivation of Irish literature and historical studies, it appears to have been settled by Lady Moira presenting the MS. to O'Flanagan as a scholar who could make the best use of it, and he became its possessor.

A scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, Tady or Teige O'Flanagan changed his name to Theophilus, was patronised by Dr. Young, a Senior Fellow of the University, who afterwards became Pro-

testant Bishop of Clonfert. O'Flanagan was appointed Secretary of the Gaelic Society. Speaking of him in 1820, Edward O'Reilly says: "Theophilus O'Flanagan, an accomplished scholar of Trinity College and a complete master of the ancient language and history of his country, who, to the disgrace of his compatriots, lived neglected and died in poverty."

O'Reilly, in his account of this volume, adds some particulars. The poems it contains were collected in the years 1650 to 1656, in the Netherlands, by the Rev. Nicholas, *alias* Fergal Dubh O'Gara, a friar, as he states, of the Order of St. Augustine, who, after finishing his studies in Spain, returned to Ireland, where he was highly respected, and in the days of Cromwell left his native land, with many others, and retired to Lisle. O'Reilly adds, that when he wrote, in 1820, it had become the property of John Macnamara, then living at Sandymount, near Dublin. His collection of manuscripts having been sold by his family, this volume was presented to the late James Hardiman, who describes it as containing 169 poems. Hardiman, who highly prized the work, retained it for many years till in 1814, he disposed of it to the Royal Irish Academy for much less than its value, "being desirous that it should become a public document, lest of damage in private hands."

*The following broadcasts from Radio Eireann are reprinted at the request of a number of listeners:—*

## Literary Tour in Connaught

Written and Compiled by LORD KILLANIN

### (1) THE BARONY OF KILTARTAN

As the traveller proceeding from Limerick through County Clare to Galway approaches the market town of Gort from the south he passes the mock baronial gates of Lough Cutra, once the home of the Verekers, who bear the title of Gort, and now the home of the Gough family—a family to this day closely associated with that of Gregory. In the town of Gort the traveller can catch a glimpse of the Protestant church where the Goughs and the Gregorys lead the congregation. He approaches Coole Park, just north of Gort from a southerly direction. This was the usual way for Augusta Gregory to travel when returning from the railway station, a day's shopping or from her Sunday morning service.

Lady Gregory was a Galway Persse from the now vanished house of Roxburgh. She had married Sir William Gregory as his second wife in 1880. He had been Governor of Ceylon up till three years before and died twelve years after his marriage leaving one son, Robert, to whom we shall presently refer. Sir William had played his part in Anglo-Irish affairs as an M.P., but it was to be his widow who was to bring the real halo of distinction to the family home at Coole, until her death in 1931.

If you do not have a map at hand or someone who knows the country well it is easy to miss the turning into Coole which is on the left of the road by a saw mill. The intention of my visit was to discover what remained of the house and demesne which had nurtured the Irish literary revival. It was here in the West at Coole and nearby Tullira that the Irish literary renaissance at the beginning of the century was largely conceived. Later Yeats himself had a home in the area at Thoor Ballylea.

As I drove up the front drive, which was little more than a bohireen, I came upon a locked iron farm gate and had to abandon my car. The route towards the park took on the more traditional approach to a feudal mansion and I walked up the leaf-lined avenue of ilexes—a veritable tunnel which the sun pierced here and there as gaps permitted. A further hundred yards and the avenue swung to the right into more open parkland of the *jardin anglais* type. I followed it on until it opened in grass pasturage surrounded by woods and coverts.

In the distance there were some buildings for which I made. These turned out to be the stables. The yard was crowded with doors and various domestic fittings which had been carefully stacked by the housebreaker. The stable yard arch indicated the possible direction of the mansion so I passed through it to find all the drive tracks overgrown and difficult to distinguish. Then I saw a man lunging a horse on a grassy knoll a little distance further on.

I approached him.

“Can you tell me where Lady Gregory’s house stood?” I asked him.

“Aren’t you standing on the very place now, sir,” he replied.

No trace of a house could I see. No atom bomb or scientific ray could have removed a house so thoroughly as the house-breakers had done. Usually they leave some haunted skeleton of stone or brick, but here there was nothing—absolutely nothing.

As I stood where once was the house, I could only think of Yeats’ prophetic poem, *Coole, 1929* :—

I meditate upon a swallow’s flight,  
Upon an aged woman and her house,  
A sycamore and lime tree lost in night  
Although the Western cloud is luminous,  
Great works constructed there in nature’s spite  
For scholars and for poets after us,  
Thoughts long knitted into a single thought,  
A dance-like glory that those walls begot.  
There Hyde before he had beaten into prose  
That noble blade the muses buckled on,  
There one that ruffled in a manly pose  
For all his timid heart, there that slow man,  
That meditative man, John Synge and those  
Impetuous men, Shaw Taylor and Hugh Lane  
Found pride established in humility,  
A scene well set and excellent company.

The house which stood there until a few years ago was of three storeys of stone and plaster with the customary porch hall to the front. The attic window was of a circular type. Coole was no vast castle but a typical middle-sized eighteenth century county house. It had no particular æsthetic or architectural value but its loss is a great one to those who held it in mind as a literary monument.

Having heard often of the famous tree which acted as a visitors’ book I made my way towards the walled garden. Although the grounds and woodland are cared for by the foresters, the garden has gone to seed. Where there was once a magnificent herbaceous border trimmed at the edges with a neat box hedge there is now a virtual jungle. The visitor has to push his way through the Gargantuan box which has spread right across the path to the height of several feet between the two former flower beds. Thrusting my way up the garden I came across the great copper beech. Here was carved history and indeed it was expanding with the years. Here I could discern the initials of W. B. Yeats, George Russell (Æ.), besides those of O’Casey, Synge and many others. In recent years visitors have added theirs and it is sad that the tree is not protected with a railing. The most noticeable initials are the large intertwining G.B.S. Shaw was at Coole and those who read Lady Gregory’s *Journals* which Lennox Robinson edited, will recall that in October 19th, 1921 she records a poem that Shaw sent her on a typical postcard in return for some scarlet Crofton apples which he had been sent by her grandchildren.

It began :—

Two ladies of Galway called Catherine and Anna,  
Whom some called achusla and some alanna,

On finding the gates of the fruit garden undone  
 Stole of grandmama apples and sent them to London.  
 And grandmama said that the poor village children  
 Were better behaved than the well brought up Coole  
 children,  
 And threatened them with the most merciless whippings  
 If ever again they laid hands on her pippins.

Not far from the great carved copper beech I could see some  
 apple trees and imagine it was from there that Shaw's came.

Retracing my steps through the garden I made towards the  
 lake on the other side of the house site. It was late summer and  
 the leaves had not yet turned, but the still water was dotted with  
 downy spots where the swans basked.

The trees are in their autumn beauty,  
 The woodland paths are dry,  
 Under the October twilight the water  
 Mirrors a still sky ;  
 Upon the brimming water among the stones  
 Are nine-and-fifty swans.

Leaving the swans of Coole drifting on the still water, I made  
 to the car again to continue my journey in the Barony of Kiltartan,  
 which gave its name to Lady Gregory's little history book which  
 was published in 1909 with illustrations by her son Robert. This  
 little book of some 50 pages contains various gems written in local  
 dialect which Lady Gregory had gleaned.

Do you remember about the Goban Saor ?

"The Goban was the master of sixteen trades. There  
 was no beating him ; he had got the gift. He went one time to  
 Quin Abbey when it was building, looking for a job, and the  
 men were going to their dinner, and he had poor clothes, and  
 they began to jibe at him, and the foreman said ' Make now  
 a cat-and-nine-tails while we are at dinner, if you are any  
 good.' And he took the chisel and cut it in the rough stone,  
 a cat with nine tails coming from it, and there it was complete  
 when they came out from their dinner. There was no beating  
 him. He learned no trade, for he was master of sixteen. That  
 is the way, a man that has the gift will get more out of his own  
 brain than another will get through learning. There is many  
 a man without learning will get the better of a college-bred  
 man, and will have better words too. Those that make in-  
 ventions in these days have the gift, such a man now as Edison  
 with all he has got out of electricity."

Then there is the account of that almost legendary night—  
 that of the Big Wind in Galway :—

"As to the Big Wind, I was on my elder sister's back  
 going to a friend beyond, and when I was coming back it was  
 slacked away, and I was wondering at the big holes in the  
 houses";

or the other account which follows :—

"I was up to twelve years at the time of the Big Wind  
 that was in '39 and I was over at Roxborough with my father  
 that was clearing timber from the road, and your father came  
 out along the road, and he was wild seeing the trees and rocks  
 whipped up into the sky the way they were with the wind."

Augusta Gregory's poetic works were chiefly translations  
 which included some from the Irish of Douglas Hyde and Patrick  
 Pearse. Perhaps one of her finest translations from the Irish is  
 that "written in time of trouble by an Irish priest who had taken  
 orders in France." The last verse is :—

'I do not know of anything under the sky  
 That is friendly or favourable to the Gael  
 But only the seas that our need brings us to,  
 Or the wind that blows to the harbour  
 The ship that is bearing us away from Ireland ;  
 And there is reason that these are reconciled  
 with us,  
 For we increase the sea with our tears  
 And the wandering wind with our sighs.'

Turning on to the main road to Galway I skirted along the  
 broken-down Coole demesne walls until the first road junction  
 which is Kiltartan Cross. Here stands a small red brick school  
 which Lady Gregory used to visit to bring apples or sweets. This  
 cross road is frequently referred to by Yeats and is perhaps best  
 known from his *An Irish Airman Forsees his Death*, which is  
 naturally about Robert Gregory.

I know that I shall meet my fate  
 Somewhere among the clouds above ;  
 Those that I fight I do not hate,  
 Those that I guard I do not love ;  
 My country is Kiltartan Cross,  
 My countrymen Kiltartan's poor,  
 No likely end could bring them loss  
 Or leave them happier than before.

Yeats wrote another poem—this time in memory of Robert Gregory in which his virtues as sportsman and artist are lauded and in which Yeats reviews and appreciates certain of his dead friends, including Lionel Johnson and John Synge.

It begins :—

Now that we are almost settled in our house  
I'll name the friends who cannot sup with us  
Beside a fire of turf in the ancient tower,  
And having talked to some late hour  
Climb up the narrow winding stair to bed ;  
Discovers of forgotten truth  
Or mere companions of my youth,  
All, all are in my thoughts to-night being dead.

And then he refers to :

Lionel Johnson comes first to mind  
That loved his learning better than mankind.

And then to :

And that enquiring man John Synge comes next,  
That dying chose the living world for text . . .

This poem was written at Thoor Ballylea, a few miles to the east of the road so I turned off to search for the winding stairs. Thoor Ballylea was bought for £35 a few years before he married. He describes first seeing the castle in the chapter on the blind poet Raftery in *Celtic Twilight*, when he first visited the miller who lived there. Ballylea was the home of young Mary Hynes—the pearl that lived at Ballylea whom Raftery loved. We are not very far from the Raftery country, for although born in Mayo he died in an outhouse of a cottage which stands about a mile on the Galway side of Craughwell. I was only there the other day and the old lady who now lives in the house knew well about it and remembered Hyde making enquiries about Raftery fifty years ago. Almost a century before Lady Gregory, Yeats and Martyn were launching their literary revival, this area was being drenched in the poems of Raftery and his farmer rival, Callinan of Craughwell.

There is much to be found about Raftery in the works of Lady Gregory, Yeats and Douglas Hyde, as well as Donn Byrne. His grave and headstone erected at the beginning of the century stand in the nearby graveyard of Killeenan.

Ballylea stands on a little stream. The miller's house which Yeates had as servants' quarters is now derelict, but I managed to get the key. The ground floor consists of a large vaulted room which a willing guide told me had first been Yeats' study but was later the dining room. We proceeded upstairs to what was later the study. It had been painted in astrological blue, and so up to the top bedroom floor. The house is empty and I had hoped to see some of the heavy work of a local craftsman, whom I had heard

furnished the house by building the furniture in the castle as it was too large to go up the stairs or through the windows. From the roof top I looked down upon the stream as Yeats must have done when he wrote in 1931 :—

Under my window-ledge the waters race,  
Otters below and moor-hen on the top,  
Run for a mile undimmed in Heaven's face  
Then darkening through 'dark' Raftery's 'cellar' drop,  
Run underground rise in a rocky place  
In Coole demesne, and there to finish up  
Spread to a lake and drop into a hole.  
What's water but the generated soul ?

It was this tower castle which inspired *The Tower*, written in 1926 :—

What shall I do with this absurdity—  
O heart, O troubled heart—this caricature,  
Decrepit age that has been tied to me  
As to a dog's tail ?

In *Meditations in Time of Civil War*—a period when Yeats was at Ballylea, and in fact the little bridge was blown up by the Irregulars—Yeats describes much of his home. He describes his house :—

'An ancient bridge, and a more ancient tower,  
A farmhouse that is sheltered by its wall,  
An acre of stony ground,  
Where the symbolic rose can break in flower,  
Old ragged elms, old thorns innumerable,  
The sound of the rain or sound  
Of every wind that blows ;  
The stilted water hen  
Crossing stream again  
Scared by the splashing of a dozen cows ;  
A winding stair, a chamber arched with stone,  
A grey stone fireplace with an open hearth,  
A candle and written page.'

Locking the heavy wooden door I turned my back on Thoor Ballylea. My guide told me that visitors here are scarce but I felt sad that this home of Yeats, which still belongs, I understand, to his widow does not bear some record of its poet owner—if only a plaque with his own inscription :—

'I, the poet William Yeats  
With old mill boards and sea green slates,  
And smithy work from the Gort forge,  
Restored this tower for my wife George,  
And may these characters remain  
When all is ruin once again.'

## (2) AROUND LOUGH CORRIB

In my last talk I was leaving Yeats' Thoor Ballylea and it had been my intention to pass straight through Galway to Moore Hall on the banks of Lough Mask. As I passed the demesne gates of Tullira I had to turn in to Edward Martyn's old home—and here stands a house still furnished and standing very much as it was in his time. The house now belongs to Lord Hemphill, whose mother was a Martyn. Having made this stop I realised that there were many calls for a literary pilgrim between Tullira and Moore Hall. Last time I devoted the greater part of my talk to Yeats and Lady Gregory, with slight reference to the poet Raftery. Most of the works quoted were poetic. As I continue my literary tour it will be to the homes of prose writers that I shall go. They will include Violet Martyn's Ross House, Sir William Wilde's Moytura House, besides Tullira.

Tullira, partly a mediæval castle and partly rebuilt, stands in its own demesne land some few miles south of Ardrahan and north of Thoor Ballylea. There are two interesting accounts of the house in Martyn's time—one by Moore and the other by Yeats. Let us read what Yeats says in *Dramatis Personæ* :—

'I went there for the first time,' writes Yeats of Tullira, 'with Arthur Symons, then editor of the *Savoy Magazine*. I was taking him here and there through Ireland. We had just been sightseeing in Sligo. Edward Martyn, met in London, perhaps with George Moore, had seemed so heavy, uncouth, countrified, that I said, as we turned in at the gate: 'We shall be waited on by a barefooted servant.' I was recalling a house seen at Sligo when a child. Then I saw the great trees, then the grey walls of the Castle.

Edward Martyn brought us up the wide stairs of his Gothic Hall decorated by Grace and showed us our rooms. 'You can take your choice,' he said. I took out a penny to toss, shocking Symons, who was perhaps all the more impressed by his surroundings because of what I had said about bare feet. I think the man of letters has powers of make-believe denied to the painter or the architect. We both knew those pillars, that stair and varnished roof with their mechanical ornament, were among the worst inventions of the Gothic revival, but upon several evenings we asked Edward Martyn to extinguish all light except that of a little Roman lamp, sat there in the shadows, as though upon a stage set for Parsifal. Edward Martyn sat at his harmonium, so placed among the pillars that it seemed some ancient instrument, and played Palestrina. He hated that house in all its detail—it had been built by his mother when he was a very

young man to replace some plain eighteenth century house—all except an ancient tower where he had his study. A fire had destroyed the old house, and whatever old furniture or pictures the family possessed, as though fate had deliberately prepared for an abstract mind, that would see nothing in life but its vulgarity and temptations. In the tower room, in a light filtered through small stained glass windows, without any quality of design, made before Whall rediscovered the mediæval glass workers, he read St. Chrysostom, Ibsen, Swift, because they made abstinence easy by making life hateful in his eyes. He drank little, ate enormously but thought himself an ascetic because he had but one meal a day, and suffered, though a courteous man, from a subconscious hatred of women. His father had been extravagantly amorous, I was later to collect folklore from one of his father's peasant mistresses, then an old woman. I have heard of him getting from his horse to chase a girl for a kiss.'

Such was Yeats' description of Tullira in 1896.

Edward Martyn, playwright, patron of the arts and landlord, is not remembered as much by what he wrote, which included the play *Heather Field*, but by those who wrote about him. George Moore fills many pages of his trilogy *Ave*, *Salve*, and *Vale*, with reminiscences of this ascetic Catholic bachelor, whose memory is still venerated by way of the good taste he introduced by his influence into church architecture or his work for church music, which is commemorated by the Palestrina Choir in Dublin's Pro Cathedral. His life was fully recorded by Professor Denis Gwynn but it is interesting to note that he devoted himself more to architecture, art and music during the period of literary rebirth. In 1948 Tullira is really aesthetically more jarring than it must have been to Yeats fifty years before. On the other hand the shine has gone from varnished roof and age and time begins to show itself.

George Moore writing in *Ave* about an earlier period says :—

'For it is in the old castle that he prefers to live; the modern house, which he built some five and twenty years ago remaining always outside his natural sympathies, especially its drawing room. But one cannot have a modern house without a drawing room, or a drawing room without upholstered furniture, and the comfort of a stuffed armchair does not compensate Edward for its lack of design; and he prefers that his hinder parts should suffer rather than his spirit. Every drawing room is, in the first glance, a woman's room—the original harem thrown open to visitors—and his instinct is to get away from women, and all things which evoke intimacy

with women. He was always the same, even in his hunting days, avoiding a display of horsemanship in front of a big wall if women were about. It was in these early days when the stables were filled with hunters, that I first went to Tullira; and walking on the lawn, I remember trying to persuade him that the eighteenth century house, which one of his ancestors had built alongside of the old castle, on the decline of brigandage, would be sufficient for his wants.—For you don't intend to become a country gentleman, do you?—That he might escape from Tullira had clearly never occurred to him, and he was startled by the idea suggested by me that he should follow his instinct. But the sea sucks back the wave, and he murmured that the old house had decayed and a new one was required.

If you spend a few hundred pounds upon the old house it will last your lifetime, my dear friend; and it is in much better taste than any house you build. You think modern domestic Gothic will be in keeping with the old fortress!

He must have suspected I was right, for his next argument was that the contract had been signed, and to break it would cost several hundred pounds. Better pay several hundred than several thousand, and your Gothic house will cost you twenty, and never will it please you.

For a moment it seemed as if he were going to reconsider the matter, and then he adduced a last argument in favour of the building; his mother wished it.

And so we trace the history of this Gothic, William Morris influenced house from the writing of Moore and Yeats. Many an archaeologist or historian wished that castles and houses always had such worthy chroniclers.

From Tullira I am going to pass through Galway city, which is some fifteen miles to the north, but one cannot do this without reference to Sean Phadraig—Padraig O'Connaire—the little bohemian poet and story-teller whose image by Albert Power now sits on a stone wall in Eyre Square. Many a discussion one will hear on the merits of this statue. There are some who see in its simplicity and honesty of concept the true character of the writer, while others think that it should have a more prominent plinth and a more luxurious statue in view of his fame as an Irish writer. Personally, I like the little statue, which in so few years has become part of Galway. Padraig was born in 5, High Street, Galway, but on his return from the British Civil Service in London before 1914, his home was all that area from Garafin, Rosmuc, the home of the Conroys, to Galway city and beyond on the roads

leading to Dublin and Wicklow. There was no particular house or inn where he stayed and many tales are told including that of his method of keeping money—posting on money to himself to a post office and then walking to collect it so none was spent on the way. I remember as a boy seeing him with his donkey and cart. His character is summed up in F. R. Higgins' poem:—

“They'll miss his heavy stick and stride in Wicklow—  
His story talking down Winetavern Street,  
Where old men sitting in the wizen daylight  
Have kept an edge upon his gentle wit;  
While women on the grassy streets of Galway,  
Who hearken for his passing—but in vain,  
Shall hardly tell his step as shadows vanish  
Through archways of forgotten Spain.”

From Galway city my road was to take me west of Lough Corrib to Rosscahill, which lies in the parish of Killanin, midway between Moycullen and Oughterard. The eighteenth century landlords of Connemara were the Martins of Ballynahinch whose feudal life up till the time of the famine is described in Thackeray's *Irish Sketches* as well as by Maria Edgeworth who described her visit to the castle. One branch of the family found itself centred on Ross House situated on a lake of the same name adjoining Corrib. The demesne has been striped and its attractive gate and lodgehouse near the railway station have vanished in the last fifteen years. When Violet Martin lived there the house looked much the same as it does to-day except that it was a little taller owing to the hip gabled slated roof, ornamented along the parapet with urns. Violet Martin took the nom-de-plume of Martin Ross and it is as Dr. Somerville's associate that we know of her to-day. Although it is with West Cork that one associates their Irish R.M. stories much of the background and the familiar knowledge of life in the big house must have been gained from Ross. As one reads their early work, *The Real Charlotte*, which has just been re-issued, one appreciates that the lakeside setting and social details were based on the shores of Corrib. Reading this work now, I find it a little tedious and the development of the story slow owing to the long introduction of characters. It is, however, full of cameos. Here is the account of the choir practice at the Anglican church of Lismoyle:—

‘It had been hard work pulling the punt across from Bruff to Lismoyle with two well grown young women sitting in the stern; it had been a hot walk up from the landing place to the church but worse than these, transcendently worse, in that it involved the suffering of the mind as well as the body, was the choir practice. Christopher's long nose drooped despondingly over his Irish church hymnal, and his long back

had a disconsolate hoop in it as he leaned it against the wall in his place in the backmost row of the choir benches. The chants had been long and wearisome, and the hymns were proving themselves equally enduring. Christopher was not eminently musical or conspicuously religious, and he regarded with a kind of dismal respect and surprise the fervour in Pamela's pure profile as she turned to Mrs. Gascogne and suggested that the hymn that had just gone through twice should be sung over again. He supposed it was because she had High Church tendencies that she was able to stand this sort of thing, and his mind drifted into abstract speculations as to how people could be as good as Pamela was and live.

In the interval before the last hymn he derived a certain temporary solace from finding his own name inscribed in dull red characters in the leaf of his hymnbook, with, underneath in the same colour, the fateful inscription 'Written in blood by Garret Dysart'. The thought of his younger brother utilising pleasantly a cut finger and the long minutes of the arch-deacon's sermon, had for a moment inspired Christopher with a sympathetic amusement, but he had relapsed into his pristine gloom.

*Some Irish Yesterdays* contains several good descriptions of this country. If *The Real Charlotte* is complete in social details and descriptions, this latter book of essays and stories has some topographical gems, one of which is the first paragraph of the last contribution, *Children of Captivity* :—

'The road to Connemara lies white across the memory, white and very quiet. In that far west of Galway, the silence dwells pure upon the spacious country, away to where the Twelve Pins make a gallant line against the northern sky. It comes in the heathery wind, it borrows peace from the white cottage gables on the hillside, it is accented by the creeping approach of a turf cart, rocking behind its thin grey pony. Little else stirs, save the ducks that sail in a wayside pool to the push of their yellow propellers; away from the road, on a narrow oasis of arable soil, a couple of women are digging potatoes; their persistent voices are borne on the breeze that blows warm over the blossoming boglands and pink heather.

Scarcely to be analysed is that fragrance of Irish air; the pureness of bleak mountains is in it, the twang of turf smoke is in it, and there is something more, inseparable from Ireland, green and grey landscapes, wrought in with her bowed and patient cottages, her ragged walls, and eager rivers and intelligible only to the spirit.'

And now it is my turn to proceed along the white and quite road. Much of it has now been tarred but otherwise there are few changes since that account was written. Turning to the right at Maam Cross on my way to Cong, I turned my back on the country of Roderick O'Flaherty, the seventeenth century historian who lived at Park on Galway Bay, and also the Rosmuc and Turlough area where Patrick Pearse's cottage is preserved as a National Monument. O'Flaherty's Latin *Ogygia* is an historical classic whilst his *Iar Connacht* in Irish is the basis for historical research of this area. Pearse's poetry and translations are so well known but as a contrast to Somerville and Ross let me just quote four lines :—

I come of the seed of the people, of the  
people that sorrow,  
That have no treasure but hope,  
No riches laid up but a memory  
Of an ancient glory.

My journey is towards Cong and approaching Cornamona I am able to get a very fine view of the greater length of Corrib whose historian was Sir William Wilde and whose son, Oscar, spent much of his boyhood at Moytura Lodge, just east of Cong.

"Westward ho!" began Sir William Wilde in his *Lough Corrib* and with this boisterous opening he continues :—

'Let us rise with the sun and be off to the land of West—to the land and streams—the grassy glens and fern clad gorges, the bluff hills and rugged mountains—now cloud-capped, then revealed in azure, or bronzed by the evening's tints, as the light of day sinks into the bold swell of the Atlantic, and leaves his reflection in long level streaks of crimson, green, and orange, among the greyish purple robe of twilight, when the shadows of the headlands sink deep into placid waters of the lake. But, whether seen in sunshine or in shade—curtained by the mist with the bright light of morning playing upon the brown scores and landslips on the mountain side, or when the streamlets form the threads of molten silver as they gleam through the purple heather and the yellow lichened rocks ere they leap into the lake—the land we invite you to is ever beautiful in outline, graceful in form; and as the warm breezes, carried on to us with the great Gulf Stream, steal in among the West Connaught, Joyce country and Connemara ranges—the Jura and the Alps of Ireland—and give fitful atmospheric changes to the colouring of the landscape from bright early dawn to sombre eve, scenes of beauty and sublimity are presented that leave us nothing to envy, even in the everlasting snowtops with their vine clad slopes

and dark pine-robed sides, the mighty glaciers, the rushing avalanches, nor the deep ultramarine skies of other lands.'

Moytura Lodge to-day is very much as it was in Sir William Wilde's days—he has a pen sketch by himself of the house in his book and describes it thus:—

'From the hill on Tonlegee, overlooking this latter locality was taken the accompanying view of Moytura House, the residence of the author, erected in 1865, and so called after the ancient battlefield on which it stands, with Benlevi Mountain in the distance and Lough Corrib in front. The tower and the flagstaff stand within the enclosure of one of the ancient cahirs of the battlefield. This house commands a magnificent prospect of the West, South and East, and can be seen from most parts of the middle lake.'

The house is still a private residence although it has changed hands many times since Wilde's day. It is approached from the Cong-Galway road by a concealed lane. It was here that Oscar and his brother Willie would come with their doctor father for their holidays from Dublin. I can find no trace of their mother, Speranza, being at Moytura, but she may well have been. Her patriotic poetic period had ended in 1848, three years before the marriage, but her collected poems did not appear until 1871, so she might well have gained inspiration from this country which was so different from her native Wexford. It is also strange that the young Oxonian who won the Hawthornden prize with his poem *Ravenna* does not draw any direct inspiration from this country. I have heard that he wrote a poem on Corrib, but I cannot trace it.

From Moytura it is only a brief drive through Ballinrobe to Moore Hall where Oscar's boyhood neighbour and friend lived—and my next and last talk will be devoted to George Moore and Moore Hall.

### (3) MOORE HALL

'It was one of those enticing days at the beginning of May when white clouds are drawn about the earth like curtains. The lake lay like a mirror that somebody had breathed upon, the brown islands showing through the mist faintly, with grey shadows falling into the water, blurred at the edges. The ducks were talking in the reeds, the reeds themselves were talking, and the water lapping softly about the smooth limestone shingle.'

George Moore's opening paragraph to his novel *The Lake*, which was first published in 1905, is so perfect that I think few would dare to beat his description of Lough Carra in the early summer. *The Lake* is the story of a parish priest called Fr. Oliver Gogarty—the name being taken from that of Moore's doctor and poet neighbour in Ely Place.

Last week I was just leaving Sir William Wilde's Corrib home and am now making my way to Ballinrobe by way of Lough Mask, past the entrance to Captain Boycott's residence. It was my intention to approach Moore Hall as George Moore usually did himself—that is from Manulla junction or Balla on the Tuam-Castlebar railway line. Driving south from Manulla, which I had to reach by way of a detour, through the narrow walled and hedged lanes, the first demesne which I could see on my right was that of Ballinafad, now the home of the African Mission but at the end of the last century the home of the Blakes, one of whom, Mary, married George Henry Moore, the neighbouring sporting squire. The Moore family, according to his biographer, Joseph Hone, came from Yorkshire to Ballina, but it was the writer's great grandfather who had been a merchant in Alicante, made a fortune and married a Hiber-Spanish lady called Catherine di Kilkelly who bought the land and built Moore Hall in the late eighteenth century. He was the father of another George who married into the neighbouring aristocratic family of Lord Sligo, whilst his elder son, Peter John Moore, joined the French in '98. His deeds were mentioned at this year's Castlebar celebrations for he was elected President of Connaught, not of Ireland, as some would have us believe. It was George Henry Moore, son of George and Louisa Browne, a sportsman and politician, who married Mary Blake and who had a son, who was to earn fame as a writer, yet another George born on 24th February, 1852. The road takes us past Clogher to the village of Carnacun, from which one can see the trees of Towerhill, another Blake residence which was lived in until a few months ago but has now been closed. On many an evening as a boy and youth did Moore walk over to visit the Blake girls of Towerhill. On the right in the village is the church and I went in to find a plaque commemorating Father James Brown, the old parish priest who tutored George Moore in Latin, and whom he recalls in *Ave*:—

“... I fell to thinking of Father James Brown, the parish priest at Carnacun in the sixties, and of the day that he came over to Moore Hall in his ragged cassock and battered biretta, with McHale's Irish translation of Homer under his arm, saying that the Archbishop had caught the Homeric ring in many a hexameter. My father smiled at the priest's enthusiasm, but I followed this tall, gaunt man, of picturesque appearance, whose large nose with tufted nostrils I remember to this day,

into the Blue Room to ask him if the Irish were better than the Greek. He was a little loth to say it was not, but the rustic scholar did not carry patriotism into literature, and he admitted, on being pressed, that he liked the Greek better, and I listened to his great rotund voice pouring through his wide Irish mouth while he read me some eight or ten lines of Homer calling my attention to the famous line that echoes the clash of the wave on the beach and the rustle of shingle as the wave sinks back. My curiosity about McHale's translation interested him in me, and it was arranged soon after, between him and my father that he should teach me Latin, and I rode a pony every morning to a thatched cottage under ilex trees, where the pleasantest hours of my childhood were spent in a parlour lined with books from floor to ceiling, reading there a little Virgil, and persuading an old priest into talk about Quintilian and Seneca. One day he spoke of Propertius, and the beauty of the name led me to ask Father James if I might read him, and not receiving a satisfactory answer, my curiosity was stimulated and Cæsar studied diligently for a month."

The church to-day is the same as that to which young George went to Mass each Sunday, although a good many improvements have been made. He wrote of the church:—

'A strange old church in Carnacun, built in the form of a cross, with whitewashed walls and some hardened earth for floor; and I should be hard set to discover in my childhood an earlier memory than the panelled roof, designed and paid for by my father, who had won the Chester Cup some years before. The last few hundred pounds of his good fortune were spent in pitch pine rafters and boards, and he provided a large picture of the Crucifixion, painted by my cousin, Jim Browne, who happened to be staying at Moore Hall at the time, from Tom Kelly the lodgekeeper, the first nude model that ever stood up in Mayo. It was taken in great pomp from Moore Hall to Carnacun; and the hanging of it was a great and punctilious affair. A board had to be nailed to the back whereby a rope could be attached to hoist it into the roof, and lo! Micky Murphy drove a nail through one of the gilt leaves which served as a sort of frame for the picture. My father shouted his orders to the men in the roof that they were to draw the picture up very slowly, and, lest it should sway, and get damaged in the swaying, strings were attached to it. My father and mother each held a string, and the third may have been held by Jim Browne, or perhaps I was allowed to hold it.

Some time afterwards a Blessed Virgin and a St. Joseph came down from Dublin, and they were painted and gilded by

my father and so beautifully that they were the admiration of everyone for a very long while, it was Jim Browne's 'Crucifixion' and these anonymous statues that awakened my first æsthetic emotions . . .

I turned from Father Brown's memorial and there skied and dark with time, hung Jim Browne's "Crucifixion" in the space above the chancel arch. Although I could not distinguish Tom Kelly's features, the composition is quite clear. How many subsequent worshippers under this Chester Cup roof realise that the pictures and statues interested the man whose book *Modern Painting* was to introduce the French impressionists to England. That a small Catholic boy, who was later to lose his faith and find nothing to replace it worshipped here, is perhaps best forgotten.

Turning my back on Jim Browne's picture, I proceeded towards Moore Hall, wondering in which cottage Father Browne had lived.

A mile further on I came into view of the boundaries of Moore Hall, but passed the Carnacun gates and swung further around by the lake to approach the house from the front.

From a distance Moore Hall looks intact although the trunks of trees left by the forest contractors give it a bleak appearance. On closer examination one quickly realises that there is only a shell as one drives towards the three-storied house with the usual large basement. The front steps have disintegrated and have been removed but the porch and balcony over it, from which the Alicante merchant was to look across the limestone bottomed lake towards the mountains of Partry: a scene which his great-grandson was to describe so frequently remains. High above on the parapet above the oval-topped landing window is the motto "Fortis cadere, gedere non potest," and top floor, added, I think, by George's father after a racing success at Goodwood. I entered through the door opening to search for any fragments in the shell. Listeners may remember that George Moore's brother—Colonel Moore—who was handed over the property in 1907 was burnt out after accepting a seat on the Senate in 1923.

Moore spent most of his boyhood here, and visited the property at subsequent intervals.

Inside the house here and there one could trace details of the eighteenth century frieze, or here a door head but otherwise it was just a gutted ruin. At the back I found the stables which were more intact. It was here that his father had kept and trained his racehorses and it was here that Appley, the ex-jockey turned butler, who was George's great boyhood friend, lived. As I wan-

dered about the grounds and outhouses, through the carriage tunnel which passed at the back of the house, there was not a stir, not a sound except for an occasional jackdaw disturbed by my ramblings. If ever I felt remoteness from all of this world it was in this empty shell.

Back in the front of the house I looked out towards the peninsula which my map told me was called Kiltoun and went in search of the little burial ground which housed the family vault. In *Vale* George Moore described his father's funeral to this spot:—

'At will I can see myself and Joseph Applely in my father's bedroom standing together by the great bureau at which he wrote, and in which he kept his letters, and I remember how my eyes wandered from Joseph to the empty bed . . .

'The dead man lay on the bed in which I was born, his face covered with a handkerchief, and as my mother was about to lift it from his face the person who had brought us thither warned her from the other side of the white dimity curtains not to do so. 'He is changed,' she said.

"I don't care," my mother cried, and snatched away the handkerchief, revealing to me the face all changed. And it is this changed face that lives unchanged in memory, and three moments of the next day: the moment when Lord John Browne bade me good-bye on the way from Carnacun; the moment when Father Lavelle called upon the people to hoist him on the tomb for him to speak his panegyric; and the moment when the masons' mallets were heard closing the vault where the dead man would remain with his ancestors, one would like to say for centuries, but nothing endures in this world, not even graves.'

I found the family vault surrounded by a wall and overgrown with grass, weeds and trees in the wood on the peninsula beside the lake.

This peninsula seemed a sanctuary for animals and birds and it was here that George Moore gathered all his details which he was later to put on paper when writing in Dublin or in London. Approaching the lake I saw some diving water birds—and remembered that in *A Storyteller's Holiday* Moore had seen the same when he wrote:—

"It is delightful to meet in life what one is a little weary of meeting in poetry; to watch the rapid beat of their wings as they fly, resting every twenty or thirty yards upon a

boulder, now and then plunging into the water, to run along the bottom in search of worms so the book informed me, and it became a passion in me to try and verify the fact.

"The birds go under water in search of food, there could be no doubt of that, since they did not seek their food on land; but the nature of the food they sought could hardly be worms, for worms do not live under water; and standing like a stock I apply myself to the observation of the birds . . ."

From the edge of the lake I could see Castle Island with the crumbled castle wall where Moore's ashes were taken in 1932 when he died and encased in stone in the castle wall. Mr. Hone records in his biography that Moore had once said to his steward Reilly, 'Get my ashes, take them out on the lake and scatter them, but make sure the wind is blowing in the right direction.' Oliver Gogarty was one of the few present and recalls the event in *I Follow St. Patrick*:—

"I was forgetting," he wrote, "the funeral of George Moore, who was buried on Castle Island on that lake of brilliant water which is coloured like amber, for its bottom is white limestone, and there is no peat round Moore Hall. His sister (Mrs. Kilkelly) sat in the end of the boat and held his handful of grey ashes in the urn of brown clay after the fashion of the ancient Gaels. In the clear air the island looked nearer than it was. And I, as one of the three outside the family who was invited to attend . . ."

Mr. Hone goes on to say that on the island Richard Best read the words written by Æ to be spoken over the urn:—

"If his ashes have any sentience they will feel at home here, for the colours of Carra lake remained in his memory when many of his other affections had passed. It is possible the artist's love of earth, rock, water and sky is an act of worship. It is possible that faithfulness to art is an acceptable service. That worship, that service were his. If anyone would condemn him for creed of theirs he had assailed, let them be certain first that they laboured for their ideals as faithfully as he did for his."

As I retraced my way back towards the car I mused over George Moore's religious philosophy. As I mentioned during the talk, he gave up the religion of his birth, not satisfied, he sought further but found nothing. But it is not for me to enter upon a religious discussion at this point, however much some of us may mourn at his loss we cannot but admit that the ashes lying in the urn on the island behind me were those of a really true and great

artist. I retraced my steps as did Father Oliver Gogarty in *The Lake* and sat on the grass looking out on that mirror which had been breathed upon:—

“... he went into the wood and lay down on the warm grass and admired the thickly tasselled branches of the tall larch swinging above him. At a little distance among the juniper bushes, between the lake and the wood a bird uttered a cry like two stones clinked sharply together...”

“At the edge of the wood there were some chestnuts and sycamores. He noticed that large-patterned leaf of the sycamores, hanging out from a longer stem, was darker than the chestnut leaf. There were some elms close by, and their half opened leaves, dainty and frail, reminded him of clouds of butterflies...”

And then he goes on to remark about the rabbits, the badgers and the otter until:—

“... he stood to gaze, bewitched by the play of light and shadow among the slopes; and, when he turned towards the lake again...”

George Moore never forgot the details of his home and was spiritually always there. Many of his works contain descriptions and details often the same theme in a different key, but all written with simple, direct and accurate care.

That ends my literary tour through Galway and Mayo, and I cannot help but wonder over a sentence in *Vale* when George Moore wrote:—

“Galway has not produced so many interesting men as Mayo; its pastures are richer but its men are thinner in intellect.”

I don't think that is quite true. What do you think?

#### LIBRARY LIST

##### THE BARONY OF KILTARTAN.

- (1) *Coole, 1929*, from *The Winding Stairs and Other Poems* by W. B. YEATS, 1933.
- (2) *Lady Gregory's Journals, 1916-1930*, edited by LENNOX ROBINSON, 1946.

- (3) *The Wild Swans at Coole* by W. B. YEATS, 1919.
- (4) *The Kiltartan History Book* by LADY GREGORY, 1909.
- (5) *A Poem Written in Time of Trouble by an Irish Priest who had taken Orders in France* by LADY GREGORY (from the Irish).
- (6) *An Irish Airman Forsees his Death from The Wild Swans at Coole* by W. B. YEATS, 1919.
- (7) *In Memory of Major Robert Gregory* from *The Wild Swans at Coole* by W. B. YEATS, 1919.
- (8) *Coole and Ballylea, 1931*, from *The Winding Stairs and Other Poems*, by W. B. YEATS, 1933.
- (9) *The Tower (1926)* by W. B. YEATS, 1938.
- (10) *Meditations in Time of Civil War (1923)* from *The Tower* by W. B. YEATS, 1928.
- (11) *To be Carved on a Stone at Thoor Ballylea* from *Michael Robartes and the Dancer*, 1921.

##### AROUND LOUGH CORRIB.

- (12) *Dramatis Personæ* by W. B. YEATS, 1935.
- (13) *Ave* by GEORGE MOORE, 1911.
- (14) *Padraic O'Conaire* by F. R. HIGGINS in *Field and Fair*, 1929.
- (15) *The Real Charlotte* by E. CE. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS, 1894.
- (16) *Some Irish Yesterdays* by E. CE. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS, 1928.
- (17) *The Rebel* by PATRICK PEARSE.
- (18) *Lough Corrib* by SIR WILLIAM WILDE, 1867.

##### MOORE HALL.

- (19) *The Lake* by George Moore, 1905.
- (20) *Ave* by GEORGE MOORE, 1911.

- (21) *Vale* by GEORGE MOORE, 1914.  
 (22) *A Storyteller's Holiday* by GEORGE MOORE, 1918.  
 (23) *The Life of George Moore* by JOSEPH HONE, 1936.  
 (24) *I Follow St. Patrick* by OLIVER ST. J. GOGARTY, 1938

## CUARTAÍOCHT AGUS SCÉALAÍOCHT

[Ath-chló ar aiste in *Fír*, 1947-'48 .i. TOMAS P. Ó BROIN, iriseán

Choláiste na hIolscoile, Gaillimh]

“ Seal le rianaíocht,  
 Seal le scéalaíocht,  
 I gcónaí súch sách— ”

Aon áit a mbeadh scata daoine sa sean-am is gan mórán ar a n-aire is cinnte go dtosóchaí ar sheanchas is scéalaíocht. “ Comhluadar a chothaíos caint, agus caint a chothaíos scéal.” Ba mhór an áit scéalaíochta teach a’ tórraimh. B’fhaisean le iascairí nuair a bheadh na báid ar ancaire agus na heangacha curtha, b’fhaisean leo an t-am a mheilt le seanchas agus sean-scéalta. Bhí cáil mhór ar a’ gceartain mar áit nuaíochta agus díospóireachta, agus fós héin tugtar “ cearta ” ar scata daoine a bheadh cruinnithe le chéile le haghaidh seanchais. Ach bhí ócáid amháin ceaptha amach go sonnruch ó sean-reacht don chaitheamh aimsire seo, mar atá i dteach na cuarta ins na hoícheanta fada gimhrídh. Deir a’ tsean-chaint go n-innseodh scéalaí maith scéalta ó Shamhain go Bealtaine, ach ba ghnách ar a’ saol deire seo aimsir na cuartaíochta agus na scéalaíochta a chomhaireamh ó Lá’il Michíl go dtí Lá’il Pádraig. Ní raibh aon oíche sa tseachtain nach ndéantaí cuairt ach ar ndó’ ba líonmhaire go mór a’ “ chearta ” oíche Dhomhnaigh.

Ní hé chuile theach ar a’ mbaile a thaithíodh a’ lucht cuarta. Dá mbeadh seanchaí maith sa gcomharsanacht nach mbeadh i ndan corraí amach sé is dóichide gur isteach chuige a thiocaidís. Dá dtarlaíodh fear síúil nó stráinséara eile a bheith ar aíocht i dteach ar a’ mbaile b’fhéidir gur ansin a ghabhfheidís. Go hiondúil sheachnaidís teach ceardaí, arae ní bhíodh cuid acu sin in a gcónaí go minic go dtí domhain san oíche. Níor shantaigh siad ach oiread teach a mbeadh páistí ann a bheadh a’ déanamh baileabhair orthu, agus “ a’ bodaráil na cainte ” orthu. Níor mhínic mná sa gcomhluadar, agus dá mbeadh bean óg i dteach na “ ceartan ” ba ghnách go n-éireodh sí héin amach a’ déanamh áirneáin i dteach eicint eile, ach bhreathnódh sí chuige i dtosach

go raibh an chistin glan gio-gáilte agus spóirseach mhaith tineadh ar a’ teallach. Cuirfí cóir shuite ar fáil do chuile dhuine thart ar a’ tine, cathaoir nó stól nó suistín nó b’fhéidir bacán móna. Dá mbeadh sean-duine i láthair cuirfí san áit ba sócúla é, istigh sa gclúid agus a dhruim i dteannta. Ní fágfhaí gaise tobac ar aon duine, agus fiú nuair bheadh dalladh tobac ag chuile dhuine ba mhínic daoine sa gcomhluadar a’ tónamh tobac ar na comharsain.

Ba ghnách go dtosódh a’ comhrádh le ábhar fánach eicint, an aimsir nó an talamh nó imeachta an lae, ach ní bheadh sé i bhfad go ndúiseodh duine eicint sean-scéal. Dá mbeadh aon cheist faoi b’fhurasta a réiteach—“ ar fhear a’ tighe atá an chéad scéal.” Ó thosódh a’ reachaireacht ní bheadh stopadh ar bith léi go n-abródh chuile dhuine dreas ar a laghad. An duine nach mbeadh fonn air aon tsíamsa a chur ar fáil don chuideachtain déarfhaí leis go magúil—“ innis scéal, cum bréag, nó gabh amach.” Cuirfí guth de ghnáth ar chuile amhrán, ach a’ té nach raibh acmhainn ar cheol aige d’fhéadfadh sé dán a rádh, píosa filíochta gan ceol. Bheithí a’ súil go dtiúradh amhránaí “ údar an amhráin,” ní hé amháin cé chum é, ach cén chaoi nó cén fáth—rud ar bith suan-tasach a bhain leis.

B’iondúil go dtosódh sean-scéal le—“ Bhí sin ann fadó . . . agus is fadó bhí, agus dhá mbeinnse an uair sin ann agus a bheith anois ann bheadh scéal nua agam nó sean-scéal, nó bheinn gan aon scéal.” I ndeire an scéil bheadh de ghnáth beagán cur-síos ar an saol aoibhinn a bhí ag a’ ngaiscíoch nó ag a’ lánúin óig uaidh sin amach. Bhíodh rann áirid ag cuid de na scéalaithe le críochnú faoi shlacht a chur ar an eachtra—“ . . . agus chaith siad an oíche sin . . .

“ Seal le rianaíocht, seal le scéalaíocht,  
 I gcónaí súch sách,  
 Sean gach dighe, is nua gach bídh,  
 Is a’ grim deire cho-milis leis a’ gcéad ghrim.”

Amanta in a áit sin críochnóchaí le leagan seafóideach eicint mar—“ Cuireadh stocaí bainne reamhar orm agus bróga páipéir. Chuaigh siad-san a’ bogach agus mise an bóthar. Baitheadh iad-san, agus tháinig mise.” Nuair a bheadh a’ scéal thart déaradh chuile dhuine—“ Beannacht Dé le hanam do mharbh.” Ba é sin a’ sean-bhealach le scéal a altú. Dá gcuirtí an-ríméad ar a’ gcomhluadar b’fhéidir go mbuailfí bosa agus go ndéanfhaí glam mór don scéalaí.

Cuid mhaith de na scéalta bheadh sean-eolas ag a’ gcuideachtain orthu, ach ní déanfhaí aon chur-isteach ná leasú ar a’ scéal go mbeadh sé innste. Dá ndéanadh a’ scéalaí staidéar áfach b’fhéidir go gcuirfheadh duine ar an eolas é, ach caithfí é a dhéanamh go caoithiúil. Nuair a bheadh a’ scéal críochnaithe

bheadh cead beagán cur-síos a dhéanamh air, agus níor dhochar do dhuine eile a leagan héin a aithris—" tá seacht n-innseacht ar scéal agus dhá ghabháil déag ar amhrán." Bhí cáil ar leith ar scéalta áiride agus tóir mhór ag a' lucht éisteachta orthu. Dá mbeadh scéalaí maith i láthair bheadh daoine ag iarraidh air a leithide seo nó siúd a innseacht, b'fhéidir Mada na nOcht gCos, nó Triúr Mac na Barr-Scolóige, nó an scéal fianáíochta Cud, Cead agus Míthead—

" Ní scéal go dtí scéal Chud,  
Ní dán go dtí dán Donncha Mhóir,  
Agus ní agallamh go dtí agallamh Oisín agus  
Pádraig."

Is mór a' meas a bhíodh ar scéalta fianáíochta. Bhí caint chruaidh aimhréiteach ins na scéalta seo, agus " cultacha gaisce " an-iomadúil, agus níor mhór don fhianáí ar an ábhar sin a bheith an-oilte ar a theangain dúchais agus ar ealadhain na scéalaíochta. Níor scéalaí críochnaithe duine ar bith nach raibh roinnt fianáíochta sa " mála " aige, agus nach raibh i ndan a ríomhadh go paiteanta. Ní haon íonadh nuair a thosaigh nós na scéalaíochta ag lagú agus an Ghaeilge í héin dá plúchadh gurb í an fhianáíocht is túisce a dtáinig cúl uirthé.

Ní furasta a rádh i mbeagán focal céard é dea-scéal ná dea-scéalaí dar leis a' sean-dream. Is fíor áfach gur mhó a chuiridís sa gcomhaireamh tligéan na cainte agus tabhairt-amach a' scéalaí ná ábhar a' scéil, nó is cirte a rádh, b'fhéidir, gur thuig siad go raibh níos mó sa scéalaíocht ná údar maith scéil a mheabhrú. Chaintidís an-mhinic ar chraiceann a' scéil. Má smaoinímaid ar a' tsamhail sin feicfeamuid gur an-fhóinteach agus gur an-fheiliúnach a' focal é. Nuair atá conabhlach a' bháid tóigthe tá sí i ndáil le bheith réidh; níl a' teastáil ach clúdach beag canbháis le na críochnú, ach dá laghad é níl maith ar bith leis a' mbád go dtéigheann a' craiceann sin uirthé. Tá sé ar a' gcaoi chéanna leis a' scéal. A' duine is maol-intinní amuigh tá sé i ndan brí scéil a thabhairt leis, ach mara dtig leis é a chóiriú amach sa gcaint is feidhmiúla agus is fuinniúla níl craiceann ar bith air, agus ní fiú éisteacht leis mar scéal.

An modh labhartha atá ag a' scéalaí freisin is mór a' difríocht a dhéanas sé. Tá fear a innsíod scéal ar bhealach ar bhfearr leis a' gcuideachtain é bheith in a thost—tá sé ro-thoibeann nó ro-roighin, ro-íseal nó ro-scréachach, ach a' fear a bhfuil deis a labhartha aige gheibheann sé grim ar a' lucht éisteachta a thúisce agus chireas sé meigead cainte air héin; innsíonn sé an scéal go hanamúil ceolmhar; tá an mothú le tabhairt faoi deara in a ghlór agus a' díocas in a éadan; tá an focal feiliúnach agus an abairt aithghiorrach ar bharr a ghuib aige, agus is follusach nach

lú an t-aoibhneas a bhaineas sé as innseacht a' scéil ná bhaineas a' comhlúadar as bheith ag éisteacht leis

Nuair a rachadh na mná i dteach ar leith dhóibh héin a' déanamh áirneáin b'fhada nathu bheith gan siamsa. Ag amhráníocht is mó a bheidís sin. Fhad a bheidís a' cardáil agus a' sníomh bheidís a' comórtas le na chéile ag cumadh " lúibíní." Séard a bhí sa lúibín rann nó bhéarsa a cumfhaí ar a' láthair ar dheilbh agus ar fhonn áirid, gach bean ar a seal nó dréir mar gheobhadh sí an deis. Ar chúrsaí grá is mó a labhróidís .i.

Lúibín ó lú, bí lú is bí láidir  
Grá mo chroí le mor chroí fear a bhfuil  
Seán air,  
Lúibín ó lú, bí lú is bí láidir.

Bhí an " Óró mhíle grá " beagnach ar a' dul céanna leis a' " lúibín ".

Is óró mhíle mhóra, is óró mhíle grá,  
Is gairid anois go méadaí mé, is go n-éalaí  
le mo ghrá,  
Is óró mhíle mhóra, is óró mhíle grá.

San " Ailliú mhéirí " bheidís a' déanamh cleamhnaisí, nó a' tabhairt lidí agus goineoga dá chéile .i.

Ailliú mhéirí, rúnú mhéirí,  
Sé Tomás Ó hUigín a chuirfhinn go héag leat,  
Ailliú mhéirí, rúnú mhéirí.

An bhean a mbuailfí ar fear uirthé b'fhéidir go bhfreagródh sí dhá cháineadh nó dhá mholadh .i.

Ailliú mhéirí, Órrl.  
Cos ar Bhinn Chorcaí is cos ar Bhinn Eadair,  
Ailliú mhéirí, Órrl.

Na cruinnithe sin ar lic a' teallaigh tá siad ionann is leáite anois. Nuair a bhí siad in a seadh ba chosúil le scoileanna éigse iad. Thug siad ar dhaoine meas a bheith acu ar dhea-chomhrádh, ar scéalaíocht is amhráníocht. Chothaigh siad subhálceas is saoihiúlacht, síodúlacht agus cuirtéis iontu. Bhí práinn as a' rianáí nó an scéalaí le na bheo, agus caint air i ndiaidh a bháis. Tá corr-dhuine den tsean-dream sin fágtha fós a' caitheamh i ndiaidh na sean-aimsire nuair a bhí éisteacht ag scéal is amhrán. " A, na sean-daoine, a mhuirín," adéaras siad, " mhairfheá ag éisteacht leo."

## Nineteenth Century Galway Newspapers

In the National Library Vol. LXXVII of *The Connaught Journal* is dated 1828. The issues are unnumbered and bear the imprint Bartholomew O'Flaherty, Mondays and Thursday, 4 pages of 5 columns each. The British Museum lists *The Galway Independent Paper*, Vol. I, No. I, 3rd January (Stephen Coates, High Street), Wednesdays and Saturdays, 4 pages of 5 columns each, price 6d. Also in the British Museum is Vol. VIII *The Galway Independent Paper*, 1832 (George Connolly). For the same year is *The Western Argus and Galway Commercial Chronicle*, price 6d., Wednesdays and Saturdays, of 4 pages of 5 columns each, sometimes printed in Back Street and sometimes in Eyre Street. In the leading article of *The Galway Free Press*, Vol. I, No. I, 1832 (John Mahon, Eyre Square), Wednesdays and Saturdays, 4 pages of 5 columns each, we read: "It will endeavour with all the resources which the genius and information of the present age affords to treat the public twice a week with a varied and grateful repast."

In 1835 appeared *The Irishman*, Nos. 1 to 64, from 6th May to 12th December (Stephen Coates, for the proprietor, M. P. Haynes, Abbeygate Street), Wednesdays and Saturdays, 4 pages of 5 columns each, price 6d. For the same year is listed in the British Museum *The Galway Patriot*, Vol. I, No. I, 18th July (for the proprietor, Mr. T. Murray, by John Martin, at *The Patriot* Office, Abbeygate Street), Wednesdays and Saturdays, 4 pages of 5 columns each, price 6d. The leading article reads: "*The Patriot* is the lawful heir of *The Free Press*, or more truly speaking *The Free Press* revived and reanimated with new blood flowing in its veins, and new and fresh sources of life and existence."

There ran from 1841 to 1852 *The Galway Vindicator and Connaught Advertiser* (John Francis Blake, Eyre Square), Wednesdays and Saturdays, 4 pages of 7 columns, price 6d. The British Museum shows *The Galway Standard*, Vol. I, No. I, 21st October till 1st December, 1843. The Prospectus of *The Galway Mercury and Connaught Weekly Advertiser* (1844), Vol. I, No. I, 11th October (for the proprietor, James Davis, by John Mahon, Lombard Street), reads: "Printed on paper of Galway manufacture." This Paper was issued on Fridays and consisted of 4 pages of 6 columns each, price 6d. The British Museum entry states: "Till 10th March, 1860."

The British Museum also notices *The Galway Packet and Connaught Advocate* (John Lovelock and William Buckley in Lombard Street), Wednesdays and Saturdays, 4 pages of 7 columns each. E. R. McC. Dix notes that this paper ceased for a week in December, 1852, reappearing on 15th of that month, with the imprint of George McDonnell and so continued till December, 1854.

1853 shows *The Galway Express, Mayo, Roscommon, Clare and Limerick Advertiser*, Vol. I, No. I, 29th January (published by Edward Purdon, Shop Street), Saturdays, 4 pages of 7 columns, subscription £1 per annum.

## Some Interesting Gleanings Concerning the Ancient Corporation of Galway

By PHILIP O'GORMAN

It is a principle of Government to allow the price of commodities to be regulated by the law of supply and demand. Special conditions, however, arise at times in a country when it becomes necessary for Government to intervene and fix, in the interests of the consumer, the price of some essential article. For instance, in the past few months our Government has fixed the selling price of butter and other commodities. For this regulation there is a precedent in the City of Galway in the year 1511. In this year the price of butter was fixed by "Statute" of which the following is an exact transcription from the ancient record:

"Jhamys Lynch Fitz Geffere, Mayor and Stevin French and Nicholas Fitz Arture Lynch Baylvis, in anno 1511.

"That no butter be sold above a peny a pound, and no dearer on payne to lesse XII.d. and his body to be put in prison that doth the contrarye."

In the succeeding year James Lynch Fitz Martin being Mayor, the following with other Statutes was enacted:

"That the fishers of the Logh bringe to the market thre dais in the wieke and to give an hundred elles [eels] for twoe pence."

The greatest problem confronting mankind in our generation is to find employment for and to apportion to the worker, consistent with economic conditions, such wages as will enable him to maintain a decent existence for himself and his family.

This question, still unsettled, was the subject of a Statute by the Galway Corporation in the year 1526. The following is the Statute. Stevne Lynch Fitz Jhames, Mayor :

"It is ordered and established that no carpender nor masson shall not have for his hyre and wages but 11.d. naturallie every daye with meate and drincke. And that no carpender nor masson shall have no workeman but that which shall be lawfull workeman in the science. And if he be no good workeman, they to have according as the master of that occupation shall adward for the tyme being. And also that no masson nor carpender shall have no meate on hollye dayes on thos [for] whom he worketh, unless he be hired for a certayn seasson, as quarter, half-quarter, or such like ; he or they that would no be obedient to this acte and statut, soe forfayt 11.s."

We now pass over a period of 100 years and in the year 1630, we find the Corporation bold enough to beard the lion in his den. In this year the Corporation, forced possibly by necessity, reduced the salaries of the Mayor and Recorder to a miserable stipend. The following is the "Memorandum." The term Statute was no longer in use :

"This day according to the custome of said towne Sir Vallentin Blake K[night] and Baronet was ellected and chosen Mair, upon condition that Mai[or] for the tyme being hereafter shall have for each yeare only twelve pounds sterling English money and to perform and fulfill all former covenants by the former Mairs, and to enter security for the performing thereof, this twelve pounds being the stipend that the old Mairs had for that yeare of their Mairaltie, and the said Sir Valentyne, for the good and ease of this Corporation gave his concent and free allowance."

Memorandum. "That the day and yeare aforesaid, the Courte further concluded that the Recorder of this towne, for the tyme being, shall have per annum tenn poundes sterling English money onely and now more, which said Stypend was all that our first Recorder Mr. Dominicke Martin had, and Sir Harry Lynch ellected Recorder after hym."

We find, however, in the following year, Galfrido Martyn being Mair. The Corporation in a long address of appreciation

voted to him a salary of £100 in consideration of his many services and on condition that he should not "intermeddle with any part of the towne subsidies."

In the year 1699, we come on an interesting item that "Thomas Andrews Esquire was on the first day of August anno domini 1699, and in the eleventh year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord King William the third was elected Mayor of the towne of Gallway did bestow upon the Corporation a sword case to hould the King's sword now in the Church of St. Nicholas."

The sword in question is the gift of King Charles the Second.

In the year 1706, John Eyre Esquire was re-elected Mayor and it is set down that "he served this year gratis, in consideration that his salary of two hundred poundes should be applyed towards the building of the new exchange."

This minute is a proof that the trade of the City was on the decline and that Galway had ceased to be an "emporium of trade." This decline continued throughout the century until in the year 1800, we read that "The Corporation of the town and county of Galway is at present litle more than a name." It is set down that the dignity of the Corporation was maintained by the Mayor, James Daly Esquire, without salary. Mr. Daly was, however, quite satisfied with himself, for the office of Mayor placed in his keeping valuable patronage, including the Parliamentary representation of the Borough. The Parliamentary representation was then commanded mainly by non-resident freemen. The making up of the roll of freemen was also one of the privileges of the Mayor. Mr. Daly was a gentleman of old descent, highly esteemed and a champion of the Catholic cause. There is no greater evidence of his popularity than the fact that the Catholic warden invited him to lay the foundation stone of the Pro-Cathedral of St. Nicholas' Church in the year 1818.

The patronage of the Mayor of Galway City from the beginning was very considerable.

In the year under review this patronage extended to the appointments of Warden and two Vicars of the Collegiate Church, Recorder of the City, two Sheriffs, Clerk and Deputy Clerk of the Peace, Collector of Excise, Supervisor of Hearths, Gaugers, Tide Waiters and Boatmen, Distributor of Stamps, Superintendent of Fisheries, Weighmaster of Kelp and Butter, etc., Pilot and Dock Master, Water Bailiffs, Clerk to Collect Lighthouse Duty, Town Major, Barrack Master, Coroner and Gaoler, Four Serjeants at Mace, Sword and Mace Bearer, Collector of Port Dues, Port Surveyor, Land, Water and Tide Surveyor.

The poverty of the Corporation at this time is shown by the fact that the salaries of the Mayor, Recorder, Sheriffs, Town Clerk, together with the sum of £22/15/0 for bread to be distributed in the Church, and the lodgings of the Judges of Assizes, £11/7/6 (annually) are defrayed out of the produce of the Tolls and Customs which at the time were farmed out for a sum of £700 a year.

It is conceded that the most distinguished citizen of Galway City in the early years of the 19th century was the Rev. Peter Daly. Father Daly moved by the poverty of the City and mismanagement of its civic affairs roused public opinion, a sum of money was subscribed, as a result a Parliamentary enquiry was instituted into the working of the Corporation. The finding of the Commission was that the City Fathers did not administer civic affairs to the best advantage. As a consequence the Corporation was dissolved after a part-glorious and part-inglorious history of 567 years.

In passing judgment on the dissolved body it is to be remembered that in those days there was no Corrupt Practices Act in force. There was no system of auditing accounts of public bodies such as is presently in force. The Corporation was elected on a very restricted franchise and the fact is they were, for their actions, really only responsible to themselves. And it may be further stated, in extenuation, that the generation that was dissolved was not one whit more unfaithful than the generation that preceded it.

One reads with some amusement and some sorrow of Parliamentary and other elections in those days. It is notorious that the voter, with exceptions, that did not receive a consideration for his vote felt himself cheated or badly used. There was no question of considering the relative merits of the candidates—the winning candidate was the one who distributed the most money.

The best service of many a public representative in those days was to do all the private jobs that would strengthen his re-election and to re-coup himself as far as he could conveniently do so. The electors were not in a position to be critical since they were—in conceptions of public administration—corrupt themselves.

The one cause for resentment is that the Sword and Mace of the Corporation has been alienated.

This is all the more to be regretted since it was the will of Edmond Blake that the Sword and Mace should remain to the last in his family, as a memorial to his memory, and after to remain in Galway as long as the city stands on its foundation. This is not

at all a rhetorical flourish—this is fact based on written evidence. There is engraved on the Corporation Sword the following inscription:

“Lt. Colonel John Blake of Furbough first Roman Catholic Mayor of Galway since 1688. Edmond Blake Esquire his son Mayor and Deputy Mayor from 1831 to 1841, and last Mayor of Galway.”

In addition to this, Edmond Blake had a substantial oak glass case made to enshrine the treasure—to cause it to endure.

The question now arises would Edmond Blake have caused this inscription to be made—would he have gone to the expense of causing the handsome glass case to be supplied if he even for a moment contemplated the possibility, that at any period, the treasure would pass into alien hands. Any such thought is unimaginable. The inscription on the sword was his pride—his glory—he was the first Catholic Mayor of Galway after a period of 153 years.

Edmond Blake was Mayor of Galway for four years. His father being Mayor for six years. The salary attached to the office was £200 a year. It is stated that the Mayor received no remuneration during his tenure of office. This statement may be accepted as absolutely correct. Edmond Blake was a rich man and he could easily afford to forego his stipend. The writer is personally aware that Mrs. Blake was, after her husband's death, concerned about putting the Sword and Mace on trust for the City. The difficulty was to whom she could entrust it. The writer is also aware that she contemplated handing it over to the keeping of a member of the Galway Archaeological Society.

This Society was, in those days, a body of consideration. The annual meetings, largely attended, were held each Spring on the occasion of the March Assizes. The Lord Clonbrock was President, His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Healy being Vice-President. The subject of a strong room where antiques of value could be preserved was discussed from time to time. The writer was present with the late Mr. Martin McDonogh when he offered the sum of £1,500 for Lynch's Castle—the property afterwards to be conveyed to the Urban Council. Mr. McDonogh did not, however, become the purchaser. The matter of the strong room was not lost sight of.

In the year 1914, the Great War burst on the world and in the struggle for existence, archaeological and kindred matters were put aside.

But amidst all vicissitudes the safety of the Sword and Mace was never doubted.

The Corporation Mace, which is a beautiful work of art, has the following engraved on it :

Semper Eadem (Always the same).  
Ex Dono Edwarde Eyre Esquire,  
Mayor de Gallway 1712.

Since Mr. McDonogh did not succeed in purchasing Lynch's Castle as a Museum and Board room for the then Urban Council, it is a matter for congratulation that the structure has been acquired by the Munster and Leinster Bank. The building has been restored with a perfect regard for the preservation of its antiquity. Lynch's Castle is computed to be in existence for a period of 443 years, and under the fostering care of the Munster and Leinster the old foundation may be safely insured for a further 443 years to come.

The City is also indebted to Monsignor Hynes for his historical study and analytical description of this building, published in the *Journal of the Galway Archaeological and Historical Society*, Volume XVI, 1935.

## Some Notes on Tuam in Olden Days

By JARLATH A. O'CONNELL

(Continued)

Duelling, at this time, was not uncommon. As a matter of fact, there is a report of two duels having been fought in the locality during the month of August, 1838 :—

On the 25th August, at Corofin, Mr. Henry Concannon fought a duel with Mr. Edward Rochford of Shambelard. Mr. Concannon was attended by Mr. William F. Bodkin of Kilclooney and Mr. Rochford by Mr. E. Costello of Galway. Four shots were fired and then the seconds intervened. Neither party was hit.

On the 31st August, 1838, at Dunmacreana, Mr. Thomas Blake of Hollypark met Mr. Edmond Corr of Durham, Co. Roscommon. Mr. Blake was attended by Mr. Edmond S. Kelly of Ardskea and Mr. Corr by Mr. Charles Coghlan of Tonragee. After an exchange of shots, a reconciliation was effected.

The Tithe Bill of 1838 was received by a storm of opposition throughout the country, and not without reason. The measure sought to compel the Irish farming community, which was predominantly Catholic, to contribute towards the support of the Protestant Church in Ireland. It was denounced by Dr. McHale, Daniel O'Connell and all the leading Irishmen of the day ; violent articles appeared in the Press ; protest meetings were held and resolutions were passed condemning the Government and the Bill.

*The Tuam Herald* of 1838 published many letters of protest, including those of Dr. McHale and Daniel O'Connell. It also reported monster meetings held at Ballyglass, the Plains of Mayo and Abbeyknockmoy. The Ballyglass meeting is reported as having been attended by upwards of 30,000 people from the villages of Adrigool, Lisgievey, Kilbannon, Kilconly, Kilmain, Kilcommon, Crossboyne, Ballindine, Kilmain and Ballyglass. It was held at "The Monument" and the speakers were : Michael Blake, Birmingham (chairman) ; Capt. Blake, Belmont (acting secretary) ; Francis Crean, J.P., Prospect ; Rev. P. Garvey, P.P., Milltown ; A. Bell, J.P. ; Rev. Fr. Hanley, C.C., Kilconly ; Rev. Fr. Browne, P.P., Kilmain ; Rev. P. Mullons, P.P., Ballindine ; Very Rev. James McHale, Hollymount ; Hon. Frederick Cavendish ; Barth. St. Leger, Ballahearagh ; Francis French, J.P., Killone ; Michael Lynskey, Ballahearagh ; Luke Prendergast, Ballindine ; Jones Johnson, Ballindine ; Walter Burke, Oldham Cottage ; Rev. Fr. Patk. Joyce, P.P., Kilconly ; Rev. Andrew Gavin, P.P., Crossboyne ; Jeremiah Tully, Thorn Hill ; Lawrence Glynn, and John McNamara, Gardenfield.

The actual collection of the tithes resulted in acts of violence in many parts, and the military had to be called out to assist in the collection in some places.

On September 4th, 1838, a man named Patrick O'Neill, a tenant of Mr. James Kirwan of Gardenfield, accompanied Edward Grady, a bailiff, for the purpose of making a seizure under a decree. At Ummeraclie, near Milltown, they seized a cow belonging to a man named Connor and, after some altercation, the animal was rescued by Connor's three sons. The father then, in Irish, ordered the sons to stone the bailiff and his assistant. O'Neill was hit on the head and killed. An inquest was held subsequently by Andrew Hosty, the Coroner, and a warrant for the arrest of the Connors was issued, but the culprits had absconded and were not apprehended.

With a view to encouraging industry in the town, the Tuam Loan Fund Society was formed in 1838. The first Half-yearly Meeting was held in August of that year and it was decided that a

dividend of 6% should be paid. The Report showed that in the previous six months £1,407 10s. 0d. had been given "in small loans to 530 heads of families, so that averaging six to each family, 3,180 individuals have been literally saved from beggary and destitution and we ourselves are cognizant of the fact that some of our best mechanics would have been obliged to quit our town and seek their fortunes, God knows where, were it not for the assistance they received from the Society."

The following is the List for the Autumn Assizes at Galway in 1838: Assault (violent), 7; Arson, 1; Administering an illegal oath, 1; illegal concealment of birth, 1; cow-stealing, 2; deserting children, 2; forgery, 1; female vilation, 3; larceny, 2; murder, 2; man-slaughter, 5; pig-stealing, 2; robbery, 6; heep-stealing, 9.

In or about 1940, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, an English couple, toured Ireland and published an account of their travels for the benefit of other prespective tourists. In recommending a certain route, they write: "Proceeding thus, however, we shall miss the old town of Tuam—and no great loss—for it is a dirty and ruineous-looking place, and its Roman Catholic Cathedral, recently erected, is sadly out of harmony with the dull and dingy habitations upon which it looks down." (*Ireland, Its Scenery, Character, etc.*, by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.)

Of his brief visit to Tuam in 1842, Thackarey wrote: "At Tuam the coach stopped for fourteen minutes and a half, during which time those who wished might dine; but, instead, I had the pleasure of inspecting a very mouldy dirty town, and made my way to the Catholic Cathedral—a very handsome edifice indeed; handsome without and within; and of the Gothic sort . . ."

In March, 1844, Tuam Town Commissioners sent a petition for Repeal of the Union to O'Connell for presentation to the Imperial Parliament. The Petition in support of its plea refers to "increased absenteeism, insupportable fiscal burthens, appalling widespread destitution . . . too plainly visible in this town." It is interesting to note that one Commissioner—Thomas Blake Turner—opposed the sending of the petition, on the grounds that the agitation for a repeal of the Union had "been condemned by the greatest statesmen of all political sections as unwise and impolitic and the attainment of the object thereof as utterly impracticable."

It was agreed that two members of the Board and a local clergyman should travel to Dublin to hand the petition to O'Connell, and a sum of £10 was voted to cover the expenses.

On the 6th June, 1844, the Commissioners sent an address of condolence to O'Connell and those members of the Repeal Association then confined in Richmond Bridewell following their prosecution in connection with the Clontarf meeting the previous 8th October.

The people saw in the Repeal Movement the solution of all their ills and the Movement and O'Connell were, to them, synonymous. It is now an accepted fact, however, that the arrest and prosecution of O'Connell marked his end as a political force. But the people of 1844 continued to hope until all hope was destroyed by the great tragedy of 1847.

In 1845 there was a partial failure of the potato crop and in 1846 the whole crop failed. Unlike previous failures which had been to localities in 1740 nearly 400,000 people died following a failure in Munster, the failure of 1846 was general throughout the country. In Tuam district the blight appears to have struck early in the year, for the Town Commissioners, on the 1st May, 1846, passed the following resolution: "That our Chairman be requested to call a meeting on an early day of the Clergy, Gentry, Merchants and inhabitants generally of this town and neighbourhood for the purpose of co-operating with us in devising the means best calculated to alleviate the present distress and to avert the intending famine with its concomitants, disease and famine."

The Committee thus formed did everything possible to meet the awful calamity, but it was so immense that only with Government aid could it be successfully fought. The only help forthcoming from the Government, however, was the Poor House.

The Poor Law came into operation in 1839, but it was several years before the Work Houses were opened. The Parliamentary Gazeteer for 1846 states that "the Tuam Institution was contracted for on July 2nd, 1840, to be completed in June, 1841—to cost £67,000 for building and completion and £1,400 for fittings and contingencies—to occupy area of seven acres, one rood and three perches, which was obtained for £300 purchase money and an annual rent of £10 1s. 11½d. (payable to Mr. P. A. Daly, Tuam)—to accommodate 800 persons."

The Officers of Tuam Union in 1845 were: Michael Browne, Esq., Moyne (Chairman); John Andrew Kirwan, Esq., Bearnadearg, (Vice-Chair.); The National Bank, Tuam (Treas.); John Hopkins, Master of the Work House; Charles Davis, Clerk of the Union; and Dr. Turner, Medical Officer. (*Thom's Almanac, 1845.*)

The Workhouse was opened on the 25th March, 1846, but the Fever Hospital was not built for several years afterwards.

Although erected to accommodate 800, it is said that during the years 1846 and 1847 there were seldom less than 3,000 inmates. (According to Thom there were 2,881 there in 1851.)

During 1846 conditions in the town grew steadily worse. On the 5th October the Town Commissioners were compelled to resolve that: "Application be made to the Government for a sufficient military force under a Resident Magistrate to be stationed in Tuam for the purpose of securing the safe transit of goods and of affording protection to property, for the want of both which Tuam is, at present, in a deplorable state, and further, that Tuam be appointed a Depot for provisions, in as much as that the town has been for the last three days, and still continues, without a supply of meal or flour, and that in consequence cattle have been taken off the streets and slaughtered by a starving populace."

In 1847 cholera broke out and the epidemic, added to the already existing famine, had caused the year to be known as "Black '47." It is said that the roads around the town were dotted with the corpses of people who had died whilst trying to get to the town for food. In the absence of a fever hospital at the Workhouse, sheds were used to house the victims of the disease, and the old barracks were also requisitioned for the same purpose. A large pit was opened at Carrowpeter, in which, each evening, were buried those who had died during the day. When this pit had been filled with corpses another pit was opened at Ballynote. Last year (1947) the Old Tuam Society erected a stone monument to mark the site of the Carrowpeter burial ground, but there is no record of the number nor of the identity of those buried there.

The people of Tuam remained loyal to O'Connell and the Repeal Movement until the end. In August, 1846, the Commissioners resolved: "That having witnessed the many glorious changes brought about by the magic power of public opinion and viewing with horror the desolating and disastrous consequences that have ordinarily resulted from a resort to physical force as the means of correcting public grievances, we can recognise no other leader than the man who through a long life invariably and hitherto successfully inculcated moral force doctrines and repudiated the adoption of physical force principles."

On January 21st, 1847, the Commissioners sent a further Petition to the Imperial Government urging Repeal of the Union. Their hopes of success ended, however, with the death of O'Connell in Genoa on the 15th May, 1847. The Board arranged to have a Solemn Requiem Mass said in the Cathedral for the repose of his

soul and the day was declared a day of general mourning in the town and district. Subsequently, the Commissioners sent a deputation to his funeral to Glasnevin.

(To be continued)

## Notes and Queries

### BLAKE-FORSTER—SOME NOTES AND QUERIES

This article is taken from *The Irish Book Lover*, No. 5, Vol. XIII, December, 1921. The article is signed J.S.C. The co-operation of readers is sought with a view of throwing further light on the author as well as answering the queries.—The Editor.

I have long been familiar with a work entitled *The Irish Chieftains or a Struggle for the Crown, with Numerous Notes and a Copious Appendix*, by Charles Ffrench Blake-Forster. McGlashan and Gill, Dublin, 1872. Ryl. 8vo., pp. xiii x 728. It is a romance dealing with the troubled period of Irish History from 1689 till 1745, from Aughrim to Culloden and Fontenoy, written with youthful exuberance—the author was only twenty—and marked pride of ancestry. But it is something more than a mere novel to be read for amusement or pastime. It contains, especially in the Notes and Appendix, many valuable historical documents, reports, pedigrees and family papers relating to the Forsters, Blakes, O'Shaughnessys, Prendergasts and other western families, derived from private sources, combined with much topographical knowledge and local tradition. Its author was the eldest son of Capt. Francis Blake-Forster of the Connaught Rangers, and was born at Forster St. House, Galway, in 1851. He was educated privately by a tutor, and in England, and the first place he visited on his return home was Fidane Castle, and gazing on its ruins, he resolved, like Gibbon on the Coliseum, to write its history, utilizing the documents in the possession of his family and their connections, to which, of course, he had ready access, with what success we shall shortly see. But his antiquarian and historical studies did not absorb his whole attention. Young as he was he played a prominent part in the public life of the City of the Tribes, as town councillor and guardian of the poor, and in 1874 he was appointed High Sheriff. He was popular as a publicist and as a

landlord, for we read that on his estate at Kinvara no tenant was ever evicted. Unfortunately "the great labour he had undergone in his untiring literary pursuits had affected his constitution, and the fatigue and mental anxiety consequent upon the illness and death of a beloved sister proved too much for him to bear." Whilst on his deathbed he was nominated for a seat on the Council for the East Ward, and, although no canvass was possible, it was found that every elector who had entered the booth had voted for him. He died on 9th September, 1874, to the inexpressible grief of all parties, at the age of 23. His nephew writes that he "was expelled from the County Clubs of Galway and Ennis, and the principal clubs of Dublin, on account of the opinions, Jacobite and Nationalist, expressed in his *Irish Chieftains*, and because the binding bore an uncrowned harp." He is buried in the family vault at Busheyfield (*Bushypark*—Editor), three miles from Galway on the Oughterard road, and already the ivy has almost obliterated the coat of arms and inscription on the mural tablet let into the eastern wall of the church, which records his descent from the King of Aquitaine.

The title page of *The Irish Chieftains* describes him as "author of a Historical and Biographical Memoir of Maj.-Gen. Don Hugh Baldearg O'Donnell; A Historical Sketch of the De Berminghams, Lords of Athenry; The Annals of Athenry, or, Ye Citie of the Barons; The Annals of Corcomroe Abbey; Lemenagh Castle, or a Legend of the Wild Horse; The Annals of Kilfenora; The Annals of Knockmoy Abbey; and a Historical Essay entitled What are the Arms of Galway? etc., etc." The reverse of the half-title bears the following: "By the same author. The Annals of Galway, with Copies of Original Charters and Deeds, Notes, etc.; A Topographical Description of the County of Clare, its Castles, Abbeys and Round Towers; General Forster's Rebellion or the Rising of 1715; The Lady Adeliza Dillon: a Story of the Penal Laws; The Genealogies of the Principal Families of the Counties of Galway and Clare; A Collection of the Oldest and Most Popular Legends of the Peasantry of Clare and Galway."

And now comes the queries. What were these? Books, pamphlets, or articles in local newspapers or journals? Where did they appear, if ever? The obituary notice in the *Vindicator* distinctly states that "his surprising work the *Annals of Galway* was still in MS." Are the MSS. still in existence, and where? But whether print or manuscript, articles or books, this, it must be conceded, is a remarkable record for a young man of three-and-twenty. Truly whom the gods love die young.

J.S.C.

## NOTES

Arising out of the remarks on tithes in the No. 2 issue of THE GALWAY READER the following extract from Young's *Tour in Ireland*, Vol. 2, may be of interest:—

"The revenues of the clergy in Ireland are very considerable. Here is a list of the bishopricks with the annual value, which I have had corrected so often in the neighbourhood of each, that I believe it will be found nearly exact. The Primacy per annum, £8,000; Dublin, £5,000; Tuam, £4,000; Cashel, £4,000; Clonfert, £2,400; Elphin, £3,700; Killala, £2,900. Total (all Ireland), £74,200.

"This total does not, however, mark the extent or value of the land which yields it. I was informed in conversation that the land of the Primacy would, if left as a private estate, be worth near one hundred thousand a year. Those of Derry half as much, and those of Cashel nearly thirty thousand a year. These circumstances taken into account will show that seventy-four thousand pounds a year include no inconsiderable portion of the kingdom. I have been also informed, but not on any certain authority, that these sees have the patronage of an ecclesiastical revenue of above one hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year more."

J.S.

## NOTES

*Galway Absentees and Their Rentals*.—The following summarised from Vol. 2 of a *Collection of Tracts and Treatises Illustrative of the Natural History, Antiquities, and the Political and Social State of Ireland*, Dublin (Thom), 1861, will supplement the reference in No. 1 of THE GALWAY READER to the absentee landlords of County Galway:—

Mr. Stackpool, £10,000; Lord Clanrickard, £5,000; Lord Digby, £3,000; Mr. St. George, £3,000; Mr. Donelan, £2,000; Sir P. Dennis, £1,000; Mr. William Barnard, £800; and Mr. Staunton, £700.

J. A. O'CONNELL.

## QUERY

From *The Irish Book Lover*, No. 4, Vol. I, November, 1909:—

"*Thomas McCullagh, A Short Story of a Long Life*, by his eldest son (H. Culley. 1/- net), is a touching little biography of the Methodist poet preacher, who passed away a year ago at the age of eighty-six. Born within view of Aughrim's foughten field,

McCullagh, like so many other young Irishmen of his day, first found employment on the Ordnance Survey, where he had as colleague, John Tyndall, but coming over to England he found his vocation in the ranks of the Methodist ministry, where he laboured actively for almost half a century, attaining the highest honours his co-religionists could bestow. He wrote many poems and hymns, two or three biographies, and lectured wherever he went; one of his lectures on "Eminent Irishmen" being attended by the London Irish Volunteers in full uniform, though he is best known to the reading public by his very excellent life of his fellow-countryman, Sir William McArthur."

I should like a bibliography of his works.

J.M.

Can any reader help?—The Editor.

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...though, like so many other young Irishmen of his day, he found employment on the Ordnance Survey, where he had as colleague John Tyndall, but coming over to England he found his work in the ranks of the Ordnance Survey, where he remained for almost half a century, winning the highest honours any public servant could bestow. He wrote many poems and lyrics, two of these being "The Old Mill" and "The Old Mill". One of his best known poems is "The Old Mill", which is a beautiful ballad in the traditional style of the old ballad-makers. It is a beautiful ballad in the traditional style of the old ballad-makers. It is a beautiful ballad in the traditional style of the old ballad-makers.

Can any reader help?—The Editor.

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# The Galway Reader

INCORPORATING QUARTERLY NOTES



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## Editorial

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Judging by the response to the first volume of THE GALWAY READER it would appear that we have already travelled far and in good company. Many letters of friendly encouragement have reached us from all parts of the country. With the advice of Edmund Burke in mind that, "He who wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill," we would still value and welcome critical letters and suggestions for improving our journal. We would also like to remind readers that, apart from bringing you news and views of current literature, local history and life in old and present-day Galway through the medium of our magazine ; we also have behind us a well-equipped organization manned by a competent and experienced staff providing an unrivalled service to readers throughout the county a completely free literary inquiry and research bureau, an advanced information service on books for readers with specialized interests (no matter how specialized), and one of the largest and most varied stock of books in the whole country. These are but a few aspects of the Galway County Library Service and we invite you to make full use of it.

*J. J. Walsh*

## Literary Notes

The Literary Notes have been prepared for men and women, and for young people out of school, who wish to know something about modern literature. They comprise a brief introduction to the subject and a guide to a comparatively few of the recently published books. The books are not arranged in any particular order and are certainly not for consecutive reading; and of course, they are available at the County Library. If you wish to pursue any of the subjects referred to in the Literary Notes the County Librarian will be glad to make suggestions.

May the editor offer advice how to read before making suggestions on what to read? "Not how many but how good books" is the secret of being well read, according to an ancient saying. But very much depends on how well one reads those good books. One ought to put no premium on speed. One ought not to dawdle; but to take one's time. A good book should be read sympathetically and in a leisurely way; one ought to be aggressive, even pugnacious, rather than listless and languishing. The stirring sections should be read over and over and stored in one's memory; cited in talk and letters—anything, in fact, to make them yours. One ought to get one's friends to read the same things at the same time. Avoid being a literary "soak," and a mere absorber of print. The real reader is critical, which means appreciative of the good and the poor in a book. He stops to enjoy a fine passage in the text as a traveller stops to enjoy a lovely scene in a landscape. He is just as ready to debate a point with the author also—to hold out against him here; to approve and yield the point there; and often to forget the book altogether in his attempt to follow a gleam which, starting out of some illuminating line of the page, goes wandering through the twilight of the reader's dawning thought.

There is much reading for information and mere pleasure which must be done silently and swiftly, and even with judicious skipping for the sake of speed. "Good prose is as full of music as good verse." There is no invariable answer to the question, how to read, any more than to the question, what to read, because

books are of so many sorts and values, and readers are just as diverse. Much reading is required for general intelligence. A wide acquaintance with good books is about all there is to education. If you are not a reader, no matter how many university degrees you may possess, you are not possessed of an education. To know Shakespeare, Dante, Milton, *Don Quixote*, *Mother Goose*, *Uncle Remus* and so on—this is to be on speaking terms with the learned and cultured of the world. The great English authors like Chaucer, Spenser, Burns, Wordsworth, Burke, and Dickens belong as much to Ireland as to England, and not to know them is not to know who we are in the way of feeling and thought. "No time, no nation, no book, no man, lives to himself alone, or is self-begotten and wholly original."

Our present day biographical custom shifts uneasily to the attraction of two antagonistic magnets. On the one hand there is the pull of the "definitive life," styleless, uncritical, but generous with footnote distractions; and, on the other hand, there is the seductive gaiety of the "novelette" interpretation, chattering, inconsequential and amiably distracted. Fortunately there still remains a small group of authors that can steer the course of biography without succumbing to the tug of extremes.

The long life of Emily, Duchess of Leinster, spanned almost the whole of the Georgian period of English history. She was, according to Horace Walpole, the loveliest of the four Lennox sisters—a verdict endorsed by the portraits by Reynolds—and was little more than fifteen years old when in 1747 she married James, twentieth Earl of Kildare, and afterwards Duke of Leinster. Much of their married life was spent in Ireland, and it was there that the Duke died in 1773, leaving Emily a widow with a family of twelve children. She later married again—to William Ogilvie, a not very prosperous Scot who was tutor to her children—and went to France and England and back again to Ireland before finally settling in London. Some account of her career and of the social and political life of the times in Ireland, France and England is given by Brian Fitzgerald in *Emily, Duchess of Leinster, 1739-1814*.

Dermod O'Brien (1865-1945), a direct descendant of Brian Boru and grandson of William Smith O'Brien of the Young Ireland Movement, was for many years president of the Royal Irish

Academy. His biography, entitled, *Palette and Plough*, written by Lennox Robinson, a close friend of the painter and family, is an intimate study. At the turn of the century he became acquainted with the leaders of the Irish Literary Renaissance, and took part with Sir Horace Plunkett and AE in the Co-operative Movement.

Those who have not studied the eighteenth century at all closely may feel that it was an age very unlike our own—as though humanity has changed in some subtle way with the coming of the internal combustion engine and later the release of atomic energy. The stately formality of Georgian houses, the stage-coach, the minuet, knee-breeches and powdered hair—in spite of outward appearances, our ancestors, two hundred years ago, were not unlike ourselves. In a Foreword to *Georgian Scrapbook*, the author, A. H. Phillips, states that the book is a “light-hearted attempt to let a lusty age speak for itself.” Drawing on contemporary journals, broadsheets and advertisements and from diarists such as Fanny Burney, Gronow, Creevey and Greville, the author has designed a miscellany. The age does speak for itself in loud and boisterous terms. Celebrated law cases and royal scandals, highwaymen, public executions, the gambling craze, shortcomings of the clergy, the amazing Joanna Southcote and the enigmatic Chevalier D’Eon—these are only a few of the topics in which the reader can see what the Georgian Age thought and said about itself. As a supplement to the text there are over twenty illustrations from original prints by such famous satirical artists as Hogarth, Gillray and Rowlandson.

A varied book constantly evoking pictures is *A Belgian Manor in Two Wars*, by Charles d’Ydewalle, translated by Eric Sutton. Like nearly all old families in Belgium the d’Ydewalles are largely of French ancestry. French is the language of the gentry, Flemish the language of the peasantry. The author touches on the struggle between the Clauwerts, the patriots of the Great Flemish cities of the fourteenth century, and the Leliarto, friends of the Lilies of France, which culminated in the battle of the Golden Spurs, when the flower of French chivalry fell to the citizens led by a butcher and a weaver. The book concludes with a graphic account of the liberation of France in which the author was the first uniformed journalist to enter Paris.

It would be wrong to infer that the interest of *The Great Link. A History of St. George’s, Southwark*, by Bernard Bogan, is merely parochial. On the contrary the book is of general importance to all students of the Catholic revival in the last century. Even those who possess the standard historical works dealing with that period will find much in the book to fill in the picture they give. There are many unpublished documents and a large quantity of printed matter forgotten and almost unobtainable relative to the story, of which the author’s very extensive research has enabled him to make use. The story centres round the vivid personality of Father (later Provost) Doyle, the real builder of the Cathedral. We get many valuable glimpses from the inside of Catholic life in its ordinary details as lived in the middle years of the last century, of the liturgical and musical customs, of the celebrated choir performing the works of Haydn and Gounod, of the many difficulties created by the prevalent anti-Catholic prejudices. There are several illustrations, particularly interesting being those of Pugin’s original designs for St. George’s.

The whole Catholic world is watching the Mission de Paris and the related movements aimed to bridge the gap between the Church and so many millions of the French working class. Great experiments are being tried, some wise, some, perhaps, less wise. They add up to a huge pioneering work, and, in the phrase of Cardinal Suhard “pioneers must not be blamed for making mistakes” To make a survey and a provisional evaluation of the movement Heart which she helped to found. The story is told from the wealth Maisie Ward has produced *France Pagan? The Mission of Abbe Godin*.

Madeline Sophie Barat, canonised by Pope Pius XI in 1925, was brought up during the French Revolution, and dedicated her life to the other nuns and children of the Society of the Sacred Heart which she helped to found. The story is told from the wealth of material collected by M. K. Richardson and is entitled *Heaven on Thursday: The life of St. Madeleine Sophie Barat*. During and after her death the author has preserved the simple sequence of her life story, selecting otherwise those incidents which have a particular bearing on certain aspects of her character.

To examine St. Thomas Aquinas's doctrine of personalism, to show its distinction between individuality and personality, and its application to the contemporary problem of man's relation to society, is the object of Jacques Maritain's *The Person and the Common Good*, which is an expansion and a reconsideration of two of Professor Maritain's lectures. "The Human Person and Society" was the Deneke Lecture of May, 1939. "The Person and the Individual" was given at the Pontifical Academy of St. Thomas in Rome in 1945.

*Persuade or Perish*, by Wallace Carroll, is the history of American psychological warfare during the Second World War. Although the author played an important part in the development of the American war of words, his book is not an official history. The author describes the conflict between different organizations which were competing for the right to conduct political warfare. He contrasts "the smooth-working machinery behind the British representatives and the creaking administrative machine on which the American side was dependent." Mr. Carroll tells a story of the ingenuity of the Anglo-American propaganda experts. For the invasion of North Africa President Roosevelt recorded a speech in French, to be delivered simultaneously from London and Washington. On the arrival of the record it was discovered that the President's French was much worse than Mr. Churchill's. The British sound engineers then ran the President's voice on to another record, smoothed out some faults resulting in the same recording giving the President a better pronunciation from London than he had from Washington.

The author concludes that, while the Americans attained much skill in the use of propaganda as an instrument of war, they failed completely to develop the arts of persuasion as an instrument of foreign policy. He is worried by the failure of the United States to counteract Russian propaganda, because a nation which lacks the means of political defence invites political attack.

*The Oxford Classical Dictionary*, edited by M. Cary and others' is designed for the general reader as well as for the specialist. It is intended to be a scholarly, yet readable, guide in one volume to all aspects of Greek and Roman civilization. Its range includes Art and Archæology, Religion and Science. A special feature is the

number of longer articles designed to give a comprehensive survey of the main subjects. Over 150 scholars have collaborated in its production.

*Mohammedanism*, by H. A. R. Gibb, is a study which sets out to explain briefly the main features of this creed which is, next to Christianity, the most widely diffused of all religions. The author deals with it in terms of historical development, and the concluding chapter analyses the problems which confront Mohammedanism and its reaction to them.

Professor Myles Dillon, an authority on Gaelic studies and Professor of Celtic at Edinburgh University, in *Early Irish Literature* presents a collection of the most important literature, in prose and poetry, produced in early Ireland. "From the heroic sagas we get a picture of pre-Christian Ireland which seems genuine," he writes in his introduction, and classifies the sagas and legends under different story-cycles and under such headings as "The Adventurer," "The Voyager," and "The Visions." His concluding chapter is devoted to early Irish poetry, and there are indexes of titles and first lines.

In the British Academy's Sir John Rhys Memorial Lecture for 1947 entitled *The Archaism of Irish Tradition*, Professor Dillon puts forward the evidence he has collected to show that Ireland, in common with India, has preserved Indo-European traditions in social organization, in language and literature.

A. J. Toynbee is one of the few historians who bring to their work a power of individual interpretation. His latest publication, *Civilization on Trial*, is a series of essays with a common theme, the failure of civilizations and the need for unification in order to forestall the decline of the present one.

Sir Harry Luke's *Malta* is a rich, diverse narrative concerning the colourful traditions, customs, language, and many other facets of Maltese life and development.

It has taken William Rose Benet and his assistants ten years of painstaking effort to compile *The Reader's Encyclopædia* of world literature and the arts. There are some 18,500 articles concerning the many aspects of the subject.

A useful volume on the Royal and Ancient Game, in which the emphasis is on the player rather than the game is *British Golf*, by Bernard Darwin.

The first man to win the world's four major tennis championships lays down a programme in *Budge on Tennis*, which, if followed, is bound to improve the player's game.

G. W. Maunsell's *Fisherman's Vade Mecum*, is a compendium of precepts, counsel, knowledge and experience in most matters pertaining to fishing for trout, sea trout, salmon and pike.

In *The Horseman's Week-end Book* Gordon Winter has compiled a delightful anthology on all horse matters drawn from English literature. The book also contains sections giving valuable information and advice.

Eric Parker's *The Shooting Week-end Book* covers not only the management of the sport but is a concise natural history full of hints and records.

*Table Tennis*, by Ivor Montagu, describes the equipment and the methods of play in a manner that will enable every enthusiast to develop his own technique and style on the right lines.

A light-hearted miscellany of seamanship, songs, food, fishing and what-not; and an essential book for the small boat sailor is *The Yachtsman Week-end Book* by the joint editors, John Irving and Douglas Service.

Six years have elapsed since the publication of that remarkable novel, *The Robe*, by Lloyd Douglas, during which time it has been continuously in demand and to-day still heads the list of popular books. It can therefore be safely assumed that his new book, *The Big Fisherman*, will have an equally great reception. The author tells the story of the most lovable and human of the disciples, Simon called Peter, who laid down his fishing nets on the Sea of Gallilee to follow Our Lord to Gethsemane.

Ivor Brown, the dramatic critic and former editor of the *Observer*, believes that far too many commentaries on Shakespeare have been academic and in consequence remote from the ways of the stage and its players. His new work, *Shakespeare*, is therefore

dedicated to the Players and attempts very successfully to present Shakespeare in all his activities, not only as the poet and playwright but as husband and lover, actor-manager and landowner at Stratford.

The true nature of the great ballet tradition has been obscured by the fact that only those ballets survive which happen to suit the taste of later generations, and those which do survive are mangled beyond recognition. Fernau Hall gives a comprehensive yet lively and controversial work on the evolution of contemporary Ballet in his book *Modern English Ballet*, by way of historical background. Tracing the story of the ballet back to its earliest beginnings, he analyses in detail the contributions of all leading choreographers, artistic directors, designers, composers, teachers, dancers, patrons, and so on. The picture is rather different from the conventional one.

What is good and what is bad art? What makes beauty and ugliness?

Today, everyone is interested in art and beauty, and in developing his theme Arnold Silcock, in *A Background for Beauty*, introduces the reader to new and exciting discoveries, and a fresh outlook upon the great historical styles. He discusses the old ideas of beauty and ugliness and compares them with those of modern times. In addition, the views not only of great artists and scientists, but those of the great mystics and philosophers are also discussed.

The magic phrase, "a trip round the world," is brought to life by Edmund de Rothschild in the collection of notes, letters and extracts from his diary, assembled under the title of *Window on the World*. The trip was begun in 1937, and the reader follows the author from Southampton to South Africa, South America, Australia, New Zealand, India, and South-East Asia. Not one leaf is turned without some exciting event taking place, or some interesting and obscure fact being made known. The author has a light touch which carries the reader through the journey.

An interesting biography is *The Alien Years*, by Sarah Mabel Collins. Her story may well be unique for she went to Germany in 1938, to marry her fiancé and spent the war years in Hitler's Germany. The book describes the progress of the war as it affected

her, an Englishwoman, and the ordinary people of Berlin ; how they lived under the stringent rule of the Nazis and how they feared the coming of the Russians. Finally, the end—the breakdown of law and order and the coming of starvation.

*The Road to Cuzco*, by Ena Dargan, is, as the title suggests, a book of travel. But the book is very much more than a traveller's diary. Written in clear, easy prose, lacking neither in humour nor in scholarship, the reader travels through the high, lonely and little known land once called High Peru and now known as Bolivia—a road that winds not merely across the Andes, but across four centuries of history. The customs, beliefs and culture of a race too little known in these countries are presented against their proper background—the original Inca civilization, the Conquest, the intervening centuries of Spanish culture, the Liberation war, and so today.

What is described as a complete guide to European travel is *Your Holiday in Europe*, by Gordon Cooper and Ernest Welsman, which covers information as to transport, elementary historical data, and descriptions of places of interest in most of the European countries. The book carries a large number of admirable illustrations and should appeal to readers projecting a continental trip.

Students of social and economic history will find R. F. Wearmouth's *Some Working-Class Movements of the Nineteenth Century* invaluable, containing as it does new material which provides an important feature in working-class history.

Ernest L. Edwards, in *The Grandfather Clock*, has produced a historical and descriptive account of the longcase clock and one of the few books ever published to deal with this subject exclusively.

Rose Macaulay's travel-books need no introduction to the discerning reader. In her *Fabled Shore ; From the Pyrenees to Portugal*, based on visits she has paid to Spain since the war, she writes with selectivity, taste and wit of the things she liked best as she drove her car along the fabled shore.

*The Splendour that was Egypt*, by Margaret A. Murray, is a fitting companion to those two celebrated books—*The Glory that was Greece* and *The Grandeur that was Rome*—with which it is uniform in format.

A book which will appeal to those who are travel escapists either in imagination or in practice is Leslie Bransby's *I Went A-Roving*. The author has travelled and lived in an unusual fashion. He has visited many fascinating and often little-known parts of the world, and he tells of journeys to the Sahara and North Africa, to Corsica, Capri and Sicily.

Richard S. Lambert, in *The Curious Traveller*, tells of the manifold urges which have sent men wandering—sometimes piety or merely curiosity ; desire for learning or social prestige ; missionary zeal or the simple love of the open road. He writes illuminatingly on the means of locomotion—from the humble plodder to the man who travels on horseback or in a coach, by rail, by steamer or by air, without ever forgetting the hiker.

Education is in a state of transition, and it is impossible to foretell the shape that educational systems will take in the future. But it is possible to study the main trends which are determining its direction, and to see how these are affecting the educational scene of to-day, and how they are likely to affect it to-morrow. That is what M. L. Jacks, Director of the Department of Education in Oxford University, tries to do in his book *Modern Trends in Education*. He takes the six trends which he holds to be the dominant trends of the present time, explains what these are, and traces their effects in the educational opportunities open to children, the types of schools available, the instruments and methods of teaching, the personnel of the teaching profession, the curriculum, and the administrative machine. The book is descriptive rather than critical, but a judgment is attempted on some of the major issues involved.

J. Frank Dobie tells in *Tongues of the Monte : The Mexico I Like*, of a two thousand miles journey by mule, with pack and moxo, crossing the Sierra Madre three times, riding many a backbone of the mountains in between, visiting haciendas, living with the vaquero world. In telling of his adventures across this vivid, unspoiled country, the author captures the land and its people, folkways, tales and legends.

The outstanding feature of *The Jacobite Movement* by Sir Charles Petrie is perhaps the collection of character sketches which it contains, and of these that of the Old Pretender is probably the best. The paradox of Jacobitism lies in the contrast between the strength of its supports and its lack of positive achievement. So much so nearly happened that never did. If Dundee had not fallen at Killiecrankie, if Mar had not been so inept, if Berwick had led the "15," or even if Bolingbroke had had a different mistress at a critical moment things might have been so different. As it is, Sir Charles Petrie is left with his regrets, and his achievement is to have portrayed a noble and unsuccessful cause without ever allowing his treatment to be tainted by the sentimentality which has infested this subject. "Well-meaning people here that abhor a Popish successor on the one hand, and a change of constitution on the other, are distracted." This is probably the obvious clue to this drama. The inter-relations between Jacobitism and the Non-Juring movement in the Anglican Church are dealt with.

On 23rd August, 1944, King Michael of Rumania announced to his countrymen that the war on the side of the Germans was over. On 3rd January, 1947, as ex-King, he stepped into the train that was to bear him westward while Russia moved east towards Moscow. These two dates mark the period of Rumanian history covered in *Russia Astride the Balkans*, an eye-witness account by two American observers, Robert Bishop and E. S. Crayfield, of the events of these dramatic and fateful years. The authors of the book state that, with the help of their agents and collaborators, they submitted more than 2,000 reports about the Russian activities in Rumania to the Governments and military authorities in Washington and in London. Their knowledge of Rumanian political history is formidable, but they have presented their account in as dramatic a form as any spy story. They have a bitter comment to make on the Allied activities during the summer of 1945, when, they say, the Soviets and their Rumanian allies won all strategic positions of the propaganda front, as the result of their energetic and gigantic efforts to control the press, radio and films. "In contrast to this, the British sent some illustrated booklets describing their war efforts, which were sold from the bargain counter of the Gallery Lafayette's book department,

together with Jules Verne and French sex novels. The United States sent in a lone Press Officer, Frank Shea, who inquired of one of the writers what he should do."

A lighthearted excursion into a new and fascinating field is made by Fred Coppersmith and J. J. Lynx in *Patent Applied For*, a survey of some of the fantastic inventions of the past century. There appears to have been no end to the devices, large and small, that inventors were prepared to contribute to speed on what was regarded as the inevitable progress of mankind. As the authors of the book point out, it must be recorded to their credit that they were concerned with devising means not for the destruction of mankind, but for its greater comfort and safety. The book contains a remarkable collection of illustrations, among them a lightning conductor umbrella, a collapsible pocket umbrella which can be fitted on to a bowler hat; a miniature railway which brings food from the kitchen and stops in front of each guest, afterwards going back to the kitchen by another hatchway for the next course; a sewing machine run by dog-power, a trunk which becomes a rocking chair; a life-saving travel trunk made of cork; a bicycle which runs on telegraph wires; a tram camouflaged as a monstrous horse, designed to reassure the real horses on the roads; a ship in six hinged sections which follows the movements of the waves with snake-like movements, thereby preventing sea-sickness; and countless others equally ingenious.

*An Introduction to the History of England* by Douglas Jerrold is a full-length, modern history of England from the earliest times to 1204, when England first became a true island power. It is for the general reader as well as the student, because it tells a new story. The new science of pre-history and the discoveries of the archaeologists have revolutionised our views of the prehistoric period and on the origins of our own civilisation and institutions. We can now trace back the beginnings of our society over an immense stretch of time. We can now understand the historical forces which have made European civilisation unique in the world's history and can trace, in our own history, the working out of these forces and their influence.

Two other facts imperatively demanded a re-writing of the early history of England. The standard histories assume a background of knowledge both of ancient history and of Christian

origins. To-day history has superseded the classics as the basic study and it is essential, if English history is to be made intelligible, that it shall be presented as a self-contained story, which can be understood without the need to refer back either to the history of Greece and Rome or to the history of the Church. Secondly, the circumstances of our time give wholly new significance to this early period of history. From Roman times it is largely the story of the collapse and re-building of civilisation. By A.D. 1200 Europe had learnt to combine order, liberty and progress. We can go to this period for many of the lessons which the present age needs to learn.

A novel is written primarily to entertain, and if it fails to entertain somebody, that somebody should be able to say so without being made to feel he has sinned. Some people can appreciate what is known as "light, romantic fiction"; others, having read a good review of a "romantic" and taken it out of the library to see what it is like, simply skim through it and then, if it seems good in its class read it through, talk about it and recommend it to their friends, often irrespective of the basic needs of any novel which are reasonable and real people. The characters may be drawn larger than life and may be colourless in outline so that the reader has to keep looking back to see who they all are.

Some people read nothing else but "thrillers." The list of "thrillers" includes names so distinguished that to be on it shows a class of brain of a very high order. Some readers say that they must have "thrillers" to help them through colds and influenza. They expect suspense and refuse to guess who did it until the last few pages. Some want just a murder, others prefer a plethora of murders. Nevertheless the "thriller" fails without real people, and as often happens, through stilted writing. The real "thriller-fan" wants the writing to be good, marked with the style of the author, and the characters, especially the detectives, and though often larger than life, should never be smaller. The dialogue should be what would be expected in a murder case, with the necessary suspense.

The devotee of historical novels, as a rule, is not particular as to the authenticity of his history. Most of the historical novels

are written in the light romantic vein, though there are, of course many serious historical novels, without which literature would be the poorer.

There are also books of imagination by writers of distinction who make whatever people they write about come alive. They give something to make the reader think, and stimulate his imagination.

Mr. Terrot's new novel, *Miss Nightingale's Ladies*, has for its background the now almost legendary mission of Florence Nightingale and the thirty-eight ladies who accompanied her as nurses to the Crimea in 1854. It is the story in particular of Elizabeth Wheeler a beautiful young Irish girl of gentle upbringing and fiery temperament, and of her friend Sarah Anne Terrot (an ancestor of the author) on whose personal diary much of the narrative is based.

The heroic achievements of these women in the face of official resentment, and in conditions of indescribable squalor and degradation, are illuminated by the burning enthusiasm of this very feminine apostle of mercy, and by her remarkable love for a young Scottish doctor which sprang from the common fight to save men from death. But Elizabeth's impulsive indignation at the prevailing indifference and neglect involved her unwittingly in a crisis of high policy: an innocent letter was to jeopardise her own mission and also the future of her new-found love. The brutal cross-examination forms perhaps the most poignant episode in the book.

Access to much unpublished material has enabled Mr. Terrot to describe the prejudice in high places with which Florence Nightingale had to contend, the jealousies and intrigue in the Army medical staff, and the true nature of the appallingly inadequate and under-supplied military hospitals in Scutari. Within this framework he has written an intensely moving story of tender devotion coupled with great fortitude, which should go far to substitute for the sentimental legend of the Lady with the Lamp the far fuller and more significant legend of a group of trained and resolute women with buckets and towels, and deep feelings in their hearts.

John Brophy's *Sarah*—"the betrothed of Robert Emmet," who was, perhaps, the most attractive of all Ireland's rebels, is a romance. Tom Moore wrote her elegy in one of the most popular of his Irish Melodies, "She is far from the Land," and Washington Irving put what little he knew of her into his "Sketch Book." Her full story is now told for the first time.

Careful research has enabled Mr. Brophy to conform to the established facts, and he draws his characterisation of Sarah from indications found in a number of her unpublished letters. She emerges as a girl of strong personality, ardent and sensitive but with a mind of her own, whose strong upbringing influences her disastrously when she becomes involved in a political conspiracy and a remarkable love affair. Robert Emmet appears as a young man who sometimes does foolish things but is never a fool; as he is betrayed and brought to his not quite inevitable fate he towers above the men who surround him. Among the subordinate characters, two stand out: John Philpot Curran, Sarah's father, the patriotic orator, whose private life is so different from his public fame: and Leonard McNally, perhaps the vilest traitor known to modern history.

The story opens deliberately but, as always with Mr. Brophy's work, develops a tremendous and moving impetus. In some ways the technique may seem a little old-fashioned: narrative devices which Mr. Brophy has elsewhere used to good effect have here been intentionally avoided, and the diction always rings true to the period which is early 19th century. Thus a very romantic story is presented direct, with detachment and restraint, for its own inherent value. It will be found no less satisfying for that.

Professor H. B. Charlton's work on the Comedies is well known to Shakespearians. In the introduction to this new volume, *Shakespearian Tragedy*, which consists of the Clark Lectures for 1946-47, Professor Charlton states his position as critic categorically: "for my own part, I am a devoted Bradleyite." He neither subscribes to the twentieth-century "psychological" approach, on the one hand, nor to the Catholic on the other. "Shakespeare's world is moral, rather than metaphysical, humanism and humanity hold him far more passionately than theology or religion." In this light Professor Charlton seeks "the tragic idea

which gives their characteristic form" to the four great tragedies. How does the tragic action propel itself inevitably to its tragic ending? How does it gather the added weight of momentousness and universality? These questions guide the detailed analyses of *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth* and *Lear* which make up the main body of the book.

There are also two introductory chapters, briefly considering the "apprentice" and "experimental" pieces, and a concluding chapter in which Professor Charlton disengages the general notions of tragedy which he finds implicit in all the plays he has considered, and a view of man and his destiny "humanist in essence, but not incompatible, though not co-extensive, with profoundly religious beliefs."

Harold Child's *Essays and Reflections* sentences "carry the hall-mark of an independent mind." Writing of Yeats, Child said: "Symbolism can be great fun for the symbolist poet and a source of mild entertainment to the select and leisured reader. But for all for whom poetry is not a game but a fundamental need it is a bore. Art is not "liberated from life" by being made unintelligible . . ."

*The Crisis in the Universities* is an assessment by Sir Walter Moberly of the part the universities in these countries should play in the spiritual and mental turmoils of the present time. The author writes from a definite Christian standpoint. His argument rests, he says, on certain assumptions. He accepts the indisputable fact that the universities today are completely secular; and that the Christian is, and as so far as can be seen will remain, in a minority. But Christians can, he maintains, play the role of a "creative minority," from which the whole community may take colour. "No doubt it would be fanciful to expect that in any near future British universities will be filled by good Christians, but they may still, in a significant sense, be Christian-minded universities."

He takes the view that any attitude towards the burning questions of the day is better than apathy and drift; and that, "if it could be nothing more, the universities must at least be a battle-ground when the real intellectual issues of our time are fought out and their protagonists are confronted with one

another." A particularly interesting aspect of his book is his presentation of the different points of view held by those who may be called the "Christian-minded" but non-Christian, senior members of the universities, which he has long had opportunity of studying. The value of the book lies in his acceptance of the truth that "we are, none of us—majorities or creative minorities, Christians, dialectical materialists or liberal humanists—a hundred per cent honest or disinterested . . . Once, perhaps, Christian thinkers could be fairly charged with taking the problematical out of life, now it is rather the materialist scientist who is guilty of this presumptuous folly."

An all-in-one guide to the whole field of literature and journalism, including 13,000 biographies of leading authors of all nations is *The Author's and Writer's Who's Who*; and for all who would master the art of short story writing, showing how to find ideas and put them in marketable form, with hints on plots, style, characterisation, etc., is Donald Maconochie's *The Craft of the Short Story*. L. A. G. Strong and Monica Redlich in *Life in English Literature* provide an introduction for beginners and present the best examples of English literature from the human angle. The disconcerting but knowledgeable *Mr. Prodwit* is one of C. E. Vulliamy's most delightful creations and he gives excellent advice to those who aspire to write. In *The Reading of Books*, the author, Holbrook Jackson, treats books as the media of an art and the reader as an artist. A book on specialized literary form by one of its ablest practitioners—*The Short Story* by Sean O'Faolain—draws on work by the greatest short story writers for illustrative examples. A well-revised edition of *Short Story Writing and Free-Lance Journalism* by Sydney A. Moseley, makes a popular guide to success in Fleet Street and is brought completely up to date. Thirty-one selected stories by a master of impression and anecdote and covering a wide range of contrasts is *Travellers* by L. A. G. Strong. Then there is the forty-second edition of the well-known guide to the literary markets of the world and containing much valuable information relating to copyright, etc.—*Writers and Artists Year Book*, 1949; and in *Writers on Writing*, compiled and edited by Walter Allen, seventy great writers, from Ben Jonson to Somerset Maugham, discuss their art and its problems.

The following is a list of additional works on the subject :—

- Baker, D. V., editor. *Little Reviews Anthology*.  
 Bethell, S.L. *Essays on Literary Criticism and the English Tradition*.  
 Bowen, E., and others. *Why do I Write?*  
 Brown, I. *No Idle Words*.  
 Comfort, A. *The Novel and our Time*.  
 Couch, Sir A. Q. *On the Art of Reading*.  
 Herd, H., editor. *Essays That Live*.  
 James, Henry. *The Art of Fiction and Other Essays*.  
 Maughan, W. S. *Great Novelists and their Novels*.  
 Muir, E. *The Structure of the Novel*.  
 Partridge, E. *Words at War, Words at Peace*.  
 Partridge, E. *The World of Words*.  
 Rajan, B., editor. *The Novelist as Thinker*.  
 Weightman, J. G. *On Language and Writing*.

What is it that makes a book "go" in a big way? Some authors believe that they would receive rewards more commensurate with their deserts if only their publishers would spend a little more money in advertising them. Most publishers agree that they have learnt from costly experience that advertising, though it may increase a success, cannot by itself create one. Favourable reviews help a good deal, of course, but all publishers seem to agree, however, that the thing that counts is word-of-mouth recommendation by one person to another. A striking illustration of the effects of such recommendation is given by Mr. Michael Joseph, the publisher, in *The Adventure of Publishing*. The book in question was *The Snow Goose* by Paul Gallico. It was published in 1941 and was announced with a number of other books in a small advertisement. Only 12 reviews appeared during the following six months, of these nine were in the provincial papers and the majority were merely short notices. The only book by the author published in Great Britain had had a very moderate sale. Yet *The Snow Goose*, according to the publisher, after a slow start "sold merrily." It is now in its 20th English edition, and including the sales of the separately printed Australian edition, has sold over 281,000 copies. Although it may be said to have had a war-time appeal its sales did not drop after the war was over; on the contrary, a reader suggested to the

publishers that there was in England the ideal illustrator for the book, Peter Scott. The publishers adopted the suggestion, the illustrated edition, together with a signed limited edition, was produced in 1946, and over 81,000 copies have been sold since. Both the illustrated and the ordinary editions are still selling steadily.

#### THE ART OF P. G. WODEHOUSE.

By REV. B. O'DONOVAN.

An attempt to analyse Wodehouse is like trying to explain life, this thing of rich radiance and varying music. It is like trying to explain the beauty of a butterfly by putting it on a pin. Still we may fairly sacrifice one butterfly if it will lead the onlooker to search for live ones—and let them live.

So let us kill one bit of Wodehouse. Take the last chapter of "Thank You, Jeeves." The hero (if Wooster and not Jeeves is the hero) has spent a hectic night. An American millionaire, who detested Wooster, has kidnapped him with a view to marrying him to his daughter. Jeeves has smeared his master's face with boot-polish, and so enabled him to escape as a Christy minstrel. His cottage is burned to the ground and he seeks shelter (and butter to remove the polish) at the house of his friend Chuffy. He fails to get what he is looking for, and, after a night in which absurdity is piled on absurdity, he agrees to take the place of another man with a black face in an improvised prison. There may be a little altruism in the act, but it is motivated mostly by the compelling personality of Jeeves and the almost equally compelling desire for breakfast.

How does he get his laughs? First, there is the continual contrast between the slang of people like Wooster and the sustained oratory of Jeeves. There is also the fun of the slang itself; much of it may be in current use, but some is of his own coining.

Then there is the healthy tilting at all sorts of pomposities: the humbug and prigishness of a certain kind of politician, society people, writers and all other parasites; against the foibles and fashions of the insincere world. He pricks these solemn balloons gaily and, whether they are social conventions or political ballyhoo they collapse gently like the inflated rubber duck he is so

fond of using. We laugh with him, for we ourselves are the balloons, at least potentially. All men are fools; come, let us laugh at ourselves! He holds as 'twere the Kodak of commonsense up to artificiality. He seems to have emptied his own mind of all the trivia that concern the common man and his agile spirit tumbles happily in the spaces of his being.

That is part of his technique. But, beyond technique, there is the great joyous spirit of the man himself. He is such a kind and tolerant physician that he is ever careful to leave his patient comfortable while he ruthlessly kills the disease.

Wodehouse is true heir of all the great English humorists; of Shakespeare, Dickens, Gilbert. In his pages is the mighty comic spirit of Micawber striding hand-in-hand with the polished nonsense and light-hearted jollity of Gilbert. It is hardly too much so say that he inherits jointly from Gilbert and Sullivan. For, as Sullivan's music is for ever wedded to Gilbert's art, helping us to understand the latter by emotional underlining, that so lightly lies on the spirit of the listener, so Wodehouse's great-hearted humanity eases what Francis Thompson calls the "human smart," while he exquisitely operates on our infirmities. There is no divine indignation, no mission to reform the world; he just laughs unhealthy cases out of court.

There are a thousand jokes in every book; not the isolated jokes of the comic paper, but jokes at home, jokes in their native air, each with its owner-history. We all laugh at a joke at or by a member of the family, things that would look silly in print. His jokes have the double joy of being all family jokes and good in themselves.

Excellent are the brilliant polish and polite barbs of the French tradition and of that other Englishman, "Saki." But they are bookish things and lack the savor of real life as it is lived—this tumultuous mixture of godliness and weakness. They are exotic and somehow cruel compared with the abounding humanity of P. G. Wodehouse, whose heart and brain are in vibrant combination. His is *perfect* nonsense.

The contrast between Wodehouse and "Saki" is almost the contrast so well pointed out by a critic between Chesterton

and Belloc. Belloc, he says, is like a man standing on a lonely hill, firing poisoned arrows at his enemies because it is reasonable to kill them, while Chesterton wields a shillelagh fighting with a crowd because he loves them. He hits them all, English and Irish, because he loves them, and he brings oil and wine for their wounds when the battle is over.

Wodehouse is popular in Ireland, especially in Connemara. That is "one up" for Wodehouse—and for Connemara.

Wit has no background. It is purely intellectual and almost destructive. Humour, represented at its best in Wodehouse and Chesterton, is three-dimensional; as large as life, as ridiculous and as healthy.

A selection of the Works of P. G. Wodehouse.

*Joy in the Morning*

*A Gentleman of Leisure.*

*Piccadilly Jim.*

*A Damsel in Distress*

*Love Among the Chickens*

*Indiscretions of Archie.*

*Jill the Reckless*

*The Adventures of Sally.*

*The Clicking of Cuthbert.*

*The Coming of Bill.*

*The Inimitable Jeeves.*

*Leave it to Smith.*

*Ukridge.*

*The Heart of a Goof*

*Carry on Jeeves*

*Meet Mr. Mulliner*

*Lord Emworth and Others.*

*Laughing Gas*

*Young Man in Spats*

*The Luck of the Bodkins*

*Blandings Castle*

*Right Ho, Jeeves*

*Heavy Weather*

*Hot Water*

*If I were You*

*Big Money*

*Summer Lighting*

*Summer Moonshine*

*Money for Nothing*

*The Code of the Woosters*

*Quick Service*

## A List of some Recent Accessions on Agricultural Subjects.

### COUNTRY LIFE IN GENERAL

- ANDREWS, W. L. and A. P. MAGUIRE.—*Wayside Pageant*.  
 BATES, H. E.—*Down the River*.  
 — *Through the Woods*.  
 BLOOMFIELD, M.—*Nuts in the Rookery*.  
 CLARKE, H.—*Rural Roundabout*.  
 FOX, L. K.—*The Rural Community and its School*.  
 HENNEL, T.—*The Countryman at Work*.  
 JEFFERIES, R.—*Hodge and His Masters: A Classic of English Farming*.  
 KITCHEN, FRED.—*Life on the Land*.  
 MCGUFFIE, D.—*Cabbages and Committees*.  
 — *Spring Onions: An Autobiography*.  
 MASSINGHAM, H. J.—*A Countryman's Journal*.  
 — *Country Relics*.  
 — *An Englishman's Year*.  
 MAYNELL, E.—*Country Ways*.  
 MAYS, A. B.—*Principles and Practice of Vocational Education*.  
 MOGEY, J. M.—*Rural Life in Northern Ireland*.  
 OLIVIER, E.—*Country Moods and Tenses*.  
 PHILIPS, P.—*Agriculture and Farm Life*.  
 STREET, A. G.—*The Endless Furrow*.  
 — *Farmer's Glory*.  
 — *Strawberry Roan*.  
 UTTLEY, A. *Country Hoard*.  
 — *Country Things*.  
 — *The Country Child*.  
 — *The Farm on the Hill*.  
 WARREN, C. H.—*Happy Countryman*.  
 WILLIAMSON, B.—*Green Hands*.  
 — *The Story of a Norfolk Farm*.  
 — *Tales of a Devon Village*.  
 — *Life in a Devon Village*.

### THE FARMSTEAD, FARM BUILDINGS AND MACHINERY.

- CULPIN, C.—*Farm Machinery*.  
 HINE, H. J.—*Good Farming by Machine*.  
 — *Tractors on the Farm: Their Use and Maintenance*.  
 SMITH, H.—*Farm Machinery and Equipment*.  
 WOOLEY, J. C.—*Farm Buildings*.

### LAND, SOIL AND FARM OPERATIONS

- B.B.C.—*Farming To-day Broadcasts*.  
 BALFOUR, E. B.—*The Living Soil*.  
 BALL, W. V.—*Smallholdings for Pleasure and Profit*.  
 BELL, A. *Apple Acre*.  
 — *Men and the Fields*.  
 BILLINGTON, F.H.—*Compost for Garden Plot or Thousand acre Farm*.  
 BURKE, S. G. B.—*Good Soil*.  
 BLACK, J. I.—*Few Acre Farms*.  
 BLACK, J., and others—*Farm Management*.  
 BRUCE, M. E.—*Common-sense Compost Making by the Quick Return Method*.  
 — *Compost Making*.  
 — *From Vegetable Waste to Fertile Soil*.  
 COYSH, A. W.—*The Small Farm*.  
 DONALDSON, F.—*Approach to Farming*.  
 — *Four Years' Harvest*.  
 DUNCAN, R.—*Journal of a Husbandman*.  
 EDE, R.—*Farming: An Introduction*.  
 FISHWICK, V. C.—*Good Farming*.  
 FLETCHER, D. V.—*Good Farm Workmanship*.  
 GRAHAM, M.—*Soil and Sense*.  
 GUNSTON, J.—*How to Run a Small Farm*.  
 HENDERSON, G.—*The Farming Ladder*.  
 HERON, B.—*Such as I have, or Farmer's Hazard*.  
 HOPKINS, D. P.—*Chemicals, Humus and the Soil*.  
 HUDELSON, R.—*Farm Management*.  
 KIRKWOOD, J.—*Farm Book-Keeping*.  
 KITCHEN, FRED.—*Brother to the Ox*.  
 LOWE, L. T.—*The Student's Handbook to Fertilisers and Soils*.

- MASSINGHAM, H., Editor.—*The Small Farmer*.  
 MOORE, H. I.—*Background to Farming*.  
 ORR, SIR J. B.—*Soil Fertility*.  
 PFEIFFER, E.—*Soil Fertility: Renewal and Preservation*.  
 PORTSMOUTH, EARL OF.—*Alternative to Death: The Relationship  
 Between Soil, Family and Community*.  
 RUSSELL, E. J.—*English Farming*.  
 STAPLEDON, SIR R. G.—*The Land Now and Tomorrow*  
 — *Ley Farming*.  
 — *The Plough-Up Policy and Ley Farming*.  
 — *The Way of the Land*.  
 SYKES, F.—*This Farm Business*  
 — *Humus and the Farmer*.  
 VANSTONE, E.—*Fertilisers and Manures*.  
 WIBBERLEY, T.—*New Farming*.

## FIELD CROPS

- BELL, G. D. H.—*Cultivated Plants of the Farm*.  
 BURTON, W. G.—*The Potato*.  
 CURWEN, E. C.—*Plough and Pasture; edited by B. FARRINGTON*  
 ELLIOT, R. H.—*The Clifton Park System of Farming and Laying  
 Down Land to Grass*.  
 LEWIS, J. G.—*Back to Better Grass*.  
 MOORE, H. J.—*Root Crops*.  
 OLDERSHAW, A. W.—*Good Farm Crops*.  
 OLDHAM, C. H.—*Brassica Crops*.  
 ROBINSON, D. H.—*Good Grassland*.  
 STAPLEDON, SIR R. and W. DAVIES.—*Ley Farming*  
 STAPLEY, J. H.—*Pests of the Farm Crops*.  
 WHYTE, R. O.—*Crop Production and Environment*.  
 WILSON, H. K.—*Grain Crops*

## LIVE STOCK AND DAIRYING.

- ABBAY, A.—*Practical Goat Keeping*.  
 BAKER, E.—*The Home Veterinarian's Handbook*.  
 BILLINGS, W.—*Live-Stock and Poultry Diseases*.  
 COOKSON, E. M.—*Dairy Cows and their Management*.  
 DAVIS, W. P., and others—*Livestock Enterprises*.

- ECKLES, C.—*Dairy Cattle and Milk Production*.  
 ELLIS, J. C. B.—*Feeding of Farm Livestock*.  
 FITCH, C.—*The Handling of the Thoroughbred Stallion*.  
 FRASER, A.—*Sheep Production*.  
 HAYES, M.—*Stable Management and Exercise*.  
 LYON, W., editor—*The Horseman's Year*.  
 MAYNARD, L.—*Animal Nutrition*.  
 MILLER, W. C. and E. D. S. ROBERTSON—*Practical  
 Animal Husbandry*.  
 OLSON, T.—*Elements of Dairying*.  
 PATERSON, J. D.—*Good and Healthy Animals*.  
 PINCHER, C.—*The Breeding of Farm Animals*.  
 REID, J. W.—*Pigs*.  
 ROBINSON, H. G.—*Good Milk Farming*.  
 SMITH, W.—*Pork Production*.  
 THOMAS, J. F. H.—*Sheep*.  
 TINLEY, N.—*Good Pig Keeping*.

## FRUIT GROWING AND FORESTRY

- BAKER, R. ST. B.—*Trees*.  
 BEAR, P. K.—*Simple Fruit Growing*.  
 BOLLTON, E. H. B., and A. J.—*British Timbers: Their Properties,  
 Uses and Identification*.  
 BRIGGS, B.—*Our Friendly Trees*.  
 COLLINS, P. B.—*Trees*.  
 COOPER, W. E. S.—*The A. B. C. of Fruit Growing*.  
 DESCH, H. E.—*Timber: Its Structure and Properties*.  
 GURNEY, R.—*Our Trees and Woodlands*.  
 HEDRICK, U.—*Cyclopædia of Hardy Fruits*.  
 HOWARD, A. L.—*Trees in Britain and Their Timbers*.  
 LE SUEUR, A. D. C.—*The Care and Repair of Ornamental Trees*.  
 MACKAY, J.—*Forestry in Ireland*.  
 — *The Rape of Ireland*.  
 — *Trodden Gold: A Book of the Forest*.  
 MAKINS, F. K.—*The Identification of Trees and Shrubs*.  
 OSBORN, A.—*Shrubs and Trees for the Garden*.  
 RAYNER, M. C.—*Trees and Toadstools*.  
 ROWE, W. H.—*Our Forests*.

## GARDEN CROPS, KITCHEN AND MARKET GARDENING.

- ARTISS, P.—*Market Gardening*.  
 BAWDEN, F. C.—*Plant Diseases*.  
 CHASE, J.—*Cloche Gardening*.  
 CONNELLY, F. C.—*The Lazy Gardener*.  
 COUTTS, J.—*Complete Book of Gardening*.  
 — *Everyday Gardening*.  
 HARRIS, D.—*Vegetable Seeds for the Ordinary Man*.  
 McMILLAN, R. C.—*Planting for Plenty*.

## BEE-KEEPING.

- DUGAT, FATHER M.—*The Skyscraper Hive*.  
 HOWES, F. N.—*Plants and Bee-Keeping*.  
 LUND, H.—*A Man and His Bees*.  
 MANLEY, R. O. B.—*Honey Farming*.  
 METCALF, F. H.—*The Bee Community*.  
 PHILLIPS, E.—*Bee Keeping*.  
 SCHOFIELD, A. N.—*Teach Yourself Bee-Keeping*.  
 STUART, F. S.—*Bee-Keeping Practice*.  
 WHITEHEAD, S. B.—*Honey Bees and Their Management*.

## POULTRY.

- ALEXANDER, A. K. S. *Hens on the Land: Practical Poultry Husbandry for the Farmer*.  
 BROWN, E. T.—*Poultry Keeper's Text Book*.  
 — *Poultry Book*.  
 JULL, M.—*Raising Turkeys*.  
 THOMPSON, A.—*Feeding for Eggs*.

## HUNTING, FISHING AND SHOOTING.

- Baird, R. D.—*A Trout Rose*.  
 BROOKE, G.—*Let's Learn to Ride; Horsemanship for Young and Old*.  
 CLIFFORD, G.—*Fishing*.

- DAWSON, K.—*Casts from a Salmon Rod*.  
 DROUGHT, J. B.—*Successful Shooting*.  
 FILLIS, J.—*Breaking and Riding*.  
 FITZGERALD, B. VESEY.—*Book of the Dog*.  
 FOSTER, W. L.—*Fishing Tackle*.  
 GOLDINGHAM, P. R.—*The Horse and his Rider; edited by J. T. Hankinson*.  
 GRAHAM, M.—*The Fish Gate*.  
 HANCE, J. E.—*School for Horse and Rider*.  
 HAYES, M. H.—*Riding and Hunting*.  
 HOPE, C. E. G.—*Riding*.  
 JOYCE, H. S. A.—*A Trout Angler's Notebook*.  
 MACMILLAN, D. MACL.—*Equitation and Horsemanship: Instructional Notes on Riding, Schooling, Care and Management of Horses*.  
 MOXON, P. R. A.—*Gun Dogs: Modern Methods of Training*.  
 PILKINGTON, S. M.—*With a Gun to the Hill*.  
 POWELL, T. A.—*Here and There a Lusty Trout*.  
 RIVIERE, B. B.—*Retrievers*.  
 SEDGWICK, N. M. A.—*A Shooting Man's Year*.  
 SINCLAIR, C. E. R.—*Coarse Fishing in Ireland*.  
 WANLESS, A.—*Threadline Angling*.  
 WILLIAMSON, H.—*Salar the Salmon*.

## BIRDS.

- CALVERT, R. W.—*Watchings*.  
 DARLING, F. F.—*Wild Country*.  
 GAZE, R.—*Look at this Bird*.  
 HALLETT, R.—*Birds of the Homestead*.  
 HILLSTEAD, A. F. C.—*The Young Birdwatchers*.  
 PITMAN, I.—*And Clouds Flying: A Book of Wildfowl*.  
 SQUIRES, L.—*Wildfowling with a Camera*.  
 SMITH, S.—*How to Study Birds*.

## Voluntary Education Through The Public Library

There is a new and marked revival of interest, especially noticeable since the Second World War, in the need for, and possibility of adult education. Adult education is based on the idea that our education should not stop when we leave school, and the word *education* and the word *school* are not necessarily synonymous, but that education is a life-long process. "We can not abandon our education at the school-house door. We have to keep it up through life."

Two of the finest examples of adult education, one in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, the other in Denmark, may be briefly described.

In Great Britain and Northern Ireland co-operation between the labour unions and the universities has been brought about through the medium of the Workers' Educational Association. The workers organise classes of thirty students who agree to pursue one subject for three years, meeting twenty-four times each year. With the aid of the Workers' Educational Association they select their own subject and their own instructor, usually one of the younger men from a university faculty, who meets with the class, not so much to lecture as to lead the discussion as a "fellow traveller in the quest for truth."

In Denmark the Folk High School has revolutionised Danish life. There are some sixty High School buildings, entirely separate from the high schools for children. They are supported by fees, gifts and bequests, and are under the general supervision of the Minister for Education. They are attended annually by over 8,000 people, mostly from eighteen to twenty-five years of age. Men constitute about fifty-five per cent. of the students and they attend for five months in the winter, the women for three months in the summer. The courses are adapted to the needs of Denmark and its agricultural population.

What is adult education? Three definitions may be quoted. The first is from the World Association for Adult Education:

"The purpose of the World Association for Adult Education is to dispel the melancholy belief that grown men and women have nothing left to learn, and to diffuse throughout all countries, and in every section of society, the sense of wonder and curiosity and the gift of mutual sympathy and companionship which add so much to the meaning of life."

The second is from Dr. Frederick P. Kepple, President of the Carnegie Corporation of New York:—

"It (adult education) is the process of learning, on the initiative of the individual, seriously and consecutively undertaken as a supplement to some primary occupation."

The third definition is from the report of the American Library Association's Commission on Libraries and Adult Education:—

"It (adult education) is based on a recognition of the great truth that education is a life-long process, and that the university graduate, as well as the man of little schooling, is in constant need of further training, inspiration, and mental growth; that the training obtained in school and college is necessarily limited to fundamentals, and that the real development of the individual lies in the independent effort of later years.

"Essentially, adult education is a spiritual ideal, taking form in a practical purpose. It is based on that inherent urge forward which distinguishes the human spirit. It must be voluntary. The greatest teacher may not enter uninvited—nor may he come as a taskmaster. It finds its truest and highest level when the hunger for knowledge and expression awakens in the hearts of men and women."

It has been the custom to consider that the ability to acquire new ideas and to learn new subjects ceases at about the age of twenty-two or twenty-three. That is approximately the time when formal schooling usually ends for university men. Perhaps

that is why men thought that the learning ability ceased at that time. Recent researches carried out in British, American and Continental universities have resulted in the issue of the following findings :—

“ Adults can learn rather easily and rapidly, and probably could learn much more than they do.

“ Adult education suffers no mystical handicap because of the age of the students.

“ In general, nobody under forty-five should restrain himself from trying to learn anything because of a belief or fear that he is too old to be able to learn it.

“ Adults learn less than they might because they do not care enough about learning.

“ Adults learn much less than they might partly because they under-estimate their power of learning, and partly because of unpleasant attention and comment.

“ In general, teachers of adults of age twenty-five to forty-five, should expect them to learn at nearly the same rate and in nearly the same manner as they would have learned the same thing at fifteen to twenty.

“ The provision of opportunities whereby adults can learn those things which they are able to learn and which it is for the common good that they should learn is a safe philanthropy and a productive investment for the nation.

“ On the whole, the facts of adult learning are a strong support to those who have given time and thought and money to adult education.

“ . . . we might better replace ‘ Childhood is the time for learning ’ by ‘ The time for learning anything is the time when you need it. ’ For these are the great advantages which accrue when learning satisfies some real need, benefits some cherished purpose, and is made use of at once and so is kept alive and healthy for further use.”

Apparently, then, we are never too old to learn and education may actually be made a life-long process. Cato learned Greek after he was eighty years of age and Michaelangelo was made chief architect of St. Peter's at the age of seventy-two.

The idea that libraries have an important part in adult education is based on the fact that the book is a fundamental tool in education, and that the librarians are custodians of books service for the public. It is the function of the public library to supply books suited to the needs of its readers, whether those needs are vocational or cultural, recreational or educational. It is also the function of the library to supply guidance in the use of books. If very large numbers of our school children never get beyond the sixth standard, reading is the chief thing they have learned, and if their education is to be continued it must be largely through reading. The following quotations as read in sequence will give the opinions of non-librarians regarding the important part that libraries may play in adult education :—

“ We hear much said about self-educated men, and a broad distinction is made between them and others ; but the truth is that every man who is educated at all, is, and must be, self-educated.”—*Mark Hopkins.*

“ A Burns is infinitely better educated than a Byron.”  
*Carlyle.*

“ What we teach ourselves becomes much more a part of us than what we learn from others. Education does not end when we leave school ; it has indeed scarcely begun.”—*John Lubbock, 1st Baron Avebury.*

The Library's contribution to adult education resolves itself into three major activities : (1) an information service regarding local opportunities for adult students ; (2) service to other agencies engaged in adult education ; and (3) service to individual students. The need of library service by men and women engaged in individual or group study is unquestioned. Books and professional library service equal to any reasonable demand are the right of all those who seek to extend their knowledge and to perfect themselves in the art of living. It is distinctly a library function to supply the needs of all students.

It should be evident that books, selected to fit students—individual or group-needs, should be accompanied by tactful guidance and helpful suggestions. There are, moreover, many whose need is not met by class or correspondence instruction and who will always require suggestions and advice in organising their reading. They seek greater freedom in the selection of subjects, and more latitude in arranging the time of study and rate of progress. Some wish to gain certain practical results, some to broaden an outlook on life, to supplement formal education, or to extend it by entry into new fields; others wish to read for the pure joy of reading with no thought of education or study. To these readers, young and old, the County Library may bring a definite service by providing an interesting selection of books.

In working in this field of library service some of the best helps, it has been found, is the library reading list. If intellectual interests can be aroused during school years, if boys and girls can be taught to use books and can be given a happy introduction to a wide range of interesting, wholesome reading material, habits will be formed and desires created which will seek realisation in later life. Teachers have the great opportunity to lay the foundations for intellectual activities which will continue at the adult level. These projects may be summarised:—

- (1) The extension of methods that will teach pupils to read more intelligently and more rapidly;
- (2) The elimination of methods of teaching that make independent reading obnoxious to young people;
- (3) More effective and inspirational methods of teaching pupils how to use the County Library;
- (4) A more adequate provision of libraries and professional library advice in elementary and secondary schools; and
- (5) Greater emphasis on the methods for carrying over to the County Library the reading interests cultivated in the schools.

## Anthony Trollope in County Galway

Trollope began his literary career by writing two novels dealing with local incidents in the West of Ireland. Both were fair portrayals of rural Irish life. The scene of the first, *The MacDermots of Ballycloran*, is laid in the County Leitrim, and that of the second County Galway. Neither being a financial success he turned to the writing of English clerical life while living in Ireland and stated that he had never moved among nor met the class he so well described. His last novel entitled *The Land Leaguers* is a story the scene of which is also laid in County Galway. The work failed in its appeal to English readers and the Irish reading public being limited the demand for the book was negligible and has become comparatively rare. Familiar names of persons and people appear in detail throughout the story. A Mr. Jones has purchased, in 1850, the estates of Ballintubber and Morony in the Landed Estates Courts—both places being originally the property of owners of the old stock and lay respectively to the right and left of the road leading from Headford to Lough Corrib. Trollope tells that at the time of the purchase “there was no quieter spot in all Ireland, one in which the lawful requirements of a landlord were more readily performed by a poor and obedient tenantry.” Jones had two sisters who left their money to him for safe-keeping but everything was lost in the land trouble. Jones’s family consisted of the eldest son Frank, a brilliant student of Queen’s College, Galway, two daughters, and the younger boy, Florian, who became a Catholic. The parish priest of Headford, Father Giles, one of the old type, is contrasted with Father Malaki, of Ballintubber Parish, who is described as of a different class, and who had no curate “who would interfere with his happiness.” Mr. Jones becomes intimate with a Mr. Thomas Blake, of Camlough, living about two miles the other side of Tuam. Then comes Gerard O’Mahony, an Irish American, married, and with a daughter Rachel. O’Mahony, a man with strong Republican views, is a frequent visitor to America. We are then brought to a meet of the hounds at Ballytougae, two miles from Claregalway, on the road to Oranmore, the residence of Sir Nicholas Bodkin, who had a rental of £5,000 but had spent every penny of it in the county and was to die poor.

The following is a splendid description of "Black Daly," Master of the Galway Blazers: "Who Black Daly was or whence he had come, many men, even in Co. Galway, did not know. It was not that he had no property, but that property was so small as to make it impossible that the owner should be master of the county hounds. But in truth Black Daly lived at Daly's Bridge, in the neighbourhood of Castle Blakeney, where he was supposed to be at home. And the house in which he lived he had undoubtedly inherited from his father. But he was not often there, and kept his kennels at Ahascragh, five miles away from Daly's Bridge. Much was not, therefore, known of Mr. Daly in his own house. But in the field no man was better known or more popular if thorough obedience is an element of popularity. The old gentry of the county could not tell why Mr. Daly had been put into his present position five and twenty years ago, but the manner of his election was often talked about . . . He had no money and very few acres of his own on which to preserve foxes . . . He never borrowed a shilling from any man, and he certainly paid his way . . . He was tall but very thin and bony, and seemed not to have an ounce of flesh about his face and body. He had large whiskers, coarse and jet black, which did not quite meet beneath his chin. He never joked, and he knew not only every hound in his pack, but he knew their ages, their sires and their dams . . . There was nothing which a horse could do with a man on his back which Daly could not make him do . . . He was unmarried: his hounds were his children. He was a Protestant as opposed to a Roman Catholic; but no one had ever known him to go to church or speak a word in reference to religion. He was equally civil or uncivil to priest or parson when priest or parson appeared in the field. But on no account would he speak to either if he could avoid it . . . He was unmarried. No one who knew him could conceive that he should have a wife. His hounds were his children, and he could have taught no wife to assist him in looking after them with the constant attention and tender care which was given them by Barney Smith, his huntsman. A wife would have been useless . . . It may be said that Black Jack filled all positions in the kennels himself. Two rooms had been prepared for him near the kennels, and Barney Smith gave him such attention as was necessary. Black Daly wanted very little, his tastes were simple. He always dressed the same. Fox-hunting was the work of his life."

Trollope describes a meeting at the crossroads of Monivea and Black Jack's reaction when at that spot for the first time in his life, the hounds were prevented from hunting by the threats of a mass of angry and threatening people. Sir Nicholas Bodkin, Mr. Persse of Doneraile, Sir Jasper Lynch of Bohemane, Mr. Blake of Letterkenny and Lord Ardahan tried to get Black Jack to desist from hunting and rousing the angry crowd, but having no politics or prejudices he could not understand why the opposition on the part of the peasantry. Riding on to Kilcornan with the intention of drawing it, he was met by another crowd and a similar reception was given him at Mr. Lambert's place at Clare. Hunting, so far as he was concerned, was finished, and that was his last attempt to act as master of the hounds.

Trollope must be allowed the licence for playing with facts in his description of John Dennis of Birmingham, two miles from Tuam, who remained master of the Fox Hounds until his death. A lonely bachelor, he was liked by all and he never had any trouble in the field as the Land League Movement had not been in existence during his lifetime. His portrait in oils was presented to him and lithograph copies were circulated. Few houses in County Galway are without John Dennis on his favourite horse with his three favourite dogs around him.

Under assumed names Trollope describes many once well-known characters in Galway. Under the name of Captain Yorke he gives a part-picture of Clifford Lloyd and his pompous behaviour as Galway's Chief Magistrate. Boycotting, murder, the Galway County Court-house, Ardfry Castle, the trial for the murder of Florian Jones, Cong and its surroundings, and the double murder there, are mentioned. The interest in Trollope's descriptions of the period does not lie in his long semi-political dissertation in *The Land Leaguers*, but in the men who are so unlike the present generation, whether peasant or landlord. So unlike that it is hard to believe that such a change has been possible in a little over sixty years. The period of the old landlordism with their ways and faults are gone and it is only through the literature of the period that the past may be recalled.

## The Port of Galway

BY MARGARITE HAYES-McCOY,

Ph.D., M.A., LL.B., B.COMM., H.DIP. IN ED.

Galway in the 13th century was a small community of English settlers gathered together about the castle of the de Burgh Earls of Ulster. The castle stood in what is now Flood Street, a narrow street of heavy shadows from the tall buildings close to the lately extended docks and to the famous blind arch. The houses of the settlers and those of the Irish who lived among them from the start, were grouped together in this quarter.

Early mentions of sea-borne traffic to Galway, and hence indirectly of the port to which such traffic came, occur in connection with taxes or customs duties levied on merchandise and used for the improvement of the infant town. Thus at the end of the 13th century collectors, under the authority of the King were taking so much of the value of each cargo of wine, salt, cloth and so on and devoting it to the building of the town walls and the paving of the streets.

As the 14th century progressed Galway merchants were active, under the patronage of the de Burghs, in consolidating and strengthening the position of their port. They entered into an agreement with the O'Brien's of North Clare and Aran whereby these coastal dwellers undertook to protect the Galway ships while passing the mouth of the bay in return for an annual tribute of wine. In order to discourage the competition of the port of Limerick they placed prohibitive duties on any Limerick boats which came in to the mouth of the Corrib. Finally, they succeeded in obtaining a charter from the Crown which instituted Galway a staple town for the export of wool, sheepskins and leather.

From Murage Charters, the authority to collect money for the upkeep and extension of the town walls, it is possible to learn what were the imports and exports of the town. The imports, we find, were wine, salt, iron and wrought iron goods, such as spike-nails; lead, pepper, ginger, cloves and other spices, silks and linen cloths. The main exports were wool, hides, fish, butter and

agricultural produce. A Government inquiry into the affairs of Galway port in 1425 shows that a brisk trade was carried on and that foreign traders as well as the Galway merchants themselves used the port for export and import.

The Corporation of Galway, while desirous of encouraging trade, wished to keep the profits of it at home. Thus the 15th and 16th centuries saw a long series of enactments which were designed to close the port to all save freemen of the town. The fact that they could never successfully be enforced is but another proof of the growing trade of the port. In 1513 Henry VIII granted a new charter to the citizens by which he formally conveyed to them the ownership of the port, of which he was nominal overlord.

War had always made trading difficult, and during this time of the expanding sea power of England, Galway shippers frequently suffered from the fact that when England was at war her enemies were technically theirs. The Spanish war and the long-threatened Armada had a most injurious effect on the Galway wine trade, the duty on wine imports falling from £1,000 in a peace year to £120 in 1585, and disappearing completely in 1586. Of course, a great deal of smuggling went on, and during the whole course of the Spanish war the friendly relations of Galway with Spain were secretly maintained.

The ships which carried merchandise to Galway in these early days were small, ridiculously small, according to modern standards, and a voyage for them was a hazardous adventure. They were rarely pressed for time, however. It was convenient, too, that they could enter shallow river mouths, as at Galway, and that they could be beached on river banks. Galway for a long time did not possess a quay. In very early days the boats were beached on the river bank close to the de Burgh castle. They came in with the tide and ran up about as far as the site of the present Wolfe Tone bridge. They, no doubt, pulled in as far as possible to the sloping bank where the Fish Market now stands, and when the tide receded they lay on the bottom.

Spanish and Portuguese ships were common. There were French ships from St. Malo, English ships, Scottish ships from the Orkneys. Usual cargoes were wines and iron from Bilbao inward, and hides and woollen cloth outward. Some ships were,

of course, owned in Galway, but the greater part of the trade was carried on by means of English and foreign ships, specially chartered for a voyage, and for the double journey to Spain and back. To Galway of the 16th century came also the Queen's ships, the privateers with prizes of war, such as the Portuguese ship brought in in 1587, and the newly-established English patrol ships, the Handmaid, Captain Thornton, and the Achates, Captain Yorke.

During the 15th century the Galway merchants built a quay wall along the river at the present Fish Market, and in 1519 they added to it and extended the town wall on the river side to protect it. In 1537 when Lord Deputy Grey brought in guns to strengthen the town defences, some of them were mounted to defend the shipping in the river, and a new quay gate was built.

The first half of the 17th century was the period of the real greatness of Galway port. Galway was then a well-built city, walled and fortified. The great stone houses of the rapidly prospering merchants had been built or were being constructed. A map of the town prepared in 1652, shows the street plan to have been practically the same then as it is now, the church of St. Nicholas standing above the bridge; Lynch's Castle, typical of the many tall houses which have long since disappeared. A drawing of the river mouth and quay made by Sir Thomas Phillips, English Ordnance Surveyor, in 1686, shows the shipping accommodation and the town walls along the riverside, and presents a view which is strikingly like that now to be obtained from Nimmo's Pier, the boundary of the river on the opposite side to the new dock. Galway has been described by more than one traveller who visited it in the early 17th century as a rich and well-built town with a flourishing port. Its fame had travelled far and wide, and Galway merchants had contacts in the chief places of trade all over the continent.

Ships sailing from Galway played their part in national events. In 1601, the Scots ship, St. Michael of Dysart, Captain Clerk, left the Quay at Galway with a cargo of ash poles and salted hides for Lisbon and arrived there in the remarkably short time of fourteen days. In Lisbon she loaded a return cargo of salt, but Clerk soon found his ship pressed for service with the fleet which Spain was then fitting out to bring aid to

the Irish at Kinsale. Even in time of warfare, however, ships continued to come from Spain with wine and iron, indigo, spices, calico, and many other commodities. The Galwaymen frowned not a little on the English fleet which, in its efforts to sweep the high seas frequently fell foul of Galway traders. In 1625 two ships of the English war fleet were driven into Galway Bay by bad weather. The crews were suffering from scurvy and the soldiers aboard were in as bad a plight. The Mayor refused them supplies and permission to press crews in Galway. They had to await orders from Dublin to compel the Mayor to relieve them. Lord Falkland was also refused supplies when the warship Sea Adventure came into the bay in 1626.

Pirates, privateers and prize ships caused a stir. Although the King's pinnace, Lion's Whelp, and other boats patrolled the coast the pirates were wary and it was not always easy to tell which was a pirate ship or a privateer and which a merchantman. The case of the St. Patrick, a fifty ton ship registered in Galway, must have caused much gossip on our quays in 1627. She was owned by Richard and Simon Lynch who had her on the St. Malo route. In St. Malo she was hired by one Sylvester Herman for a voyage to Malaga, the Lynches entering into a charter party and agreeing to fit her out, caulk her and supply new sails, anchors and a crew of nine men and a boy. Since she was a British ship (the description is a contemporary one) it was necessary to conceal her identity and so a French crew and captain were put aboard. At Malaga she passed off as French and loaded with wines and raisins there for her return voyage, but on her way back to St. Malo she was driven into Kinsale by bad weather and there seized and held as a French ship. In the State Papers of the time names of ships which were connected with Galway port and which had strange adventures multiply as the century advances. The case of the English ship, Alice of Ipswich, is an example of how the troublous nature of the times affected Galway shipping. She was chartered by a Galwayman, Christopher Kirwan, and others, who sent her to sea with a cargo. At Killybegs, however, she was seized and pressed into Government service and Kirwan had to unload her there and pay £91 for another ship to take her cargo. He and his associates lost £391 over the affair, and they appealed to the Government to compensate them. An order was made for the repayment of the money to Kirwan, but there were the

usual delays, and in 1641 it was suggested that, failing the receipt of the £391, he and his associates might be satisfied to be excused payment of that amount in customs dues on their future business in Galway port.

There was the Spanish ship *Bonaventura*, 250 tons, which came to Galway with a cargo of corn in 1634. Three Galway merchants loaded her with a part cargo for export, and she went to Kenmare river to load pipe staves. There it was discovered that she was really a pirate which had previously robbed the *White Hart* of Bristol, and that her appearance of trading was only a cloak to cover her real nature. She was arrested and taken to Dublin. These and several other such references in the State Papers testify to the growing number of ships which came to Galway quayside, or were chartered by Galway merchants. Not all the records of the port, however, provide such high lights, as every merchantman was not necessarily a secret pirate. As the 17th Century progressed the ordinary trade grew steadily, and we find the Stuart Kings, always anxious to amass money and seldom out of financial difficulties, striving to draw increased revenue from Galway.

In 1607 the Government initiated a movement to increase revenue by means of imposts at the Irish ports. Customs regulations were to be tightened up and the King was to be granted a new subsidy—1s. in the £ on the value of all goods handled. This was a big demand, and four Irish ports, Galway, Dublin, Waterford and Drogheda, refused to pay. The three last held that they were exempted by Act of Parliament, and Galway stood stoutly on the rights granted to her by successive charters. A determined attempt was made to collect the impost in Waterford, and a commissioner, Robert Cogan, made a tour of the Irish ports in an effort to bring about compliance with the Royal will. He came to Galway in October, 1611, and reported that the city, relying on her charter rights, paid no customs dues or poundage to the King, either from the goods of freemen or strangers. If the Crown could collect the poundage it would mean a considerable sum for the Exchequer, for the total value of exports and imports of the chief ports in 1611 was estimated at £211,000. Warrants which were issued to compel the ports to pay were, however,

of no avail, and in 1612 it was proposed that a new Act of Parliament be passed to annul their claimed privileges. In 1641 Government advisers were still talking about the advisability of passing such an Act.

By this time the town defences had been considerably strengthened. The fort which stood at St. Augustine's at Fort Hill was repaired and a new fortification raised at Mutton Island, where the present lighthouse stands. A battery was constructed at Rintinane, now Nimmo's Pier, in 1632, and a new tower erected on the seaward side of the town wall. These fortifications—there were others, of course, for the other quarters of the city—were in defence of the port and its approaches.

In 1643 it was proposed to extend the quay southward down the river to afford the accommodation necessary for Galway's growing trade, but work on this important addition was impeded owing to the Cromwellian War.

Although trade was much disturbed by the campaign which saw the first siege of Galway and the introduction to the country of a swarm of English planters, the Irish towns struggled to maintain their commercial position. According to the State reports on the volume of trade at the Irish ports in 1644, Galway was placed sixth in order of importance. In 1688 Galway was placed seventh, but for the ten years 1660-1670 Galway and Waterford tied for third place, Dublin and Cork preceding them and Limerick coming fourth.

Galway's position on the west coast at a convenient point for communication with the newly developed countries on the American continent gave her much prominence. In 1666 a vessel arrived at Galway Port from "New York in Virginia," with an express messenger for the King. The messenger disembarked at once and went on to Dublin to take "the next post bark" for England. In these events we have early evidence of the suitability of the port as a point of arrival and departure for trans-Atlantic crossings. West Indianmen came to Galway also, four of them in 1666 with cargoes of tobacco, sugar and cotton. They had a hazardous crossing of the Atlantic, during which a fifth of their original number had been sunk by a Dutch man-o'-war. This

was the time of the Dutch-English war and the English warships, Dartmouth and Gift, were busy convoying ships from Cadiz to Galway, and the Seafarer and Forester came to Galway soon after the arrival of the four West Indiamen mentioned, to pick them up and convoy them to English ports.

At the end of the century we catch a glimpse of those spacious days before the mismanagement of Corporation affairs by the Cromwellian newcomers ruined Galway. There was Stephen Lynch, a Galwayman, who had dwelt for many years in Ostend, attending to the trading concerns of his townsmen there, and at Nieupoort, Bruges and other ports. In 1670 a group of Galway merchants, and masters of ships belonging to London, Bristol, Dublin and Galway, petitioned the Government to have him established Consul there. Then there was Henry Blake, who emigrated to Montserrat, in the West Indies, in 1688, and did much to build up trade between Galway port and those islands.

Despite the decline in Galway's trade, efforts were made now and then to keep up, and even to extend, the quays. In the early part of the 18th century the extension of the quay down the river was continued and the Old Mud Dock, then called Eyre's Dock, was constructed. In 1820 the shipping was entirely either in the river or in this Old Mud Dock, which still exists immediately outside the gates of the Commercial Dock. Hardiman states that in 1760 the quay was shamefully neglected. In 1762 there were only three or four vessels owned in the town and only one cleared outwards with a cargo of butter. In the 1805-1820 period the exports, according to Hardiman, were corn and kelp and a little marble. Imports were timber from America and Norway and Sweden, flaxseed, hemp, tallow, iron, steel and coal. The quays and harbour were neglected and the commercial future dark.

At the beginning of the 19th century efforts were made to restore to Galway some of the greatness of her commercial past. In 1830 a Harbour Commission was established and plans for a new dock were put in hands. It was proposed to build a large new dock where the old pool stretched just south of the former walls of the town. This was the Commercial Dock, which was finished in 1842 at a cost of over £40,000. Further improvements were the

completion in 1852 of the canal joining Lough Corrib with the sea and the repairing of the Claddagh Piers between 1843 and 1851.

Trade improved on the construction of the Commercial Dock. It was a great achievement for its day, and it gave facilities for berthing some of the largest vessels then afloat. The new deep sea sailing ships came here, the famous clipper ships bringing grain from Australia and tea from India and China.

The construction of the deepwater or Dun Aengus Dock was undertaken between 1881 and 1883. Efforts had been made earlier, in 1850, to establish Galway as a transatlantic port. A short time before this the Midland Great Western Railway Company had completed its line from Dublin to Galway. The Company and some inhabitants of the town subscribed £1,000 and chartered a small paddle steamer of 800 tons to begin a service to America. On her return voyage she grounded near Cape Sable and became a total loss. The Galway Line was established with the help of John Orrell Lever in 1859. Owing to more than one accident the service was not successful. The old Allen Line, which later took up the service had better results. Full success for the transatlantic project was not reached until recent years, and now that the deep-water Dock has been improved, a new pier built and the approach from the roadstead deepened, Galwegians look confidently to the future.



## Agricultural Schools in County Galway in the First Quarter of the Nineteenth Century

The mutual relations existing between the proprietors and occupiers of land in County Galway in the first half of the nineteenth century, is at once conclusive, painfully interesting, and most portentous in its character. The occupier passed his winter inactively, consuming the potato which he preferred to all other food, and neglected to prepare his land permanently for more profitable crops of which he had heard little. This general apathy in farming improvement may be attributed to a want of knowledge among the farming classes, and efforts were made though on a small scale to remedy this state of things by the extension of agricultural schools with model farms, and agricultural societies on an improved principle of action. Two such agricultural schools were established—one in Ballinakill and the other in Loughrea—the latter being a kind of secondary school as well. The Ballinakill School had 18 scholars, all day boys, who spent 10 hours each week in the study of agriculture—5 hours indoor and 5 hours outdoor on a holding of 7 acres attached to the school at a rent of £3. The head teacher received a salary of £20 and his assistant £13. The Loughrea school had 10 day scholars and 2 boarders. The day scholars had 28 hours of indoor instruction each week and 12 outdoor, while the boarders spent 28 hours indoor and 12 of outdoor instruction during one part of the year, and 29 hours of indoor and 6 of outdoor instruction during the other.

The following extract from the Devon Commission Report gives some idea of the kind of education afforded the pupils at these schools: "With respect to the elementary course of instruction afforded to the boys in attendance, it consists in a well-grounded English education with that of an agricultural. The English education comprises reading, writing, history, arithmetic, English grammar, geography, book-keeping, mensuration, land

surveying (theoretical and practical), navigation, gauging, geometry, algebra, etc. A pretty extensive knowledge is also given of the principles of those branches of natural philosophy which are considered useful in every condition of life. The agricultural course embraces amongst other things the principles of chemistry, both organic and inorganic, so far as is considered necessary; the formation, nature, physical properties, and the best methods of improving the different soils; draining, trenching, subsoil ploughing and the principals upon which their efficiency depends; the nature, constitution and properties of the different manures—animal, vegetable and mineral; the best and most economical methods of collecting and preparing manure and compost heaps; the different rotations of cropping as applicable to the various kinds of soils; house-feeding of cattle and its advantages; the errors at present prevailing in Irish husbandry, with a view to their removal; the structure of plants, and the mode in which their nourishment is obtained; the exhausted state in which the soil must be left by the production in succession of grain crops; the selection and proper division of farms; with the other minute details of practical husbandry which need not be enumerated.

Instruction on agricultural subjects is given by way of lecture—the boys at the same time taking notes. They are questioned on alternate days on the subject previously discussed, and are required to write out in their leisure hours at home, as fully as the notes they have taken enable them to do, the substance of the matter brought under their consideration. This method not only affords them an opportunity of acquiring theoretical knowledge, but it also forms one of the very best exercises in spelling and composition. Theoretical knowledge, however, is not the only thing aimed at; an acquaintance with the practical operations on the farm is also attended to. For the attainment of this object the boys are taken out to the farm, in classes, generally accompanied by the teacher, who explains to them the manner in which the different operations are performed. They are then engaged at whatever light work may be in progress of execution, and after having been employed the specified time, they are replaced by another class. In this way one class replaces another successively, by which mode of procedure a thorough acquaintance with the performance of the

various operations is obtained by all. During the absence of the teacher from the school-room, his place is supplied by the assistant teacher, who takes charge of the school till his return. But it is not found necessary that the teacher should always accompany each class. A well-instructed monitor, or the monitor pupil on the farm, can, in the great majority of instances give the necessary explanations and instructions. On the whole, not more than one hour in the day is devoted by each pupil to the acquirement of agricultural knowledge, both theoretical and practical—the remainder of his time being employed in pursuing the ordinary course of elementary instruction given in the school. In fact, the system could be carried out successfully by devoting the one-half of the time just mentioned to agricultural purposes.

The above has reference only to one branch of the establishment (which, for the sake of distinction, may be called the literary department). There is another and important one, viz., the out-door, or strictly speaking, the agricultural department. Boys are not admitted to this branch of the institution under fourteen years of age; they must also possess a certain amount of information, as the greater part of their time is employed on the farm in acquiring a knowledge of practical operations. They have the advantage, however, of pursuing their studies under the personal superintendence of the teacher during stated hours of the day, and also of attending the lectures on agricultural subjects along with the other boys at the literary department. They are lodged and boarded with the teacher, and are constantly under his care and direction. From two to three years is the term of their apprenticeship, according to their age and educational requirements.

Throughout the spring and summer seasons of the year, the pupils belonging to this department will be required to be out of bed and dressed at six o'clock in the morning. From six to seven they are engaged in cleaning the yards, the piggery, the cow house, the cattle, etc. From seven to half-past eight they are employed at their studies; they breakfast at half-past eight, and are ready to commence business on the farm at a quarter-past nine. From a quarter-past nine to six in the evening, with the exception of the dinner hour, they work on the farm. From six to eight they are engaged at their studies under the superintendence of the teacher.

Supper is served at eight. At half-past eight the cattle receive their last feed for the day, and their stands are cleared. The hour for going to bed is nine. During the other seasons of the year these hours vary little, but nothing will be exacted which is considered in any degree unreasonable."

1. Evidence submitted by Dr. Fitzpatrick to the Devon Commission, 1844.

The Irish agricultural schools were modelled on that of Philip Emmanuel von Fellenburg (1771-1844), a Swiss educationalist. He studied the life of the peasants and workmen of Switzerland, and was much influenced by Pestalozzi. In 1799 Fellenburg bought the estate of Hofwyl, near Bern, and started an agricultural college in connection with Pestalozzi, from whom he later separated. His idea was based on a new system of bringing all ranks of society close together by education. In spite of the ridicule at first encountered, the scheme proved a success. In Ireland, however, it failed and a modified system was introduced. This system differed materially from Fellenburg's. Each of the Irish schools was to contain a higher school for the sons of the gentry and one for the children of the agricultural population. In very few cases did the sons of the landlords attend, and in every case after short but expensive trials to the subscribers "that from many circumstances over which they had no control" they found it wiser to abandon the higher schools.

The management of the agricultural schools were confined to subscribers—the landed gentry—who elected committees of management for the schools. As a rule the members of these committees resided in the neighbourhood of the schools, held their meetings there, enquired into the state of the establishments, inspected the different departments, received the the masters' reports, heard and investigated complaints, recommended suitable punishments to refractory pupils, and at the annual examinations awarded prizes. All pupils had to be nominated by subscribers, and pay a fee averaging £5 per annum. The schools were subject to the regulations of the National Board of Education.

## Some Notes on Tuam in Olden Days

BY JARLATH A. O'CONNELL.

(Continued).

The Irish Directory, published by J. Pigot & Co, of 24 Basing Lane, London, in 1824, includes the following particulars of professional men, traders, etc., carrying on business in Tuam, in the previous year :—

### “ ATTORNEYS.

Patrick Egan, Besville,  
James Henderson, Dublin Road,  
John Kilkelly, Mossfort,  
Stephen Leonard, Queen's Fort,  
Thomas Savage, The Mall.

### “ PHYSICIANS.

John Madden, Shop Street,  
Thos. Little (and Surgeon), St. John's Abbey,  
John Prendergast, Bishop Street.

### “ APOTHECARIES.

Patrick Clarke, R.N. (and Surgeon), Bishop St.,  
Michael Kelly, Shop Street,  
James McCormick, Shop Street.

### “ ACADEMIES.

Rev. Thos. Feeney (Principal and Professor of Theology),  
Rev. Thos. Keelty (Professor of the belles lettres),  
Mishael Magee (Professor of mathematics and writing master),  
Rev. John Morris (Professor of Philosophy),  
Charles O'Callaghan, The Mall,  
Beech Sandford, Dublin Road.

### “ BAKERS.

Sarah Halfpenny, High Street,  
Arthur Hartnett, Shop Street,  
Hugh Higgins, Shop Street,

### “ BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS.

James Dalton, Shop Street,  
Michael Murray, Bishop Street.

### “ BREWER.

Chas. B. Blake.

### “ GROCERS, SPIRIT DEALERS, ETC.

THOS. BURKE, High Street,  
John Costelloe, High Street,  
Patrick Keary, High Street,  
Michael Roache, High Street,  
John Walsh, High Street,  
Michael Haddingan, Shop Street,  
Thos. Haddigan, Shop Street,  
William Moran, Shop Street,  
Patrick Tierney, Shop Street,  
John Keary, Bishop Street,  
John Hicks, Vicar Street,  
Pat Whitsted, Vicar Street.

### “ HARDWARES.

John Connelly, Shop Street,  
Thos. Hicks, Shop Street,  
John Costelloe (and Leather Merch.), High Street.,  
Michael Kenny, High Street,  
Michael Haddigan, Bishop Street,  
Francis Waldron, Bishop Street,  
John Hicks (and Haberdasher and trimmer seller) Vicar Street.

### “ INNS AND HOTELS.

Connaught Hotel, Michael Ormsby, Bishop Street,  
Mitre Inn, W. Jennings, Shop Street.

### “ LINEN AND WOOLLEN DRAPERS.

Wm. Martin Burke, Shop Street.,  
Wm. Burke, High Street,  
CONNOR KELLY, High Street,  
John Kelly, Vicar Street,  
Pat Kelly, Bishop Street,  
Pat Kelly (Jun.), Bishop Street.

### “ NEWSPAPERS,

Tuam Gazette, published every Saturday evening by Geoffry Eager, Vicar Street.

## "SADLERS.

Michael Burke, Vicar Street,  
John Graham, Bishop Street,  
Sandy O'Connor, Bishop Street,  
Lewis Ward, Bishop Street.

## "SPRIT STORES AND PUBLIC HOUSES.

Michael Bohan, Vicar Street,  
Gilmore Daniel, Vicar Street,  
Wm. Kelly (Carman's Inn), Vicar Street,  
Francis Ryan, Vicar Street,  
Julia Finnegan, High Street,  
Patk. Grimes, High Street,  
Pat Neiland, High Street,  
Nathl. Quinn, High Street,  
Wm. Quinn, High Street,  
Pat. O'Connor, Bishop Street,  
Edmond Kelly, High Street.

## "TAILORS.

Patrick Path, Vicar Street,  
Simon Reardon, Ballygaddy Road,

## "TALLOW CHANDLERS.

Joseph Armitage, Vicar Street,  
John Hopkins, Church Lane,  
James Mannion, Shop Street.

## "TANNERS.

Hugh Delap,  
John Martin.

## TOBACCONISTS.

Theobald Burke, Shop Street.  
JOHN Keary, Bishop Street.

## WATCHMAKERS.

Pat Boile, Bishop Street,  
Edward Brady, Bishop Street,  
James Mannion, Shop Street.

## "MISCELLANEOUS.

Theobald Burke, sundries, Shop Street,  
Jas. Comber, Surveyor of Excise, Circular Road,  
John Dillon, Carpenter,  
Geoffry Eager, Printer, Vicar Street,  
Thomas Frazee, Architect, Circular Road,  
Thos. Geratty, China Dealer, Shop Street.  
Thomas Edw. Miller, dealer in wine and gunpowder,  
Vicar Street.  
Robt. Wm. Potter, Linen Inspector, Vicar Street.

## COACHES.

Belmont Lock.—The Canal Coach from Mitre Inn, through Ballinasloe every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at seven, arrives at the Lock at four the same afternoon and returns to Tuam every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings at six.

Dublin.—The Royal Mail from the Connaught Hotel every morning at eleven, Saturdays excepted, through Ballinasloe, Athlone, etc., arrives in Dublin every morning at six and returns to Tuam every day at a quarter past two.

Westport.—The Royal Mail from the Connaught Hotel every afternoon at three."

In one of Mr. McNamara's fields at Ballygaddy Road, may still be seen the remnants of a building which is known locally as "The Old Granary." This is a relic of the days before the advent of the Railroad, when all merchandise had to be transported to and from the town in horse-drawn carts. The building was a "Carman's Stage," and similar establishments were to be found on the outskirts of all towns in the first half of the century. They catered for the needs of carters passing through the town, by providing them with meals and sleeping accommodation as well as oats and stabling for the horses.

Notwithstanding the difficulties of transport the Tuam merchants managed to provide a varied assortment of wares for their customers. On the 11th October, 1838, "The Scotch Emporium" (the present proprietors of which are Messrs. Fahy & Co.), first opened its doors "next door to McCormack's Medical Hall,"

and the following advertisement of its goods appeared in the *Tuam Herald* of the 10th November of that year. It is an interesting statement of the goods stocked by a drapery of the period.

“Catalogue of goods at Scotch Emporium, Shop Street.

SILKS.		s.	d.	
Rich, Plain, Gros de Naples...	...	1	9	per yd. up
„ figured do.	...	1	10	„ „ „
Plaid washing silks	...	2	4	„ „ „
Figured tabinets	...	1	2	„ „ „
Crape de Lyons	...	8	$\frac{1}{2}$	„ „ „
Norwich Crape	...	6	$\frac{1}{2}$	„ „ „
French Batiste for evening dresses	...	3	$\frac{1}{4}$	„ „ „

CASHMEREES.		s.	d.	
Coloured 6-4 Merinos, from	...	1	1	„ „ „
Figured do.	...	1	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	„ „ „
German do.	...	1	11	„ „ „
Real French (from Caudy's & Co., Rue de Hilder, Paris)	...	6	0	„ „ „
8-4 Flannel	...	2	1	„ „ „
4-4 Flannel	...	1	2	„ „ „

CLOAKS.		s.	d.	
Coloured Merinos (large size)	...	7	3	each
Victoria Plaid	„ „ French	13	6	„
Rich Shawl Cloaks	...	14	10	„
Fine Cloth Cloaks (wide)	...	26	0	„
Splendid Silk Cloaks, 6 breadths	...	27	0	„
Wide black patent Crape	...	1	7	per yd.
Gloves @ 2d., 4d. and 6d. per pair.	...			
Women's cotton stockings from	...	5		per pair
Men's Silk handkerchiefs	...	8	$\frac{1}{2}$	each
Women's Gauze Neck-kerchiefs	...	4	$\frac{1}{2}$	each
Wide Gauze Ribbons	...	2		per yd.
Table Covers from	...	1	8	and up.

A splendid variety of shawls, comprising Rich Indian, Thibet Wool, Filled Meddly Crape, Chenile, figured Rock spun, Kilmarnock, Tartan, Cotton and fancy Plaids. A large assortment of Furs, Lynx, Squirrel and Ermine Muffs, Tippetts, Pellerines

and Boas. Linens, Lawns, Diapers, Towellings, Napkins, Toilet Covers, and white counterpanes. Sattens, Persians, Laces, Quillings, Edgings, Incertions and Trimmings of every descriptions.”

The merchants of 1838 were spared the horrors of a rationing system, but they had their own troubles as would appear from the following notice which appeared in the *Tuam Herald* in October of that year:—

“Excise Office,  
London,  
11th October, 1838.

For the purpose of obviating as far as possible, any just cause of complaints on the part of grocers and spirit retailers in Ireland, carrying into effect the Act of 6 & 7 William IV., c. 38.

ORDERED—In pursuance of directions from the Rt. Hon. the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, signified by letter from one of their Lordships' secretaries, dated this day, that retailers of spirits in Ireland, being duly licenced to trade in, vend, and sell coffee, tea, etc., for the current year, be informed that a renewal of their publican licences will not be objected to, provided they withdraw their entries as grocers and surrender their grocers' licences, previously endorsing on such licence, a memorandum signed by them that they have discontinued the business of a grocer, and that such licence is delivered up to be cancelled.

That the several collectors return to the parties who shall thus surrender their grocers' licences the full amount paid for the same and transmit with the proper accounts all such licences as vouchers for the sums claimed as such repayments.

By the Board

CHARLES BROWNE.”

On the 29th April, 1854, the *Tuam Herald* published the following account of the rounding up of a gang of thieves who preyed upon the local merchants for some time before they were apprehended.

“A notorious gang which infested this and the neighbouring towns has been apprehended through the vigilance of Head-Constable Scott, who, with his party, has succeeded in lodging

six of them in jail. Last week, two of them (Hughes and Costello), formerly inmates of the Tuam Workhouse, proceeded to Mountbellew and, having concealed themselves in the plantations, entered the town at midnight on the 20th and in forcing an entrance into Mr. Mullarky's shop were discovered and one of them arrested; the other, immediately on his return to this town, information having preceded him, was also caught with four more of the gang, in an old haunt in Bishop Street. One of them has revealed most of the secrets—that they had robbed Mr. Byrne's, Mrs. Murray's and other shops here, lately, and told where most of the stolen property would be found. Several persons who bought the goods under value, are charged as receivers; and the whole have been fully committed for trial."

Three members of the gang—Hughes, Costello and Lally—were charged with stealing, at Tuam Petty Sessions, the following week, and an old woman named Heazley was charged with receiving and pawning some of the stolen goods—mostly drapery—in Quinn's Pawn Shop.

For the benefit of readers interested in comparative statistics, I include the following report of prices at the Christmas Market of 1855:—

Oats,	10d. to 1/-	per stone.
Wheat	16/- to 17/-	per cwt.,
Barley	8/- to 9/-	" "
Potatoes	4d. to 5½d.	" stone,
Beef	5d. to 6d.	" lb.
Mutton	4d. to 5d.	" "
Pork	5½d to 6½d.	" "

In the same year, Jameson's whickey was being sold by Messrs. M. H. Owens & Co. of High Street, at 14/- per gallon for 6 years old and 10/- per gallon for 3 years old.

On the 7th April, 1845, The Town Commissioners prepared a petition to the Commons and the Lords in favour of a railroad from Dublin to Galway. The presentation in the Lords was entrusted to the Marquis of Clanrickarde and it was arranged that it should be supported by the Earl of Clancarty and Lord Clonbrock. Fitzstephen Ffrench was requested to present it to the Commons and J. J. Bodkin, Thomas B. Martin, Martin J. Blake and Sir Valentine Blake, Bart., to support it.

The petition was followed up by various public meetings but it was not until 1860 that the railroad was extended as far as Tuam. The event was greeted with acclamation by the townspeople and local gentry and the Town Commissioners in their enthusiasm passed the following resolution:

"That a handsome clock tower with four dials be erected on the site of the Old Market House as a testimonial to Denis Kirwan, Esq., of Castlehackett to commemorate the accomplishment of the railroad to Tuam, principally owing to his indefatigable exertions and influence and that appropriate inscription characterising our feeling of admiration of Mr. Kirwan's character and qualities together with the Castlehackett arms be cut on each side of the clock tower on an ornamental tablet."

The resolution was unanimously adopted and £100 was voted towards the project. Fortunately, however, the project had to be abandoned as the Board was bankrupt at the time, and the town has been spared another addition to the High Cross, Crane, Market House, Telegraph Pole, Weighbridge, Telephone Kiosk and Sewerage Shaft which now 'adorn' the centre of the Market Square.

The following is an extract from the *Topographical Dictionary of Ireland* published in 1846 by S. Lewis & Co., 13 Finsbury Place, South London: "In 1252, when Henry III confirmed to Florence Mac Flin, the Pope's bull for annexing the bishopric of Enaghdone to the See of Tuam, it was on condition he should have a portion of land within the town for the erection of a castle, in exchange for other land of equal value. The same king by letters patent granted to the Archbishop of Tuam a fair on the 28th December and the seven following days."

A Charter granted in 1614 by James I, to the Sovereign, free burghesses and commonalty of Tuam, authorised, inter alia, the holding of a market each Thursday and one fair each Feast of St. John the Baptist and "to continue for the morrow of that day, together with a Court of Pie Powder."

At the request of the Sovereign and burghesses, a further Charter was granted in 1776 by George III, authorising the holding of additional fairs on the 28th May, 20th October, and 15th

December, together with a Court of Pie Powder, during such fairs. In consideration of this Charter the Corporation became liable for payment of an annuity of Ten Shillings to the King.

The Court of pie powder (or pye powder, as it is spelt in the later Charter) was popularly referred to as 'The Dusty Foot Court,' and this term is said to have had its origin in the fact that the Court dealt with disputes whilst the dust of the market or fair was still on the disputants' boots.

In addition to the fairs established by Charter as aforesaid the Town Commissioners in January, 1851, resolved to establish further fairs on the 10th March, 10th September, and 20th November.

The Minutes of the Town Commissioners from 1852 onwards, include statistics on the stock sold and unsold at the October Fairs and an analysis of these returns gives one a picture of the agrarian policy popular in the post-famine period. In a previous chapter, I have referred to the fact that the lack of security of tenure, the system of rack renting, and the liability for payment of tithes, were gradually driving the native Irish from the land during the early part of the century. The Famine of 1847 and the subsequent exodus to America accelerated the operation. Whole villages were wiped out and, in most parts, the farming population was reduced by more than fifty per cent. This left the privileged minority not only owning the land, but in actual possession of most of it. The problem then was to know what to do with it. Grazing was the obvious solution and the aforesaid returns show that the system of grazing adopted was that requiring the minimum of exertion and farming acumen. The returns for the October Fair in 1852 show that 15,906 sheep and 5,063 black cattle were offered for sale. At the same fair in 1856 the returns for sheep had grown to 21,006 whilst the figures for cattle increased only to 5,790. And each subsequent return shows a steady increase in the number of sheep offered for sale, until the October Fair of 1870, when the record figure of 36,424 sheep was offered. The following are the returns for the October Fairs of 1856 and 1870, respectively, and the reader with a knowledge of farming will appreciate the significance of the preponderance of wethers over hoggaths and of heifers over bullocks. It should also be noted that all cattle offered for sale were black and, in fact, the fair was known as 'The Black Cattle Fair.'

## OCTOBER FAIR, 1856.

Ewes	wethers	hoggaths	lambs	tups	Total
5,533	5,658	1,655	1,345	11	14,202 sold
2,520	1,189	1,571	1,521	3	6,804 unsold
Total offered					21,006

Cows	heifers	bullocks	calves	bulls	Total
168	2,870	254	255	—	3,567 sold
140	1,685	62	336	—	2,223 unsold
Total offered					5,790

## OCTOBER FAIR 1870.

Ewes	wethers	hoggaths	lambs	rams	Total
5,014	19,590	2,214	2,530	57	29,405 sold
2,300	3,066	820	782	51	7,019 unsold
Total offered					36,424

Cows	heifers	bullocks	calves	bulls	Total
114	5,151	571	306	2	6,144 sold
108	1,874	122	365	—	2,469 unsold
Total offered					8,613

In October, 1838, for the first time, the sheep and cattle fairs were held on separate days. The new arrangement proved a success and *The Tuam Herald* subsequently congratulated Mr. Patrick Kirwan of Carnane who had suggested the innovation.

In 1872, the October Fairs were further augmented by the addition of an extra day for the sale of poor people's stock and for stock remaining unsold after the previous two days.

The advent of the railroad had a disastrous effect upon many of the industries which flourished in the town in the first half of the century. Hitherto, local industry had supplied practically all the wants of the town and neighbourhood and the difficulties of transport prevented competition from outside. Now however

the big city firms were able to distribute their wares cheaply and quickly throughout the country and gradually the local tradesmen were compelled to abandon the hopeless task of trying to compete with them.

The following are some details which may give an idea of the extent and variety of the local industries which have now become extinct. The following is an extract from Pigot's Directory for 1824: "In Tuam and its neighbourhood the manufacture of coarse linen is carried out to a considerable extent and there is a linen market held at the Connaught Hotel every Friday." (This Hotel was situated at Bishop Street and was owned by one Michael Ormsby. It was also the stage for the Royal Mail).

The same Directory refers to two tanneries—Hugh Delap's beside the Curragh Bridge and John Martin's which was at Little Mill Lane—but there were at least three others operating in the town in that year. In fact, Tuam was a very important centre of the tanning trade until late in the century and it is known that merchants from as far afield as Ballyhaunis, purchased their leather supplies there. Under the heading of Brewers, Slater's Directory of 1856 refers to John Carroll of High Street but this industry was probably on a very small scale. The principal brewery was that at the bridge in Shop Street in the premises now used as a hardware store by Mrs. Heskin. This brewery was founded at the beginning of the century by Mark Blake of Brooklawn. It operated until 1890, when, like many other breweries throughout the country it was forced out of business by the growing popularity of Guinness's porter. Lewis's *Topographical Dictionary* of 1846 refers to it as follows: "An extensive brewery, belonging to Mr. Blake, produces from 4,000 to 5,000 barrels of malt liquor annually; attached to it are a malting concern, making about 600 quarters of malt."

(To be continued)

## John Wesley Visits Galway

The article *John Wesley Visits Galway* consists of extracts from *Wesley's One-and-Twenty Visits to Ireland* by the Rev. Robert Haire of Manorhamilton and mentions the places visited and the characters encountered by Wesley.

The Editor.

Wesley did not on his first visit to Ireland in 1747 reach the west.

On Sunday, 7th May, on his second visit the following year, Wesley preached at 5 a.m. in Athlone and later in the morning he rode to Aughrim—twenty miles distant. He went to morning prayers (so called) at noon, and was entertained to a "warm" sermon against enthusiasts. Nevertheless, the whole congregation listened to him as he preached in the open, at the close of the church service; and Mr. Samuel Simpson, J.P., of Oatfield, invited him to dinner. After dinner he hastened back to Athlone.

Mr. Simpson built the first Methodist Preaching House in Athlone at his own expense. At this period Mr. and Mrs. Wade of Fairfield, and Mr. David Wakefield, also a member of the parish, embraced the Gospel, opened their houses to the Methodist preachers, and continued to be good supporters of early Methodism. The descendants of David Wakefield, to the fifth generation at least, identified themselves with the followers of Wesley.

On Monday Wesley rode to Aughrim, and preached at 7 p.m., and then had the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Simpson and their daughter join the Society. Next day, at the request of the Rev. Mr. Glass, Rector of Ahascragh, he preached at the door of the Rectory, as the Roman Catholics present dared not go into a Protestant Church. On Wednesday, 10th, Wesley preached again, and then, accompanied by Mr. Wade of Aughrim, rode to Eyrecourt and preached in the Market-House. On 18th June, after preaching in Athlone Wesley hastened to Aughrim, where he 'endeavoured to awaken a serious but sleepy congregation.' On the following day he visited

Ahascragh, and then went to Castlegar. Here he conversed with Mrs. Mahon in her home, and concluded she had been for years a justified woman, although she knew it not by that name. He preached in Ahascragh that evening and next morning, and then travelled to Athlone.

On 10th May, 1750, in the afternoon Wesley rode (from Athlone) to Ahascragh, and preached to a very serious congregation on the words: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." Saturday, 12th, finds him riding to Mr. Samuel Simpson's, and then to Aughrim, where he preached in the evening 'to a well-meaning, sleepy people.' Next day, after preaching 'sharply' in the morning, and again after the church service, he rode to Ahascragh and preached at 5 p.m. He exclaims: "Oh, what a harvest might be in Ireland did not the poor Protestants hate Christianity worse than either Popery or Heathenism!"

On Wednesday, 25th June, 1756, at 10 a.m., Wesley, accompanied by Walsh (Thomas Walsh, a native speaker, who had joined up with him in Limerick in 1750) set off from Limerick to Galway. On arrival they were 'pretty well tired,' but could find no room in the inns. They were fortunate to secure suitable lodgings in a private house. He described the old city, and then says that 'five or six persons who seemed to fear God' visited them and they spent a little time in prayer. Monday, 5th July finds him in Hollymount. In his *Journal* he gives an account of the house, etc., built there by Archbishop Vesey of Tuam. It was a neat, commodious house, surrounded by fruit and flower garden, and he had brought a river to flow through them, and enclosed all with walks and stately trees. Next morning Wesley rode to Tuam, which he describes as a neat little town, and he thought the Cathedral (the old one) was not half so large as Islington Church. Riding on through Kilconnell, he observed the old Protestant Church and thought it was far more stately than any other building in Ireland. Of the adjoining ruins of a large monastery (the Abbey) he noted that many cells and apartments were pretty entire, and that 'at the west end . . . lie abundance of skulls, piled one upon another, with innumerable bones round about, scattered as dung upon the earth.' After visiting Aughrim, he rode to Castlegar. Since his last visit, Mr. Mahon has lost his brother and two daughters. Next day he met the friends in the Quarterly Meeting at Ahascragh.

On Tuesday, 6th June, 1758, Wesley reached Aughrim and Ahascragh, on his way to Athlone. There seems here to have been time for him to visit Loughrea, near to Aughrim. At Loughrea at this period the Rector was the Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley, a cousin of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. About this time a great change came into Shirley's life. Hitherto he was the typical hunting parson of his day. He kept a pack of hounds and he often proceeded to church booted and spurred for the chase, and the dogs were kept waiting at a short distance outside the town. About the time of Wesley's visit he sold his dogs and most of his horses, and gave himself to the duties of his office. It is maintained that Wesley was the principal instrument in Shirley's conversion. On Friday, 9th, he preached in Ahascragh, and then travelled to Athlone.

Coming to Wednesday, 28th May, 1760, we find Wesley again at Aughrim. The Rector of Loughrea was at that time in England on the occasion of the execution of his brother, Earl Ferrers. Wesley travelled to Athlone, Ahascragh and Aughrim. The Roman Catholics at Ahascragh put the Protestants to shame, while at Athlone the great part of them were as bullocks unaccustomed to the yoke, neither taught of God nor man. On Monday, 30th June, he took horse at 4 a.m., and after riding thirty-seven Irish miles preached in some friend's house at 3 p.m. Here, he amusingly adds, 'after procuring a fresh horse, about the size of a jackass, I rode on, with more ease than state,' to Aughrim. Next day he reached Eyrecourt, and preached at 10 a.m. in the Court House, when Colonel Stratford Eyre and other fashionable folk were present.

On Monday, 17th May, 1762, Wesley went to Ahascragh and the next day was the guest of Mr. John Knight in Ballinasloe. On Wednesday he preached in Aughrim, and then on to Westport, which he left on 26th May at 4 a.m. reaching Galway in the afternoon. Here he found a small Society, 'all of them young women,' and he preached in the Courthouse. He again visited Galway on his way from Westport on 5th June. Accompanied by a friend he noted passing through Hollymount that the garden, waterworks and once lovely avenues, built by Archbishop Vesey of Tuam, were going to ruin. On the way he visited the home of Mr. Lambert at Headford. Arriving in Galway he began to preach in the Exchange, but

after a little 'the beasts of the people (just as I expected)—roaring louder and louder,' he left off, and walked to his lodgings accompanied by a gaping crowd. As he prayed both before and after preaching, in Aughrim, all the hearers knelt down upon the grass; and afterwards a Mrs. Meecham asked him to go to a certain house. On his arrival, Wesley found that a lord and lady had arrived before him, and it seemed that he was not a welcome guest. He adds: 'It was a heavy afternoon to me, as I had no place to retire to, and so was obliged to be in genteel company for two or three hours together. . . I do not wonder that time hangs heavy upon the hands of all those who know not God, unless they are perpetually drunk with noise and hurry of one kind and another.'

On Thursday, 11th May, 1769, Wesley again preached in Galway, this time in the Session's House, to a 'tolerably civil' congregation. Next evening he had many officers and genteel people at his service.

After pushing on through wind and rain, he reached Galway on Monday, 27th May, 1771, and preached in the Court House. Here he had in his audience ' (what a rare sight in Ireland) five or six men to one woman.' Next day the Mayor and several people of fashion were present.

During Easter Week 1773, Wesley preached in Ballinasloe, Aughrim, Eyrecourt (where the crowd gave him 'a loud huzza' as he passed to the market-place). Reaching Galway on 13th May, he preached at 6 p.m., and remarks, 'a town in which were 20,000 Papists, and 500 Protestants.' 'But,' he asks, 'which of them are Christians, have the mind that was in Christ, and walk as He walked? And without this, how little does it avail whether they are called Protestants or Papists?'

On Easter Monday, 1775, Wesley preached in Aughrim, and at noon next day, in Eyrecourt. Visiting Lord Eyre's mansion he was 'a little surprised at the inscription over the door, "Welcome to the House of Liberty" . . . The staircase is grand, and so are two or three of the rooms. In the rest of the house, as well as in the ruinous outhouses, gardens and fish ponds, the owner seemed to say, "All this profiteth me nothing." He again preached in Galway, on 18th May of the same year.

On 12th May, 1778, Wesley, now 75 years old, set out early from Snugborough to sleep at Claregalway. Arriving there, he found no lodgings, but he was told at Shrulce, fifteen miles further on, there was a good inn. Reaching this place, he found a house, but no food for man or beast, so he was obliged to push on ten miles farther to Ballinrobe, which he reached at 10 p.m. His comment is: 'We came this day sixty-eight (English) miles, a good day's work for a pair of horses.'

On 24th April, 1785, Wesley travelled to and preached in Ballinasloe. The following day he entered Aughrim, where he was welcomed by the Rector, who offered him the use of his church. The Society here was like that of Tyrrell's Pass 'dead owing to the baneful influence of riches. . . The more men increase in goods (very few excepted) the more they decrease in grace.' During this week he preached in the church in Eyrecourt. On 17th May of the same year Wesley travelled through Crusheen and Gort to the village of Kilchreest, where he received an invitation from Colonel Pearse to visit him in Roxborough House. From Roxborough the Colonel drove him to preach at Kilchreest. Then he returned with his host, 'but the house being full of genteel company,' Wesley was out of his element, as he had not an opportunity to speak upon spiritual things. 'Next morning he had reached Athenry by 6 a.m. . . He breakfasted in Athenry.'

On his last two visits to the West of Ireland in 1787 and 1789, two years before his death, he preached in Ballinasloe and in Aughrim Church and in the Methodist Church in Eyrecourt, as well as in the new Methodist Sanctuary built in Aughrim by Mr. John Handy.



## Galway Profiles

### 3.—RICHARD KIRWAN.

Richard Kirwan was better known as a scientist than a barrister. Hardiman, in his *History of Galway*, says that it has been pointedly observed, as a reflection on Ireland, that the abilities of Mr. Kirwan were not more appreciated, and his reputation was greater in every country in Europe than in his own. James Roche, of Cork, in his *Essays by an Octogenarian*, has the following tribute to Kirwan: "I had the advantage of his acquaintance which impressed me with a deep sense of his most extensive acquirements. Indeed, I have seldom seen them exceeded, even by the wide-spread circle of learned men into whose society various circumstances conduced to introduce me at home and abroad."

The family from which Kirwan descended were "The O'Kirwans," and are described by D'Alton in the *Irish Army List*: "an ancient Irish sept of Connaught, but the name has been Anglicised into Kirwan, by which orthography it was known in the County of Galway from the 13th Century." D'Alton mentions many distinguished members of his family. Patrick Kirwan in 1648, built the Castle of Cregg, in Co. Galway, one of the latest fortified buildings in the west of Ireland.

On Richard Kirwan succeeding to the family estates he enlarged and improved the castle which is still one of the most picturesque residences in the county. The original builder of the castle, Patrick, was succeeded by his son Martin, father of Captain Patrick Kirwan, who commanded a company in Lord Bophin's infantry, in the army of King James II. His son Martin had four sons, Patrick, Richard, Andrew and Hyacinth. Martin Kirwan married the daughter of Hyacinth French of Cloughballymore, and occasionally resided with his father-in-law, at whose house Richard, the second son was born in ~~1738~~ *Correct date 1733*

Richard Kirwan's early years were spent at Cregg, where he showed an early aptitude for learning. His first teacher was the Rev. Nicholas Mac Nally, a Dominican chaplain to the family at

Cloughballymore. On the death of his maternal grandfather—French—he was sent with his two younger brothers, Andrew and Hyacinth, to the Protestant Free School, Erasmus Smith Foundation—now the Galway Grammar School. His elder brother, Patrick, had, in 1745, been sent to complete his education in Poitiers, the Penal Laws then prohibiting the instruction of Catholics at Catholic schools in Ireland. His brothers continued at the Erasmus Smith School for several years, and it is to be presumed that it was here Richard Kirwan imbibed those ideas which subsequently resulted in his abandoning Catholicism and joining the Established Church. He left the Galway School in 1750 and joined his brother Patrick at Poitiers.

During his studies in Poitiers he showed from the age of seventeen a great interest in chemistry, and he studied the works of Lavoisier and Batholet—he had acquired a fluency in spoken and written French. He entered the Jesuit novitiate at St. Omer.

In the *Essays by an Octogenarian*, Roche gives the following account of Kirwan: "Among other personal anecdotes he told me that on completing his collegiate studies under the Jesuites at St. Omer's, he proceeded to Paris where he was introduced to his cousin, the Chevalier D'Arcy, a member though an Irishman, of the Academy of Sciences, to d'Alembert, then (about 1754) the literary dictator of the French metropolis."

While Richard Kirwan was at Hesden, in the Netherlands, in 1755, a dispute, ending in a duel, resulted in the death of his elder brother, making him heir, at the age of twenty-two, to the large estates of the family. The duel took place at the celebrated Lucas's Coffee House, which occupied the site of the present Royal Exchange of Dublin. The period was prolific of duels and Kirwan was an accomplished swordsman—the other participant being Brereton, Usher of the Irish House of Commons and an indifferent duellist.

In 1757 he married the daughter of Sir Thomas Blake of Somerville, Co. Galway, and Elizabeth Burke of Tiaquin. On the morning after his wedding he was arrested by a sheriff's officer for a debt of £4,000 contracted by his wife before her mar-

riage. Kirwan and his wife resided at Menlough Castle with the bride's mother for many years, where he passed his time among his books. He amassed a large library; erected a laboratory for his chemical experiments, in which he often worked for eight hours a day. Chemistry, geology and mineralogy were the branches of science in which he carried our researches, and he was a close student and follower of the works of Lavoisier, Cavendish, Black and Priestly.

It was not a happy *entourage* at Menlough. Mrs. Kirwan was fond of Society and both she and her mother, Lady Blake, resented Kirwan's devotion to study, and Lady Blake told him that "she never intended her daughter to be the wife of a monk!" Kirwan retorted by an allusion to the champagne which had popped into his head the night he popped the question, and he left Menlough for Dublin.

He decided to study for the bar. At that period Irish Catholics were held by the penal laws to be ineligible to qualify for the law. A public profession of the Protestant faith for two years previous to admission was necessary. A work on religious controversy which Kirwan purchased at a Paris book-stall is claimed to have had some influence on his becoming a Protestant. His change of religion left him free to be called to the bar to which he was admitted in 1766. He became skilled in the feudal system by studying the constitutions of Germany; and in the universities of that country read the works of Grotius and Puffendorf.

While pursuing his legal studies in London, his wife died in Menlough in 1765. She left two daughters, one married to Lord Trimleston and the other to Colonel Hugh Hill of the Guards. Kirwan resided in Dublin after the death of his wife, and after circuit he lived at his family seat in Galway. He did not continue the bar, and after two years ceased to practice as a barrister in 1768. With his ample means entitling him to live independently he returned to his scientific studies. In 1770 he removed to London where he found kindred minds in whose society he could discuss his prospects and work his experiments to the best advantage. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society and gained the Copley medal, and associated with the most eminent literary and scientific

men of the day. Among his intimate friends were Sir Joseph Banks, the naturalist, Dr. Priestly, Hon. Henry Cavendish, Dr. Fordyce, Horne Tooke, Edmund Burke, Sir George Staunton.

Kirwan returned to Ireland, and his name appears among the original members at the first meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, which took place at Lord Charlemont's, 18th April, 1783. In the "Transactions" are found no less than thirty of Kirwan's light essays, published in the *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy* embracing such titles as: "Variations of the Barometer," "Observations on Coal Mines," "Treatises on Meterology," "On the State of the Weather," a prize essay on a question proposed by the Academy, "What are the manures most advantageously applicable to the various sorts of soils, and what are the causes of the beneficial effect in each particular instance?" "Thoughts on Magnetism," "Essay on Human Liberty," "On Chemical and Mineralogical Nomenclature," etc. These papers range from 1788 to 1808. He likewise contributed several papers to the "Philosophical Transactions" and published many separate works. In 1784 appeared his *Elements of Mineralogy*, in two volumes which passed through two editions. This work was translated into French, German and Russian. His *Geological Essays* appeared in 1799, and in the same year appeared his *Essays on the Analysis of Mineral Waters*—containing new and useful directions for conducting improved processes. *Logic, or an essay on the Elements, Principles, and different modes of reasoning*; came out in two volumes in 1807. Through his efforts the Museum of the Royal Dublin Society was enriched with the collections of minerals called the Liskeyan Cabinet. To complete the purchase the Irish Parliament voted in 1792, £1,200. He devoted his time to arranging the minerals, and the Society in turn presented him with a gold medal and his portrait painted by Hamilton.

In 1799, on the death of Lord Charlemont, Kirwan was elected President of the Royal Irish Academy. He was also elected President of the Dublin Literary Society, and Dublin University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws. He was a fellow of the Royal Society of Stockholm, Upsal, Berlin, Dijon, Philadelphia, and the Mineralogical Society of Jena. He

declined a baronetcy from Castlereagh. He maintained a constant interchange of letters with Lavoisier, Schule, Chaptale Bergman and others.

It is to be regretted that so little has been done in Ireland to preserve the recollections of this remarkable man. Lord Cloncurry, in his *Personal Recollections* says of those who were his frequent and honoured guests: First in the list I must place Mr. Kirwan, the well-known geologist and natural philosopher, who passed a good deal of time at Lyons, and ultimately purchased a residence in the neighbourhood. He was a man of extreme simplicity of character, but had obtained so eminent a scientific reputation, that even during the hottest period of the war, his letters were suffered to pass free from all parts of Europe. He was very social and entertaining." Lady Morgan's father, Owenson, describes Kirwan's appearance in his youth, which makes a good contrast to his daughter's description of him in his advanced years. "I remember," said Owenson "when Richard Kirwan first returned from abroad to Cregg Castle, seeing him walk of a Sunday to the Mass-house on the road side, in a rich suit of embroidered clothes, his "chapeau-bras" under his arm, and picking his steps along the dirty road, with brilliant show-buckles in his shoes. He was a tall, elegant, comely young man then and spoke good Irish, though too fond of interlarding his discourse with foreign phrases. He was then called in Irish a "che shim." The description by Lady Morgan (author of *The Wild Irish Girl*) given after Kirwan's first visit to her in his later years; "A tall, gaunt figure, wrapt from neck to heel in a dark roquelaure, with a large-leafed hat flapped low over the face, presented the figure of Guy Fawkes, with nothing wanted but his dark lantern, the venerable but very singular-looking philosopher stood confessed . . ." On the occasion of his invitation to take tea at his house in Cavendish-row she thus describes her visit: "On entering the drawing-room the heat was so excessive that I was afraid I should never go through the seance. Although it was a fine, mild spring evening, an enormous fire blazed upon the hearth, and a screen of considerable dimensions drawn closely around it, excluded every breath of air. With this enclosure, on a large cumbrous sofa,

sat the advocate of phlogiston. He was dressed in the same roquelaure and slouched hat in which he visited me, with, however, the addition of a shawl wrapped round his neck."

Kirwan died on the 21st June, 1812, at the age of 79 and was buried in St. George's Churchyard, Lower Temple Street, Dublin. It has been said of him that his work was always directed to some useful end. He advanced the knowledge of chemistry, and threw great light on the study of minerology. He earned for Ireland a high place in the scientific world, and a Dublin Society bore his name—the Kirwan Society.

The late R. K. Kelly, K.C., in the *Irish Book Lover* of 1930, tendered the following interesting note: "In the year 1781 a British vessel having on board a valuable library belonging to Dr. Richard Kirwan of Dublin, a native of Creggs, Co. Galway, was captured in the English Channel by the *Pilgrim*, then in command of Captain Hugh Hill. The books were brought to Beverley, and sold by auction, and subsequently came into possession of Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch, who, in his will bequeathed them to the City of Salem. The books are in the Philosophical and Salem (Mass.) Athenaeum."

Note by the Editor:—Madden, in his *United Irishmen*, in Appendix 10, volume I, adds the following note: "The eminent chemist and mineralogist, on the authority of Dr. MacNeven, was sworn by him" (to membership of the United Irishmen).



## Some Connacht Literary Men

BY R. J. KELLY, K.C.

The author of *Some Connacht Literary Men*, the late R. J. Kelly, K.C., was called to the bar in 1886. He was the author of eight legal works, and was a regular contributor to the *Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland*, the *Journal of the Galway Archæological and Historical Society*, *The Irish Book Lover*, *The Tuam Herald*, and *The Nation* (London). His work on the prose and poetry of Charles Joseph Kickham has been recognised as one of the best studies of that writer; and a biography of a forgotten Clare poet—Thomas Dermody—has merited attention.

The Editor.

Sir William Wilde, author, antiquarian and physician, was one of a number of very able and distinguished men born near each other in the County Roscommon. These were the Ouseleys of Dunmore, the Wildes of Ballygibbon, and the Wills of Willsford, near Castlerea. Sir William was born near Castlerea at Wills Grove in 1815, his mother being a Miss Finn, of Ballygibbon, and was a connection of the Wills. He was an eminent antiquarian, and his *Lough Corrib* is a most interesting and graphic account of that picturesque and historic region which he knew so well. He used to live there during the summer months with his gifted wife and family. His clever but unfortunate son, Oscar, was born, I think, down in his father's Mayo residence beside the Corrib, and not far from the site of the famous battle of Moytura, which by excavation, he exactly located. Oscar was the second boy, the eldest being William, and his full name was Oscar O'Flahertie Wills Wilde. He was called Oscar after the famous hero of ancient Ireland, and O'Flahertie from his father's association with the territory of that family, in Iar Connacht, and Wills from the Wills family at Castlerea, Co. Roscommon. In Sherard's *Life of Oscar Wilde* it is mentioned that he once intended writing a novel of Irish life in the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth

centuries, and having as its principal character a celebrated Methodist preacher, the Rev. Gideon Ouseley, who was born at Dunmore, in Co. Galway, near Castlerea, and lived part of his life at Castlerea with his connections, the Wills, so that Oscar Wilde was, through the Wills, connected with that remarkable family the Ouseleys of Dunmore. It is a curious coincidence that the Moores of Moore Hall, in the County Mayo, were connected also through the Brownes of Brownestown with the Ouseleys. Several members of it were eminent in oriental literature, and two in particular gained distinction as the best living authorities in their time in Persian literature. The last of the direct line was Sir Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley, Mus.D., at Oxford, and the composer of many beautiful hymns.

Gideon Ouseley was a convert to Methodism, a friend and disciple of John Wesley, and he used to preach in the Irish language. He had some remarkable adventures during his missionary career carried on with more zeal than discretion very often. He is buried at Mount Jerome Cemetery in Dublin. There is now no person of the name in Ireland and few in England.

The Wildes were connected with the Wills family of Co. Roscommon and an offshoot of them, the Wills Sandford, are still resident there (1914. Editor), living near Castlerea, not far from Clonalis, the residence of the O'Connor Don. There were two literary Wills in Ireland in the last century. James Wills, who was born in 1790, and died in 1868, entered the Middle Temple. He contributed to *Blackwood* and other magazines, and became vicar of Suirville, in the Co. Kilkenny. He published *Lives of Illustrrious and Distinguished Irishmen* and among his poems was one on *The Universe* attributed to Charles Maturin. The other Wills was William Gorman Wills, who was born in 1828 and died in 1891. He was a relative of the Wildes and like them, a Connachtman. He was a dramatist, the son of James Wills, and, like James Wills already mentioned, educated at Trinity College. W. G. Wills settled in London and contributed to the magazines and he also practised as a portrait painter. His plays were in their day very popular, the principal being *The Man of Airlie*, played at the Princess' Theatre, and *Medea in Corinth*, produced in 1872. Henry Irving played his *Charles I.* in 1872, Mephistophles in his version of *Faust*, and Dr.

Primrose in his dramatic rendering of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. At Irving's request Wills had written a drama on the life of Robert Emmet in 1881, but the political heat at the time prevented its appearance, and it is now probably lost beyond recovery. His younger brother and biographer, Freeman Wills, is a popular London clergyman, and the author of the famous play, *The Only Way*.

While on the subject of distinguished literary Roscommon men, it may be incidentally mentioned that it is now proved beyond dispute that Oliver Goldsmith was born at Elphin, in the Co. Roscommon, and not at Pallas, in Co. Longford, as the monument to him in Westminster Abbey falsely says, or at Lissoy, in the Co. Westmeath, as many biographies also incorrectly state.

Editor's Note.—One of the most talked about novels of the publishing season of 1915 was *Dunmohr of the Guards*, by Mulvy Ouseley, and published by Ouseley and Sons, the head of which was John Ouseley who brought out the sixpenny Irish Library many years ago. The name of the hero in the novel is taken from Dunmore in Co. Galway, for many generations the family seat of the Ouseleys' of whom both author and publisher are among the few surviving descendants.

(From *The Irish Book Lover*).



## Galway Scrap Book

By THE EDITOR.

The City of Galway, like many another ancient Irish town, has a long history. Rather more than nineteen hundred years have passed by since the first inhabitants put up their clay and wattle huts on the flat, dry terrace of gravel beside the river. Professor M. D. O'Sullivan in *Old Galway* states: "It was not, however, until the coming of the Norse that the Irish people became familiarised with the idea of men and women grouping themselves together into communities to which the name town might properly be applied. . . . Yet the Norsemen. . . though undoubtedly familiar with their mediate neighbourhood of Galway, made no settlement there, and it was left to the Normans to call the modern town into being." Thus more than sixty generations have walked in the streets of Galway in their time, as we do to-day, and have gone on their way.

But unlike most Irish towns, Galway has not been too well served by its historians. The shelf of books on the history of the town, and its historical buildings and institutions, and on its records, is small, and to the ordinary reader it must seem that there is a lot more to be said. Hardiman opened a new world to our great-grand parents as they read his pages for the first time during the winter of 1820. Since then Galway men and women in each generation have added very little to the row of books in the County Library. Occasional articles in newspapers and periodicals, in the journals of the Galway Archaeological and Historical Society and in the Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland, have appeared, written by Galway people, and by some who were not natives of the town but who felt, nevertheless, its great historical appeal. Professor O'Sullivan has given us a description of the town from its beginning, how it looked generation after generation, the customs, habits and everyday life. Professor O'Sullivan never forgets, in writing of Old Galway, that she is dealing all the time with real men and women; not with great abstractions and impersonal institutions that frighten away many who would otherwise read history for pleasure. She is practical and matter-of-fact, saying what she has to say in clear and simple prose.

It is hoped that the shelf of books on Galway will go on expanding. There is still a vast amount to be discovered about the history of the town. The historian's task is never done. One job inevitably makes another and new tasks still await the local historian. In the article *Galway Scrap Book*, the editor of this journal is attempting in a modest way to seek the help of readers in bringing together material about the ordinary houses of the people of Galway since the middle of the eighteenth century, their social life and description, their economic conditions, local politics and anything that refers to them and the period. We know comparatively little about this apparently simple subject; and we should like to know a good deal more about the everyday life, not only of the townspeople, but life in the county as well, the intimate social history, and its domestic history in the full sense of the term.

Civil bigotry and persecution reigned for more than the first half of the seventeenth century. Many families left Galway and a general assembly of the corporation was held on 3rd April, 1693, to devise means of halting the exodus. Against these efforts Parliament had enacted legislation that no person or persons that then were or should be Papists, or profess the popish religion should, after 24th March, 1703, take or purchase any house or tenement, or come to dwell or inhabit within the city or suburbs of Galway was liable to a penal sum—in fact, they had to pay to live in the town. Little peace was enjoyed until 1740.

When the Penal Laws were relaxed the large graziers, and those who had made money in trade as butter-factors and provision merchants, were able to buy land for themselves, and often became magistrates and voted for the Union. The fortunes of the Burke family of Marble Hill in County Galway, were laid in this way, for John Burke, who started life as a simple Galway squire, made so much money in the Cork market at the time of the American War of Independence, when huge prices were given for stock, that at the end of his life he was the owner of a very considerable estate.

### THE GENTRY.

The first thing that struck the English traveller in Galway in the eighteenth century was the extravagant way of living of the gentry, their extraordinary hospitality, and the conviviality

of their manners. John Loveday, the antiquarian, who made a tour through Ireland in 1732, writing of the gentry generally (his description is quite applicable to County Galway) wrote: "The Irish gentry are an expensive people, they live in ye most open hospitable manner continually feasting with with one another." Richard Cumberland in his *Memoirs* describes an old Galway nobleman who, though very wealthy, and descended from an officer in Cromwell's army, had never been out of Ireland. This Was Lord Eyre, who inhabited Eyrecourt, a spacious but dilapidated mansion. He lived "according to the style of the country, with more hospitality than elegance," for, while his table groaned with abundance, the order and good taste of his arrangements were little thought of; the slaughtered ox was hung up whole, and the hungry servitor supplied himself with his dole of flesh sliced off the carcass." Lord Eyre, who had no books, and though fond of company, had little taste for conversation, sat most of the afternoon after dinner in his chair sipping claret. Not one of the castle windows was made to open, but he must have had some liking for fresh air, for he had a passion for cock-fighting, and owned a large and handsome pleasure-boat on the Shannon. He was succeeded by his nephew Giles—immortalised by Lever as Charles O'Malley. This celebrated Master of "The Galway Blazers" had thirty or forty horses in his stable and could afford to spend £80,000 upon a single election contest. When he died he had nearly exhausted his large fortune and his estates were heavily encumbered.

The education of Charles O'Malley is described by Lever: "To fit him for the part of a country gentleman he was encouraged to ride boldly to hounds, to shoot, to swim the Shannon, and to drive a four-in-hand, while the parish priest taught him a little Latin, a little French; and a little geometry, together with a great deal of the life and opinions of "Saint Iago," who presided over a holy well in the district. The careers of the Irish gentry emphasizes the feudal aspects of Anglo-Irish life. No English nobleman of the time can have ruled so absolutely over his tenantry as did many an Irish gentleman of this age, throughout County Galway, where there were parts so wild and remote that the gentry as landlords and magistrates were almost a law unto themselves. Practically self-sufficient on their estates,

which not only produced all the necessary food, but on which corn was threshed and ground and wool and flax woven and spun, and surrounded by numerous retainers, cowboys, drovers, turfmen, thatchers, smiths, weavers, carpenters and ploughmen, in addition to domestic servants, they may almost be compared in self-sufficiency and power to mediæval barons."

It is recorded in *Recollections of Ireland*, by a late professional Gentleman: "When I paid my first visit to Castle Willington, the well-known Giles Eyre, then of the Galway County Militia, Colonel, paid his annual visit to hunt the Ormond country with many packs of hounds. Giles had £20,000 a year, of which he was evidently getting tired, for, like his neighbours, he was doing all he could to send it to the winds; he could hardly write and yet he contrived to sign his name to as many bonds—a common saying with old Lord Gort—as would thatch Lough Coutra Castle. Sitting one day at mess, a waiter delivered him a letter, which he hastily concealed at the bottom of his pocket. His next door neighbour said: 'Stand not upon ceremony, Colonel dear; pray read your letter.' Whereupon the Colonel said: 'Read a letter? Well may you say read a letter, my dear Captain; but that's a thing not so easy for a man that never learnt to read.'"

### THE MAN FROM GALWAY.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

To drink a toast  
A proctor roast,  
Or bailiff as the case is;  
To kiss your wife,  
Or take your life  
At ten or fifteen paces;  
To keep game-cocks, to hunt the fox,  
To drink in punch the Solway—  
With debts galore but fun far more—  
Oh, that's "the man for Galway."

The King of Oude  
Is mighty proud,  
And so were onst the Caysars;  
But ould Giles Eyre  
Would make them stare  
With a company of the Blazers.

To the devil I fling ould Ranjeet Sing,  
He's only a prince in a small way,  
And knows nothing at all of a six-foot wall—  
Oh, he'd never do for Galway."

To think the Blakes  
Are no great shakes—  
Ther're all his blood relations:  
And the Bodkins sneeze  
At the grim Chinese,  
For they come from the Phenaycians;  
So fill to the brim, and here's to him  
Who'd drink in punch the Solway;  
With debts galore, but fun far more—  
Oh, that's "the man for Galway."

### DUELLING.

The national practice of duelling and the importance attached to it played no small part in the disturbed and savage state of society in the Galway of the eighteenth century. No gentleman could be considered such until he had "smelt powder," as it was called. No barrister could go circuit till he had obtained a reputation in this way. No election, and certainly no assizes, passed without a number of duels. Many members of the bar owed their promotion to the number of duels they had fought. So universal and irrepressible was this practice that "duelling clubs" were established, for membership of which a man had to sign a solemn declaration that he had at least exchanged a shot or thrust. These clubs were governed by a code of laws and regulations referring to all the points of honour, entitled *The Practice of Duelling and Points of Honour Settled at Clonmel Summer Assizes, 1755, by Gentlemen Delegates from Tipperary, Galway, etc., and Presented for Adoption Throughout Ireland*. This extraordinary document is still extant. Weapons were generally kept at the inns for the accommodation of those who might find themselves in an emergency. No place was free from these "tests of honour." Feuds were cherished and offences remembered till the parties met, when swords were drawn, and the fight carried on in the public street.

According to Sir Jonah Barrington, Galway and Tipperary were the ablest schools of the duelling science. Galway was most scientific at the sword, Tipperary most practical and prized at the pistol; Mayo not amiss at either. In addition to the standard rules there were a series of supplementary regulations called in Galway "the thirty-six commandments." Elections were a greater source of duels than any other public meeting. They very seldom originated at a horse-race, cock-fight, or at any place of amusement. But at elections, or at assizes, or, in fact, at any place of business, almost every man, without any very particular or assignable reason, immediately became a violent partisan, and frequently a furious enemy to somebody else; and gentlemen often got themselves shot before they could tell what they were fighting about. Barrington tells of some famous Galway duels and duellists. A young gentleman of Galway, Richard Daly, a graduate of Trinity College, was a noted duellist. Barrington describes him as having the greatest predilection for single combat of any person. He had fought sixteen duels in the space of two years—three with swords and thirteen with pistols—yet with so little skill or so much good fortune that not a wound worth mentioning occurred in the course of the whole. He was a young man of handsome and engaging person. In 1871 he opened Smock-alley Theatre in Dublin (upon the spot where the church of SS. Michael and John now stands), and there Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, when Miss Francis, and other eminent actors appeared under his management. In 1786 he was appointed Master of the Revels. In partnership with Higgins, the "Sham Squire," he spent a large sum in rebuilding and decorating Crow-street Theatre, eventually disposing of his theatrical patent rights for an annuity of £1,332.

The application of No. 25 of the Galway "thirty-six commandments," which reads: "Where seconds disagree, and resolve to exchange shots themselves, it must be at the same time and at right angles with their principals; if with swords, side by side with five paces interval; was that of John Bourke, of Glinsk, and Ambrose Bodkin. They fought near Glinsk, and Barrington describes the duel: "the old family steward and other servants brought out the present Sir John, then a child, and held him upon a man's shoulder to see papa fight. On that occasion both principals and seconds engaged; they stood at right angles, ten paces

distant, and all began firing together on the signal of a pistol discharged by an umpire. At the first volley the two principals were touched, though very slightly. The second volley told better; both the seconds, and Amby Bodkin, Esq., staggered out of their places; they were well hit, but no lives lost. It was, according to custom, an election squabble."

### THE COUNTRYMAN.

In every district of the County Galway we find a widely-spread and daily-increasing confusion as to the respective rights and claims of landlords and tenants existing. On the one hand, the tenant claimed what he called a tenant-right in the land, irrespective of any legal claim vested in him, or of any improvement effected by him—that the value of this claim was estimated at different rates in different localities—that it was either openly admitted or silently acquiesced in by landlords in some districts, whilst it was considerably restricted or absolutely denied by others.

It is difficult to deny that the effect of this system was a practical assumption by the tenant of a joint proprietorship in the land; although those landlords who acquiesced in it did not acknowledge to themselves this broad fact, the tendency was gradually to convert the proprietor into a mere rent-charger, having an indefinite and declining annuity, or the lord of a copyhold. This growing practice of tenant-right, which at the first view appeared to be a valuable assumption on the part of the tenant gave to him, it was claimed (by the Devon Commission), without any exertion on his own part, an apparent property or security, by means of which he was enabled to incur future incumbrance in order to avoid present inconveniences—a practice which frequently terminated in the utter destitution of his family and in the sale of his farm, when the debts thus created at usurious interest amounted to what its sale would produce. Or, if the parents' improvidence did not reach to this extent, it gave them an erroneous feeling that at their death a fund would exist, without any previous accumulation of their own, from which their children could be all provided for. Accordingly, the death of a father generally left the son who succeeded to the farm encumbered to an irretrievable extent by charges for the provision of the other members of the family; and

this frequently upon a holding in a most unproductive or half-cultivated condition. He was obliged to sell off his stock, and was unable to make those exertions which his position required, and perhaps even incapable of fulfilling the arrangements required by his father's will. A minute subdivision of the small farm was then made among the members of the family, thereby laying the foundation for perhaps five or six pauper families on a piece of land barely sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of one family.

The effect on the purchaser of the tenant-right to a farm was also highly injurious. He was generally a person who had managed to accumulate a small amount of money, but not sufficient to pay off the whole amount of the purchase money. He, therefore, was obliged not only to part with the whole of that capital which would be required to establish him in the farm, but he must, at the very beginning, load himself with a debt which required a considerable time to pay off.

There existed the extreme tendency among the tenants of County Galway to subdivide their lands below the level that would maintain the occupiers in comfort. There was no realisation on the part of the landed proprietors that the tenant should in justice receive the whole return from improvements, and for a fair additional term besides, that he should have a just reward for his energy and intelligence beyond the mere return of the cost; or if he left the farm before the end of the time calculated, that he should receive the difference still due upon it from the proprietor.

### SYSTEM OF FARMING.

The principle of farming consisted, on the whole, first, by the application of manure to bring up the land to a certain standard of production, and then, instead of keeping it in this condition, or in a progressively improving state, the tendency was to take every thing from it by a continued succession of the same class of exhausting crops, until it became incapable of returning the cost of seed and labour; after which it was left to the unaided and gradual operation of nature to recover it from the effects of this destructive treatment, that it may be again exhausted, and again left for years unproductive to recover.

The greater part of the lands of the county were held by small farmers, who, with labourers, were for considerable parts of the year in search of employment which they seldom obtained. The occupiers of these small holdings had no certainty of receiving compensation if removed immediately after having effected valuable improvements; and to their not generally having leases, or that security of tenure of their farms which would justify them in expending labour or money in their improvement, because if they did so the proprietor would then have the power of immediately increasing the rent.

The potato, as compared with other food stuffs grown, supplied the largest amount of human food on the smallest surface. Its peculiar cultivation enabled the occupier of land to plant it in the wettest soils; because the ridge or lazy bed, universally adopted, supplied the most minute system of drainage, although it did not permanently drain the land, or extend any substantial benefit in that respect even to the following crop.

### SMUGGLING.

The creeks and inlets of the wild coast of Connemara afforded plenty of opportunity for smuggling, and despite Acts of Parliament, and armed cruisers which hung around the coast and in and out of Galway Bay, wool in quite large quantities, packed in barrels as butter and pork were carried to France. Wines, brandy, rum, velvets, silk and lace, tea, sugar and tobacco came back in return for the wool, often in daylight and in defiance of the revenue officers. In Galway city smuggling continued well into the eighteenth century. Hardiman gives the following account of the holes and passages in the town wall of Galway, through which brandy and other goods were conveyed into the town: "Above the bridge a hole broke through the town wall, by the tuck-mill, which opens a passage into a yard leading to Abbeygate-street, and a hole near it into the nunnery yard; a large breach in the town wall, by Dominick Bodkin's house; below the bridge, a door broke through the town wall into a tan-yard; a door in the town wall into Peter Lynch's house; a door near the mayor's house; a passage through Martin's mill into Kirwan's-lane; a door in the town wall into Michael Cavanagh's, alias Brown's-house; by the

marsh, a hole broke through at Val Browne's house, shut up and opened as he has occasion to bring ankers of brandy into town; a hole likewise broke through the wall, where James Browne Fitz-Barth lives; formerly one Nolan much frequented it; a large conduit into Simon Lynch's yard, much frequented in running trade; a hole through the wall into Jonathan Bodkin's yard, shut up now, but open as often as he has occasion." The dilapidated state of the walls was attributed to "breaches made at different times by unregistered Papist merchants, the more effectually to run goods and to carry on the smuggling trade."

### ROADS.

Swift wrote in 1729, "Generally speaking, all over the Kingdom the roads are deplorable." In 1747 Governor Eyre reported that Galway lay at an extreme point; there was no travelling by land beyond it, and it was not a thoroughfare. . . and beyond the west gate lay Iar-Connaught, a country inaccessible to wheel carriages, and inhabited by Papists, who supplied the markets with such necessaries only as were brought in on back-loads. Barrington states that there were then no post-horses nor carriages; consequently very little travelling; and if there had been, the ruts and holes would have rendered thirty miles a day a good journey. Dr. R. Twiss in his *A Tour in Ireland in 1775* declared that riding on horseback was the best and quickest method of travelling. Bush, the author of the *Hibernia Curiosa*, considered that although the roads were tolerably good for riding, they were by no means equal to the English roads for a carriage. In parts of County Galway when the weather was bad, and especially when there was snow, carriages often did not dare to set forth, owing to the risk of floods, and men and horses sometimes lost their way, and occasionally their lives.

By 1820 the road between Galway and Oughterard was made, but travellers record that "the loose stones are a serious drawback on the pleasure of travelling through this charming country. It is a common practice with the tenants in many places to pick the stones off their field, and lay them on the sides of the roads; this has been practised to such an extent between Dangan and Rahoon, near Galway, that scarcely room for a

carriage has been left. Mr. Browne of Moyne has made a great improvement by widening and enclosing the road along his demesne wall, and has continued this road in a new line, that instead of going over the high hill of Dangan runs on a level and communicates with the Tuam road at Horse-leap."

Mr. D'Arcy, the builder and founder of Clifden in 1816 was scarcely able to ride into his estate, but by 1820 he was enabled to drive his coach and four-in-hand from Galway to Clifden.

Dutton records: "Many of the undertenants, who hold immense tracts of ground at little rent, say that Connemara has gone to the devil since good roads were made: the value of land is too well known. Villagers in general do not wish for good roads to their villages; they say it only encourages others to bid over them."

Great damage was done to the roads by narrow wheels after heavy rains, or hard frost. The wheels of carriers' drays, which usually carried up to a ton, were seldom more than three inches wide on the whole; and private carriages were only two inches wide. Often carriers' carts were frequently shod with iron from which the heads of large nails projected quite a distance from the tyre.

### RATEPAYERS.

Galway was a parliamentary borough and returned two members to the Irish Parliament, which was reduced to one on the passing of the Act of Union, and obtained its former number under the Reform Act. The elective franchise was exclusively exercised by the Mayor, burgesses, freemen, afterwards extended to forty-shilling freeholders, was further extended by the Act of the 2nd of William IV. to householders paying £10 rent. The number of registered electors after the passing of this Act in 1834 was 2,062; in 1849 they decreased to 1,822; in 1851, under the 13th and 14th Victoria they further decreased to 1,038; and in 1853 they increased to 1,286, but of these there were only 461 rated occupiers, 687 being freemen, and 138 of other qualifications.

City and Liberties comprised an area of 21,432 acres—town 628. In 1831 the population of both was 33,120, of which 32,117 were Catholics, 922 Protestants, and 81 Protestant Dissenters.

In 1841 there were in the town 2,504 houses, population 17,275; and in the rural district 2,251 houses, and 15,236 persons. In 1851 the houses within the town were 2,780, and the population 20,686; being an increase on 1841 of 276 houses, and 3,411 inhabitants.

### HOUSING.

Hardiman writing in 1820 states, "The general and most probable opinion is, that the population amounts at present to about forty thousand, which comprehends a vast number of daily increasing poor, without trade, manufactures, or adequate employment." He goes on: "The want of an efficient police, and a more active magistracy is loudly complained of by the principal part of the inhabitants, who to this deficiency entirely attribute the many street and house robberies which have been recently committed. That some municipal regulations are necessary seems to be conceded on all sides; and it is, therefore, hoped that the proper authorities will take such speedy means to remedy these defects as the nature of the evils complained of, and the circumstances of the town so urgently require."

The town possessed many fine dwelling-houses with singular tenures, some *in fee* of several landlords, all generally held under distinct original titles. Hardiman mentions a large house in Abbeygate-street as being the estate *in fee* of three distinct landlords; the upper part belonging to D'Arcy of Kiltulla, half the upper story to the Reverend James Ffrench, and the remainder of the house to Mr. Patrick Francis, by purchase from the late celebrated Dean Kirwan." If Hardiman's estimate of the population be correct in 1820 the housing question must have been a serious one. If, however, the Census returns for 1812 be considered the housing situation was not so bad as it is at present, except in a few streets. The population figures for 1812 are given as 24,684, made up of 4,220 families occupying 3,353 houses—the average number of persons to each family being 5.8. In Cross street there were 2.5 families to each inhabited house; in Middle street 2; in Playhouse-lane 2.5; in Whitehall 2.4; in Uppe

Abbeygate-street 2; in Cross-street 2.6; in Quay-street 2.2; in Mooney's-lane 3.6; in High-street 2.2; in the Churchyard precincts 4; in Buttermilk-lane 5; in Morgan's-lane 6.8; in Church-lane 3.2; in Lombard-street 5.4; and in Market-street, 5.3.

### ASSEMBLY ROOMS IN GALWAY.

All Irish cities and most provincial towns had assembly rooms, and many of them also possessed theatres. Hardiman refers to the Assembly Rooms in Middle Street, Galway, which was the seat of local fashion and the resort of the gentry from at least two counties. Here concerts were held and other entertainments were given. De Latocnaye writing in 1798, says: "There are public assemblies daily (here) at a moderate price. The greatest gaiety and ease reigns there; in fact, the belles of Galway are capable of instructing the French ladies in coquetry." In 1786 Richard Martin had built a little theatre in Galway, which was usually filled, especially during the week of the assizes, but there was a large theatre in Kirwan's Lane, where Barry, Mossop, Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, and Elizabeth O'Neill all acted. Galway was a place with good shops, which gained plenty of custom, for it was a garrison town and had three barracks.

There was a glaring contrast between rich and poor, a striking difference between luxury and poverty, in Galway of the period. If elegant carriages waited outside the assembly rooms or St. Nicholas's Church there were always crowds of beggars around imploring for alms in Irish. As already stated, Galway had squalid quarters full of crowded tenements, and many signs of poverty were remarked by travellers, and sometimes in unexpected places.

### GALWAY AND THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

The leading merchants and tradesmen of Galway joined the patriots, "and the volunteers of Galway presented a military association, which for respectability of rank, extent of property, or purity of intention, has seldom been equalled. The town soon became conspicuous in the national struggle for independence, and

was the first in Ireland that entered into resolutions against the importation or consumption of English goods until the grievances of the nation should be redressed, an example which was generally followed throughout the kingdom."

The Galway resolutions were : 1. We will never vote, on any future election, for any candidate that will not give a sufficient test not to vote for any money-bill for longer duration than three months, till that clause in the Mutiny Bill which makes it perpetual is repealed ; till Poyning's Law is modified ; as we hold the Privy Council now a fourth power in our legislature, and the interference of the English Attorney-General in our laws unconstitutional and derogatory to the dignity of the Irish nation. 2. That seeing the partial requests, not only of a shire, but of a petty corporation, in England, more attended to than the just demands of an aggrieved nation, determined us to enter into the following resolution of non-consumption of English goods until our grievances are redressed, viz., that we will not ; for ourselves or families, buy from any importer or retailer any English goods made of wool, cotton or silk, or any refined sugar or porter ; and we expect from all merchants we deal with a test that the aforesaid articles are Irish. If any in our port should, contrary to these resolutions, import, or any retailer in our town buy in any other port, English goods, and pass them for Irish, on conviction, we will publish his or their names in the public papers, that the world may know the traitors to their country, and be guarded from dealing with them for the future. We hope the different manufacturers all over the kingdom will co-operate with the good wishes of the nation in their favour, by not raising the price of their goods beyond their real value.

The Galway town volunteers were formed on 31st May, 1779, and amounted to about four hundred well disciplined troops, divided into six battalions and two flank companies. Richard Martin of Dangan, their first elected colonel, on a rumour of having supported the then administration, was deprived of the command, but having satisfactorily refuted the accusation, he was reinstated, and afterwards continued in the command during the existence of the corps. They were several times reviewed with the volunteers of the county, in Galway, Tuam and Loughrea, by the Earls of

Clanricards, Altamont, and the celebrated Henry Flood, successively reviewing generals. The following were the officers elected :—

#### GALWAY VOLUNTEERS.

Colonel : Richard Martin, Dangan.  
 Lt.-Col. : James Shee, Deputy Mayor.  
 Major : John Blake, Cooleum.  
 Captain of Grenadier Co. : J. O'Hara, Recorder.  
 Captain of the Battalion Co. : Mark Lynch.  
 Captain of Light Infantry : Michael Blake, Frenchfort.  
 Adjutant : Jasper Lynch.

CLANRICARDE BRIGADE—June, 1782—scarlet, faced blue.

COLONEL : Major D'Arcy.

#### CLANRICARDE INFANTRY.

Captain of Co. : Captain David Power.

#### CLANRICARDE CAVALRY.

Colonel : Peter Daly.  
 Captain : P. D'Arcy.

EYRECOURT BUFFS—1st June, 1779—scarlet, faced buff, gold epaulets.

Colonel : Giles Eyre.  
 Captain : Stephen Blake.

#### GORT LIGHT DRAGOONS.

Major : James Galbraith.

RAFORD BRIGADE (LIGHT CAVALRY)—December 26th, 1779—scarlet, edged blue, gold lace.

Colonel : Denis Daly.

List of Delegates from County Galway who composed the Grand Convention : Colonel Perse, Edmond Kirwan, Esq., Peter D'Arcy, Esq., Major William Burke, and Colonel Walter Lambert.

RETURN OF THE STRENGTH OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS IN THE  
PROVINCE OF CONNAUGHT.

Ballinasloe Meeting, 59 Corps ... ..	6,897	men
Thirty-one Corps of Infantry, who since acceded	5,781	„
Cavalry, eight Corps ... ..	421	„
Artillery ... ..	250	„
	<hr/>	
	13,349	„
Acceded since 1st April, four Corps of Infantry and one of Cavalry ... ..	987	„
	<hr/>	
Total of Connaught ... ..	14,336	„

ARTILLERY.

Six pounders ... ..	10
Three pounders ... ..	10
	<hr/>
Total pieces of Artillery ... ..	20

**GALWAY AND THE UNITED IRISHMEN.**

In 1803 the captains of smuggling ships often brought letters from exiles in France to leaders of the rebels who had been on their keeping in the mountains, especially since 1798. Caves and hill-sides sheltered these outlaws and the sympathetic people of the district fed them. This state of affairs was well known to the great landlords of Connemara and caused them the greatest uneasiness. On the day of the rising of the United Irishmen in Dublin, Richard Martin of Ballinahinch wrote to Marsden warning him that there were many indications that even people he had thought loyal were meditating revolt. Arms, it was said, had recently been landed by smuggling vessels that came from Guernsey. He had also heard that two noted rebel leaders in that district had received letters from McDonnell, the Mayo barrister who had been in France since 1798. For the information of Marsden was a list of the rebel leaders who were then in the mountains among them being Valentine Jordan, formerly a well-to-do shopkeeper, young John Gibbons, whose nickname was Johnny

the Outlaw, and the most important of all being Father Prendergast. Martin added that Father Prendergast was misleading the people from their loyalty and that he even said Mass twice a month in the house of a tenant of his named Walter Corey, a Protestant. Lord Sligo of Mayo was also disturbed about these men, He had recently received £50 from Marsden as a reward for the yeomen who had captured Thomas Gibbons, the uncle of Johnny the Outlaw. Both Lord Sligo and his brother the Hon. Denis Browne were very active in their efforts to put down sedition in any form to the extent that Denis Browne became so unpopular that a poem in Irish (translated by the late Dr. Douglas Hyde) shows the feeling of the people of Connemara and Mayo.

“ If I got your hand it is I would take it  
But not to shake it, O Denis Browne.  
But to hang you high with a hempen cable  
And your feet unable to reach the ground.  
For its many a boy who was strong and able  
You sent in chains with your tyrant frown  
But they'll come again with the French flag flying  
And the French drums raving to strike you down.”

When Johnny the Outlaw was finally captured, it was Denis Browne, his godfather, who adjusted the rope about the boy's neck.

There is no doubt that agents had been through the district keeping the people informed of what was happening in Dublin, and had the rising succeeded there would have been plenty of recruits for the rebel army. The loyalists were very apprehensive and Lord Sligo was certain that the French had only to land and they would be supplied with everything. The disposition of the people was definitely republican, and their object was to get possession of the country and secure a total separation from England.

The surrender and unexpected desertion of one of the Emmet leaders to the ranks of the informers secured for Dublin Castle one of the most important catches of the whole rising. Through him, Quigley, Stafford and the Parrots were arrested in County Galway, where they had gone “ on the run ” disguised as spalpeens,

and brought to Dublin. Quigley was considered by the Castle as being by far the cleverest of all the rebels, and the Government had no intention of losing him as a source of information by executing him. His landlord had been brought from Ardfry in County Galway in custody and from him as well as from all the other informers the Government obtained sufficient information to hang Quigley ten times over. Brought to the house of the notorious Lord Norbury he completely reversed his political ideas and principles. He gave local information of considerable value. The two Parrots were the sons of an Englishman who was employed as gardener and land surveyor to Blake of Ardfry. Among those in hiding at Ardfry was Barney Doogan, "a dark-visaged little Northern who had been one of Emmets' most confidential aides." On the occasion of the raid on Ardfry he had been with Quigley and his party and narrowly escaped arrest. For eighteen months he travelled throughout County Galway meeting all the disaffected in the area. On his return to Dublin he was arrested and turned spy. Writing to friends outside he stated "that he had undergone all the tortures that the Government could inflict in order to extort information from me, but as you would expect, without effect thanks be to God"; yet he had given the name of every person he had known among the rebels of County Galway. For nearly forty years Doogan remained unsuspected. During that time he kept the Government informed of all the activities, seditious and otherwise, of previous State prisoners. He had been sent to France in the guise of an Irish patriot to spy on the Irish exiles there; he spied on O'Connell's Irish Repealers and on the Young Irelanders. In 1840, Doogan's treachery was discovered by the Editor of a Repeal paper from documents in the possession of Major Sirr's son, the Reverend James D'Arcy Sirr. He was not publicly exposed and was allowed to leave the country.

### RELIGION IN GALWAY.

Many instances could be given to illustrate the intense zeal of the Galway Catholics of the period. In 1708 a letter was written to the Pope by John Donato Mezzafalce, an Italian missionary from China, who, accompanied by a foreign bishop, Monseigneur Maigrot, was returning to Rome in an English ship which was making a short stay at Galway. Neither bishop nor missionary

was permitted to land, but when the Catholics in the city and the adjoining country heard that there was a bishop on board they came in crowds in small boats to ask his blessing. The Protestants on board prevented the two foreigners from meeting the people, and when a "well-educated and noble" Catholic youth—Gregory French—enquired, "Ubi est Dominus Episcopus?" a Protestant colonel struck him, and was going to have him thrown into the sea, when he was restrained by some other Englishmen looking on, who were "horrified by his barbarity." At the same time they locked up the bishop and Mezzafalce in the depths of the ship's hold, and kept them there for about three hours, until all the Catholics who had come to the ship had departed. But the crowd kept on coming although the bishop begged them not to, and so the ship's crew were at last obliged to yield, fearing that a riot would break out. When the vessel was about to sail the leading men among both Catholic clergy and laity requested that their most devoted homage should be presented to His Holiness, whose Apostolic Benediction they implored for their city, that, being thus comforted, they might have strength and courage under persecution to persevere ever firm and constant in the faith. Mezzafalce relates how the people who came on board, though "ridiculed and laughed at," all faithfully observed the fasts, even the servants being content to remain without food rather than partake of the meat which came from the tables of their "heretical masters." He was told how the people had to go outside the city walls on Sundays to hear Mass, although several had their secret chapels where it was privately said, and especially on Christmas night, when, the gates of the city being closed, the people could not go into the country, and thus expose themselves to the risk of losing everything they had should they be discovered.

(To be continued)

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## Notes and Queries

### THE MARTINS OF BALLINAHINCH

The most feudal of Irish families must surely have been the Martins of Galway, who ruled over an immense territory consisting of more than half a million acres in the wilds of Iar-Connacht. In this strange country, cut up by scores of lakes and inlets of the sea, covered by high mountains, and interspersed by bogs, the Martins were practically supreme. In a vivid letter written to her brother in India in 1834, Maria Edgeworth describes a visit that she paid with some friends to Ballynahinch Castle, the seat of the Martins. She tells of the drive over the rough and desolate country, during which the horses of their carriage had repeatedly to be unharnessed to drag them out of the bogs, the arrival at the castle at night, the unexpectedly elegant dinner that was served, and the gracious manner of her host. This was Richard Martin, known popularly as the "King of Connemara," a Member for County Galway, a