

# Visit To Ardpatrick

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## PICTURE FOR AN ARTIST

(By Rambling Thady.)

The sun was away low on the west, a breeze short and frosty blew from the east, as I approached Ardpatrick from the Kilbunane side. The tiny village lay in the hollow in front, the dark shadow of the aptly named Blackrock curtained the mountain slopes of the Ballyhoura range. The picture presented was one more worthy of the artist's brush than the pen of a third rate writer. The road leading from Glenosheen and Kildorrery branches into two at the southern end of the village to meet again a few hundred yards beyond. The branch roads are connected in the centre by a fifty yard length of road, which passed the church gate.

### CHURCH AND GROUNDS.

The pretty church and the tastily laid out grounds reflect credit on the Sagart paroisde, and shows that his knowledge of the decorator's art is only exceeded by his mastery of the mysteries of botany. Every type of shrub of various shades of green, brown, purple, violet and russet has its allotted place in the well-planned colour scheme, and each individual plant seems to vie with its neighbour, on this April evening, in adding lustre to the beautiful grounds. The church has only been recently renovated, and the plantation is only a few years old, but when time will have mellowed the walls and nature will have expanded the trees it may be safely prophesied that Ardpatrick Church will be considered the most beautiful in the diocese.

### THE SCHOOL AND THE TEACHERS' HOME.

Attached to the church is a solidly built, well kept two storey school, and the grumblings at the teachers' congress would have been less if every parish in the country was as well provided for. The teachers should be happy in their nice home. The wireless aerial running from a pole at the gable to a tall tree opposite shows that they keep abreast of the times. The two shops display names with a distinctly Limerick flavour. The O'Briens, of course, are everywhere and deserve to be. The O'Cleary clan belongs principally to Bulgaden, and they are so plentiful that they are distinguished by a variety of nick names. The Christian name Mark appears to crop up in every family. Many representatives of the clan have dropped the O and the A from the name, apparently to bring it into conformity with the modern pronunciation "Cleery."

### STIFF CLIMB TO CHURCHYARD.

The churchyard on the top of the hill is reached from the centre of the village. The quarter mile climb is stiff, and the rough, badly-kept and often slippery path makes the journey well nigh impossible for the bearers of the coffin, and at the least uncomfortable for the general body of mourners. It is to be hoped the Board of Health or the Inter-Departmental Committee, or some such body, will take the matter in hand and right a plainly evident wrong.

A description of the churchyard and its environs would exceed the limit of my space, and must be held over for a future article.

The Editor's comments on the increasing tillage noticed all over the country has set me singing, and I am hoping the sentiments expressed will make the readers forget the indifferent poetry.

### THE GREEN AND THE BROWN.

The bullock is grazing along the green

bawn;

The people who owned it are scattered

and gone;

The labourer looks on, while his muscles

relax,

Ah! better for Ireland a field of blue flax.

The bullock now wanders around the

green field,

The people who owned it get none of the

yield.

Down sits the labourer to rest his tired

feet,

Ah! better for Ireland a field of brown

wheat.

The bullock now browses through valley

and hill,

The people who owned it have naught

left to till.

The labourers look on as they don their

poor coats.

Ah! better for Ireland a field of white

oats.

The bullock still feeds on the emerald

green,

The people who owned it no longer are

seen.

The labourer reflective this question puts

down—

Which is best for poor Ireland—the green

or the brown?