



Michael
Quinlan



M.A.

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National Examining Institute of Ireland.

Year II

Examination Number 1127

Subject Geometry

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and strengthening to greater perfection their most perfect love. Muriel tells him sometimes that surely all the troubles of her life were compressed within the space of those few weeks, as nothing but gladness had come to her since she has been his wife—that nothing but gladness can be hers while they live and love together.

(The End.)

NEW SERIAL STORY.

NEW SERIAL STORY.

**"BLACK
ROGER'S
DAUGHTER."**

OUR NEW STORY

In our next Issue the Opening
Chapters of a

NEW SERIAL STORY.

Entitled—

**"BLACK ROGER'S
DAUGHTER."**

WILL APPEAR.

This Tale, which has been contributed
by an Irish lady,

Deals vividly with interesting phases of
Irish life, and will be found most interest-
ing by readers of "Ireland's Own."

THE OPENING CHAPTERS WILL
APPEAR NEXT WEEK.

NEW SERIAL STORY.

NEW SERIAL STORY.

FIRESIDE STORIES.

Cliona of Munster.

Bullock

Changeling.

CLIONA OF MUNSTER.

Cliona, the most powerful, and at the same time the most wayward of the Munster fairies was daughter of the terrible Red-haired Druid who once threw a thick darkness over a Northern force set in battle array against the Southern men, and thereby effected their defeat. Cliona and Ooibhil (pron. Evil), were his daughters; and Cavinh the Pleasant (O'Keefe), a neighbouring chief, was suitor for the hand of the younger (Evil). Cliona happening to have her affections set on Cavinh, brought a wasting sickness on her sister, and at last the appearance of death, by the administration of a narcotic. She was interred, but the spiteful Cliona had her conveyed to a cave at Castlecor, where, under the appearance of a cat, she is still occasionally seen. Her other quarters are at Carriglea, near Killaloe.

Cliona's Court is five miles south of Mallow, in a lovely district; it consists of a rock in the centre of a circular space, surrounded by other smaller ones, the whole enclosure (about two acres) carpeted by the finest turf, and no rocks interrupting the view for a considerable distance. Belated travellers have seen Cliona and her troops holding consultation here, or leading the dance round the delightful enclosure. On winter nights frightful noises have been heard from Carrig Cliona, and no peasant or peasantess would enter or cross the eerie place after nightfall for any consideration.

As Cliona was once disposing in the neighbourhood by moonlight, under the appearance of a white rabbit, she was espied and made captive by an unlucky farmer, who bore her home, and kept her well secured. From the moment of her unwilling entrance into the house misfortunes descended in a storm upon the owner. Floods carried away his stacks, his cattle were missing, and at last two of his children lay on the bed of death. Within the space of a week all were at their wit's end, till some one remarked on the presence of the rabbit, and the beginning of their woes as occurring on the same day. The hint was sufficient. The unlucky animal was liberated, and the children recovered. The strayed animals were found, ill-luck left the place, and white rabbits were carefully avoided for the future by every member of the family.

There was a "hunting" in the glen by the side of the river Feale, and among the spectators were James Roche and his son John, a child of seven years old. Cliona came out of the rock unseen by any one in the crowd, and throwing a cloak over the boy, she led him into her cavern, and for fourteen years he was never seen by mortal. At the end of that period he presented himself to the eyes of his father, a full-grown young man, and while fear and joy were struggling in the heart of the old man, he thus spoke: "Dear father, I have been kept by Cliona in her rock for fourteen years, and now she is obliged to let me be seen by my family. If you cannot free me from her power in three months, she will oblige me to marry a young woman whom she stole when a child, and neither she nor I will ever again enjoy the society of our kind. If you travel to the lower part of Ireland, and persuade Kathleen Ohu, who lives by the church of Clogher, to come with you, she can free me from the enchantment in which I am held."

It was not long till the sorrowful father was on his journey, and after long travelling and much fatigue he was in the presence of the dark witch. She was ill of a fever at the time, but told him her daughter was equally powerful with herself, and would return with him if he would liberally reward her. "There's nothing in my possession she may ask,"

said he, "that I can refuse, if she free my son from the Sighe."

So they set out, and in due time they arrived at his house. "Get me now," said she, "the skin of a newly-killed sheep." It was got, and dried, and the wool plucked off, and she put it on as a cloak with the flesh side out; and so she and Roche presented themselves at the entrance of Carrig Cliona. "Hail Cliona of the Carrig!" said she. "A long distance I came to see you, all along from the church of Clogher, when the birds speak to the border of the foxes. If John, son of James, has wedded the young woman of the Sighe, or kissed her lips, woe and wrath shall light on him, and her and on their mistress, Cliona, daughter of the Red Druid."

At these threatening words Cliona came forth, and was dismayed by the long coarse hair of the young witch that fell to her hips, and by the cloak of raw hide, with horns, legs, and all hanging about her. She had put a druidic charm on her eyes, that even made the Sighe tremble. "Who are you?" said she. "Are you Aoine or Aoighil of the Grey Rocks, or Ana Cleir, come hither from Benamus, or a witch westward from Beara?"

"No, I am not of your race at all; I am of the Bollar Beamish, and my brother is Slawocht no Treamhne and the Ruiddhar. Rua (Red Knight) from the harbour of Ben Hidir (Howth). My other brother is Dornin Deidh gal, who can make the old young, and the young old, and raise the dead out of the earth, and the Aul Righ of the Sliochal Sighe of Erin has given me the run of all the country, and if I meet with refusal or evil treatment, he will come and take sharp revenge for it."

Cliona was overawed by the wild appearance and the threatening language of the daughter of Black Catherine, and she gave up John, son of James, praying that the witch might be nothing the better for her acquisition. But she was the better, for when she flung off her raw cloak, and her long head-covering of coarse horsehair, and stood before John, son of James, as a dark-eyed, beautiful young woman, he said if she would not become his wife, he would return again to the Sighe of Cliona. The father gave his consent, a little unwillingly; but our authority has afforded us no information on the subject of the subsequent housekeeping of the young couple.

A loud noise as from the surging of a wave is occasionally heard in the harbour of Glandore, county of Cork, both in calm and stormy weather. It is the forerunner of the shifting of the wind to the north-east. It is called the "Tomn Cliona," or Cliona's wave, and was supposed in days gone by to portend the death of a king or great chief.

A BULLOCK CHANGELING.

In the famed kingdom of Kerry, and not far from Tralee, stood the estate of Mr.

Bateman, who, among other valuable cattle, owned one fine bullock, not to be matched in the seven neighbouring townlands for size and condition. But all at once he unaccountably began to fall away, and at last might be exhibited as a bovine living skeleton. All attempts to put fat on his unfortunate ribs by oil or other cake were fruitless, and at last Mr. Bateman gave him to one of his tenants to convert him to any use he pleased. He, knowing the folly of attempting to turn him to profit while living, imagined his death instead, and sold him to a Tralee butcher for little more than the value of his hide. The honest flesher, wishing to realise at once, put his prize in a suitable knocking-down position in his slaughter-house, and, swinging his pole axe, came down with a mighty blow where he expected to find his head. But the selfish animal, at the moment the axe cut deep into the floor, was cleaving the half door in good style, preparatory to a headlong charge down the street. The battle-axe man, not willing to be a loser, swept after him fully armed; and the neighbours, excited by his cries, and the pace of the ill-favoured ox, joined in the pursuit. He kept his odds well; and when he came to the open gate of the demesne, he dashed through and galloped direct for the old "lios." Onward came in hot haste men, and boys, and dogs, but the more haste they made to come up, the less he seemed disposed to allow them. He scampered furiously round the fort, and by the time his pursuers arrived, hot and tired, no bullock was to be seen. While they were searching and wondering, the genuine and original ox was seen to walk out from behind a large bush, showing not the least inclination for a game at "fox and hounds." This was one of the few instances of an animal's being bona fide restored, and without injury.

The Only Two.

"Yes, the Newriches' reception after the horse show the other night was very select. There were only two common people there."

"Mr. and Mrs. Newriches."

The Classical Cannibal.

"But why," asked the sub chief of the Cannibal Isles, "do you insist upon having the man who fell leading the charge against us served up at the banquet this evening? He seems to be as hard as rails."

"Hush," answered the chief of the Cannibal Isles. "I read in a book of poetry left by our last meal that 'the bravest are the tenderest.'"

I Believe So.

"They tell me Mr. Brown has a great ear for music," said Ferguson.

"Yes," replied Maguire. "I knew he had a great ear—two of them, in fact; but I did not know they were for music. I supposed they were for brushing the flies off the top of his head."

THE BANK BUILDINGS, BELFAST.

WE HOLD A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

IRISH TWEEDS

BY THE BEST MAKERS, SUITABLE FOR EITHER LADIES OR GENTLEMEN
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IRISH LINENS IN GREAT VARIETY,

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HANDKERCHIEFS, EMBROIDERED GOODS, &c.

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ROBERTSON, LEDLIE, FERGUSON, & Co., Ltd.

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*When referring to Aoibhil the Aorghil of this cutting
you comes refer to the form of white rabbit given here to Clidhna*

... 2 4 3
Passengers holding Third Class Tickets will be allowed the use of the Saloon on the boats, on payment of an additional fee of 5s. in either direction.

Further information can be obtained from Mr. A. G. DODD, Railway Terminus, Limerick; Mr. A. W. PERKS, Adelphi Wharf, Waterford; or of Mr. H. J. NICHOLLS, District Agent, Adelphi Wharf, Waterford.

By order.

Paddington Terminus.

KEATING'S FOWDER

KEATING'S POWDER

KEATING'S POWDER

Fleas, Bugs, Moths, Beetles.

Fleas, Bugs, Moths, Beetles.

Fleas, Bugs, Moths, Beetles.

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UNRIVALLED KILLER.

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UNRIVALLED KILLER.

(Harmless to everything but Insects.)

Sold in tins, 3d., 6d., and 1s., also in the new filled Bellows, 9d.

Be sure you do get Keating's.

FLEAS, BEETLES, MOTHS, BUGS

FLEAS, BEETLES, MOTHS, BUGS

Farm cont to de back

By **ALAN JACQUES**

FARMING organisations are preparing to take action to ensure that Golden Vale includes the month of March in the 4p price increase granted to suppliers since Friday's price protest in Charleville.

Limerick IFA Chairman, Mike O'Flynn, said this week that they were forming a committee to decide what action to take on this front and on others, and ICMSA county secretary, Gerald Quane warned that there would be no AGM, if farmers didn't get their full increase.

Meanwhile Golden Vale plc announced its intention to commence discussions immediately with milk suppliers aimed at finding a mutually acceptable basis to return ownership of the Charleville milk processing and related agri business to the milk suppliers.

"A committee is being formed from the 77 man board, and will report back to management and then to the suppliers on this particular issue," Mr O'Flynn stated.

The IFA's national dairy chairman, Pdraig Walshe accused Golden Vale of using their milk division to shore up the poor performance of other

en Vale to increase the milk price from 102 pence per gallon to 107 pence per gallon. Milk producers believe this price to be in line with other co-ops in the region.

IFA's Mr O'Flynn said: "We have to get our four and a half pence back and we must get it backdated for the March milk."

"It is unjustified what they are doing. They are taking money from farmers that is rightly theirs and they are basically, behind every other co-op," he said.

"When Jim Murphy promised the market would return the price, he never passed it on to the farmers, that is why we are here today. We're not here for nonsense, we're here to demand what we are entitled to," he explained.

Limerick ICMSA, county vice-chairman, Ger



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Ludden &
Proctor

Mr Owen Bresnan

Lough Gur, Holy Cross
Kilmallock, Co Limerick

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Mr Owen Brennan

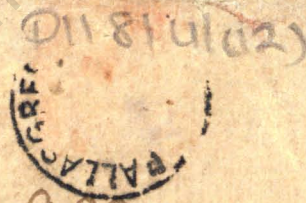
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Mr Owen Bresnan
Lough Gur, Holy Cross
Kilmallock
Co Limerick



Leakea D. S. Graine on Ground. Hill 7
Stones carried from Keltay

Muley, Knockdork

Carrying another - another on Knockgrean

Sleeping Stone on Luddes Hill

Donach Culaí mna. Captain's Cemetery

Donach's descent,

4th grave on Knockgrean & 4th

Thyphlo

Mr Owen Brennan
Lough Gur, Holy Cross
Kilmallock, Co Limerick

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✓
Mr Owen Brennan
Lough Gur Holy Cross
Kilmallock Co Limerick

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Poles Magazine



Reverend Mother,
St. Mary's Convent,
Bruff,
Co. Limerick
Ireland

P118141(06)

Madame Quish

S^t Mary's Convent,

~~New~~ Druff

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Mr Lynch
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and his wife
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