

A Garden Par Excellence (Continued)

Author(s): C. G. O'Brien

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on the attention of the Government by the Irish Parliamentary Party."

Now, this resolution, vague though it be, is in itself good and sound, but one needs no prophetic spirit to forecast that it will go the way of all Irish resolutions—passed "with acclamation," one day's life in the Press, printed on foreign paper, with maybe a line of large heading, wherein it is magniloquently dubbed "soul-stirring," and then—final oblivion. Probably much time was wasted in formulating and discussing it, and in the end, nobody is a "penny the worse" for it—or the better. This association of which I am writing is practically confined to three or four of the Munster counties. It gained a certain unenviable notoriety over the "Nenagh Election Petitions," but I do not remember to have heard of any great concessions gained for the labourer through its medium.

Let the Labourer *organise*, firstly by parishes, then by a local county committee, a provincial directory and a supreme executive, chosen partly from the provincial directories, and partly from the county committees, in such a manner say, that every three or four adjoining counties (according to size or membership) would choose one of their number to represent them on the Executive. There might be an annual convention where delegates from all affiliated branches could attend to discuss matters of importance relating to their welfare. It is easy to draw up a constitution but its strength would mainly lie in the fact that on all questions affecting labour they should maintain a position of absolute aloofness from all other bodies. With the individual labourer's opinion on political matters I have nothing to do. He may be anything from an Invincible to an Orangeman—provided he stands loyally by his organization that is a question of no moment at all. If the labourers were once united in an association of this kind, they would be a great power and could make themselves felt in the land. I am now going to sketch roughly the principal points in the platform I would have an organization of this kind support. It is one on which the Orange labourer of the North and his Catholic fellow-countryman of the South can unite in demanding, taking, perhaps, Banim's lines for a motto:—

"Then let the orange lily be
Your badge, my patriot brother,
The everlasting green for me
And we—for one another."

NOTE.—I take the following paragraph from the *Freeman's Journal* of 15th instant. It forms an invaluable commentary on what I have written. "At the Cookstown (Co. Tyrone) Rural District Council meeting on Saturday, 12th inst., a letter sent down by the Local Government Board, which they had received from a labourer named Conway, was read. Conway had been refused a labourer's cottage on the ground that he is a fisherman, though Mr. Mullan, Solicitor, who appeared for the applicant, made it plain to the Council that the Act included fishermen. Conway described the hovels in which the people had to live, and stated that owing to defective roofs, on a recent date clothes had to be put over a cradle in a labourer's house to prevent a child from being drowned. He alleged that the farmers were united in opposing the claims of the labourers, and when they complained they were evicted. The Council agreed to adhere to their former decision. The Sanitary Officer reported a case from the same district where *seventeen* (the italics are mine) people—six of whom are adults (married men and their wives) are living altogether in a two-roomed hut, owing, they allege, to their inability to get a house fit for habitation. The Council decided to take steps to make the people vacate this over-crowded house." Query.—Where are these people to go? If this report is true some people in that district deserve to be hanged. They are worse than brutes, because brutes of the same genus don't persecute each other. "Orange and green," now or never.

(To be continued.)

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A GARDEN PAR EXCELLENCE.

(Continued.)

"Try, try, try again."

Now in this rush of spring, when the earth is so beautiful and our gardens are so interesting, it is hard to bring back the imagination to winter, its darkness, cold, and mud. But in that unhonoured winter the work that makes spring possible is being silently carried on. Moreover, though seed sowing is for the spring time, our great main supply of flowers are maturing all the winter, and care in late summer and autumn will mean success or failure—so much depends also, even within a limited space, on the right placing of each plant. One thing must face south, another north, one must have a stone wall to root into, another will like stones pressed about its leafage and stem. It is a lesson indeed to go round the Botanical Garden with Mr. Burbidge, its curator. Every corner in its individual beauty is a home for some special plant: rock or wall or tree trunk, every corner is taken advantage of, and adapted as a real good gardener knows how, to just the one plant that will love it.

Now this can be done even in a small space, though of course it is a great added joy to have room and variety of ground to turn round in. Yet, say one has no ground properly, a mere black strip behind a house and walls. I begin with winter, I begin with a back yard. What can we do? London may be impossible from soot and fog, but Dublin is certainly not, and there we will say we want to create a garden where are ugly walls and black heaps.

Under these difficulties we must be humble. Our first aim is simply to clothe the nakedness of the land. The walls to begin with must be made beautiful, and after all a wall is always a possession. Now in that March visit to the gardens there was nothing to be seen more beautiful than Mr. Burbidge's "Swarm of Golden bees"—"Forsythia Suspensa." Forsythia is winter flowering, very hardy and easily increased, and when I saw it dancing over the rough wall in the sunshine "*unpruned and untrained*," it recalled the dancing fountains of pure gold the Atlantic breakers fling over the Duggerna Rocks at Kilkee, in the light of the sinking sun. There are shrubby Forsythias, but this "Suspensa," seems much the best. Give it a place in the sun.

The darkest corner may bear ivy. The Irish golden, the silver and the large leafed Irish are the best. N.B.—Ivy will not start for a long time unless it is carefully, and closely nailed at first, till it takes strong firm hold. Our walls stands thus:—January, golden and silver Ivy; February, Forsythia; March, I would say give a place to a flowering currant. It is quite charming as a wall shrub. April, an apple or pear will make a show of bloom; May, we can make use of a dark corner to plant Clematis Montana, which grows wonderfully quickly, and sends a "milky way," of stars across and over everything. For the later flowers it is more easy to find variety and beauty. I mention above only quite hardy, common, but lovely things for a black hole of a town garden. I might add Laburnum as a wall tree; one sees it lovely in London against houses.

C. G. O'BRIEN.

A QUIET LITTLE HEEL IN A SHOE.

What follows is the very unexpected opening of the famous Irish poem entitled, "The Wife of the Red Man," which concludes so alarmingly with the description of the Day of Judgment and the "Screeching" of the "Tailor!"

Tá ríad dá náó
Sur tú ráitín rccair i m-bpóig.
Tá ríad dá náó
Sur tú béitín tana na b-póig.

TRANSLATION.

They are saying—
That you are the quiet little heel in a shoe;
They are saying—
That you are the thin (delicate, refined) little mouth of the kisses.
The poem is certainly symbolical—ED.

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